

## The Girlboss 181

### Chapter 181

“There’s no need to go that far,” Frank said slowly. “I’ll take your father’s pulse for now.” “Of course...” Kenny replied, and Frank walked up to Jenson, putting his fingers on the latter’s wrist and feeling his pulse.

Soon, his brow furrowed, though he soon relaxed before furrowing his brows again.

The process kept repeating for a long while, until Rolf eventually had enough. “Are you really taking Uncle Jenson’s pulse, you brat?!”

Jenson then assured him, “You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Lawrence. You may speak freely.”

Frank slowly opened his eyes just then, and Kenny quickly asked, “How’s my father, Mr. Lawrence?”

“His condition is very serious,” Frank replied. “He has sustained internal injuries from his youth, and he has been indulging in vices such as alcohol and smoking instead of cultivating his health. At seventy, he has basically reached the end of a normal lifespan.”

“What?!” Kenny was left thunderstruck and stumbling backward, just as regret seized him. His father had indeed been indulgent, and he thought he should allow his father to be since he was already old.

However, that indulgence was precisely why he could not be saved, not even by Frank.

Beside them, Rolf snorted, not quite understanding why his cousin held Frank in such high regard—he was an embarrassment to Skyblade Dojo!

“I told you he can’t help,” he snorted. “And you didn’t believe me.”

Frank shot him a look. “Did I ever say I can’t?”

“What?! Mr. Lawrence, are you saying that you can help?” Kenny pressed, his eyes lighting up.

“Yes, but acupuncture won’t work. Only an Ichor Pill would.”

“That’s wonderful!” Kenny exclaimed before asking earnestly, “Can you sell one to me, Mr. Lawrence? We will pay you however much you want.”

Frank shook his head. “There is an ingredient I would need to make it—a wild panacea cap that is at least twenty years old. I can make it for you if you have it, but I can’t help you if you don’t.”

“O—Of course we have it here!” Kenny exclaimed in delight. “It’s in our vault, and it’s even fifty years old.”

“Oh, that’s perfect,” Frank nodded. “The older it is, the higher the medicinal value—the Ichor Pill would be even more stable with it.”

“I see,” Kenny replied. “Do come with me, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll get it for you right now.”

“Hold it!” Rolf suddenly bellowed, intercepting them while glaring at Kenny in frustration. “It’s a gift for the Kimmels, Kenny!”

one who saved him at the time.”

“For real?!” Rolf turned toward Frank in disbelief.

“For real,” Kenny said and turned towards his father. “Dad, I know no one has been able to treat your condition, but why don’t we let Mr. Lawrence try?”

Jenson had been staring at Frank for a while.

The boy had remained perfectly composed ever since he stepped through the front door, his gaze never darting around nervously. That confidence alone was not something average Joes would ever measure up to.

Chuckling, he said, “I can see that you carry yourself with splendor, Mr. Lawrence. Well, since I’m dying anyway, what’s the harm in trying?”

“Don’t play around with your life, Dad!” Kenny cried right then.

Beside him, Frank was a little surprised. Though it had been a while since he had practiced medicine, aside from his confidants, the elderly man before him was the first person who trusted a stranger like him.

“Fate is predetermined, my son. Words are just... words.” Jenson chuckled.

Kenny turned toward Frank right then, his gaze awash with emotion. “Please, Mr. Lawrence— do your best to help my father. If you do, Skyblade Dojo shall owe you an eternal debt!”

## Chapter 182

Frank’s eyes darted everywhere.

The Sparks family had certainly hoarded a trove of treasures from themselves, from antique weapons and esoteric texts to endless medicinal ingredients.

However, most of them were not that useful for Frank, and he soon asked, “Do you happen to have a 100-year-old panacea polypore?”

“A panacea polypore?” Kenny did a double take. “Would a 30-year-old do?”

“No, it has to be a hundred years old.” Frank shook his head—the panacea polypore was one of the main ingredients for the Rejuvenation Pill, although around 600 grams would be enough to make a hundred pills.

As such, even a small one would do.

Kenny quickly said, “Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence. Our dojo’s apprentices are everywhere—just say the word if you really need it, and they will definitely get one for you.”

Frank nodded. “In that case, I’m counting on you, Mr. Sparks. I owe you one.

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Kenny was actually shocked. “You’re exaggerating. It’s only right that I help you.”

If anything, having Frank owing him a favor would be huge for his family’s influence!

Soon, he found the panacea cap, which was grown in a huge vase.

“Would this panacea cap work, Mr. Lawrence?” Kenny asked.

Frank checked the plant and nodded. “It’s good. Get me a quiet room—I’ll need to refine it.”

“Alright!” Kenny exclaimed in delight and promptly had the servants arrange a room.

Frank entered and went to work without delay. Although it still took two days, he refined four Ichor Pills this time.

“Huh... To think it would take so long with more ingredients.” Frank sighed, though making an extra pill was still profitable for him.

Frank then stepped out, where some servants were waiting.

“Tell Mr. Sparks that the Ichor Pill is finished,” he said.

“Mr. Sparks is out on an errand, sir,” the servant replied. “He said we can take you directly to his father when you’re done.”

Frank nodded. “Lead the way.”

Jenson’s complexion was much worse when he reached Jenson’s room, but the man’s kindly smile was still intact. “I heard that the Ichor Pill is ready, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank nodded, and spread his palm, revealing the scarlet pill. “This is an Ichor Pill. It will root out all your conditions once you take it, Mr. Sparks.”

Rolf was standing nearby, having stayed home to see if the Ichor Pill was as impressive as it was said to be.

“That tiny pill can help Mr. Sparks?” He snorted.

Jenson took the pill and sniffed it before exclaiming, “The scent of the ingredients swirls and lingers. The technique in making this pill alone is exceptional.”

He was further convinced of Frank’s medicinal skills after seeing the Ichor Pill and took it right then.

“How do you feel, Mr. Sparks?” Rolf asked.

“I just took it.” Jenson shot him a look.

Time passed, and he suddenly started coughing violently.

“Blargh!” He then vomited a mouthful of blood before passing out!

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“Mr. Sparks!” Rolf cried, his heart almost leaping out of his throat.

The servants paled in shock too, while Frank remained perfectly calm.

Rolf wheeled on him right then, his expression savage as he demanded, “You! What did you feed my uncle?! Why did he suddenly vomit blood?!”

“That’s normal,” Frank replied calmly. “Mr. Jenson is quite old, and the Ichor Pill works by breaking down his cultivation and then rebuilding it. He will be better soon enough.”

With that, he started toward the door. “I’ll be going now if there’s nothing else.”

“Trying to run?! Get him!” Rolf bellowed, not believing him at all.

Many of the dojo apprentices promptly came at his call, blocking Frank’s path.

Frank frowned as he turned toward Rolf. “You don’t believe me?”

“I believe my own eyes. You will pay for what you did to my uncle!” Rolf barked. “Take him!”

The apprentices charged at Frank right then, who shook his head exasperatedly.

With a single step, he vaulted into the crowd, his body light as a feather.

However, his punches strike heavy and true, and the twenty apprentices were collapsing like dominoes, unable to stop him at all!

As he sent one flying, the man knocked over plenty of others behind him.

Rolf was in turn rubbing his eyes in disbelief even as he watched Frank mow them down!

Just then, Kenny, who had rushed back to the dojo, was left stunned by the scene that greeted him.

“Stop!” he bellowed. “What the hell is going on here?!”

Rolf promptly ran up to him, pointing at Frank and snapping, “Uncle Jenson vomited blood and passed out after taking the pill he gave! He must have fed him poison!”

Kenny turned in shock toward Frank. “What is going on here, Mr. Lawrence?”

“Your father will recover soon enough,” Frank replied impatiently. “He didn’t believe me and tried to rough me up.”

“You liar- ”

Rolf was going to snap at Frank again when Kenny slapped him across the face and snapped at him in disappointment, “You little shit! How dare you behave so rudely toward Mr. Lawrence?! He said father will recover soon, and that’s that!”

Moreover, Frank was the man who treated Gerald Simmons and Vicky Turnbull, and he was now a close friend of Robert Quill!

They certainly could not afford to provoke him!

Just then, a servant came running toward them. “Mr. Sparks, your father has woken up!”

“What?!” Rolf gaped in disbelief at Frank—could he have been wrong about Frank?!

He and Kenny hurried back to Jenson’s room to find that the man was standing on his own, his

complexion healthy unlike its usual paleness.

“Y–You’re better now?” Rolf asked in disbelief

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“Not just better. I feel spirited!” Jenson exclaimed, flexing his arms while nodding in approval. “Mr. Lawrence’s Ichor Pill is certainly miraculous.”

“Haha! Like I said, Mr. Lawrence is the greatest miracle worker of Riverton.” Kenny laughed and turned toward Rolf. “And you’d actually send our apprentices after him. You ignorant fool.

“What?!” Jenson was growling at Rolf right then. “You attacked Mr. Lawrence?!”

“No, I mean...” Rolf mumbled, scratching his head awkwardly. “You were puking blood after you took the pill, and I thought you were poisoned...”

“Preposterous!” Jenson barked and hurried outside.

Fortunately, Frank had not left, and Jenson promptly waved at him. “I’m so sorry for what happened with Rolf, Mr. Lawrence. Please don’t take it to heart...”



Even if they could not befriend Frank, they must never make an enemy out of him.

Frank actually did not take offense anyway. "I won't take issue with such frivolity. You're better now, Mr. Sparks, and that's all that matters."

"Haha! You are truly magnanimous." Jenson laughed heartily as he stroked his beard. "If you ever need anything, just say the word—the doors of Skyblade Dojo will always be open to you."

Frank rubbed his chin in hesitation just then. "Aside from the panacea polypore, I have something else to ask as well..."

"Do tell, Mr. Lawrence," Kenny said.

"Please keep an eye out for any of the Five Elemental Wonders," Frank said. "Money is not an issue."

He had yet to come across any of the other four aside from the wonderroot. Despite the Turnbulls, the Zimmers, and the Quills all helping, there was just no such luck.

As such, now that he befriended the Sparks, he would ask them the same favor—the more, the better!

Kenny put his hands together just then, exclaiming, "That reminds me, Mr. Lawrence! I've actually found a hundred-year panacea polypore."

"Really?!" Frank's eyes lit up, surprised by Kenny's efficiency. "That's wonderful!"

Kenny patted his chest confidently. "Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence. I'll have our dojo's apprentices ask around about the Five Elemental Wonders too. There will be news soon enough."

"Thank you, Mr. Sparks." Frank nodded.

“You’re always welcome,” Kenny replied. “Regarding the panacea polypore, it’s actually in the possession of the owner of an antique dealership called Vintagers. However, it’s quite late- why don’t you stay the night, and I can go there with you tomorrow?”

Frank looked up at the skies and nodded exasperatedly. “Fine.”

Nearby, Rolf pursed his lips and muttered, “Bastard... treating us like tools already just because you saved the old man?”

Kenny wheeled on him right with a glare. “You shut your mouth right now.”

On the other hand, Frank was completely unconcerned and stayed in the guest room Kenny had arranged.

Kenny visited him again in the evening, smiling, “Is the room to your liking, Mr. Lawrence?”

“Your dojo’s hospitality is perfect.” Frank smiled in return, although he would have gone to bed earlier. “Do you happen to have something to discuss, coming to see me this late at night?”

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Kenny chuckled. “Nothing important. I’d just like to have some small talk...”

“You may speak frankly, Mr. Sparks,” Frank said directly, able to see through him right then. “I’ll tell you everything I know in return.”

Kenny was left feeling a little embarrassed.

Shaking his head, he mused to himself for a moment before saying, “Mr. Lawrence... Can I just ask how much the Ichor Pill is worth? Or the recipe, for that matter—will you be willing to sell it?”

## Chapter 185

A pill as miraculous as the Ichor Pill would definitely be wildly popular once it hit the market, and Kenny's family was willing to invest in it.

Even just ten percent of the shares would do!

"So that's why you've come." Frank smiled. "Then I shall be frank—it's impossible to produce Ichor Pills in bulk, because each cauldron worth of pills requires a drop of a martial elite's essence."

"Really?!" Kenny exclaimed, realizing with a start. "Oh, so that's why you never sold it for money... I never knew making the pill alone comes at such a huge cost."

In reality, Frank did not consider his essence that big of a deal.

For martial artists who had yet to perfect their vigor, however, it was a treasure—and where would they get the essence of martial elites even if they had the recipe?

After some further discussion about martial arts, Kenny quickly excused himself.

As he left Frank's room and passed through the antehall, he ran into Rolf.

Rolf had actually been waiting for a while. He hurried toward Kenny, asking, "How did it go? How much is Frank Lawrence demanding for the Ichor Pill recipe?"

Kenny waved him off, sighing. "Don't bother. The pill itself requires the essence of a martial elite, and we can't make it even if we had the recipe."

"What?!" Rold exclaimed in shock, surprised that it required such an ingredient.

Still, he soon had an idea. “But if Frank Lawrence can make one, doesn’t that mean he has the essence needed? We can use his essence to make pills, can’t we?”

Kenny paled in shock right then, and snapped under his breath, “Are you crazy?! Are you even serious about this?! Frank is definitely a martial elite, but no one knows the true extent of his abilities—even now, no one has seen him go all out. So forget about those rubbish thoughts, and don’t ever let Frank find out!”

Kenny himself had tried to get his hands on the Ichor Pill recipe after seeing its miraculous effect for the first time. Not only did he fail to come up with any good ideas to procure it even after a long time, but he was also wary of Frank’s true power and the friends he was quickly making.

Not even Skyblade Dojo would be able to hold their own against them combined!

However, Rolf shot Kenny a look of contempt, believing that he was too cowardly.

When it comes to power, one either rises above the rest or falls.

And with such a profound opportunity there for the taking, it would be a waste not to take it!

Early next morning, Helen was sound asleep in her white lace pajamas and a plushie in her

arms.

It was Sunday, and she was planning to sleep in, since she had gone through quite a lot

recently.

However, it was only eight o’clock when she heard a racket downstairs, and she got up, still groggy as she stormed downstairs grumpily.

She arrived at the drawing room to find her own mother chattering excitedly with a young woman.

Upon a closer look, Helen realized it was her cousin Cindy Zonda.

"I missed you so much, Helen!" Cindy exclaimed when she saw her just then, glomping on to her!

## Chapter 186

It took a long while for Helen to come to her senses. "Cindy? When did you come back to the country?"

Cindy was supposedly studying abroad and would only return next year.

Still, Cindy flashed a sweet smile right then, "Actually, I recently started a company with a partner, and we're aiming to get into the Riverton market. You have to help me out, Helen business is booming in Lane Holdings, so you can't forget about the rest of us."

"Oh, what are you saying?" Gina exclaimed. "If you want to start a business, Helen can let you manage one of our subsidiaries. Why partner with others?"

"Mom." Helen quickly cut her short. "Cindy must have her own plans since she's partnering with friends."

Lane Holdings was short on money themselves, and giving away a subsidiary right now was no different from cutting off a piece of themselves. Moreover, Helen knew how vain her mother got with her family, but she had to think for herself too!

Thankfully, Cindy shook her head. "That's alright, Aunt Gina. I'm doing this on my own this time."

Helen breathed a sigh of relief, while Gina gave Cindy a huge thumbs up. “You really are born a Zonda. Outstanding!”

Still, Cindy sat down beside Gina, linking arms with her as she purred, “Actually, I have a favor to ask...”

“Oh?” What could it be?” Gina asked in curiosity, feeling plenty helpful just then.

After all, Greg was awash with tears as he came to her yesterday, returning the forty million dollars he conned off her.

She even slapped him a few times for good measure.

“I’m planning to draw an investment from the Salazars,” Cindy said mysteriously. “I’ve heard that their heiress had been taking the herb called panacea polypore for nourishment. That’s why I’d like to buy one and present it to her as a gift.”

Helen frowned. “Aren’t the Salazars based in Sunny City? What does your company have to do with them if you’re aiming for the Riverton market?”

“Honestly, are you really the CEO of Lane Holdings? Don’t you know that much?” Cindy scoffed, rolling her eyes at Helen before puffing her chest proudly as she announced, “The Salazars are planning a venture into the Riverton market, and Ms. Salazar herself holds the shares. They have also developed the Beauty Pill—no lady would miss out on that action. Actually, do you want me to get you a couple?”

“No thanks,” Helen quickly said.

Cindy rolled her eyes again before tugging on Gina’s arm, “Aunt Gina, I’ve actually found where we could buy a panacea polypore. Come with me later, alright?”

Gina thought about it, but how much would a panacea polypore cost anyway?

And since she held seniority, she should behave accordingly.

Nodding right then, she said, "How could I ever say no to you, dear? Don't worry—I'll definitely buy it for you."

Cindy gave her a huge smooch right then. "You're the best, Aunt Gina."

Though Helen was actually not interested in going, she had to drive them since she could not win against her mother's insistence.

As Helen, Gina and Cindy all headed to Vintagers at noon, Frank and Kenny arrived soon after. Kenny led Frank to a rather modest store, approaching the front desk worker. "Let's see that panacea polypore you have. We're buying it."

"What?" The worker did a double take and said hesitantly, "A—Actually, you're a little late for that, sir... There were three women who arrived earlier, asking to buy it. They've already gone with Mr. Wicker to get it from the back..."

"What?!" Kenny exclaimed in shock, regretting not placing a deposit earlier.

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Kenny was surprised that the panacea polypore was that popular.

And since he had promised Frank that he would get it for him, it would be awkward if someone else bought it instead.

Still, Frank went up to the worker and said, "Can we meet the owner? I'm willing to buy it at a high price."

"Yes... Yes!" Kenny nodded in response, whipping out a stack of dollar bills and handing it to the worker. "You can have this—take us to the owner right now."

The worker was left staring at the fat stack of cash, his awkward expression instantly turning into a smile. "This way please, gentlemen."

At the back of Vintagers, Cindy was just exclaiming excitedly, "Mr. Wicker, do show us the panacea polypore!"

Johnny Wicker, the pudgy owner of Vintagers, was all smiles as he drew out a wooden chest. "Calm down, miss—this is it, the panacea polypore. Five million dollars, and I won't take any bargaining."

Cindy quickly turned toward Gina. "You can pay him now, Aunt Gina."

"Huh... actually, is it really supposed to be so expensive?" Gina pursed her lips.

She knew Cindy was just buying a single herb... but she did not expect it to be that expensive!

"Of course, ma'am," Johnny said mysteriously just then. "The polypore is a natural wonder, a herb that absorbs Mother Nature's essence. It's a treasure that isn't readily available, and five million is a special price I've set for you, Ms. Zonda. I wouldn't actually sell this to anyone else."

Cindy nodded repeatedly. "Come on, Aunt Gina. Once I succeed in securing a partnership with Ms. Salazar, I'll pay you back."

Gina gritted her teeth—five million it was.

Her niece's business would boom eventually, and if she was stingy, their relatives might start badmouthing her.

Still, just as she took out her credit card, Frank and Kenny entered.

"Wait," Kenny said, hurrying toward them with an apologetic smile. "Could we have that panacea polypore instead? We will pay double."



Gina did a double take.

Double?! That was definitely a good deal.

However, Cindy immediately disagreed. “Why should Mr. Wicker sell it to you? First come, first served! And we won’t sell it no matter how much you’re offering!”

Frank stepped forward just then. “Ma’am...”

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Upon a closer look, he realized that it was Helen’s cousin Cindy.

They had met at his wedding before, and he also noticed Helen and Gina behind Cindy.

“Frank Lawrence?”

They were both surprised to see him too, and Gina was already snapping furiously, “What are you doing here, lowlife?!”

Kenny gasped—who was that woman, talking to Frank like that?

He told Gina, “Please watch your language, ma’am.”

“Who are you?” Gina snapped coolly, holding her hands on her hips. “It’s none of your business how I lecture my lowlife former son-in-law!”

“Huh... Wait, you’re Mr. Lawrence’s mother-in-law?” Kenny was on the verge of an outburst but quickly stopped himself,

Frank frowned just then. "That's enough, Gina. Let's cut to the chase."

## Chapter 188

Frank said, "It's pointless even if you buy the polypore, Cindy. I can help you with any condition you have and pay you on top of that."

Cindy snorted in disdain. "You, help me? Who do you think you are?! Also, I'm plenty healthy!

She had always belittled because he had nothing to his name and thought Helen was blind when she married him.

It was certainly smart of her to divorce him!

On the other hand, Frank was speechless. "Why would you buy it if you're not sick?"

Cindy reared her chin at him. "I'm presenting it as a gift to Ms. Salazar. She needs it, and she just might appoint me a direct broker when her family starts marketing the Beauty Pill."

"It's not going to sell." Frank chuckled. "Sell the polypore to me, and I'll appoint you the broker of a pill that would sell even better."

It was no empty promise—his Reinvigoration Pill would definitely outsell the Beauty Pill, if not render it worthless.

Cindy, however, snorted. "You're so full of it. I won't take whatever you make, even if you're giving it away for free!"

Beside her, Gina was even less willing to concede the panacea polypore to Frank.

She had always hated the man, and even if the price tag of five million dollars hurt, she was only further motivated to see Frank disappointed.

As such, she said, "I'll pay you right now, Mr. Wicker."

"Alright!" Johnny nodded repeatedly.

"Wait!" Kenny said just then. "Mr. Wicker, since you haven't sold it yet, I shall make a ten million dollar bid."

"What?" Johnny paused.

Ten million dollars was no small sum—even if Cindy and the others came first, no one would say no to money!

Turning toward Cindy, he smiled. "Why don't you wait a little longer, Ms. Zonda? I promise to see you the next panacea polypore that comes into our store..."

"You can't do this, Mr. Wicker!" Cindy snapped, utterly disgruntled.

"That's so dishonest of you!" Gina joined in.

"Yes, it's my fault," Johnny admitted without qualms. "I'll sell it to you next time."

Gina was left gritting her teeth, and she soon snapped, "Twenty million!"

"Mom..." Helen gulped and tried to pull her backward—there was no need to go that far for an herb!

However, Gina was not one to take it lying down, and Cindy was smiling smugly. "Well done,

Aunt Gina!”

Frank was frowning and turned toward Kenny. “How much do you have, Mr. Sparks?”

“Just ten million...” Kenny admitted, since he did not bring everything he had.

Frank took a deep breath. “Thirty million.”

“Forty million!” Cindy shouted even before Johnny could react.

Even Gina’s face fell. “Do you have that much money, Cindy?”

“No. Just borrow it to me for now, Aunt Gina,” Cindy said as it was perfectly natural.

Gina pursed her lips—she did have that much, but that was also all she had!

Helen quickly reasoned, “A single herb is not worth forty million, Cindy...”

They certainly could buy something better to earn Ms. Salazar’s favor!

“What are you saying “?” Gina exclaimed, frowning. “Are you saying my family can’t afford this much?”

“Uh...” Helen was left speechless.

She was just trying to be reasonable, and Cindy made it sound as if she was belittling her...

On the other hand, Gina gritted her teeth and stamped her feet. “Helen meant nothing by it. It’s just forty million—we’ll buy it!”

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Gina absolutely refused to lose face in front of her niece, even if paying forty million dollars for it hurt a lot.

Even Johnny was left dumbstruck.

Selling a panacea polypore for forty million dollars? This would probably never happen again!

He quickly turned to Frank and Kenny. "Gentlemen, are you going to raise the bid?"

Both men were frowning.

Raise? They only had thirty million dollars together.

That being said, they did not expect Gina and her niece to be that stupid to buy a polypore for forty million dollars!

And since neither man spoke, Johnny turned to Gina and Cindy with a smile. "It's all yours, Ms. Zonda."

Gina whipped out her card while shooting Frank a gleeful, triumphant look despite her heart bleeding.

And once the payment was made, Cindy got her wish as she took the wooden chest containing the polypore.

"I'll definitely become a partner of the Salazars with this!" Her eyes were aflame with excitement as she opened the door.

The panacea polypore lay still within the velvet cushioning, but where it should be flawlessly white, it was instead glistening in red. To make things worse, while normal polypores tended to be plump and meaty, this one was rock hard and rotting on the edges!

“What the...” Cindy gaped. “What the hell is this? Why is it rotting? And it’s so hard!”

Frank moved forward for a look and chuckled coolly. “Oh, so it’s dead.”

It must have been kept in the chest for too long—the herb itself had wilted, losing moisture and hence drying up.

Moreover, the withered edges were signs that the herb itself had been hurt during harvest!

“Dead or alive—what’s the difference?” Johnny shrugged nonchalantly.

“How is it not different?!” Cindy bellowed furiously. “I’m giving this as a present! Who would give a dead herb as a present?! And it’s even starting to rot!”

“I never said it was alive,” Johnny snapped impatiently. “Quit making a fuss.”

“Haha!” Kenny laughed mockingly without holding back at all. “Forty million dollars for a dead herb! You ladies are geniuses!”

Gina and Cindy were both left ashen-faced. After all that posturing, it turned out that they were the clowns all along!

“We’re not buying this,” Cindy snapped angrily. “Refund us right now!”

“That’s right! Refund us, you snake oil salesman!” Gina bellowed, pointed at Johnny in the nose.

Johnny frowned and growled, "Watch your words, ladies. I never stopped you from checking the goods before you buy it or browbeat you into buying it. You're the ones who insisted on outbidding the two gentlemen, and you're demanding a refund now that you don't like the merchandise? That's not going to happen."

Gina and Cindy were left stumped.

However, even if Gina was unable to muster a retort, Gina promptly threw herself on the floor, howling at the top of her lungs, "We're not leaving until you give us a refund! Help! The owner here has just tricked us! Come here, see it for yourself!"

Kenny pursed his lips and leveled Frank a look of sympathy right then—he was now starting to understand why the man was divorced.

## Chapter 190

The customers of Vintagers were immediately drawn by the racket Gina was causing, but Johnny was no slouch, having run the business for years!

Knowing that Gina was trying to curry sympathy, he bellowed, "How dare you mess around on my turf! Guards!"

The security officers hurried to the scene at his order!

Seeing things were getting out of hand, Helen quickly said, "Calm down, Mr. Wicker. We won't ask for a refund, alright?"

There was no way three women would win against a dozen burly security guards, not to mention that Gina was already silenced once they arrived.

"Then put a leash on your mother," Johnny growled icily. "Slander me again and watch what happens."

Nearby, Frank was almost laughing out loud.

Even if Johnny was definitely a shady businessman, he was still amused seeing Gina suffer.

Forty million dollars for a dead herb? She was simply one of a kind!

Nonetheless, as Gina wobbled up to her feet, her eyes suddenly landed on Frank, and she ran up to him. “You wanted the polypore, didn’t you? I can even sell it to you cheap. Thirty million!”

Cindy moved to stand haughtily beside her. “Yeah. You wanted it, didn’t you? We’re now offering you an opportunity. Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth!”

Helen rolled her eyes behind them—Frank was no idiot and was not about to buy that crap.

“Buzz off!” Kenny barked furiously. “Do you take us for deaf? Buying a dead herb for thirty million?!”

Gina felt stung and gritted her teeth. “Twenty million! Just twenty million, alright?”

Frank laughed. “Do I look that stupid to you, Gina?”

“What...” Gina scowled but said, “I’m doing this for your sake! I’m only selling it because you used to be my son-in-law!”

“For my sake? Why does it look like you want me to take a bullet for you?” Frank growled coolly. “Anyway, I won’t buy it for twenty million dollars. Two million, however, would be worth considering.”

The herb might be dead in appearance, but there was a secret no one else knew...



“Two million? Dream on!” Gina refused right then—she would lose thirty–eight million if she sold it so cheap!

“Can’t help you if you’re not selling.” Frank shrugged nonchalantly just then.

Around them, the crowd was getting rowdy as they discussed among themselves.

“Tut, tut. A dead panacea polypore with no medicinal value whatsoever... It isn’t even worth two million!”

“That’s for sure. Hell, it isn’t even worth two hundred grand!”

Gina gritted her teeth as she listened and promptly stopped Frank again. “Two million! You said it! Pay up right now!”

Frank briskly whipped out his debit card in turn.

Beside him, Kenny asked under his breath, “Mr. Lawrence? A dead herb isn’t worth two million, is it?”

“I know what I’m doing,” Frank said calmly as he paid up.

Gina handed the panacea polypore over, breathing a huge sigh of relief. “Thank goodness... At least I got something back.”

Helen walked up to Frank just then, saying, “Thank you, Frank. I’ll wire you the two million later.”

From where she was standing, Frank had only bought the herb to offer her mother some solace.

Nonetheless, Frank smiled. “No, I bought it for myself—it’s worth billions after all.”

“Haha!” Cindy laughed loudly. “Are you delusional?! That thing is dead—it’s worthless!”

Frank smiled in turn. “Never think that everyone is ignorant just because you are.” And with those words, he tore the panacea polypore apart!