

## **The Girlboss 261**

### Chapter 261

Glaring at Cindy, Frank growled, “You better explain yourself when Helen wakes up.”

Cindy gulped in panic, completely avoiding his eyes.

Gina and Peter soon arrived at the hospital, with Gina left perplexed when she saw Helen unconscious. “What happened? Who could do this to Helen?”

“V–Viola Salazar,” Cindy said just then.

“Viola Salazar?” Gina was dumbfounded. “Why?! We never did anything to her! Why would she hurt Helen?”

“Yeah... Could there be a misunderstanding?” Peter quickly asked.

Suddenly Gina wheeled on Frank. “You upset her, didn’t you?!”

Frank was actually surprised that Gina would suspect him right away and snorted. “It has nothing to do with me. It’s Chris Steiner’s fault for two–timing, giving Helen that twenty million dollar necklace when Viola was the one who gave it to him.”

“Shut up! Mr. Steiner isn’t like that!” Gina certainly did not believe him. She considered Chris to be the paragon of men and would naturally believe him more than her useless former son-in-law!

Frank was a little annoyed but turned toward Cindy. “Ask her if you don’t believe me. She was right there when it happened.”

Gina turned toward Cindy too. “What happened, Cindy? It’s alright, you can tell me.”

Cindy's eyes were evasive, and she kept stammering without finishing her sentence.

Even Peter was getting impatient. "What happened? Tell us!"

"Yeah! Was Chris really two-timing?" Gina asked.

Cindy gritted her teeth and said, "I don't know! Ms. Salazar said Helen stole her necklace! I don't know anything else!"

In a way, she was telling the truth since Viola never mentioned hurting Helen out of jealousy. Cindy actually had a hunch of Chris' relationship with both women, but she did not mention it.

From her standpoint, it was normal for men to cheat—only if they were rich.

In that sense, Chris was already much better than Frank, and Cindy had even more reason to hate Frank given how he threatened her just now.

He wanted Helen to forgive him? No way!

"Still not telling the truth, are you?"

Frank frowned and started toward her, ready to straighten her out..

"What are you doing?! I'm telling the truth!" Cindy promptly cried.

Gina promptly stood in front of Cindy and snapped at Frank, "That's enough from you! How dare you try to hurt my niece!"

Frank growled through his teeth, "Well, I can't do anything since none of you would believe me."

With those words, he turned and stormed off.

Naturally, Cindy was immediately sighing in relief as she looked on.

Frank had just stepped outside the hospital when his phone began to ring-

It was a call from Trevor. "Mr. Lawrence? Where are you right now?"

"Riverton City Hospital. What is it?"

"The chief of South Alp Sect announced a hit on you... When did you make enemies of them?" Trevor asked in confusion.

"Today," Frank replied quietly, rubbing his temples. "This kid named Troy Howard was yapping at me, so I had him beat up."

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Trevor gasped. "Mr. Lawrence, that boy is the son of South Alp Sect's chief. You didn't have to kill him..."

"Kill him? No, I didn't kill him," Frank replied. "I only kicked him he's definitely still breathing."

"But that's not right," Trevor murmured in confusion. "Bron Howard insisted that you killed the boy. He wouldn't joke around when his boy is the heir to his sect, would he?"

Frank frowned.

However, he was very certain that he did not kill Troy he was absolutely aware of how much strength he put into that kick.

Still, he soon realized something. "It's probably the Salazars."

Trevor scratched his head. "Well, we now have a problem. What are you going to do now, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Tell Viola Salazar to apologize personally to Helen, or we'll wipe out her family," Frank growled ruthlessly.

"Of course." Trevor nodded repeatedly, ever unconditionally accepting of any decision made by Frank

The man had spoken, so he should make preparations.

Meanwhile, at Salazar Villa, Viola was dying from pure anguish. Her face was utterly pale and her whole body was drained as she moaned, "Dad... It hurts so much... Save me.....

Jaud White had examined her thoroughly, but there was nothing he could do.

"What's happening to her?"

Helpless, Donald Salazar could do nothing but urge Jaud to save his daughter.

Jaud, however, was thoroughly at a loss. "I'm sorry, but her breathing acupoints are slowly closing, with many already showing signs of blockages. Each acupoint has clearly been sealed."

Viola promptly cried out, "I—It's Frank Lawrence! He sealed my acupoints!"

"Then help her!" Donald cried out in turn.

"I would like to do it, Mr. Salazar," Jaud replied awkwardly. "But Frank's scaling technique is too advanced. One mistake, and your daughter's blood would rush backward, killing her."

Donald was dumbfounded. “T–Then what should we do?”

“We’d have to ask Frank to undo the seals,” Jaud said, finally realizing that he had underestimated Frank.

Not only was he powerful, but his pill refinement knowledge and his acupoint sealing techniques were incredible too.

What a horrific individual!

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“Motherfucker...” Donald punched the wall—that man had been ruining everything for him repeatedly!

“Dad... It hurts... I’m gonna die...” Viola kept groaning even as she clutched her chest.

The worst part was that she was beginning to lose sensation in her limbs.

If this continued, she would soon be quadriplegic!

Donald hesitated for a while, his heart breaking for his daughter’s pain.

“It seems we have no choice.” He sighed and took out his phone to call Frank.

Frank was just outside the hospital when he got Donald’s call.

He stared at the unfamiliar number, thinking about it before answering.

“Hello, who’s this?”

"It's Donald Salazar, Frank."

Frank frowned. "Is there a reason you called me?"

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Even as he spoke to Frank, Donald had to withhold his rage. "You may be on the Turnbells side, but don't you think you're despicable?! You've hurt our people and defiled my daughter, even sealing her acupoints and leaving her in a state worse than death?!"

"Despicable? Look who's talking," Frank growled coolly, frowning. "You had Obadiah Longman murdered in broad daylight, and you're even trying to slander me for defiling your daughter? And for the record, I'd never stoop too low for an ugly like her."

"Grr..." Donald's teeth gritted audibly he could skin Frank right then!

However, his daughter's life was in Frank's hands and he had to deal with it!

"This argument is pointless!" he snapped. "Let's cut to the chase—my quarrel is not with you. Free my daughter's acupoints, and we won't cross paths ever again!"

"Haha!" Frank laughed coolly. "Easy for you to say. Also, there was no quarrel between us before, but now there is your daughter hurt Helen, and she's still in the ICU right now."

Donald was completely bemused. "Who's Helen?"

"My ex-wife," Frank replied flatly.

Donald was speechless. "Are you crazy?! She's your ex-wife, not your wife! Why would you care?!"

“Save it,” Frank replied icily. “If your daughter wants to live, her only chance is to apologize to Helen. That, or you can wait until she sides. It’s not a threat just giving you a head’s up.

“You motherf-”

Beep.

Frank hung up before Donald could finish the expletive, while Jaud quickly asked, “What did he say, Mr. Salazar?”

Donald was heaving as he smashed his phone into pieces. “That bastard demands that my daughter apologize to his ex-wife! What an insult!”

Jaud was frowning too—how could Frank be that full of himself?!

Suddenly Donald turned to Jaud with an angry look. “Didn’t you tell me he was poisoned by your Snowshade?! That goes for Vicky Turnbull as well—why do they look just fine to me?!!

Jaud was left embarrassed and unsure what to say. “M—Maybe the Turnbuls had someone help someone better...”

He certainly had no idea who in Riverton could have beaten his poison....

A servant hurried into the room just then. “Mr. Salazar, Bron Howard of South Alp Sect is asking to see you.”

“Show him in.” Donald quickly went to greet Bron with Jaud.

His family might be no match for Frank, but if they worked with South Alp Sect, they just might kill that bastard!

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They arrived at the drawing room, where the muscular, boorish Bron was waiting.

Donald was the one who informed him that his son was killed. When he tried to bring in Helen. for questioning, Frank beat them up.

Hurrying up to Bron, Donald asked, "You're finally here, Mr. Howard, Frank Lawrence has really gone too far... Did your men apprehend him?"

Bron shook his head. "No. He beat them back."

"What?" Donald exclaimed in shock. "But didn't you send your best men? They lost against Frank?"

Bron's eyes narrowed murderously. "I underestimated him before, but I'll deal with him myself."

"Wonderful!" Donald cried.

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Donald quickly added, "I'm sure you'd definitely have that little rat if you went yourself."

Bron nodded and slowly rose to his feet. "I want everything you have on him, down to the last detail.

Donald promptly had Jaud bring the file they had on Frank

It claimed that Frank was parentless and grew up in an orphanage before marrying into the Lane family three years ago....



Bron flipped through the short stack, finding nothing of note over the years. "This isn't right. With those abilities, he's not your average Joe"

Donald nodded in agreement. "I think so too. Someone must have erased something"

"Hiph." Bron snorted. "I don't care who he is he killed my son, and I will have them rest in pieces."

As he spoke, his eyes swept toward Donald and Jaud, sending a chill down Donald's spine.

Bron asked just then, "What about the Lanes?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Howard," Donald quickly said. "That bitch Helen Lane caused this whole mess. We have every reason to press the issue."

Bron nodded and left Salazar Villa without a word.

Meanwhile, Frank had no idea he was being targeted by Bron

He left the hospital and drove to Skywater Bay after asking Trevor to post some men at the hospital. That would at least ensure Helen's safety for the time being

However, he sensed the presence of another person once he stopped through the front door.

He slowly turned on the lights to find a muscular man with a square jaw on the couch.

Just a glance into each other's eyes told them that the other was no pushover.

"You're sharp. It seems that my apprentices' defeat wasn't unwarranted," Bron growled, there to avenge his son.

“So, you’re from South Alp Sect?” Frank asked in return.

“Yes. I am the chief, Bron Howard.”

“And Troy Howard’s your son?”

Bron rose to his feet, his hands clasped behind his back. “Then you know why I’ve come. Should I do it for you, or are you going to do it yourself?”

He could see that Frank could hold his own but still thought nothing of him because he was young.

“Hah!” Frank chuckled in contempt. “If there’s a person who could kill me, they certainly aren’t born yet. And here you are, a lowly sect chief, having the balls to demand I end myself?”

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“Young and ignorant, huh? It seems you’re going to be a problem if you’re left at large!” Bron bellowed.

He stomped his foot violently, clearing the distance to Frank instantly and murderously. In a split second, he unleashed South Alp Sect’s esoteric technique, the Cloudseeker! His palm moved with the grace of clouds, kicking gales around him.

Frank kept his hands in his pocket, his footwork changing endless as he dodged every blow. He was unfamiliar with South Alp Sect’s style and refrained from attacking.

Even as the fight moved outside, Bron continued to pulverize everything his palm reached as they exchanged dozens of blows.

By then, Frank had already gained a full grasp of Bron’s technique, while Bron was snapping in frustration, “You bastard! Is dodging all you can do?!”

To make things worse, Frank had to move with such dexterity that he could not get the faintest grasp of Frank's footwork!

"If Lattacked, you'd already be dead," Frank said icily, his eyes suddenly flashing viciously as he directed the flow of his pure vigor!

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As Frank sent a punch with devastating force, Bron paled, caught off guard.

He did not think that Frank's pure vigor would be that abundant!

Mustering every ounce of his own vigor, he raised his arms to parry Frank's blow!

Pow!

A violent shockwave unfurled with a resounding crack in the air.

Frank stood motionless.

On the other hand, Bron stumbled several paces backward, the floor cracking where his feet. made contact.

"Son of a..." He swore under his breath, while sweat poured over his back.

His arm felt numb as if struck by a thunderbolt!

He did not think that a young man like Frank could unleash such might with a single punch- not even his full strength would make the brat budge!

So that was why he remained unfettered from the very start!

However, just before Frank moved in for the kill, Robert Quill arrived on the scene and shouted, "Please hold back, Mr. Lawrence!

Frank was taken aback and stilled his vigor at Robert's call. "What are you doing here,. Governor Quill?"

Robert hurried to him and admitted, "I heard about your fight with the Salazars, Mr. Lawrence. I was going to discuss the issue, but I found you fighting Mr. Howard here as soon as I arrived."

"I see.

Thank you for your concern

governor," Frank replied.

Bron was stunned as he turned toward Robert. "You know the boy, Mr. Quill?"

He was confused—how did Frank manage to earn Robert's friendship?

If anything, they should not know each other at all!

"Of course," Robert quickly said. "Allow me to introduce: this is Mr. Frank Lawrence."

As governor, he was naturally acquainted—if not close friends—with the four major sects of Riverton and their elites.

Still, he considered Frank to be an equal of all four sects despite his youth, and he would rather they did not burn bridges.

Bron growled coolly, "Save it. I know him already."

"Oh! Well, why go as far as to start a fight?" Robert quickly smiled. "Why don't we put this little misunderstanding behind us? Think of it as doing me a favor..."

"Impossible!" Bron bellowed in rage. "That bastard killed my son! I'll kill him, whatever it takes!"

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"What?!" Robert exclaimed in shock.

Turning toward Frank blankly, he hurried to him and asked, "Mr. Lawrence, did you really kill Mr. Howard's son?"

"Who is his son?"

"Troy Howard. Fair skin, a little on the slender side..."

"I only kicked him," Frank replied flatly. "He's still alive."

"Shut up!" Bron bellowed, his face contorted in fury as he remembered the tragic sight of his son's death. "My son's head was in pieces! Your quarrel is with the Salazars! You didn't have to kill him for it!"

Frank snorted in disdain. "I only kicked your son in the chest. If his head is in pieces, then you should really investigate why instead."

"Fuck you!" His reaction only further incensed Bron.

He launched toward Frank, ready to take him out with him.

Fortunately, Robert remained calm and quickly intercepted Bron. "Please calm down, Mr. Howard."

"How could I?!" Bron growled through his teeth. "My son died in the worst way possible!"

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Robert reasoned, "I understand how you feel, Mr. Howard, but it's a greater crime to be exploited. Moreover, I can vouch for Mr. Lawrence's character even if we were only recently acquainted. He would never desecrate another man's body."

Each of Frank's blows had the potential to be lethal.

And as Bron put it, Troy's head was stomped into pieces.

There was no way Frank would kill Troy, and then step on his head!

Robert's words actually calmed Bron somewhat as well, but he doubted that Frank was completely innocent.

Before he could say anything, however, Robert told him, "Just leave this to me—I'll ask Mr. Lawrence myself. You deserve a satisfying conclusion, at least."

With that, he walked up to Frank with a solemn expression and asked, "Be honest with me, Mr. Lawrence. Did you or did you not murder Troy Howard?"

Frank actually did not care for an idiot like Bron, but he was not about to take the blame for someone else's mess.

Knowing he had most definitely been framed, he shook his head. "I only kicked him once, and the kick was not strong enough to kill."

Robert appeared pensive. "Maybe you misjudged your strength?"

Frank glanced at him. "I know my strength best. He would be left in two pieces if I wanted him dead."

Robert nodded repeatedly, actually picking up on the hint of impatience in Frank's voice.

Returning to Bron, he said, "I'm sure of it, Mr. Howard. Frank Lawrence did not kill your son."

Bron looked at him in disbelief. "I understand you want to protect him, governor, but don't you think you're belittling me?"

He might merely be the leader of a sect, but if he called his sect to war in full force, they could definitely hold their own!

"My claims aren't baseless, Mr. Howard," Robert quickly explained. "I'm sure you had an idea when you traded blows with Mr. Lawrence just now. His power goes without saying—he can kill your son with a single blow, and it's completely unnecessary for him to desecrate him. In fact, he has even less reason to do it because he's after the Salazars... not to mention that the Salazars started this fight in the first place."

Bron glared fixedly at Frank, but there was no question about it.

He had felt it himself—if Frank really wanted him dead, he needed no more than a few blows.

As for his son Troy? Less than two.

Sighing, he asked, "What are you getting at, governor?"

"If you trust me, Mr. Howard, allow me to investigate this matter," Robert quickly said. "I promise that you'll have your answer."

Bron stared at Robert—the man was one of Riverton’s giants, and Bron was at ease with leaving the investigation to him.

Moreover, he did not stand a chance against Frank since he was alone.

“In that case, I shall grant this leeway,” Bron said. “I’m counting on you to find out the truth for my son’s sake.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Howard. I’ll definitely get to the bottom of this,” Robert replied.

And with that, Bron turned and strode off.

However, he coughed out a mouth of blood as soon as he left Skywater Bay.

He had to tap his chest’s acupoints to stop the bleeding.

“Fuck... Who the hell is that bastard? Why is he that powerful?” he muttered under his breath.

If anything, he had no time to investigate anything—he must return to his sect as soon as possible to heal!

On the other hand, Robert breathed a long sigh of relief after watching Bron leave. “Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence?”

“I’m fine,” Frank replied. “He’s not strong enough to hurt me.”

Robert was stunned—the chief of an entire sect was no match for Frank?

Could the boy’s abilities be truly boundless?



Changing the subject, he asked, “Mr. Lawrence, it’s clear the Salazars want you dead now. What are you going to do?”

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Frank said coolly, “What else would I do? I’ll destroy the Salazars if Viola doesn’t apologize to Helen.”

Robert quickly nodded. “Just say the word if you need assistance. I’m eternally supportive of any of your decisions.”

He might be friends with individuals, clans, and organizations of wealth and power, but between Frank and the Salazars? He would choose Frank in a heartbeat!

“Thank you.” Frank nodded.

Early next morning, Donald visited Bron, asking eagerly as soon as he stepped through the front door, “Greetings, Mr. Howard. May I ask where you’ve placed Frank Lawrence’s head?”

Bron inhaled deeply. “He’s too powerful for me.”

“What? You didn’t kill him?” Donald exclaimed in shock.

Even Jaud did double take behind Donald—Bron was actually no match for Frank Lawrence?!

“Is he stronger than you?” Donald quickly pressed.

Bron shot him a look but said, “No way.”

He would never admit it, even if it was the truth that he was no match for Frank!

That left Donald further confused. “Then, why would you spare him? He killed your son...”

“Robert Quill himself intervened when I fought the brat yesterday.” Bron snorted. “He promised on his life that Frank was innocent, and that he’ll find the truth for me.”

“What...” Donald frowned as he tried to coax the man, “Mr. Howard, Robert is in league with Frank. How could you trust him?”

“Really?” Bron chuckled coldly. “But I actually think the governor is being reasonable.”

Donald inhaled sharply. “So you’re not going to help us, Mr. Howard?”

“I just want to avenge my son,” Bron replied. “I’ll definitely have whoever did it rest in pieces.”

“Very well!” Donald sighed. “I would never ask for more. My family will assist you in your investigation—we’ll offer our assistance as long as you ask for it.”

And with that, Donald and Jaud left, with Donald feeling a major headache as soon as he stepped outside.

“Fuck,” he groaned. “I didn’t think Robert Quill would actually intervene... And now, even Bron is refusing to help. I knew we shouldn’t have killed Troy...”

His words were clearly meant to blame, so Jaud quickly said, “Patience, Mr. Salazar. There are still ways to eliminate Frank even if Bron’s not helping.”

“What ways?” Donald snorted. “The way I see it, even Bron is no match for that bastard. Honestly, where the hell did Vicky Turnbull find someone as powerful as him?”

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“You’re forgetting about my sect, Mr. Salazar,” Jaud said confidently.

“What,

u’re asking for their help?” Donald raised his brow. “Didn’t you run away after they branded you a traitor?”

Jaud laughed. “That I did, but I have gathered connections after my venture out to the big world... specifically, friends who are adept at assignation.”

Donald narrowed his eyes. “Kill Frank, and I will pay you 100 million dollars.”

Frank was now the greatest obstacle for him, and that money was plenty worth it.

Meanwhile, Helen was discharged after a full recovery.

Even Henry Lane himself was visiting Lane Manor.

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While Helen was hospitalized, Lane Holdings were attacked ruthlessly, from the main branch to its subsidiaries.

Share prices were reaching new lows, and they were on the verge of bankruptcy.

As soon as Helen woke up in the morning, Gina was crying her eyes out. “What have we done? How could the world be so unfair to us?”

Peter was clenching his knuckles and growling through his teeth, “Shit. If push comes to shove, we’d just have to bring the fight to them!”

“Hah!” Henry snorted. “Who’s going, you? Are you that suicidal?”

Nearby, Cindy sat in silence, not expecting things to turn out like this.

Henry turned toward Helen just then. “What happened between you and Viola Salazar? Why does she hate you so much?”

They must get to the bottom of this to resolve this issue, but Helen was as confused as they were. “I don’t know. I’ve never met her before—how could I have upset her somehow?”

The Lanes were all speechless, just as Chris arrived.

“Helen, I heard you had trouble yesterday?” he asked in concern.

Gina promptly took his hands, sobbing, “Oh, Mr. Steiner... You have no idea how much we’ve been through! Viola Salazar has really gone too far, slandering Helen for being a thief...” Chris, however, was delighted—it seemed that the Lanes still had no idea about him and Viola. Still, Helen asked just then, “Chris, where did you get that red diamond necklace?”

Chris’ heart skipped a beat, knowing that Helen had doubts about him.

However, he had already prepared an excuse before he came. “I bought it, of course. Viola Salazar tried to buy it as well, but I outbid her. Being as haughty as she is, she must have held a grudge... I’m so sorry that you had to suffer an ordeal because of that, Helen.”

Helen nodded in understanding—if that had happened, it was not surprising that Viola absolutely loathed her..

“It’s not your fault, Mr. Steiner. It’s all Viola’s fault,” Gina sobbed, wiping the tears of her eyes. “You have to help us... The Salazars are sanctioning us, and most of Lane Holdings businesses are falling apart. Can’t you ask your contacts to bail us out?”

Chris was taken aback—Viola was really out to destroy Helen!

She must have had a hunch about his relationship with Helen as well...

However, even if he could not change Viola's mind, he must at least pretend he could while he was in front of the Lanes.

"Don't worry," he promised. "You will all be fine as long as I'm around. I've even called the Salazars before I came—they promised to reconsider."

Everyone breathed a huge sigh of relief.

"Mr. Steiner really pulls his weight when it matters."

"That's for sure..."

Even Cindy saw Chris in a new light.

He must be a big deal, seeing he could actually tell the Salazars what to do.

She could not help being jealous that Helen was always surrounded by such men of power....

That was when someone scoffed in contempt from the door. "Him, changing the Salazars' decision? Laughable."

Everyone turned to find Frank standing there.

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"Who let you in here?!" Gina snapped, scowling as soon as she saw Frank

She was convinced that he must have come to laugh at them, given their current state.

"Shut it. I told him to come," Henry said, rising to his feet.

Gina promptly rolled her eyes at him. "Do you even understand what's happening? Why would you call that jinx her

"I asked him to help discuss how we're going to resolve this crisis," Henry replied.

Gina snorted at Frank. "What, him? What can he resolve?"

"Stay quiet, will you?" Henry snapped, glaring at Gina before hurrying to Frank. "We're in trouble now. You were my grandson-in-law, but I must ask your help to pull some strings and see if you can get us through this crisis."

Frank said calmly, "Don't worry. Your family will be fine as long as I'm around. Viola will be here to apologize personally soon."

"Really? That's wonderful!" Henry was delighted right then he knew Frank had that much influence, even if he tended to hide it.

Nonetheless, Gina snorted nearby. "Hah! You'll get Viola to apologize? Who are you, her father? You're so full of it—know your limit even if you want to boast!"

Chris laughed as well. "Be more self-aware, kid. There are things you really shouldn't say."

What could that piece of shit do when even Chris himself could not get Viola to apologize?

On the other hand, Helen stared at Frank, her lips parted as if ready to speak, but ended up only sighing.

Frank wheeled on Chris just then, growling coldly, "You actually showed your face here, bastard?"

“Watch your mouth,” Chris retorted, completely unafraid.

“Who do you think you’re talking to?!” Gina snapped at Frank in turn.

Peter quickly joined in as well. “Mr. Steiner is here to help us, and you have the balls to snap at him?”

Frank snorted coldly. “You’re all in this mess because of him, and you’re still treating him like treasure? Idiots.”

“What are you talking about?!” Peter snapped furiously, though he was afraid to attack Frank.

“He dresses the part of some bigwig, but he’s no more than Viola’s boy toy,” Frank said as he pointed at Chris. “That red diamond necklace? It’s Viola’s—he gave it to Helen because he’s obviously into her. Why else do you think Viola would brutalize Helen? Do you still think this bastard is here to help?”

“What?!”

Everyone was left stunned and turned toward Chris in disbelief.

After all, Gina and the rest were convinced Chris was some rich bigwig who had money and talent, not to mention that he was loyal to Helen.

Was he really just Viola’s boy toy…?

Helen turned toward Chris, ready to demand the truth, but Chris was already glowering and snapping at Frank, “That’s bullshit! You’re just slandering me!”

“I’m slandering you?” Frank glared at him in disdain. “I saw you with Viola at Skywater Bay with my own eyes, sucking up to her like a labrador. You call that slander too?”

“Shut up! You’re just making that up!” Chris cried.

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Chris' eyes were evasive even as he quickly came up with another excuse. "I have no connection with Viola—I bought that red diamond necklace! She wanted it too, but I didn't give in, so she bore a grudge over that!"

The Lanes were all trading glances, not sure who to believe with Frank and Chris arguing.

Frank turned toward Cindy just then and said, "Why don't you tell us. Is the necklace Viola's or Chris'?"

Cindy did not think that Frank would turn his crosshairs on her.

At that moment, what she said would decide what the Lanes would believe, and she certainly knew the truth. After all, during the party, Viola wore a blue diamond necklace with a design identical to Chris' red diamond necklace.

However, if she told the truth, she would upset Chris... And Frank was not going to thank her

anyway.

And considering all the grievances she harbored toward Frank, helping Chris and getting in his good graces was much more ideal.

"O—Of course it's Mr. Steiner's," she said. "Ms. Salazar is just jealous."

Frank frowned at her words, his eyes flashing murderously. "Still lying, are you?"

"Ahhh!!!"

Knowing how strong Frank was, Cindy screamed as soon as Frank rushed toward her, hiding behind Gina as she cried, "Help me, Aunt Gina!"



“Stop!” Gina bellowed as she glared at Frank. “How dare you lay a finger on my family!”

“You’re just jealous, kid.” Chris laughed coolly and rolled up his sleeves, ready to hit Frank. “Hating me just because Mrs. Lane likes me better, and now, you’re trying to hurt Cindy too. I won’t allow such behavior!”

Peter, however, quickly stopped Chris. “Calm down, Mr. Steiner. Don’t stoop to that lowlife’s level.”

In reality, he was afraid that Chris would be beaten to a pulp, especially when Chris was the only person who could bail out his family now.

“Enough!” Helen suddenly bellowed, stopping all of them.

“Helen! Get him out of here already!” Cindy promptly cried.

Helen, however, simply stared at them, not knowing who to believe.

Despite having doubts about Chris’ claims, she did not really believe Frank either.

As such, she did not chase anyone out, although she was not particularly friendly either.” Argue all you want, but do it outside.”

And with those words, she turned and headed to her study.

“Hmph.” Chris snorted, folding his arms before his chest. “I’ll let this slide for Helen’s sake.”

"It's alright, Mr. Steiner. Don't stoop to his level," Gina said as she pulled Chris along to the drawing room.

Henry sighed.

As the only one around who trusted Frank unconditionally, he said, "I'm so sorry. that you had to put up with this, Frank."

"What are you saying?" Frank smiled, but his words were solemn. "Your troubles are mine- I'd be dead if not for you back then."

"Don't mention it... But I must ask, can we get through this?" Henry asked tentatively.

Frank's phone suddenly started ringing.

Frank glanced at it to see that it was Donald Salazar calling, and he chuckled. "Don't worry. Viola will apologize to Helen soon."