

## **The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 28 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 28**

Chapter 28

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Robin could skin Frank at the thought of being confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life!

Beside him, Leo bellowed, "Who did this to my son?!"

Blondie shivered even as he answered, "I—It's a man named Frank Lawrence."

"Who the hell is he?!"

"He's a nobody. Just the ex-husband of Lane Holdings' owner."

"Ex-husband...?" Leo was actually taken aback.

Not daring to hide anything, Blondie promptly told Leo everything that happened earlier that day, including Robin taking an interest in Helen and wanting her for the night.

Leo punched the wall in response, leaving a hole.

"She's lucky that my son likes her," he growled before turning to glare sharply at Blondie. "What do I pay you for? Shouldn't you protect Robin with your life?"

"I... uh..." Blondie was left stammering.

Leo barked, "Feed him to the fishes."

Two burly men promptly seized Blondie and dragged him outside, even as he screamed hysterically, "Please, Mr. Grayson! Frank Lawrence is just too powerful. We couldn't beat him..."

Even as Blondie's voice faded into the distance, there was no mercy to be found from Leo's impassive face!

Just then, one of his men arrived with a phone. “Sir, Helen from Lane Holdings called. She wants to talk to you.”

“You’re Helen Lane?” Leo barked as he took the phone.

“I’m really sorry for what happened today, Mr. Grayson,” Helen said politely from the other end. “I didn’t expect things to get out of hand. My family is willing to pay you as much as you want in compensation, but please spare Frank’s life...”

“Spare him?” Leo laughed icily. “Who do you take me for?! He’s dying either way—and you! You’d better come to Skymex Club personally before daybreak, or I’m massacring your family. This is non- negotiable!”

Helen tried to reason further, but Leo had already hung up.

Knowing that she could not refuse this, she certainly felt the chill down her spine as she dropped limply to the floor.

Frank was going to die...

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Beside her, Gina snorted. “What do you care about Frank Lawrence? He’s dead anyway.”

“He saved me, Mom,” Helen snapped coldly. “Would you rather me be an ingrate?”

She had already given up on everything since her father died just to rebuild the family business—was she supposed to give up on her humanity now too?!

Even so, Gina rolled her eyes. “We’ve been endlessly gracious after he’s been freeloading off us for three years—saving you is just paying that debt. And now, there’s nothing connecting either of you. If you want to save him, why not have Ms. Turnbull do it?”

Helen did a double take, but Gina was right.

Frank might only be Vicky’s gigolo, but he belonged to her, so she would not just watch as Frank got hurt!

She promptly picked up her phone to call Vicky, leaving Gina perplexed. "Who are you calling now?" "Vicky." novelbin

Gina was speechless. "She's crazy if she's going to save Frank. That's an insult to Leo Grayson!"

Nonetheless, Vicky answered Helen's call just then.

"It's quite late, Ms. Lane," she said. "What's the matter?"

"Ms. Turnbull, please, you have to save Frank!"

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Vicky was reading some documents in Turnbull Villa when she paused because of Helen's words.

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

Helen promptly told Vicky everything that happened earlier and pleaded, "Please, Ms. Turnbull.

You're the only one who can save Frank now."

Vicky simply narrowed her eyes, her fair fingers rubbing her chin pensively for a while.

Eventually, she asked, "Frank's in trouble because he saved you. And you're coming to me instead of helping him? Don't you think you're out of line?"

Helen was left speechless but tried again. "I know the trouble started because of me, but I really don't have what it takes to help him..."

"And how's that my fault?"

That left Helen stumped. "A--Are you just going to let Frank die?"

"How's that my business?" Vicky asked nonchalantly.

"What... Alright, if you don't want to help. Fine!" Helen snapped and hung up exasperatedly.

On the other end, Yara asked Helen gingerly, “Ms. Turnbull, are we really not going to help Frank?” 1

Despite Frank’s arrogance, Yara had a good impression of Frank after he taught her his improved version of the Boltsmacker. She certainly did not hope that he would end up dead at the hands of some thug... 1novelbin

Vicky scowled. “Of course I do. But Helen Lane had the audacity to tell me what to do—why should I play to her tune?”

Yara understood right then—while Vicky was keen to help Frank, she really despised Helen. “Well, what should we do?”

Vicky mused to herself for a while. “Make a run for me, Yara—but don’t say that it’s me.’

“Got it.” Yara nodded in understanding and left the room.

Meanwhile, Gina was scoffing since Helen’s request for help proved fruitless. “What did I tell you? Frank’s just a dog to Vicky Turnbull—she’s the heiress of an important family. There’s no way she would mess with Leo Grayson for his sake.”

Helen simply stayed silent and balled her fists.

She then got up and put on her coat, while Gina quickly asked, “Where are you going?!”

“Skymex Club,” Helen replied, determined. “I’ll try to save Frank.”

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“Skymex Club,” Helen replied, determined. “I’ll try to save Frank.”

Gina promptly stopped her. “What?! Do you have a death wish?!”

“Leo Grayson told me to go,” Helen snapped angrily. “Do you think he’d spare us if I don’t go?”

“Oh…” Gina stepped aside right then, her gaze evasive the instant she heard it was Leo’s demand.

Helen shot her a look and said, “If I don’t make it back today, you have to straighten out Peter—stop him from messing around at bars and nightclubs. And consult Grandpa if there’s problems with Lane Holdings.”

Her words sounded like a will, and that left Gina spooked. “Helen…”

Nonetheless, Helen did not look back as she strode out of the manor, got into her car, and told the chauffeur, “Skymex Club, please.”

At the penthouse suite of Verdant Hotel, Frank was unpacking his medicinal ingredients.

However, before he could start brewing the pill he wanted, he got a call from Trevor.

“Yeah?”

“We have a problem, Mr. Lawrence. Helen just left for Skymex Club.”

In the three years Frank was Helen’s partner, he had arranged for plenty of people to be by Helen’s side, both to ensure her safety and to keep an eye on her.

Even if Helen had divorced Frank, those people were still with Helen, and Trevor reported to Frank the instant he got word that Helen was heading to Skymex Club.

“What?!” Frank was stunned. “Is she an idiot? Giving herself up to Leo Grayson and at his turf no less!

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Trevor asked, “Should we call up our brothers, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank frowned, his gaze murderous.

Still, he said, “No, it’s fine. I’ll head to Skymex Club right now—I’m massacring them if they hurt Helen.”

And with that, he hung up and strode off, knocking the suite’s huge doors open with a slap of his palm.

A formless spiral was revolving around him, the monumental force within barely restrained!

As Helen alighted at Skymex Club, the goons waiting outside who were told beforehand promptly led her to the office upstairs when they saw her.

She entered to see Leo standing before the glass wall.

With his six-foot frame, rotund stature, and the deep knife scar on his face that ran from his scalp to his lips, his very presence would send chills down anyone’s spine.

Robin was nearby, sitting on a wheelchair and staring at her fixedly.

Leo then turned, leveling his icy glare at her. “So, you’re Helen.”

Helen promptly bowed her head. “I’m sorry for what happened today, Mr. Grayson. I apologize.”

“Do you think that would fly?” He snorted.

Helen sweated buckets from her forehead, and reached into her pouch with trembling fingers, taking out a stack of documents and several debit cards. “I understand we’re at fault—here’s fifty million dollars. Please just spare Frank’s life.”

Leo simply slapped everything off her hands and grabbed her by the collar, “My son is confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life! Do you think fifty million dollars will cut it?!”

Robin yelled shrilly in turn, “I want her to be my little b\*tch, Dad! I want her to serve me on her knees forever!”

Helen gritted her teeth and tried her best to stay calm. “What do you want, Mr. Grayson?”

“Didn’t you hear my son?” Leo growled coolly. “You’ll be atoning for life by serving my son.

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Robin’s face contorted into a sickly smile right then. “Hahaha! You’ll wish you were dead, Helen!”

Helen scowled at him, but said, “Mr. Grayson, just name your price. You can take everything I have, but I will not serve your son for life.”

Smack!

Leo slapped her across the face right then and barked, “You have no grounds to argue! If you don’t want to be my son’s b\*tch, I’ll dump you at the club right now and let every man have their way with you! All of Riverton would watch you slut yourself!”

There was blood on Helen’s lips, but she stubbornly shook her head, still intent on fighting to the

bitter end.

Leo simply ignored that and slapped her again. “On your knees!”

This time, Helen was left dazed.

However, she did not kneel, so Leo kicked her in the stomach, sending her flying over ten feet, slamming into a wall.

Seeing that she passed out, Robin, who already had a knife brandished, cursed unhappily, “What a bore! That slut can’t even take a punch... Go strip her naked! I’m going to make her suffer!”

Robin’s shattered spine meant he felt nothing at all from the waist–down. However, even if he no longer could enjoy the pleasure of women, he had plenty of sick ways to torment Helen.



Two of his goons shuddered at the thought of what was to come even as they watched him brandish his knife. 1 novelbin

Still, just as they reached out to strip Helen, a loud bang thundered as someone kicked down the door. Wooden splinters shot through the air while dust swirled as a figure slowly made his

way inside!

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