

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chatper 161 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chatper 161

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Chapter 161

Even Stan was left exclaiming in awe after reading the manual. “You’re a genius, Mr. Lawrence!”

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Robert then asked, “Are you willing to sell this, Mr. Lawrence? I’m willing to buy it off your hands.”

Frank chuckled. “You’re exaggerating, sir. It’s just a manual—you can have it if you want it.”

It was actually worthless to him, and he certainly did not mind letting them have it for Yara’s sake.

“Oh... This is a little too much!” Robert exclaimed, surprised by Frank’s generosity. “If you

need anything, you need just ask—I promise to do my utmost to help as long as it’s within my power...”

Frank thought about it and suddenly asked, “Would you happen to know who owns the mansion on top of the hill?”

Robert appeared surprised but soon smiled, “Actually, the luxurious residences of Skywater Bay is a development project my son led. What a coincidence!”

Stan quickly asked, “Are you interested in the mansion, Mr. Lawrence?”

He was utterly respectful now that he had seen the depth of Frank’s abilities, no longer showing any hint of contempt.

Frank nodded. “It does look good. May I ask how much it would cost?”

“What are you saying, Mr. Lawrence?” Stan smiled, spreading his arms. “You can have it if you like it.”

As a real estate developer, he owned more than a few such luxury homes. And getting into Frank’s good graces with just one was more than worth it!

Still, Frank quickly shook his head..“I can see that the mansion is worth a fortune. I’d rather buy it off your hands...” novelbin

“Haha!” Robert laughed heartily. “You have a keen eye, Mr. Lawrence. However, those

mansions are not for sale—we only offer them as presents to friends of our family. The people who live there are either rich or important.”

Then, turning to Yara, he added, “Moreover, how can I make you pay for it when you’re going to be my son-in-law? Just consider it her dowry. Once you two pick a good day to tie the knot, I’d be relieved.”

“Uh...” Frank was left stumped and turned toward Yara in hopes she would bail him out.

Yara braced herself in turn. “It’s still too early for that, Dad. Frank and I can decide for ourselves—you don’t have to pry.”

“Oh, are you getting embarrassed?” Robert chuckled. “You’re not exactly young, though. You shouldn’t drag things out.”

“I know. I will try,” Yara grumbled under her breath.

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“Good, good. As long as you both understand,” Robert said, refraining from pressing the issue at that.

Yara then said, “If there’s nothing else, I’ll take Frank to check out the mansion...”

“Of course. Go on—and you don’t have to come back tonight.” Robert grinned, waving her goodbye.

Yara promptly pulled Frank along as they left—her dad would ask for more if they waited!

“What’s the hurry, Yara?” Stan suddenly asked.

“What are you talking about? I’m not in a hurry,” Yara muttered defensively.

Stan whipped out a key card from his pocket. “How are you going to get inside the mansion. without this?”

Yara smacked herself on the forehead. “Oh, I forgot.”

She took the card and left the manor with Frank.

As they headed uphill along the little road, Yara breathed a sigh of relief when there was no one else around. “I’m really sorry about today, Mr. Lawrence... I even troubled you to help my father improve the Boltsmacker.”

“It’s nothing, Ms. Quill.” Frank smiled.

And with that, neither spoke again.

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Things were awkward between Frank and Yara, and the latter quickly opened the door when they arrived at the hilltop mansion. “This is it, Mr. Lawrence. Why don’t you look inside?”

Frank scanned the place.

All the furniture he could ask for was there, and the interior was renovated thoroughly. There was some dust, but the place was great overall.

“It’s really good,” he remarked.

Yara nodded. “I’ll call the cleaners over soon. You can move in as soon as tonight, Mr. Lawrence.”

“Thank you.” Frank nodded.

Yara then remembered something else and told him, "By the way, we have a lead on Winter Lawrence, the person you asked me to find. I've found out from the orphanage that she was adopted and taken to Middleton, and I've sent my people to look."

"Thank you, Ms. Quill," Frank said seriously. "I'd be really grateful if you could really find her."

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"May I ask who she is to you?" Yara asked in curiosity just then.

Winter was obviously very important to Frank, and Yara wondered if she was his sister.

"She's my mentor's only daughter," Frank admitted, not worried about hiding things. "I've been staying in Riverton to find her, as a way to fulfill my mentor's last wish."

"I see." Yara nodded, regarding Frank with even more respect.

The man was not only amazing in medicine and martial arts, but his character was worthy of respect as well.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence," she assured him earnestly. "I'll do my best to help you fulfill your mentor's wish."

She left later, and Frank started to train alone in the mansion.

Not only was the scenery around the mansion picturesque, but there were also not many people around. It was less mundane that way, affording tranquility necessary for training.

Meanwhile, Donald Salazar was staring at Jaud White in disbelief at his office, on the top floor of Donald Tower in Riverton.

"The kid took one of your hands?" he asked in shock, staring at the stump.

Jaud nodded. "I'm surprised Vicky Turnbull kept someone that powerful around her, but he didn't fare any better. He'll die soon enough after I struck him with my Snowshade."

"Are you sure?" Donald asked, frowning. "Vicky is still alive."

"I hit him with three needles. He's a dead man walking," Jaud said confidently. "As for Vicky, I actually hit her with a low dosage since it wasn't the plan to kill her anyway."

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Donald nodded in satisfaction at that. "Good. So? Do we have Obadiah Longman's pill recipe?"

"Of course," Jaud said, taking out the sheet with his remaining arm.

Donald's

eyes were ablaze as he quickly took it. "Haha! We will take over the Riverton market with this!"

"I've checked the recipe myself," Jaud said. "There won't be any issue for mass production, though I should mention that Les is dead, and I heard Neil Turnbull has come to Riverton..." novelbin

"So what if he did?" Donald scoffed in disdain. "We have the recipe, and Vicky's survival is in our hands. The Turnbells no longer have a foothold here – have our men put the Beauty Pill into production as soon as possible. I want to take over the Riverton market at top speed."

"Yes, Mr. Salazar!" Jaud replied.

Donald then glanced at the stump that was Jaud's hand again. "Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll make this worth your while."

As he spoke, he wrote Jaud a check worth ten million.

Jaud was certainly delighted. "It's my honor to be of service, Mr. Salazar."

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Helen was very busy over the last few days, but as the construction for the West City project started, her funds were quickly drained.

Closing the file on her desk, she strode to her mother's room.

Knock, knock...

"What?" Gina asked from inside.

Helen entered to find Gina's clothes disheveled, still clearly groggy as she pushed herself up.

"Have you been seeing Greg lately?" Helen asked.

She knew what was going on between her mother and Greg but chose to be quiet since it was Gina's right.

However, even if she was not at ease to interfere, Greg was visiting her mother a lot less after she borrowed him money.

Gina looked tired as she said, "Oh, he's busy lately so he doesn't have time. His business is booming at the moment, you know."

Helen frowned. "Didn't his company go public? Ask him to pay us back—our company needs the money urgently."

"We just lent it to him," Gina said awkwardly. "It isn't nice to ask for it back so soon..."

"But he said he could pay us back once his company goes public, didn't he?" Helen pointed out bluntly. "And it's been a while since you've been in touch. You could use the chance to meet up and tell him properly."

"Oh, don't worry—I know Greg," Gina said nonchalantly.

Helen, however, was insistent. "You should just call and ask, Mom."

Gina could not argue and growled impatiently, "Fine, I'll call him, alright?"

He whipped out his phone to call Greg—the dialing tone was set as her favorite song back in high school, and Gina was engrossed even as she listened.

Greg really knew what she liked... novelbin

However, the song eventually finished playing, but Greg never answered.

Gina was puzzled—he would always answer immediately before this.

Beside her, Helen took a deep breath, feeling a foreboding sensation just then.

Still, Gina preserved. “He might be busy. I’ll leave a voicemail—he’ll reply when he sees it.”

Once she did so, the status of her message immediately went red.

“H—How is this happening?” Gina murmured in disbelief.

Greg had blocked her?!

Helen was left wobbling as her head suddenly felt light.

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It was over—they were not getting their twenty million back.

“H—How did this happen?” Gina’s eyes were welling up with tears like a teenage girl who was just dumped.

“Forget it.” Helen sighed exasperatedly.

She knew this would happen, but considering that Greg treated her face, she could just pretend the two million was her medical fees.

Gina was left stuttering, unable to speak when the housekeeper rushed into the room, exclaiming in shock, “I’m sorry, Ms. Lane, but a bunch of people have barged in and demanded that we pay our debt!”

“Pay our debt?!” Helen exclaimed in shock and hurried outside.

When she arrived at the drawing room, she found a bunch of thugs sitting there, and they were all armed!

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Helen frowned. "Who are you people?"

A bald man who was their leader replied, "Your creditors, of course. Are you Gina?"

"Gina's my mother."

Baldie nodded. "Then we're at the right place. Your mom borrowed twenty million from Sindark Finance, claiming she could pay up in ten days."

He even whipped out an agreement that had Gina's signature on it, clear as day!

Helen was left utterly dumbfounded as she turned toward Gina. "Mom, what the heck?"

"I—I thought... Didn't we agree on ten days?" Gina stammered. "Why are you here already?"

"We're counting from the day you made the loan," Baldie growled coolly. "Not the next day."

"C—Could you give me a day's extension? I'll have the money tomorrow..." Gina quickly said.

"Are you kidding me? An extension?! Paying up is what you're supposed to do!" Baldie's eyes narrowed—Gina was clearly not going to pay!

"Mom, when did you borrow twenty million dollars?" Helen quickly asked. "What did you use it for?"

It was not a small sum—she had never even heard Gina mention about taking a loan!

"Oh..." Gina kept her eyes lowered as she explained, "Greg was asking me for more money, and he said he'd pay me once his company goes public. I thought it was urgent, so I helped him by taking out a loan..."

“What?!” Helen could almost cough blood right then—that made it a total of forty million dollars!

‘Are you paying up or not?!” Baldie barked right then.

“Y—Yes, of course,” Gina quickly said. “I still have some shares—I can sell them for money. Just wait a moment.”

She quickly called her accountant and said, “Hello, Mr. Sheridan? Dump all the shares in my account— all of them.”

On the other end, Mr. Sheridan was completely baffled. “But you have no shares in your account, Ms. Zonda...”

“What? But I bought twenty million dollars worth of Tarmac Corp shares! My broker’s name is Greg Marsh. Please check again.”

Tarmac Corp was the company Greg founded, and she gave him the twenty million to buy those shares.

Nonetheless, Mr. Sheridan insisted, “I’m not lying, Ms. Zonda. There are no shares in your accounts, not even records of any transactions. You can come check the records yourself if you find it necessary.”

Gina blacked out and almost collapsed, but Helen quickly caught her. “Mom! Are you okay?!”

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What’s wrong?”

“It’s over. It’s all over...” Gina rasped feebly. “I’m broke.”

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They could not reach Greg, and there were no shares in her account—it did not take a genius at this point to know that she had been swindled!

“What? Are you defaulting?” Baldie barked, rising to his feet.

His goons followed suit.

Helen sensed danger right then and quickly explained, “No, we’re not. We don’t have the money right now, but we can mortgage this manor...”

It was at least worth twenty million, and they had no choice but to mortgage it now.

“We only want cash.” Baldie snorted. “Pay up, or you’re coming with us...”

“Coming with you?”

Baldie chuckled coolly. “You have a debt, so you could earn it at our strip club. You’ll be released once you make up for it.” novelbin

“Y–You bastards!” Helen snapped. “I have the money! This manor is worth twenty million!”

“That can wait until after you sell it for cash. You’re coming with us right now!” Baldie barked and grabbed Helen by the wrist to drag her outside.

“Let me go!”

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There was no way Helen could free herself with her measly strength!

Gina ran up, clawing at Bladie as she yelled, “What are you doing?! Let my daughter go-” “Fuck off!” Baldie kicked her to the floor unceremoniously, pointing at her in the face as he bellowed, “Get the money, hag, and then you can come to get your daughter back.”

Gina clutched her stomach as she groaned, “Stop... Let my daughter go....‘

Nonetheless, she was left watching as Baldie and the thugs took Helen away, and she lay sprawled on the floor as she bawled, “Greg Marsh, you bastard... You killed us!”

Meanwhile, Frank had just finished cultivating in seclusion.

He had completely removed any remaining trace of Snowshade from his body and improved his cultivation.

Still, he was hungry after confining himself for days and left the mansion to head down the hill, planning to get some food.

As he arrived at the bottom of the hill, an oncoming Ferrari almost knocked him down, but he reacted quickly and dodged out of the way.

Nonetheless, the Ferrari stopped by the road.

A man in a suit slowly wound down the window and barked angrily, "Watch the road, you little shit!"

Frank frowned. "You're the one who almost knocked me down, bro."

"Shit! Aren't you a courier? Don't you know there aren't any pedestrian walkways here in Skywater Bay?!" the man snapped, already deciding that Frank was a courier. novelbin

After all, every other person living there had a car—what respectable person would walk down the hill when each mansion was basically built into it?

"Bumpkin." The man snorted as he wound up the window and floored the gas pedal, speeding off.

Frank did not actually know that there were no pedestrian walkways on the hill.

Still, he did not take offense and headed downhill, entering the first place he found and taking a window seat.

He ordered a ton of food to replenish his energy.

When he felt more or less full, he was going to pay the bill when he spotted two familiar figures.

It was Sean and Greg, both entering the hotel closely one after another.

Frank frowned right then—those two were not supposed to know each other.

He watched as they headed to the private rooms upstairs, and quickly called for a waiter.

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“How can I help, sir?”

Frank whipped out his debit card. “I’ll take the room next to those two men. You can charge me an extra grand as a tip.”

“Oh... Okay,” the waiter agreed to it without hesitation, and Frank was in the next room soon enough.

He stilled his heart as he leaned against the wall, carefully listening to the sounds from the next room. Being a specialist with exceptional vigor, his senses far surpassed the average Joe’s. Naturally, Sean and Greg were unaware that Frank was eavesdropping, as Greg was chuckling, “Mr. Wesley, that idiot Gina called me again today. I didn’t answer, of course—though she has probably caught on by now.”

“It’s not an issue—Sindark had already gone to Lane Manor,” Sean said, studying Greg as he continued, “I’m actually surprised you managed to swindle over forty mil from her.”

“You flatter me,” Greg said humbly. “Gina’s just so thirsty that she’s the most gullible woman I’ve ever met.”

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Sean nodded in satisfaction and whipped out a debit card. “Take this money. I’ll call you if I need your help again... Either way, tonight’s going to be a busy night for me.”

“Of course, Mr. Wesley.” Greg smiled as he took the card.

Next door, Frank was shaking his head.

He knew Greg was a conman from the start, but to think that he was even working for Sean...

“Oh, Gina... I don’t even know where to begin with you.”

Forty million was nothing for Frank, but it was definitely a big deal for Lane Holdings!

Sean and Greg parted ways after finishing lunch together.

Frank thought about it and decided to follow Greg, who was humming happily to himself as he got into his car.

"You seem to be in a good mood, Mr. Marsh?" a voice asked from the backseat.

"Of course," Greg replied nonchalantly, though he soon realized something was wrong!

He looked at the rearview mirror right then and found Frank there in the backseat!

When did that bastard get in?!

Stunned, he quickly tried to get out of the car, but Frank grabbed him by the neck from behind, rendering him immobile!

"Ugh... What do you want?! I have no fight with you!"

"Amazing, aren't you? Tricking Gina for forty million?" Frank asked, his eyes narrowing as he studied Greg.

"How'd you know?!" Greg exclaimed in disbelief, but soon did the math and said, "Look, man -you're an enemy of the Lanes anyway. Why don't I give you twenty million, and let's

pretend nothing ever happened-"

Frank slapped him across the face, leaving Greg dazed as he bled from the lips.

Still, he kept bargaining. "Oof... thirty million?"

Frank said nothing and slapped him again.

Greg could feel his cheek swelling, and some of his teeth were getting loose!

"What do you want?!" he cried anxiously.

"Return the money and confess to Helen what you did right now."

“What...” Greg was hesitant.

Frank raised his hand right then, and Greg promptly shielded his cheek as he cried, “Alright, alright! I’ll confess, okay?! But I can’t wire the money back right away since it’s been split and kept in different accounts, and some are in the form of shares. Could you at least give me a couple of days to do it?”

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Frank glared at him and growled, “Open your mouth.”

“What? Why?” Greg asked but did so despite his hesitation.

Frank then took out a small pill from his pocket and shoved it into Greg’s mouth. Then, he forced Greg’s jaw shut, making him swallow it.

Greg was left hacking as he cried, “W–What did you just give me?” novelbin

“Just a type of laxative, but your intestines will burst and you’ll die, so return the money and confess before coming to me for the antidote.”

“You’re crazy! Do you have to go that far for the Lanes?!”

Grèg was at loss for words—every person in that family belittled Frank, but he would still suck up to them?!

“Shut it,” Frank snapped angrily. “Also, what were you talking about with Sean Wesley? What is he up to tonight?”

Greg gulped at that. “I—I’ll tell you, but don’t hit me...”

“I’ll kill you if you don’t talk,” Frank growled, shooting Greg a glare.

Greg sighed exasperatedly as he gave in. “The twenty million loan Gina took up for me is from a loan company that Sean owns. His thugs would supposedly visit Lane Manor to demand payment today... and since Gina definitely can’t pay up, they’ll take Helen as collateral. And Sean will be waiting...”

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“What?!” Frank was incensed, and his hands tightened around Greg.

Greg’s face turned flushed as he could not breathe. “Oof... Please... Let me go...”

Nonetheless, Frank bellowed, “Where is Helen now?!”

“Skywater Bay! Mansion 13!” Greg shouted at the top of his lungs. “That’s all I know! Now let me go!”

Frank frowned.

Skywater Bay?

He opened the door and pulled Greg out of the car before taking the driver’s seat.

Even as Greg lay sprawled on the ground, he shouted, “Please give me the antidote!”

Frank shouted back coolly without turning, “Come to me when you’ve returned the money!”

Meanwhile, Baldie and his thugs had locked up Helen in a guest room inside Mansion 13.

She pulled off the gurney sack they put over her head, finally seeing her surroundings.

The room was too clean to be some loan shark’s office!

Helen kept hammering on the door, shouting, “Where did you take me?! Let me out!” Baldie laughed outside. “You’re not leaving until we’re paid. So just stay right there.”

Somehow, Helen calmed down despite Baldie’s words.

They had taken away her phone, so she could not contact her mother and find out if she could gather the money.

Unable to get help, she took a seat to rest, but the door opened again.

It was none other than Sean, though he locked the door as soon as he got in.

“Sean?” Helen exclaimed in surprise, never expecting him to show up. “What are you doing here?”

Sean chuckled and explained, “Your mom called me, saying your family incurred a huge debt and they took you away. I just happen to be a close friend of Sindark’s owner, so I quickly called him and told them not to lay a finger on you.”

“Thank you,” Helen said, keeping her head lowered despite being surprised that Sean came to her rescue when it mattered.

Sean waved her off dismissively, “It’s nothing, Helen. You’re more than welcome—and don’t worry, I’ve already paid the loan for your mom.”

“I’ll repay you as soon as possible,” Helen quickly said, not wanting anything to do with Sean after seeing his true colors at The Dynasty.

Sean, however, started to walk up to her slowly. “Don’t you get it, Helen? Money doesn’t mean anything as long as you’re happy. You can pretend it’s my dowry.” novelbin



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Helen promptly distanced herself, frowning as she demanded, “What are you talking about? What dowry?”

Sean got agitated right then. “I’ve helped you so many times and spent so much on you... Don’t you feel anything for me?”

Helen rolled her eyes. “How did you ever help me?”

“I mean, not before... But I helped you this time by paying twenty million, didn’t I?”

Helen snorted. “I don’t need it—I’ll pay you back, and then we’ll go our separate ways.”

“You don’t need it?” Sean’s eyes flashed viciously. “Then you’re not getting away!”

Helen cried out as he pushed her on the bed. “What are you doing?!”

“I spent so much time and effort on you!” Sean bellowed, giving up on pretenses right then. And you’re telling me to go our separate ways?! Did you really think you got to have a say?! I’ll make you mine right now!”

He might have intended to appeal to her sentiment, but seeing that she was so unreasonable, he had to use force!

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“What...”

Utterly terrified, Helen turned pale—she quickly got up and tried to run, but Sean caught her and slammed her heavily on the floor!

“Argh!!!” Helen cried out in pain.

It only left Sean sneering as he slowly took off his jacket. “Just stay put and be my bitch. You’re not getting away.”

He started to reach for her dress, but Helen grabbed him by the wrist and bit down firmly, leaving him bleeding right then!

“Argh!!!” Sean yelped in pain. “You bitch!”

He looked at his wrist, and then at Helen with spite!

Having had enough, he leaped up to her, slapping her across the face!

“Oof!”

Helen was sent tumbling to the floor, but Sean did not stop, and he kicked her brutally in the belly!

“I’ve been playing nice, you know! I went all out to woo you, and you fucking treated me like dirt!”

Helen curled up in pain, her face ashen and clutching her stomach. She could not even stand in her agony, while Sean continued to kick her, as if to vent all his frustrations.

But even as she was beaten to an inch of her life, she murmured, “Frank...”

Sean’s eyes turned bloodshot with rage when he heard the name.

He simply could not understand how did he fail to measure up to that piece of shit?!

“Fuck! You’re still thinking about him?! You shameless bitch!”

He kicked her squarely in the head, drawing blood!

Helen started to drift out of consciousness, but just before she passed out, she heard a loud bang as a silhouette stormed into the room.

It looked like Frank, and Helen reached out toward him to ask for help, but she was completely drained and soon passed out.

Frank’s killing intent flared when he saw Helen bleeding all over her head.

On the other hand, Sean was left utterly bewildered. “H—How did you get in here?!”

Skywater Bay was a private mansion district that no one was allowed in!

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Frank, however, did not waste his breath and kicked him squarely on the chest, sending him flying across the room and slamming heavily on the wall!

He then leaped up, punching Sean until his face was bruised and battered.

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Soon, Sean’s blood–curdling screams resounded across the mansion!

“Argh! Let go of me!!!! I’m Sean Wesley!”

The only thing he could do was pleading for mercy repeatedly, for nothing could save him from Frank's brutal punches.

And yet, Frank had no intention of sparing him this time.

"You're a dead man even if your daddy came," Frank growled icily and punched Sean again.

Even as Sean coughed blood endlessly, he was left wondering how Frank had caught on to his cunning plan before Frank punched him again, shattering all his ribs with a crunch and killing him. novelbin

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dead," Frank said flatly.

"Who the fuck are you?!" James Wesley promptly snapped from the other end.

"Frank Lawrence. I killed your son because he messed with the wrong people," Frank continued evenly, as if it was nothing of significance.

"What?!" James could hardly believe his ears.

And yet, the other man's tone was so calm and composed that he did not appear to be lying! novelbin

"Where is he?" James demanded coolly.

"Your son's mansion in Skywater Bay," Frank said, glancing at Sean's corpse.

"Whoever you are, you're a dead man! How dare you threaten me!"

"Whatever," Frank replied and hung up.

On the other hand, James was left on edge, unsure if Frank was telling the truth.

Nonetheless, he decided to see things for himself after some thought and brought all his men along to Skywater Bay.

Meanwhile, Frank tended to Helen's injuries before calling up Skywater's security team.

The security personnel rushed to the scene in no time at all and were all stunned as they saw the bodies of Baldie and the other thugs strewn all over the drawing room.

Jimmy, the captain, quickly turned to Frank since he was the only man standing.

"E-Excuse me, sir... What happened here?" he asked.

Frank scooped Helen up in his arms. "Rush her to the hospital as soon as possible."

He even forked out all the cash he had and gave it to Jimmy.

"Don't worry, sir—it's our job. We promise nothing will happen to her," Jimmy assured him.

There were considerable regulations in place even for the security team, and Jimmy had no time to care who anyone was, since the residents' safety was top priority.

After taking Helen to the car, Jimmy reported to his superiors, and word soon reached Robert Quill.

He called Frank right away, "Mr. Lawrence? I heard there's been a situation?"

Since Skywater Bay belonged to the Quills, Frank admitted directly. "Yes. Sean Wesley attacked my ex-wife."

"He's gone too far! Don't worry—I'll make the Wesleys pay," Robert said, immediately siding with him.

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Nonetheless, Frank flatly said, "That's unnecessary. I've already killed Sean Wesley."

"What?!" Robert was stunned—he did not expect Frank to be that quick!

Taking a deep breath, he then asked, "Where are you right now?"

“The Wesleys’ mansion here in Skywater. I’m waiting for Sean’s father,” Frank replied.

That was why he sent the security team and Helen away first—he would settle everything right now with the Wesleys, or Helen would be in trouble again if the Wesleys went after her.

“Don’t fight them for the time being,” Robert quickly said. “I’ll come to resolve the issue myself.”

He was certainly alarmed to hear that Frank was waiting for the Wesleys and rushed over as soon as he hung up!

Meanwhile, a man in a suit was just returning to Skywater Bay and did a double take when he saw Helen being stretchered into an ambulance.

Was that not his former classmate?

He quickly alighted and went up to the nurse.

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Chris Steiner, the man in the suit, asked, “What happened here, nurse?”

“She was assaulted and passed out,” the nurse replied. “Who are you?”

“I was her classmate...”

“Then, could you contact her family?” the nurse asked immediately.

“O—Of course,” Chris quickly said.

“Come with us.”

“Okay.” Chris nodded and got into the ambulance.

Right after they left, James Wesley and his men arrived at Mansion 13, where they found the place littered with corpses.

Frank was the only one alive, sitting nonchalantly on the couch.

“You’re Frank Lawrence?!” James demanded angrily.

Frank nodded casually.

“Where’s my son?!” James then asked the question which he was most concerned about.

Frank pointed at a bedroom, and James rushed inside without a word.

He was left bawling hysterically to see his son’s gruesome death before his face contorted savagely.

“You bastard!” he screamed at Frank. “Who do you think you are, killing my son?!”

“Why not?” Frank replied, slowly rising to his feet. “Your son tricked my ex-wife and tried to force himself on her.”

“Your ex-wife?” James searched his memory. “Helen Lane?!”

Frank nodded.

James actually knew that his son had put considerable effort into wooing Helen but tried to dissuade him. He told Sean that he should look to heiresses who had more money and influence—in comparison to such utility, beauty was pointless.

Regrettably, his son did not listen.

Even so, he snapped furiously at Frank, “Your ex-wife has nothing to do with you anyway! My son can do whatever he wants!!

“Your son can do whatever he wants?” Frank snorted. “What a coincidence—I wanted to kill him, and that’s what I did. Anyway, I told you to come to issue a warning: harass Helen again, and I won’t mind wiping out your family.”

“You?! Wipe us out?!” James rose to his feet, glaring viciously at Frank as if he could skin him right then. “Who do you think you are?! You’ll die for what you did to my son!”

Turning toward his men, he bellowed, “Beat him to an inch of his life! I want him to suffer!”

His bodyguards all drew their weapons, ready to attack Frank...

Bang!

Suddenly, the mansion doors were kicked wide as Robert and his people arrived on the scene, encircling the entire place.

"Nobody move!" he barked.

James was dumbfounded to see the governor's forces arrive. "Mr. Quill?"
novelbin

"What do you think you're doing, James Wesley?" Robert demanded.

His family was certainly no match for the governor's influence, so James had to calm himself down to speak. "Mr. Quill, that man killed my son, and I shall have my revenge today. Do not interfere-"

Robert slapped James across the face right then. "Do you even know what your son did? Who do you think you are, trying to lay a finger on Frank?!"

James was left stunned by the slap, just as he realized that Robert was on Frank's side. "Are you serious, governor?! Are you really helping that bastard?!"

"Frank's my son-in-law. No one gets to touch him as long as I'm around," Robert said bluntly right then.