

## The Girlboss 291

### Chapter 291

Iker was still staring yearningly at Winter. “So? What do you think, miss?”

Winter was pensive for a while but eventually said hesitantly, “T—This is a present from Mr. Lawrence. I—I won’t sell it.”

Sure, she could sell it and get rich in an instant, but that was exactly it—it was too precious to be sold.

Moreover, what would Frank think of her if she did sell it?

Frank was profoundly pleased with her decision—at the very least, she was not the type who could be bought.

Iker shook his head in disappointment in turn. “Oh, terrible shame. No worries—I won’t push for

you to sell it, though I shall mourn that I missed out on such a masterpiece.”

Still, he was not one who gave up easily as he turned to Frank. “May I ask where you bought that pendant from, Mr. Lawrence? That’s a piece by none other than Carl Weaver—I’d certainly like an introduction.”

Kurt smiled as well. “Mr. Looman here loves his gems. Do introduce him if you can, Mr. Lawrence. Of course, it goes without saying that master artworks don’t just drop out of the sky -it’s fine even if they didn’t have them on supply.”

He was mainly worried about the two gentlemen getting confrontational, since he’d rather stay friends with the both of them.

Frank understood Kurt’s intentions, though he did not speak up outright. “A friend of mine has his ways. I’ll introduce him to you should the opportunity arise, Mr. Looman. But I must bid my leave right now.”

“That’s terrific!” Iker quickly said. “You must contact me right away should you come across another gem of such quality, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll pay you handsomely for it!”

“Should the opportunity arise.” Frank nodded.

As he and Winter’s friends all left the karaoke lounge, Zeb and the others quickly bade their leave.

Zeb certainly would not dare flaunt the measly riches of his family now!

The other students left in a hurry too, since it had been a terrible day for them.

Aria, however, was all flirty as she moved up beside Frank. “Why don’t you give us a ride home, Mr. Lawrence?”

Jean frowned. “Frank still has to drive Winter. You and I are taking a cab.”

Aria pouted reluctantly. “Mr. Lawrence, you have to attend my birthday celebration, okay?”

Frank nodded. “Of course.

After sending Jean and Aria away, Frank and Winter got into his car.

Before Frank could take Winter home, she got a call from Fred. “Hello? What is it?”

“Where are you, Winter?” Fred asked urgently from the other end. “Mom’s condition just got serious. Come to the hospital right away.”

“What?!” Winter exclaimed, panicking right then.

“What’s wrong?” Frank quickly asked.

“My mother’s sick. She was taken to the hospital... Can you take me there, Frank?” Winter asked nervously, her fingers clenching on her phone.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take you there right away,” Frank assured her and promptly spun the car around to drive toward Riverton City Hospital.

They soon arrived and headed to the ward to find Winter’s mother, Carol Zims, sickly pale as she lay in bed.

A young couple stood by the bed—it was Fred and a woman.

Winter hurried to his side. “Fred, how’s Mom?”

“She’s unconscious right now, but the doctor has already scheduled her for surgery,” Fred replied.

Winter’s eyes welled up with tears. “How did this happen?”

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Fred gently patted Winter’s head. “Don’t worry. She’s going to be fine—I’ve already arranged for a specialist for her.”

Beside him, the woman wearing extensive makeup spoke up. “It’s just her old age showing. Why go through all that trouble? What a waste of money.”

Frank frowned at those words and turned toward the woman.

He immediately recognized her—it was the top sales girl from that dealership he visited before.

However, she had been thoroughly dismissive of him and Janet Zimmer...

"And you are?" he asked.

Fred introduced, "This is my girlfriend, Marian Henley, and this is Frank Lawrence... A friend."

Marian did a double take when she glanced at Frank. "It's you...?"

"Yes. We meet again," Frank said impassively, his tone flat.

"Oh... You've met before?" Fred asked in curiosity.

"Yeah, of course," Marian said, quickly getting up and batting her eyelashes endlessly at Frank. "He came to my dealership -you should have said you were Fred's friend. I could've given you a discount."

"I'm fine," Frank said nonchalantly. "That bit of money is really nothing to me."

He certainly had a hunch on what Marian was doing at the dealership with that other old customer.

Frank also felt a foreboding sensation in his gut—he thought he would never see Marian again, but it turned out that she was Fred's girlfriend...

Completely oblivious to his girlfriend's unruly behavior, Fred chuckled just then. "Oh, I'm surprised you've met. What a coincidence."

Frank excused himself from the ward and headed to the staircase to call Dan Zimmer.

"Hello? Mr. Zimmer?"

“Mr. Lawrence!” Janet greeted him from the other end. “My grandfather’s actually refining some pills at the moment—just ask me if there’s anything you need.”

“Well, it’s nothing important,” Frank replied. “My sister’s mother was just admitted to Riverton City Hospital, but to a normal ward. Could you help me apply for some privileges? If I recall, the hospital chief Hali King is close friends with Dan, right?”

“Oh, it’s no big deal at all,” Janet told him assuringly. “You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll call Mr. King right now—he’ll make the arrangements.”

“Thank you,” Frank said and hung up.

On the other hand, Janet was pensive.

Frank’s sister’s mother... Was he referring to his cousin’s mother?

After some thought, she decided to check things out at the hospital.

Ignorance might be bliss, but she ought to do something considering her family’s friendship with Frank, now that she was aware.

There was not much to do here at Flora Hall anyway.

Meanwhile, Frank stayed at the staircase, quietly lighting himself a cigarette, when the door suddenly opened.

Marian strode in, approaching him with a grin. “So this is where you were. You’re really not that hard to find.”

Frank studied her. “What?”

Marian remained unabashed as she giggled and wrapped her hands around Frank's arm. Nothing... I'd just like to apologize for what happened before. Please don't hold a grudge against me.'

"

Frank took a deep breath but nodded. "I didn't hold a grudge. You can go if there's nothing else."

"Oh, come on..." Marian purred as she held his wrist and threw herself over his chest, twirling her hair around a finger while smiling, "Are you really not interested in me at all?"

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Frank stared at Marian as she flirted at him like a skank, and he sighed. "Get along with Fred, and I'll make your life better—or better than it is now, at least. But if all you can think about is riding men on your way to the top, I'd rather you stay away from him."

Marian never expected Frank to be impervious, completely ignoring her advances!

"So pretentious..." She snorted. "No one would be the wiser if neither of us talk about it, y'know?"

Seeing that she was completely unrepentant, Frank growled, "Get out of my sight."

"What?" Marian did not expect that from him either.

Nonetheless, Fred arrived at the doorway, and Marian promptly jumped away from Frank.

"Oh, what are you doing here, Marian? Mr. Summer is here," Fred said.

Marian's anger faded from his face right then, replaced—by delight as she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Summer's here? Well, where is he?"

With those words, they both left the staircase.

Frank followed them back to Carol's ward and found a middle-aged man in a suit.

"Thanks for coming, Mr. Summer." Marian quickly went up to him, her charm turned on in full.

Brock Summer quickly asked, "Marian, Fred. How's Madam Zims doing?"

"Her heart conditioning relapsed," Fred said. "Apologies for worrying you."

"Come on, what are you saying?" Brock said somberly. "You're my employee of course I'd care when you're in trouble."

Fred was absolutely flabbergasted to hear that and thanked him repeatedly. "Thank you so much, Mr. Summer..."

Brock then glanced at Winter. "Ah, Winter. You must be a sophomore now, yes? You can come work for me alongside your brother here when you graduate -I'll arrange for a high-paying job for you when the time comes."

"Oh..." Winter murmured and nodded awkwardly. "T-Thank you."

She was perplexed—Fred worked at a real estate agency. Whatever would she do there?

Moreover, it would be a while until she graduated, so she simply gave a noncommittal response.

"Oh, Mr. Summer, what about me?" Marian purred with a smile just then. "Can't you arrange for a position for me on your... staff?"

Brock patted his chest. "No problem. You can come over anytime you want, so you and Fred can take care of each other here."

In reality, Brock only cared about Fred because of his beautiful sister.

However, Winter was always cold toward his advances.

On the other hand, Fred's girlfriend Marian was a lot more interested.

The last time Brock gave him a ride home, she deliberately left her pantyhose in his car, and Brock could read that much into her intentions!

While he still desired Winter more, it would be even better if he could have both.

Brock spread his arms pompously just then. "I have contacts here in Riverton City Hospital. I'll have your mother transferred to a better ward soon."

Fred could hardly believe it. "T-That's unnecessary. That's very expensive."

"Oh, it's just spare change. What's important is for Madam Zims to get better soon."

"Ah... Well, thank you, Mr. Summer." Fred bowed, humble to the bone.

"Oh, stop it. I'll go make a call now," Brock said and strode out of the ward.

Marian blinked before hurrying after him.

Even as Brock headed straight to the men's room and let himself have a cigarette, he was suddenly a lot less pompous than before.

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Brock was completely ingratiating himself as he asked, "Hello, Dr. King? Are there any special care wards available in Riverton City Hospital... What, the last one was just booked? Well, can't you pull some strings for me-"

The doctor on the other end hung up on Brock before he could finish, and he was left staring at the blank screen and grumbling, "Fuck! All those goodies I've been giving you... It's all for nothing!"

Marian entered the men's room just then. "Mr. Summer..."

Brock jumped as he turned. "Oh, it's you, Marian... What's up?"

"Did you get the special care ward, Mr. Summer?" Marian asked in curiosity.

Brock patted his chest confidently. "It's just a room. It's as good as done."

Marian smiled and promptly pressed herself against Brock as she grinned. "You're so amazing, Mr. Summer..."

"What, you have something else to say?" Brock grinned, his eyes watching her with as much glee as lust.

Marian winked and giggled. "It's a little noisy here... Why don't we talk someplace quieter?" she asked and headed straight inside one of the cubicles.

Brock quickly followed -he certainly would not hold back when Marian was so enthusiastic!

Once they were both inside, Brock made the first move.

Leaning by Marian's ear, he breathed, "Fred's quite the lucky bastard, getting a pretty

girlfriend like you...‘

“Oh, you’re so impatient, Mr. Summer!” Marian protested, playing hard to get.

Brock cut to the chase right then. “If we keep doing this, I’ll pay you fifty grand every month.”

“Really?” Marian’s eyes lit up—that was way better than her car sales job!

Moreover, she really had had enough of giving ‘favors’ to make sales, and she never quite managed to land a big fish.

Frank would have been ideal, since he was as rich as he was young... It was a pity that he was immune to her charms.

“Of course.” Brock chuckled just then.

Marian thought about it. “But we can’t let Fred find out, okay?”

They were together since they were still students, and she was hoping for Fred to fall back on even if she landed a big fish.

“Of course,” Brock chuckled again—he had no intention to marry Marian, and the less people talked, the better.

After some thought, he added, “If you can get Winter too, it’d be a hundred grand.”

Marian did a double take but soon giggled. “Oh, you’re one greedy customer. Am I not enough

for you?”

“Hehe. Don’t you think it’s more exciting, doing it with your sister-in-law?”

Marian pouted but said, “Fine. I’ll think about it.”

Neither of them were in a hurry anyway.

Meanwhile, Frank went up to Fred and asked, “So what’s the story between you and Marian Henley?”

From where Frank’s standing, Fred and Marian were polar opposites.

However, Fred appeared proud that Frank would mention that. “Oh, it’s a long story, and I’ve been chasing after her for so long... back in the day, she was the hottest gal in the school...”

Frank frowned. “So you’re planning to marry her?”

“That’s for sure.” Fred nodded repeatedly.

Frank stared at his look at bliss, suddenly hesitant.

Still, he considered his words for a while but decided he had to warn Fred. “I think you shouldn’t rush it.”

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Fred was stupefied and confused right then. “Uh... Why?”

Frank thought about it. “You and your girlfriend are completely different people.”

Fred frowned right then. "What are you talking about? My family's business is none of yours- don't even think about meddling."

Completely oblivious to Marian's endless duplicity, Fred believed that Marian was kind, caring, and tactful.

Moreover, she was always accepting of him despite his modest income—how dare some outsider like Frank criticize her?!

Frank was stumped.

He hesitated again but insisted, "I don't want to meddle either. It's just a piece of advice." "Enough! Get out of here, you're not needed here!" Fred snapped at him, rolling his eyes. Winter returned just then, and seeing Fred snapping at Frank, she promptly asked, "What's wrong, Fred?"

"Nothing," Fred told her before turning and bellowing at Frank again, "Don't you ever come looking for your sister again! You have no chance with her!"

Frank shook his head exasperatedly. "I'm not here to bother your sister. I'm trying to help Madam Zims."

"What are you saying, Fred?" Winter also quickly reasoned. "There's nothing going on between me and Frank. He heard Mom was sick, so he came."

Fred only got angrier to see his own sister siding with Frank. "My mom doesn't need your help. Badmouth Marian again, and we'll see!"

Winter promptly caught on to the reason why the men were arguing, though she was also confused as to why Frank would dislike Marian.

"That's enough, Fred. Just stop it," she snapped and turned toward Frank. "I'd like you to do the same too, Mr. Lawrence."

Frank certainly understood that Fred was hell bent on marrying Marian.

Since nothing he said meant a thing, he simply decided to keep his mouth shut.

Soon, Brock and Marian returned.

For his part, Fred did not mention Frank badmouthing Marian, and he quickly turned toward Brock. "Mr. Summer, about the special care ward..."

"Ah," Brock exclaimed, and scratched his head. "Don't worry. I've already made the arrangements."

"Really? That's wonderful!"

Marian walked up to Fred's side, smiling. "Mr. Summer also said he arranged for a rented apartment for you."

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"What?" Fred exclaimed in shock—that was too good to be true!

Brock smiled in turn. "Of course, I know for renting a place near the office so it'd be more convenient for you to come to work. It's close to a fact that your home is far from our office, so I'm here too, so you can come to visit your mother again whenever necessary."

It all felt like a dream to Fred... To think such a great day would come!

His mother was right—he just had to work hard, and his boss would see that.

He was once again filled with hope for life!

Brock was smiling too—the rented house was nothing more than to make it easier for him to see Marian.

Most importantly, Winter just might stay there during summer break too...

And being close made anything easier, did it not?

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However, Fred suddenly noticed that girlfriend's collar was wide open.

"What happened to your blouse?" he asked.

Marian froze and quickly looked down.

"Oh... I didn't feel that button fall off," she quickly said as she pulled up her collar.

She and Brock had been in so much of a hurry that the button was lobbed off when he tore at her blouse.

Fred remained puzzled, but before he could press the issue, a nurse entered. "Is Carol Zims' family here?"

Fred quickly walked up to her. "Yes, I'm her son."

The nurse nodded. "Your mother will be moved to the special care ward now."

Fred was not surprised since Brock had said as much. "Where can we make the payment?" "Payment? What payment?" The nurse did a double take. "The chief himself approved the room for your mother. Just come with me."

"The chief? As in Hali King?" Fred asked in disbelief.

The nurse raised her brow. "Of course. Who else could our chief be?"

Fred and Marian turned to Brock right then, with Marian exclaiming in disbelief, "You know Hali King, Mr. Summer?"

Fred could kowtow to him right then. "Thank you so much for this, Mr. Summer..."

"Oh... Haha! It's no big deal," Brock chuckled, but he was even more shocked than they were.

He certainly did not know Hali—he knew Walter King, the head neurologist.

The nurse must have gotten it wrong, not to mention he never told Walter which patient needed transferring.

Frank frowned right then. "He has nothing to do with this."

Fred, who already had enough of Frank, promptly snapped, "Really? Then who does? You?"

Frank nodded. "I asked a friend to arrange a transfer for Madam Zims."

"Haha!" Marian laughed. "What, are you saying your friend is Hali King?"

"We did meet a couple of times," Frank admitted.

"Oh, and who are you to meet Hali King?" Brock scoffed right then.

Brock was a business owner and never even got to meet the chief of Riverton City Hospital, but a young prick like Frank did?

Moreover, Frank was Fred's friend. With his help, Fred would have far surpassed Brock if he was as important as he boasted—why would Fred stay under Brock's employment at all?

"That's enough! Shut up, Frank!" Fred snapped grumpily.

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Winter tugged on Fred's sleeve just then.

She did not think Frank was lying, since he had given her a thirty million dollar present like it was an afterthought, and even a kingpin like Kurt Stinson showed him due respect.

If anything, it would not be surprising if Frank knew Hali.

However, Fred was too prejudiced against Frank just then to care what his sister thought.

"Let's go," he growled and took her to the special care ward.

Frank sighed exasperatedly—he had to follow, given the situation.

However, Fred stopped him at the doorway when he arrived with them.

"There's no reason for you to come in," Fred growled.

"What are you doing?!" Winter exclaimed, puzzled at Fred's behavior. "He's here to visit Mom. How could you keep him out?!"

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"We don't need him visiting, and we didn't ask for him."



Fred's expression was icy, and he was bent on chasing Frank away.

Winter was left standing there awkwardly, though Frank did not press the issue, seeing that Fred was determined.

"It's fine. I'll go," Frank said and turned to leave.

Winter hurried after him. "I'm so sorry about that, Mr. Lawrence. I think Fred's on edge about Mom, so he was a little harsh. Please forgive him."

Frank smiled and patted her head. "Don't worry. I'm not that petty—run along. Just call me right away if anything happens."

Winter studied Frank and decided from his kindly smile that he really was not angry.

She nodded and returned to her mother's ward.

Frank continued to leave and had just reached the entrance when Janet's car arrived to a screeching halt outside.

Janet herself soon alighted with a large bag of supplements.

"What are you doing here, Ms. Zimmer?" Frank asked in surprise.

"You said your relative was sick, didn't you?" Janet quickly explained. "So I came to visit."

Frank smiled, not expecting her to go that far for him. "I'm so sorry you have to come all this way over something so trivial..."

"No, Mr. Lawrence," Janet quickly said. "Your business is mine."

It was only after she finished that sentence that she realized she had misspoken and was left standing there awkwardly.

Still, Frank quickly changed the subject. "Oh, I have to go now since I have something else to do. If you don't mind, could you examine my relative? Call me right away if it's serious."

He was not actually up to anything, but he could not go back when Fred had just chased him out.

Janet nodded without hesitation. "Don't worry. I'll be checking things out with Hali personally.

"Thank you," Frank said and left.

Meanwhile, Fred was awash with gratitude toward Brock in the special care ward.

"Mr. Summer, you really have to stay. I'm buying dinner later."

Brock waved him off.

"I'll take a rain check. I still have something to do later," he said, eyeing Marian.

Catching her cue, she quickly said, "Well, don't let us keep you, Mr. Summer. Oh, and I have to work overtime too, Fred. You should stay and take care of your mom."

"What? This late at night?" Fred asked in confusion.

"It's all for the money, Fred." Marian smiled, and it was true—she was doing it for Brock's money,

Fred was actually touched, and remembered how Frank was throwing shade at Marian. If anything, Frank was probably just jealous that he had such a kind and understanding girlfriend!

Just then, the doors to the special care ward opened, and three people entered.

The bald head cardiologist, Walter King, was leading the way.

Behind him was Hali King, the elderly chief of Riverton City Hospital.

A young, pretty lady was walking behind them.

"Oh, Dr. King!" Brock exclaimed and promptly hurried to greet Walter.

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"Thank you so much for today, Dr. King," Brock exclaimed emotionally. "My employee's mother would still be in a normal ward if not for you."

He turned to Fred and beckoned, "Over here, Fred. Let me introduce you—this is Dr. Walter. King."

Fred hurried over and promptly took Walter King's hand, shaking it excitedly. "I'm Fred Lawrence, Mr. Summer's employee. Thank you so much for today."

Walter nodded and clapped him on the shoulder. "Young man, do take good care of your mother... But I'm not the one doing you a favor here. There's only one such special care ward, reserved for important people with urgent conditions. No one gets in unless they have the chief's personal approval."

Brock simply presumed that Walter was being humble. "Oh, there's no need to be so modest, Dr. King. We'd never get a word in with your chief! It's all thanks to you!"

Walter rolled his eyes, having the feeling that Brock's brain was a little on the slow side.

"You're exaggerating. I don't have the chief's ears, you know."

"What?" Brock was taken aback.

If Walter did not speak to Hali and arranged the special care ward for Carol, then who did? Nonetheless, Walter shot Fred a look. "Why are you spacing out here? Go thank the chief already."

Fred came to his senses and hurried to Hali. "Thank you so much, sir."

Hali waved him off. "It's not me either—Ms. Zimmer has spoken, and who am I to deny her?"

It was only then that Fred noticed the plainly dressed woman standing beside Hali whom he did not know.

"And you are...?"

Hali was smiling and left stunned. "What, you don't know Ms. Zimmer? She's the granddaughter of Dan Zimmer, the owner of Riveton's Flora Hall!"

"Oh, gosh!" Fred gasped, surprised that the woman was such an important figure. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Zimmer!"

So that was why even Hali was being so respectful around her!

Janet smiled. "It's fine. Mr. Lawrence himself asked me, so I'll do my best to help. My grandfather is friends with Hali too, so just call upon him if you need help around here." "Mr. Lawrence? Which Mr. Lawrence are we talking about?" Fred asked, puzzled.

Janet raised a brow. "Frank Lawrence, of course."

Everyone was left astonished at that.

Fred was left pursing his lips—did that mean that Frank had really arranged this special care ward for his mother?

Beside him, Winter sighed exasperatedly.

She really should have done everything she could to stop Frank from leaving earlier—the man had gone all out to help, only for Fred to chase him away.

It would be weird if Frank was not disappointed!

Marian was stunned but kept it bottled since she recognized Janet, who was there with Frank at her car dealership.

Never could she have expected that the modest woman was the granddaughter to the owner of Flora Hall!

Two bigwigs, but she landed neither.

Naturally, Brock was left blushing awkwardly as well—who would not be, when he had been caught lying outright?

Fred's eyes dimmed with disappointment too. "So it really was Frank Lawrence..."

He really thought he would be fine without the man... It turned out that without Frank, his mother would not even have been allowed in a proper ward.

Janet looked around at them in turn and spotted Marian.

She completely ignored Marian, however, and turned to Winter. "So, you're Frank's sister?"

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"What?" Winter froze—she was just friends with Frank, not his sister!

For Janet's part, she did not say much as she studied Winter.

"Hmm. You do have the looks," she said, nodding. "Anyway, you and your family should step out for a moment. Chief King and I will be examining your mother."

They all nodded repeatedly—the chief of the hospital was right there, after all!

Once they were out, Winter promptly snapped at Fred, "I told you that you shouldn't have chased Frank away. What are you going to say the next time you see him?"

Fred appeared embarrassed and felt a little guilty, but the way Frank threw shade at Marian still left him seething.

"So what?" he retorted stubbornly. "Do you think we can't survive without him? You should stop seeing him too—the way I see it, he just wants your body."

He knew that much was true—Frank was as rich as he was influential. Why else would Frank be nice to their family if not for Winter?

It was not to mention that they both came here together!

"What..." Winter was speechless, convinced that her brother was measuring Frank's

generosity by his own petty standards.

Just then, Marian had an idea and asked, “Does that man even have a job?”

“We don’t know, but he does have friends in high places.” Fred snorted.

“No, he’s very rich too,” Marian quickly said. “When he came to my dealership, he bought two Maybachs—one for himself, and the other for Janet Zimmer.”

At those words, Fred wheeled on Winter right then. “You hear that? That man is just lavishing any pretty face he comes across with luxury. Don’t you dare accept anything he gives.”

Winter quickly tightened her collar.

Seeing Fred’s attitude, there was even less reason for her to show the thirty million dollar necklace Frank just gave her.

Before evening arrived, Brock was long gone, and Marian was not bothered to stay.

Only Fred and Winter were left sitting on the bench outside, dozing off.

They jolted awake when Janet and Hali stepped out and quickly asked, “Ms. Zimmer, Doctor King... How’s my mother?”

Janet breathed a long sigh. “She’s safe, thankfully—she also just woke up. I’ve written a prescription here, so follow the routine, and she’ll recover soon enough.”

She handed the paper and her number to Fred, who took it gratefully.

“I’ll be going now if there’s nothing else,” she added. “Call me right away if anything happens.

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“Okay, okay...” Fred nodded repeatedly and saw her off before heading into the special care ward.

To no surprise, Carol was awake. One could expect nothing less of Dan Zimmer’s

granddaughter... Janet did not need surgery to treat Carol!

“How do you feel, Mom?” Fred exclaimed, beside himself with delight.

Carol nodded as she looked around. “I’m fine... Where am I?”

It was obviously not her house.

“This is Riverton City Hospital’s special care ward,” Fred quickly said.

“What?” Carol exclaimed, and quickly tried to get up. “What are we doing here? It costs a fortune to stay here. Let’s go home right away...”

Winter promptly pressed a hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry, Mom. Mr. Lawrence arranged this ward for you without spending a dime.”

Carol did a double take and quickly asked, “You mean, Frank Lawrence? The man at our snackbar before?”

Fred hated Frank but nodded exasperatedly. “That’s the one.”



“W—Why would he go so far for us?” Carol murmured, perplexed.

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Fred snorted darkly. “The way I see it, he just wants to get in Winter’s pants. Why else would he go that far?”

Winter flushed. “Stop it, Fred. Also, he’s done nothing even if he likes me. Why do you hate him so much?”

Fred was left stammering before waving her off dismissively. “He’s too good for you. Didn’t you see the women with him? Each of them are either rich or powerful. You think he really likes you, calling you sister or whatnot? He’s just going to eat you up and spit you

out!” Winter was speechless and despondent right then—Fred was right about that much, since the women around Frank were all extraordinary individuals.

Carol inhaled sharply as she thought about Fred’s words as well, though there was one thing she disagreed with.

Even if Frank was surrounded with women with marvelous beauty—beauty even her daughter could not hope to reach—Frank was still going all out to help her family.

Was it possible that he was Winter’s biological brother?

She knew very well that Winter was adopted, even if she never told anyone else.

Moreover, Frank’s last name was Lawrence...

The more Carol thought about it, the more she was convinced it was the truth.

Kindness that came without cost was just too good to be true!

Leveling a solemn look at Winter, Carol said, "Your brother's right, Winter. You can be friends with Frank, but you really shouldn't consider marrying him."

"What?!" Fred exclaimed in shock. "Be friends with him? She should be rid of him entirely!"

Winter balled her knuckles at that. "Mom, Fred. Frank never did you wrong. How could you be so mean to him?!"

Her eyes red, she stormed out of the ward right then.

"Urhg, what a brat." Fred snorted, thinking that Winter was getting really unreasonable these days.

On the other hand, Carol was at a loss.

How was she supposed to tell her children? Most importantly, did she have to tell them that Winter was adopted?

Early next morning, Frank received a text from Janet, telling him that Carol had regained consciousness and was not in danger.

Frank was relieved and was going to have breakfast when his phone started ringing.

It was Vicky. "Hey, Frank. What are you doing?"

"Eating."

"Eating? Didn't you see my text yesterday?"

Frank tapped on WhatsApp and saw Vicky's text informing him that the bid event for Rejuvenation Pill distributors' rights was held today.

As the majority shareholder, Frank was naturally obligated to attend.

"Oh... I didn't get the notification," Frank said awkwardly, scratching his head.

Vicky frowned, "Get over here to Verdant Hotel for now or you'll be late. You can eat here anyway."

"Yep, yep," Frank muttered noncommittally and quickly got dressed, putting aside breakfast immediately.

Meanwhile, a large Mercedes stopped outside the entrance of Verdant Hotel.

Zeb Larkin and Cindy Zonda alighted, with the latter dressed alluringly in a gown with a plunging neckline and extensive makeup.

"Oh, Mr. Larkin... I'm surprised there's so many people here for the bid," she gasped.