

# **The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 31 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 31**

Chapter 31

Chapter 31

As the dust settled, everyone could see Frank standing there.

Leo narrowed his eyes at him. "Who are you?"

Frank did not respond.

Instead, he turned to look at Helen on the floor, asking coolly, "You're the one who hurt her?"

On the other hand, Robin's eyes bulged when he saw that it was Frank and promptly pointed at Frank as he barked, "Dad! That's him! He's the bastard who did this to me! Don't let him escape!"

Leo took a deep breath, his eyes glaring murder. "Amazing. You come knocking on my door, sparing me the effort of looking for you."

On the other hand, Frank's eyes were red, his knuckles clenching as he growled slowly and clearly, "I'm asking a question."

"Hmph." Leo snorted. "So what if I did?"

"Then die!" Frank bellowed and shot toward Leo like a missile, kicking a gust behind him.

"What?!" Leo's eyes widened in disbelief—that was so fast!

However, he was no slouch himself after being a gangster for so many years—he whipped out the machete from behind his desk, slashing it through the air even before locking onto Frank!

Frank shifted to the side, allowing the sharp blade to move inches from his shirt before punching Leo

in the wrist.

“Argh!” Leo screamed, heartrending pain striking him as his bones shattered.

He dropped the machete, which fell right into Frank’s hands.

There was a cool flash.

Suddenly, Leo no longer felt his hand hurting... until he saw his own arm in the air, flying past his

own eyes.

Looking down, he saw his arm gone and blood shooting out like a geyser!

“Argh!!!” He clutched the stump that was his hand. Glowering savagely at Frank as a vein bulged over his neck, he bellowed, “Kill him! Kill him!!!”

Countless goons swarmed into his office, but Frank fearlessly swung the machete with the grace of a butterfly.

In no time at all, the office was bathed in blood as countless goons lay in puddles of blood.

Leo, who had been leaning against his desk, felt his rage vaporizing as he watched his goons fall one after the other.

Fear crept down his spine as he mumbled, “W—Who is he?!”

When Frank cut down another goon, he flicked the blood off the machete and pointed at the rest. “I have no fight against you. Leo Grayson shall be the only one to die here—so if you don’t want to die, leave.”

The goons traded glances and promptly dropped all their weapons!

Leo’s face fell, and he bellowed, “Kill him! Kill him, and you get five million!”

Money did get one everything, but the man before them had already cut down over forty of their buddies—and the man did not even blink! novelbin

Would the dozen of them left even last?! Even if there was money offered, they had to be alive to spend it!

As they fled Leo’s office without looking back, Leo screamed hysterically, “Get back here, you pieces of shit!”

That was when Frank suddenly put his foot on his chest, knocking the breath out of him while his face paled immediately.

He glared at him furiously but growled despite the difficulty, “You can’t kill me. I’m the top dog of West City, and the Chandlers of Middleton have my back! They’ll have your head if you kill me!” “Chandler... who?” Frank snorted in disdain. “There’s only death if you lay a finger on my woman.”

Chapter 32

Chapter 32

With a single swing of the machete, Frank cut Leo down.

And with that, the top dog of West City had fallen.

Nearby, Robin was trembling as he stared at his father’s corpse, caught in utter disbelief.

His father was invincible—how could he die just like that?!

Still, he wheeled himself as fast as he could to escape the hellish office, only for Frank to kick him

down to the floor.

“Please have mercy, Frank—it was a mistake! I shouldn’t have messed with Helen. Please spare me!

I’m a nobody-”

Robin’s smugness was all gone as he kowtowed repeatedly, hammering his head against the floor.

He was certainly regretting his actions now—if he had known Helen was protected by an elite like Frank, he would have stayed well away from her!

Frank stared downward at him, his voice cool as ice. “Too late.”

And with those words, Robin’s head was separated from the rest of his body.

Yara arrived at Skymex Club as Vicky had requested. She even brought several elites from the governor’s office to protect Frank.

However, she had just cleared out the premises when Frank stepped out of the elevator with an unconscious Helen in his arms.

Yara promptly approached him, asking, "Mr. Lawrence, is she...?"

"She's fine. She's just unconscious," Frank replied.

Yara breathed a sigh of relief.

about Leo Grayson and his people?"

"I had them all killed."

Yara gasped but soon added, "You should leave, Mr. Lawrence. Leave the rest to me."

Frank nodded, and Yara led her people to the office on the top floor, her heart skipping a beat when

she saw everything before her. novelbin

Did Frank do this to these people?!

One man against forty. How powerful was he?!

Vicky called her just then, eager to find out what had happened. "What's the situation, Yara? You can mention my name if Leo Grayson gets persistent."

## Chapter 32

"Leo's dead, Vicky," Yara replied honestly. "Along with over forty of his goons."

"What?! Over forty?! Wait, was Frank the one who killed them all?!"

"Most likely."

Vicky sighed lengthily. "It seems that we really underestimated him."

Another night, and they once again had to reevaluate the depth of Frank's power.

Still, Yara was concerned. "Vicky, don't forget that Leo Grayson is backed by the Chandlers of

Middleton. Wouldn't this anger them?"

"The Chandlers? So what?" Vicky snorted coolly. "Leo brought this on himself, and if the Chandlers want to pick up the tab, they only have themselves to blame."

Yara nodded.

Meanwhile, as Frank stepped out of Skymex Club, a Mercedes came to a screeching stop by the curb.

Sean was the first one who got off, followed by Gina, who exclaimed when she saw Helen in Frank's arms. "Helen! What happened to you?! Please don't scare me!"

"She's just unconscious," Frank explained. "She's mostly fine."

"Just unconscious?! What are you saying—do you want her to die?!" Gina snapped.

Frank was speechless. "When did I ever say that?"

Helen stirred just then and saw Gina with tears welling up in her eyes. "Mom...?"

"Oh, Helen! You're back... You gave me such a scare!" Gina cried, gathering her in her arms.

Chapter 33

Chapter 33

Sean moved up beside Helen just then, staring at her in concern, "Are you okay, Helen?"

Helen rubbed her head. "I'm fine, but shouldn't I be in Leo's office? What are you doing here?"

"I was worried, so I had Mr. Wesley come with me," Gina replied. "Did Leo Grayson do anything to you?"

Helen touched her cheek, then her clothes.

It seemed that Leo did nothing to her aside from slapping her a few times, leaving her puzzled—the man was ready to cut her into pieces!

“I’m fine, but why did Leo let me go?” she asked.

“It’s all thanks to Mr. Wesley,” Gina said, realizing with a start and turning toward Skymex Club. ” See? The whole place was locked down by the governor’s men.”

Helen turned to see many men in uniforms from the governor’s office standing in front of Skymex

Club.

Gina in turn started to fawn over Sean. “Your father’s amazing, Mr. Wesley. He could even pull strings with the governor’s office!”

“Huh...” Sean stiffened, though he soon laughed. “Haha, of course! My dad does have friends in the governor’s office!”

In reality, he was very puzzled since he never called his father—so who called the governor’s office?

Frank snorted in turn. “I didn’t know your family was acquainted with the governor at all.”

“Hah! Of course an ignorant tramp like you wouldn’t know.” Gina shot him a look of contempt.

Beside her, Sean frowned. “What are you saying?”

“What am I saying...” Frank mused, clasping his hands behind his back. “Since you’re the one who called them in, why don’t you call their leader? Introduce us.”

Sean promptly averted his eyes, but he stubbornly retorted, “They are busy. They have no time for trash like you.”

Gina nodded in agreement. “That’s right! Do you think their leader would come to see some lowlife like you?”

“He’s not the one who called them here,” Frank snapped nonetheless.

“If it wasn’t him, then who was it? You?” Helen demanded.

Frank paused before shaking his head since he did not call Yara here.

Helen sighed. “If it’s neither you nor me, who else could it be other than Sean? I know you have a

problem with him, but why don’t you admit he has ability?”

“Ability?” Frank snapped. “He has nothing!”

“Enough! You disappoint me, Frank!” Helen snapped back. “Do you know what I did for you? What else did you do other than question me?” novelbin

She was thoroughly disappointed.

Leo had knocked her out because of Frank, but instead of caring for her, Frank had questioned Sean- they would be dead if not for Sean!

“Did I tell you to do it?!” Frank snapped furiously. “You’re crazy to have gone to find Leo alone. You

would be dead if not for me.”

Though he did not mind contributing without being acknowledged, he refused to be doubted!

However, just as he was about to rant, Helen started tearing up. “Yeah, I’m crazy—I even went begging Vicky Turnbull to try to save you before going to Leo alone to beg for mercy. I’m the dumbest person alive. Is that good enough for you?!”

Chapter 34

1/2

Chapter 34

Chapter 34

Frank frowned—Helen had asked Vicky for help?

So that was why Yara showed up!

However, before he could tell her about Yara and Vicky, Helen pushed him away.

He quickly caught her wrist. "There's a misunderstanding-"

"Save it. You can stay with Vicky Turnbull as a dog." Helen shook him off and stormed off in disgust.

Gina shot him a look of disdain in turn. "I don't mind telling you that Helen called Ms. Turnbull, but

she didn't care if you lived. But my daughter still found sympathy in her heart to beg Leo Grayson –

you wouldn't know what killed you if not for her!"

Rolling her eyes at him, she left with Sean, who was all smiles since he was the happiest person

present.

On the other hand, Frank was left standing there, conflicted.

He was actually surprised that Helen had gone to Leo to beg for his sake—he had really been severe.

However, she was already gone, leaving him alone standing on the curb in the cold night.

After a long while, Yara stepped out of Skymex Club and noticed Frank.

Seeing that he appeared a little weird, she promptly went up and asked, "Are you alright, Mr.

Lawrence?"

"Yeah," Frank said, nodding and composing himself. "By the way, have you found the person I asked

you to find?"



“Yes, but there are dozens of people named Winter Lawrence in Riverton,” Yara admitted. “Do you

have further details?”

Frank shook his head, but remembered his mentor’s age. “She should be around 22 and from a single family without a father. Please keep checking with those details.” novelbin

Yara nodded. “Of course. Shall I give you a ride home, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank shook his head again, since he could walk back to the hotel. “No, I’m fine on my own.”

Early next morning, Gerald had a cigarette between his lips as he read the newspaper at his residence.

A servant arrived, saying, “It’s time to take your medicine, sir.”

Gerald nodded, taking the pill the servant handed him and washed it down with a glass of water.

Seeing the pill bottle reminded him of Frank, and he even took a deep puff of his cigarette. “Hmph. I have a coronary artery disease?! How laughable.”

The servant was smiling beside him—Gerald had been really upset about that yesterday, ranting as

soon as he came home.

Having heard what had happened, he nodded in agreement. “An ignorant youth like him wouldn’t know medicine. Even if he did, would he ever beat Mr. Zimmer?”

Gerald sighed, actually feeling grateful to have Dan Zimmer’s help. “Thank goodness we have such a great doctor in Riverton—he must have extended my lifespan for another decade.”

Suddenly, he felt a pang of agony on his chest, and his breaths turned rushed as he fell off his chair.

His lungs felt like they had been stabbed!

The servant paled right then and promptly went to help him up. “Mr. Simmons! A–Are you alright?!”

However, Gerald’s face was purple and he had trouble talking!

The servant promptly shouted, “Get Mr. Zimmer now!”

Chapter 35

Chapter 35

Dan, however, was completely confused when he arrived at Gerald’s residence to find him coughing repeatedly, occasionally spitting blood.

“Dan, why did my condition get so bad?” Gerald asked.

Dan could only rub his beard and ask, “Your pulse is a mess. Did you eat anything bad recently?”

Gerald shook his head repeatedly. “No... and I took the medicine like you ordered me to...”

That left Dan even more confused, and he growled through his teeth, “Your symptoms are all so bizarre. This is beyond me now.”

“What?! How?!” Tidus Simmons cried, grabbing his arms. “You’re the best healer in Riverton! You have to save my father!”

“I’d rather nothing happen to him too,” Dan said bitterly. “But I have limits, and...”

He trailed off, but he basically meant there was no hope.

Tidus felt his breath leave his lungs as he dropped to a heap beside his father.

Still, Gerald appeared calm. “It’s alright. Death is merely nature running its course—no one can ever beat it.”

Nonetheless, the bedroom was exceedingly gloomy, and the Simmons residence was devoid of its

usual cheer.

After all, Dan had just sentenced Gerald to death.

Just then, a servant rushed inside Gerald's bedroom. "Mr. Simmons? Ms. Turnbull called, saying she wants to speak with you."

Gerald did a double take, but he took the call and immediately heard Vicky's confident laughter. "Mr. Simmons, I heard your condition got worse this morning? Congratulations!"

Gerald glowered right then—anyone on their deathbed would be if they were congratulated for that." What is this, Ms. Turnbull? There's no grudge between us—why would you look forward to my death?

"No, Mr. Simmon. I'm congratulating you for the fact that there's a miracle healer in Riverton who

can save you," Vicky explained.

Gerald sighed. "Dan Zimmer's here, and he's already given up. You can come see me off if you're wishing me well, though."

"No, you misunderstand," Vicky said bluntly. "Do you remember Mr. Lawrence, whom I introduced you to the other day?"

"Him?" Gerald was taken aback.

## Chapter 35

2/2

He certainly remembered, and he certainly bore the grudge from two days ago!

"That's the one," Vicky said. "He's the only one who can save you now—that's all I have to say. It's up to you to believe me."

With that, Vicky hung up.novelbin

Seeing that his father was lowering his phone, Tidus promptly asked, "What did Ms. Turnbull say, Dad?"

Geral took a deep breath. "Ahem... Vicky asked me to look for Frank Lawrence and told me that he can help me."

“Who’s Frank?” Tidus asked, bemused.

Dan explained, “Ms. Turnbull claimed that he treated her paralysis.”

Tidus promptly turned toward Dan. “Do you think we can trust him?”

“He’s very young,” Dan said quietly. “However, Ms. Turnbull trusts him profoundly. Since there’s nothing to be done with Gerald’s condition, there’s no harm in letting him try.”

In other words, it was an option in the absence of others.

Seeing that Dan agreed, Tidus promptly rose to his feet. “In that case, I’ll go look for him.”

He promptly called Vicky, asking for Frank’s address and leaving immediately.

Over at his penthouse suite in Verdant Hotel, Frank was standing before a pill cauldron.

He turned off the fire and opened it, taking three blood-hued pills.

They were called Ichor Pills—he had brewed them using his blood as the prime substance and the panacea cap as a complement. It cleared veins, curing any underlying conditions... and could even bring the dead back to life.

However, every time one was made, it would burn out the brewer in spirit. If anything, Frank’s ability to make three at once made him an unparalleled genius!

Chapter 36

Chapter 36

There was an urgent knock on his door just then, and Frank opened it to find a man he did not recognize.

Still, his finely tailored suit made it clear he was not your average Joe, and there was a burly black-clad bodyguard behind him.

“Who are you?” Frank asked.

Tidus did not waste his breath and asked bluntly, "Frank Lawrence? I'm Gerald Simmons' son."

Frank promptly understood. "It seems your father's condition is worse than I thought."

11

Tidus seized his collar right then. "You did something to him, didn't you?!"

His father was perfectly fine despite being sick on occasion but was suddenly dying after meeting this

brat!

He really doubted this brat was innocent!

Frank simply smiled. "Your father is plagued with multiple conditions, with his thorax being maimed during his younger days. It was always on the verge of aggravation. Also, I just need to lift my finger and he'd be dead—why go through so much trouble?"

Tidus considered that for a long while before eventually growling, "You're coming with me to help my dad. You can ask for anything you want once he's cured—if you don't, I'll cripple you, your connection with Vicky Turnbull be damned."

Frank's eyes narrowed. "Are you threatening me?"

"You can think of it that way," Tidus replied staunchly.

Frank moved right then, seizing Tidus' wrist and clenching, dislocating it from his shoulder in an

instant!

Glaring at him contemptibly, Frank growled, "I hate being threatened."

"What... Get him!" Tidus barked at the bodyguard, who promptly swung a punch at Frank's face!

Frank answered it with his own fist.

Pow!

“Argh!!!” the bodyguard yelled—his knuckle was left deformed as he stumbled backward!

Tidus was left dumbstruck right then.

Governor Quill was the one who had handpicked that bodyguard. But even at his level, the brat broke Governor Quill’s hand with just a single punch?!

Frank turned back toward Tidus just then, looking downward at him coolly. “If you want to save your

## Chapter 36

22

2/2

dad, tell him to come see me. You are in no position to speak with me.”

“What-”

Before Tidus could finish, Frank had already kicked him out of his room.

Beside Tidus, even the bodyguard was fuming. “Sir, what do we do now?”  
novelbin

Tidus was helpless either way.

They were supposed to ask Frank to help treat his father, only to fail and end up being given a beating.

“Let’s go back for now. The brat’s too cocky,” he growled.

Meanwhile, at Gerald’s residence, every VIP there had shown up after hearing that he was in critical condition.

Among them were Kenny Sparks, master of Skyblade Dojo, and Norman Schmidt, chief of Riverton’s commerce guild.

“Dan, is there really no saving Gerald?” Norman was just asking.

Dan shook his head and said, "Ms. Turnbull did mention that Frank Lawrence could, however. Tidus has left to get him."

Norman gasped. "That brat again? Is it true what he said, that Gerald has a coronary artery disease?"

"I don't know." Dan shook his head again, chagrined.

"Master Tidus has returned!" a servant announced loudly right then, drawing everyone's attention.

Chapter 37

Chapter 37

Everyone promptly ran to the doorway, but Frank was nowhere to be seen.

Only Tidus was there, clutching his arm and wobbling as he hurried back.

"Tidus? Where's Frank?" Kenny promptly asked.

"No. That pompous bastard said my father's thorax was maimed during his youth and was already nearing death," Tidus growled through his teeth. "He demanded that my father go to him personally -I was going to argue, but he dislocated my shoulder!"

"What?!" Kenny exclaimed furiously. "He's so full of himself! I'll bring him here myself!"

"Hold it!" Dan suddenly barked and ran right up to Tidus. "What did you say? How does he know about your father's injury during his youth?!"

Tidus did a double take. "No, he's just spewing crap. My father never mentioned anything like that..."

Dan sighed lengthily. "Actually, it did happen, but he had supposedly made a full recovery. Also, only he and I are aware... Not even Vicky Turnbull would have known!"

Everyone traded glances at that.

Frowning, Norman suggested, "Does that mean that the kid is really as good as he claims?" novelbin

“It seems like we need to go with him this time,” Dan decided right then and barked orders for everyone to bring Gerald along to Verdant Hotel to see Frank.

Seeing that they were leaving, all of Gerald’s visitors followed...

Meanwhile, Sean and Helen left Turnbull Tower, having just signed the contract for the project in West City.

Helen breathed a sigh of relief as she stared at the agreement in her hands.

“I’ve made a reservation at Verdant Hotel,” Sean said just then. “Now that we’ve secured the project, you can call Peter and your mother over to celebrate and take a breather.”

Helen nodded. “Yeah. It’s finally over.”

She had indeed been working too hard for a while and needed a break, which was why she did not turn down his invitation.

When they drove over to Verdant Hotel, Gina and Peter were already there, having waited for a long while.

And the instant Gina saw Sean, she promptly greeted him. “Oh, Mr. Wesley! Thank you for helping us secure the West City project!”

## Chapter 37

“Oh, you give me too much credit,” Sean said with feigned humility, his eyes fixed on Helen. “Helen’s my friend. It’s what I should do.”

“Such is loyalty,” Peter said, holding up a glass with one hand since the other was bandaged. “Here’s to your good health, Mr. Wesley.”

Sean clink glasses with him and both of them chugged their drinks whole.

Just then, the front entrance of Verdant Hotel opened wide as Tidus and everyone else filed in.

It was certainly a scene of pomp that left Sean and the others stunned -that was the son of Gerald Simmons, the Chief of General Affairs!



Sean rose to his feet, ready to greet the man, only to be left stupefied when he saw the others behind

him.

It was the chief of Riverton's commerce guild, the leader of Skyblade Dojo, and Gerald Simmons himself on a wheelchair.

W—What was going on? Why were the bigwigs of Riverton suddenly here at Verdant Hotel?

Sean then whispered, "I think I just saw a familiar face. I'll go greet him."

Helen and the others naturally did not stop him.

Chapter 38

Chapter 38

Peter, Gina, and Helen were actually curious about who Sean had just spotted.

They looked as he headed over to the large group of people at the entrance, groveling like a humble

slave.

Gina paled. "W—Who on earth are those people?"

Even Sean himself had to fawn over them!

Helen soon narrowed her eyes.

She did not recognize the rest save one—Norman Schmidt.

"One of them is the chief of Riverton's commerce guild," she said. "I don't know the rest."

Peter looked utterly envious—when could he mingle with the bigwigs like Sean did?

"Gosh," he sighed. "He's even on talking terms with the chief of Riverton's commerce guild..."

Amazing!”

“Wow!” Gina exclaimed and turned toward Helen with a serious look. “He’s a special man, mingling with the likes of such bigwigs. See how far his influence extends? You have to win him over soon!”

Helen was speechless. “Stop prying, Mom.”

“Why? You’re already divorced.”

“Enough. Let’s finish up here—I have to go back to the office soon.” Helen ignored Gina and started eating.

Sean returned just then, and Gina promptly asked, “Mr. Wesley, who were those people?”

Sean appeared somber. “That’s Tidus Simmons, Gerald Simmons’ son. With him are the chief of Riverton’s commerce guild and the master of Skyblade Dojo, while the old man is the owner of Flora Hall. It seems that Gerald Simmons is suffering from a terrible affliction and has come to consult a miracle healer.”

“Gosh,” Gina gasped in shock. “You actually know all of them, Mr. Wesley?”

Sean scratched his head awkwardly—he knew none of them aside from Tidus.

He would certainly like to get acquainted with the VVIPS of Riverton himself, but Tidus was too busy with his father’s situation and did not stop to introduce them.

Even so, he was still smiling. “We’re just ordinary friends.”

“That’s still impressive,” Peter said. “We don’t even know any of them—talk about broadening your novelbin horizons.”

Helen, however, was frowning in thought. “Gerald Simmons is suffering from a terrible affliction?”

Even the head of Flora Hall couldn't help? Then who are they consulting?"

Sean shook his head. "I don't know. But it seems that Dan Zimmer was helpless too."

Helen's eyes widened. "There's someone so impressive in Riverton...?"

Still, none of them dwelled on the issue.

Meanwhile, Tidus and the others arrived outside the penthouse suite and knocked on the door again.

"Come in," Frank said from inside.

Everyone filed inside to find Frank sitting on a rocking chair, basking in the sun leisurely.

"Man's really relaxed," Tidus growled through his teeth.

"Mr. Lawrence?" Dan strode past him, greeting Frank. "Allow me to apologize on behalf of young Tidus if he had been rude. In fact, all of us are here to apologize—let us reconcile any differences, as we ask humbly that you save Mr. Simmons."

Frank slowly rose, chuckling as he stared at the procession. "Really? I thought you were all here to beat me up."

Dan laughed. "Surely you just. We're all just worried about Gerald—please do help him."

Frank simply stood, keeping his hands clasped behind his back. "That's no issue, but why should I? Didn't he say he didn't need my help before?"

"Oh...Well... " Dan and the others traded glances.

They had gone there thinking there was hope, only for Frank to drag them to the negotiation table.

Chapter 39

Chapter 39

Annoyed, Tidus snapped angrily, “How much do you want?! We can pay you—just name your price!”

Frank snorted in disdain. “Money is pointless to me.”

“Then what is it that you want?” Norman demanded—there was someone in this world who did not want money? Laughable!

“A Myriad Hue Snow Lotus from Sky Peak,” Frank replied, “or a Radiant Panacea Cap of the South Sea. Do any of you have it?”

“What...”

Both items Frank mentioned were rarer than gold—people would go lifetimes without seeing them, let alone possess them.

“I don’t have either,” Tidus replied. “But treat my father, and I’ll do all I can to procure them.”

“Are you giving me an IOU?” Frank asked in return.

“We can’t gather them right away,” Tidus explained. “Can’t you give us time?”

Just then, Dan glanced at Gerald, who was exhaling more than he inhaled.

If this dragged on, he would be dead before Frank would help.

Stepping up, he said, “Mr. Lawrence, I don’t possess the medicinal ingredients you asked for, but my establishment, Flora Hall, has a long history in Riverton. We boast a trove of rare materials, and if you treat Mr. Simmons, you may take anything from us without charge.”

Everyone turned at once toward Dan, surprised that the geezer was that generous.

Tidus in turn tapped himself on the chest. “And we’ll foot the bill for any medicinal ingredients Mr. Lawrence will need, Mr. Zimmer.”

Dan nodded and turned toward Frank. “Mr. Lawrence, this is certainly as sincere as we can be. Please forget our previous differences and help Mr. Simmons.”

Frank nodded in satisfaction—that was exactly what he wanted to hear.

Whipping out the pill he had already made before, he threw it to Dan, who caught it.

“W—What’s this?” he asked in shock.

“An Ichor Pill. Feed it to Mr. Simmons, and he’ll fully recover.” novelbin

“What?! With just that tiny pill?” Kenny exclaimed in disbelief.

“You can give it back if you don’t believe me,” Frank replied.

“W—We believe you,” Dan nodded repeatedly, profoundly terrified Frank would take the pill back.

Hurrying to Gerald, he fed him the pill and waited in silence.

Frank leisurely returned to his rocking chair, while Tidus paced around as he waited with everyone else.

After an hour, color returned to Gerald’s face... until he suddenly coughed out a mouthful of black blood!

“Dad!” Tidus cried, absolutely terrified even as he wheeled on Frank. “Hey, what’s happening to my dad?!”

“I knew he’s a charlatan!” Kenny barked, ready to pounce on Frank.

That was when Gerald barked behind them, “Stop!”

Kenny turned around, doing a double take. “Mr. Simmons? What...”

Gerald was slowly rising to his feet, and Tidus’ eyes were bulging even as he stared, “Dad...?”

Nonetheless, Gerald took a deep breath. Comfort showed on his face, as he had never felt this relaxed! At that very moment, he was convinced about his coronary artery disease!

Chapter 40

Chapter 40

“This feels amazing!” Gerald exclaimed as he strode up to Frank and bowed. “Mr. Lawrence, I apologize for being as short-sighted as I had been in the past. I have truly done you an insult.”

“It’s no issue, Mr. Simmons,” Frank replied evenly. “I’m simply doing my duty as a healer.”

“Wisdom and magnanimity—you are a shining example of your generation,” Gerald laughed heartily and whipped out a debit card. “There’s five million in here—consider it a little gift from yours truly.”

Frank shook his head. “Mr. Zimmer has covered your payment.”

Hearing his name mentioned, Dan flashed an awkward smile. “I’m afraid my shortcomings almost hurt Gerald. We’re lucky you’re with us, Mr. Lawrence!”

He was suddenly thrilled—he was thinking he could emulate whatever technique Frank would use to treat Gerald, only for the man to achieve what he could not with just a pill.

What sort of miracle pill was that?!

It was not just him either – Kenny and Norman were getting curious as well, and their gaze almost seemed ablaze.

Should that pill enter mass production, they would make a fortune!

Just then, Gerald waved Dan off. “No, Dan. I wouldn’t be here if not for you.”

Then, turning back to Frank, “Mr. Lawrence, I am now in your debt. Just come to me should you need anything—I’ll do my best to accomplish it within my means.”

Frank nodded.

They made some small talk after, and Frank turned down Gerald’s invitation to a banquet.

Still, before everyone left, Kenny asked the question that nagged him the most. “Mr. Lawrence, is there a name for the pill you used?”

“The Ichor Pill,” Frank replied.

“And the recipe?” Norman asked in turn.

Frank suddenly frowned, his gaze wary.

Norman promptly explained, “Oh, please don’t misunderstand. I just think that it was a wondrous elixir that would help the people if it could be mass produced.”

“It’s a secret recipe—a family legacy,” Frank said. “I must ask you not to pry.”

The pill was made from his blood. There was no way it could be mass produced!

Norman smiled. “In that case, we shan’t ask.”

With that, everyone bade their leave and left the penthouse suite, though Kenny hurried to Gerald’s

## Chapter 40

side, “Mr. Simmons—the many bigwigs of the capital bear undetected illnesses and are barely hanging on like you. There’s much to look forward to if we can get the pill recipe!”

Norman nodded beside him. “That’s right, Mr. Simmons. You really should try to persuade Mr.

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2/2

Gerald hesitated for a moment before saying, “Just forget it. It’s his family recipe. If he wants to keep it a secret, I won’t ask.

With that, he strode into the elevator.

Norman and Kenny were left trading glances, but they stayed quiet and followed.

After seeing off his crowd of guests, Frank was just going to take a break when Vicky called.

"It seems that Gerald Simmons will be indebted to you after today, Mr. Lawrence."

"He wouldn't be if it wasn't for you," Frank replied.

Vicky laughed. "Yes—and without you, he'd be dead. By the way, the wonderroot has arrived. Will you be going personally to take it from my residence, or shall I deliver it to you?"

Frank was on his feet at those words. "I'll get it myself."

Much was at stake, and the earlier he could get the wonderroot, the better it would be.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

X

Play

Chapte 40

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