

## **The Girlboss 361**

### Chapter 361

Vicky smiled. “I now understand why Frank would always go all out to save you—you’re so adorably silly.”

Helen paused. “What are you talking about?”

“Nothing.” Vicky waved her off, bored. “Just my way of saying I’ve never been Frank’s sugar mommy.

“Really?” Helen was clearly skeptical. “Then why are you always at his side, helping him?”

“I simply admire his virtues and character.” Vicky smiled in amusement, holding her chin on her hands as she stared at Helen. “I told you—he’s far better than you’d think. You simply never noticed that.”

Then, rising to her feet, she added, “If there’s nothing else, Ms. Lane, I need to get going.”

“Don’t bother Frank ever again,” Helen quickly said.

“Haha!” Vicky laughed in disdain. “You’ve divorced him, Ms. Lane—it’s his freedom to choose who he hangs out with. If anything, you should be talking to him instead of me.”

Helen was stumped and left at a loss as Vicky strode out of her office.

Zeb had been waiting at the lobby of Grande Pharma’s office for a long while and quickly went up to Helen when he saw her step out.

“How did it go, Helen?” he asked enthusiastically. “Were you paid the commission for the project? Did Vicky Turnbull harass you?”

Helen shook her head. “I have the money, and Ms. Turnbull didn’t harass me.”

Zeb's eyes lit up as he nodded. "That's great! With that 200 million, you can push Lane Holdings to new heights!"

Helen nodded silently, while Zeb chuckled, "So, there's this project I'm on recently—we're developing something better than the Rejuvenation Pill. Are you interested in investing?"

Helen's heart could stop at the mention of investing—she was certainly afraid after the mess with Greg Marsh!

"I think I'll pass," she said. "I'm really not interested."

"Come on, Helen!" Zeb persisted. "I think this is a good project—with both of us working together, it's a win-win!"

"No." Helen remained insistent as she headed for her car. "I intend to develop Lane Holdings, and with my grandfather's birthday coming soon, anything else can wait. I'm going now if there's nothing else."

"I'll give you a ride, Helen," Zeb quickly offered.

Helen smiled in turn. "I'm heading home, Mr. Larkin. We're not going in the same direction."

And with those words, she floored the gas pedal and sped off.

Zeb was left staring as she left, his knuckles clenched in frustration.

He did not expect Helen to be so wary about investments, just as he was seething that he could not take a bite out of Helen's 200 million dollars.

He whipped out his phone and called Cram Larkin. "Hey, Dad... So I think we'd have to wait a little longer for the 200 mil..."

“What are you doing?!” Cram snapped at the other end. “You failed to get the Rejuvenation. Pill recipe, and now you can’t even smooth-talk some chick?!”

The Larkins did not amount to anything in Riverton—it was Cram who proved resourceful, using his good looks to sway the heiresses of the city.

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Cram had managed to hoard a considerable sum thanks to his womanizing and was hoping his son could take up the mantle.

Naturally, with the Rejuvenation Pill selling like hot cakes and the discovery that Helen’s ex- husband was the one who invented it, Cram tasked his son with getting the recipe from Helen.

That went south too.

“Look, Dad—Helen has no influence over Frank anyway,” Zeb said awkwardly. “And she’s very careful, saying she’d only consider investments after her grandfather’s birthday...”

Cram thought about it. “Then work on Henry instead, and get the recipe soon.”

“I know...” Zeb sighed—it seemed that he had to attend Henry’s birthday party.

Meanwhile, Frank drove to Riverton’s antique bazaar—after his training for the day—he would never forget Henry’s birthday, and he certainly regarded the occasion with importance.

Henry always had a passion for antiques, which was why Frank had decided to choose one instead of having Trevor do it.

However, he only found counterfeits everywhere after walking around the place.

He was choosing a gift—surely he could not give something fake.

“Oh, if it isn’t Frank Lawrence?”

Frank turned to the scornful voice to find Zeb standing there, holding a porcelain vase which looked like it cost a lot.

“What brings the great shareholder of Grande Pharma here?” Zeb sneered.

“Is there a problem with me being here?” Frank retorted flatly. “You’re here, aren’t you?”

“Sure, whatever you say.” Zeb chuckled. “Here to pick something for Helen’s grandfather, aren’t you? To think a bigwig like you would pick some cheap crap from the street... It’s really just going through the motions for you, huh?”

He was certainly eager to mock Frank however he could, since Frank had sabotaged his plans to get those defective Rejuvenation Pills off Hugo Goodman.

Frank glanced at the porcelain vase Zeb held in turn and chuckled coolly. “Oh, it’s a porcelain vase dating back to the last century?”

“Haha! I’m surprised you could actually tell that much.” Zeb snorted smugly. “It’s an official’s possession during that era and worth a million.”

“A million dollar item? You’re really thick-skinned, huh?” Frank said flatly. “I’d also advise you to pick something else—Henry likes antiques, but he prefers paintings or manuscripts.”

Zeb was stunned.

He only found out from Cindy and Peter that Henry liked antiques, b what his grandfather actually liked.

not even Peter knew

Nonetheless, Zeb snorted. “Did you think I’d buy your crap? What I give shows my sincerity, and the old man would definitely like it. Who knows, he might be so pleased with it that he’d arrange for Helen to marry me! Hahaha...”

Frank’s eyes narrowed, and Zeb was certainly pleased to see him upset. “Don’t get jealous now, boy. Now keep scrounging.”

Frank growled, “Don’t trip over yourself.”

“You’re just jealous!” Zeb gloated as he walked.

Frank flicked his fingers, launching a shot of his vigor at Zeb’s knees. “Ouch!” Zeb yelped in pain as he fell forward!

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Crash!

The porcelain vase Zeb was holding smashed into pieces.

“Fuck!” Zeb bellowed furiously before wheeling on Frank, who was over two meters away.” How dare you trip me!”

Frank simply laughed coolly in turn. “You’re a riot—you tripped over yourself, and you have. the cheek to blame me?”

“Shut up! Why would I trip for no reason?” Zeb growled through his teeth. “You definitely did something! You’re paying for that porcelain vase!”

“You have the cheek to tell me what to do?” Frank glowered. “Buzz off.”

He started to leave, but Zeb quickly moved to stop him while shrieking, “You’re paying up today, or you’re not leaving!”

Then, turning toward the people around them, he said, “See?! He broke my vase but refused to pay! Where’s the justice here?!”

Everyone quickly crowded around them at Zeb’s call to get a look.

Frank sneered at Zeb in turn—he was never going to pay up.

A group of uniformed men strode toward them just then, and the crowd quickly made way. “What’s the ruckus here?” the man in the lead growled through his cigarette..

Zeb recognized him and happily ran up to him. “Yo, Dee! It’s me,

Zeb!”

Dee Hampton’s ratty eyes widened as he looked closer. “Oh, Mr. Larkin? What brings you here today?”

Zeb smiled and pointed at Frank. “My grandfather-in-law’s birthday is coming up, so I came here to buy a present, but this fucker had to trip me! The vase is all shattered now—you have to help me out here.”

He was not even sure that Frank tripped him, but he did not care—Frank was there, and he would make Frank pay! Who knew—perhaps he might not have tripped if he did not run into Frank here!

“Shit, that happened?” Dee frowned.

Zeb often shopped here in Riverton's antique bazaar, and they eventually made their acquaintance.

With Zeb proving to be a generous soul as well, Dee was naturally happy to help now that he needed a favor.

"You broke my friend's stuff, brat! Now pay up!" Dee bellowed, pointing at Frank's nose.

Frank replied coolly, "You two know each other, don't you?"

"So what if we do?" Zeb gloated, standing akimbo.

"Do you have proof that I broke his vase?" Frank asked in return.

Dee froze—he certainly did not have evidence.

Even so, he snapped stubbornly, "Evidence? What evidence? My word is law here, and if I say you broke it, then you did! Not only are you going to pay for my friend's vase, but that's also a ten grand fine for violating the peace!"

Frank laughed at that. "Violating the peace? Who do you think you are, collecting protection money here?"

A nearby vendor nudged his arm just then, whispering, "Look, man—Dee here is like the supervisor. Just pay up already."

"Yeah." A stall owner nodded beside them. "See the guys with him? You'll suffer if you play hardball."

Their kind were especially scared of Dee, as he lorded over them every day, demanding money. It would be their stall destroyed if they did not pay up and a harsh beating if they spoke out of turn!

Dee was grinning smugly in turn. "You know who I am now, kid?"

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Frank nodded. "I do. Now show me your badge—I'd like to see what government department actually runs a protection racket."

"Badge?" Dee frowned.

He did not have a badge and certainly did not belong to any department—he simply brought a bunch of goons around to build a protection racket.

"Give it a rest!" he snapped at Frank. "Pay up, or I'll make you!"

Frank shrugged. "I'm not paying if I don't see a badge.

"Shit, I gave you a chance." Dee did not want to waste his breath either. "Get him!"

At his order, his goons rushed at Frank.

The crowd around them cleared the way, while the stall owners hurriedly moved their merchandise further back in case they became collateral.

Frank, however, watched in disdain at the goons rushing at him.

He raised his palm, striking the first to reach him on the chin and sending him flying over ten feet!



The other three goons pale and traded glances but charged at Frank at once.

Frank did not even move his feet as he slapped each of them once in turn.

As the goons all collapsed to the floor, crying for their moms, everyone around them was actually caught by surprise that the skinny kid was that good!

“Fuck...” Zeb growled through his teeth—Dee’s goons were such pushovers!

“Shit!” Dee frowned, caught off guard by Frank’s strength. “How dare you hurt my boys! You’re dead meat!”

He promptly whipped out his phone to call more of his people, which delighted Zeb.

“Dee, it’s not just your boys—he’s humiliating you!” He goaded them. “Call everyone and straighten him out!”

The bystanders nearby quickly told Frank in turn, “Kid, you really should go. Dee has over a dozen boys at his beck and call...”

Frank laughed coldly—a dozen? Really?

He did not give a damn even when it was Flying Sword Sect, and that lot had over hundreds of apprentices!

“Has that brat always been collecting protection money here?” he asked instead.

“Well, yeah...”

Frank nodded. "No one will, from now on."

The crowd was stunned.

Did that mean he was going to fight Dee to the bitter end?

"Keep talking tough, Frank Lawrence!" Zeb shot him a look of disdain.

Dee's other goons soon arrived, and Dee was once again shouting pompously at Frank, "Get down on your knees and beg, boy! I just might spare you!"

Frank folded his arms before his chest with a look of contempt. "Funny. That's what I was gonna say to you.

"Fuck you! Get him!" Dee bellowed, and his goons charged at Frank again.....

"Stop!" A loud bellow suddenly resounded.

Everyone was stunned to see a man in a suit stepping out from the crowd, with a bodyguard wearing shades in tow.

"Mr. Lawrence? What happened here?" the man asked.

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Frank realized it was Tidus Simmons upon a closer look and said evenly, "Nothing. Some blind fool was trying to slander me for breaking his vase and got these thugs to attack me."

“What, really?!’ Tidus was furious.

Framing the man who saved his father’s life?! This would not stand!

Wheeling on Dee and his goons, Tidus barked, “Who are you people? Attacking a man in broad daylight?!”

“This has nothing to do with you!” Dee bellowed, completely dismissive toward Tidus. “Get out of here, or we’ll beat you up too!”

“What...” Tidus could choke as the thug snapped at him—his father was the Chief of General Affairs.

Turning to his bodyguard behind him, he growled, “Mr. Flux.”

Wes Flux nodded and suddenly leapt straight toward Dee.

Dee’s goons tried to stop him but were sent flying as soon as they touched him!

At the same time, Wes kept advancing as he punched and kicked, instantly flooring every one of Dee’s goons.

“Holy shit...” Dee was left gaping, surprised that Wes was even more vicious than Frank!

Why was everything not going his way today...?

He was certainly not going to push his luck and quickly decided to run away.

Wes was not about to let that happen, however.

With a light tap of his foot, he was already in front of Dee and punched him in the stomach! “Oof!” Dee grunted as his body arched like a shrimp, while Wes seized him by the collar and dragged him to Tidus.

“Sir, we can talk about this... be reasonable...” Dee quickly surrendered.

Like all bullies, he caved as soon as he met someone stronger.

Tidus narrowed his eyes and demanded, “What are you supposed to be?”

“I—I’m just a vendor... But no one’s watching over this bazaar, see?” Dee replied reverently. “That’s why I thought I could build a protection system... I wasn’t doing anything bad.”

“Impressive. A vendor, squeezing other vendors for protection money?” Tidus was furious. “It’s not my fault—it’s all him!” Dee quickly pointed at Zeb.

“I... What?” Zeb pursed his lips while cursing at Dee in his mind.

Dee could not even put up a fight and was now betraying him too?!

As Wes beckoned at Zeb, he braced himself and walked toward them, knowing that he was never getting away.

“You were accusing my friend of breaking your vase?” Tidus demanded.

“Huh...” Zeb scratched his head awkwardly. “I—I’m not so sure...”

He had no idea if Frank did it at all—he just wanted to blame it on Frank!

Tidus scowled. “What do you mean that you’re unsure? Weren’t you the one who accused him?”

Zeb quickly flashed an awkward smile. "Why don't we just put this behind us?"

Tidus had a hunch that Frank was innocent upon seeing that reaction.

"That won't do now, right?" he said, looking at the crowd around them before telling Wes, " Mr. Flux, please request for the security footage."

"Yes, Mr. Simmons." Wes promptly whipped out his phone and got the recording soon enough thanks to Gerald Simmons' authority.

Tidus hence saw from his phone that Frank never laid a finger on Zeb as soon he walked away!

Slapping Zeb across the face right then, he barked, "You tripped over yourself, and you're blaming Mr. Lawrence for it?!"

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Zeb was left seeing stars from Tidus' slap.

He was certainly fuming, but he had to hold his tongue as he glanced at Wes, who stood right beside Tidus.

Dee was actually furious too. "What?! You tricked me! Sir, he lied to me!"

"Shut it." Tidus shot Dee a glare, and he promptly kept quiet.

Zeb then stammered, "It's all my fault... It's just a misunderstanding, so let's just forget about it.

"Forget about it?" Tidus asked icily. "After you slandered my friend? Apologize!"

“What?” Zeb was stunned. “Me, apologize?!”

He was the heir of a rich family and owned a company! It made no sense for him to apologize to some gigolo!

“Do you have something to say about that?” Tidus barked.

At the same time, Wes started to walk toward Zeb.

Zeb was left gritting his teeth—it was certainly going to be either an apology or a painful beating!

“N—Nothing,” he said, bracing himself as he walked up to Frank and muttered unhappily, “S- Sorry.”

Frank chuckled coolly. “What was that?”

“Don’t push it, Frank!” Zeb glared at him.

“Really? And is that how you apologize?” Frank shrugged. “Louder.

Zeb hissed, “Sorry.”

“Sorry, who?” Frank asked on purpose.

Motherfucker!

Zeb to bear with it, though he could choke. “I’m sorry, Frank. I’ve accused you wrongly- please don’t take it to heart.”

Frank nodded in satisfaction. "Now, that's better."

Zeb sighed in relief before turning toward Tidus with a smile. "Sir, I can go now, yes?"

"Yeah. Mess with my friend again, and you're dead," Tidus snarled viciously.

Zeb certainly was not going to linger another moment as he squeezed his way through the crowd—it had been a disgraceful day for him!

Dee tried to run too, but Frank quickly stopped him. "Hold it."

"Oh..." Dee quickly smiled. "Sorry, sir. But that really wasn't my fault... I didn't know that bastard was slandering you. I'll beat him up if I ever see him again!"

However, Frank said, "Don't let me see you in this bazaar ever again."

"What?"

"What do you mean, 'what'? You have a problem with this?" Frank glared at him in disdain.

"No, no..." Dee muttered.

Tidus turned to Wes at the same time. "Arrange for some security to watch the bazaar. If anyone demands protection money, arrest them right away."

"Yes, Mr. Simmons."

Dee gulped and fled with his goons even as he realized he had lost his source of income.

The stall owners were certainly thrilled and awash with gratitude—Frank had really chased Dee away!

Tidus approached Frank just then. "Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank waved him off. "Of course. What could a bunch of small fries do to me anyway?"

"Tidus nodded repeatedly. "Oh, were you here to get some antiques? I know a

thing or two about them myself. Perhaps I could help you look?"

Frank's abilities went without saying, and given how close he was to the Turnbolls at the moment, Tidus was eager to further strengthen their relationship.

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Frank smiled but refused. "I'll pass. I shouldn't ask for help since it's my gramps."

Tidus was stunned. "Gramps? As in your grandfather?"

He never knew Frank had a grandfather!

"He's my ex-wife's grandfather," Frank explained. "I owe him a lot, and I'll be attending his birthday even though his granddaughter already divorced me."

"I see..." Tidus nodded. "You're certainly a grateful man, Mr. Lawrence! But to tell the truth, there really isn't much to get here. However, there's quite the collection in my family residence. My dad is passionate about antiques himself, so everything's genuine—you can pick a couple as you like."

Frank was actually surprised that Tidus was that generous, not to mention that it was more ideal to have solid recommendations than foraging around blindly.



“Well, thank you very much,” Frank said..

Tidus smiled. “Come on now, Mr. Lawrence—you saved my father’s life. A couple of antiques is nothing in comparison. We can head over together now if you like.”

And with that, Tidus led Frank to his car, and they drove to Gerald Simmons’ official residence.

Gerald was on hand to receive him as soon as Frank arrived. “Welcome, Mr. Lawrence. It’s an honor.”

Frank nodded in turn. “You’re exaggerating, sir. I should be apologizing for imposing.”

“What are you saying?” Gerald laughed heartily. “I’d certainly like you to bother me more! So, I heard you’re looking for antiques as a birthday present? It is something worth celebrating- do choose whatever catches your fancy.”

They soon arrived at Gerald’s study, and Gerald introduced various collections he had to Frank. After some thought, Frank asked, “Would you have something like a painting?”

“A painting? Of course! What do you think about this one?” Gerald pointed at one hanging right behind his desk.

Frank glanced at it and was soon nodding in satisfaction. “Impressive piece. Could you tell me more about it?”

Gerald stroked his beard as he flashed a bragging smile. “It’s one of Alfie Bronx’s works late in his life, lost abroad for years. I spent a fortune to bring it back last year, and it’s now valued at over ten million. If Mr. Lane prefers paintings or manuscripts, this would be perfect as a gift.”

Frank was actually stunned as he stared at the framed painting.

Since he could see that Gerald really liked the painting, he said, “Actually, Mr. Simmons, this painting is too valuable, and I can see that you’d like to keep it. I can take something else instead.

“Nonsense,” Gerald said, waving him off. “I like paintings too, but art is supposed to be displayed for everyone’s admiration. What good is my keeping it than celebrating Mr. Lane’s

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birthday?”

Turning toward Tidus, he said, “Go on, take it off the wall for Mr. Lawrence.”

“Okay,” Tidus said, then quickly took down the painting and carefully boxed it. “Oh...” Frank was still going to refuse, but Gerald was just too enthusiastic so he had no choice but to accept.

“By the

way, where will the banquet be held?” Gerald then asked in curiosity.

They must be close since Frank admired the man so much, and Gerald thought he could send someone to bring more gifts.

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Frank shook his head. “There’s still some time before that, so they haven’t decided on a place.”  
“Really?” Gerald exclaimed. “In that case, why not choose Riverton Hotel? It’s a place of high standards—Mr. Lane would definitely like it.”

Riverton Hotel was a go-to venue for guests from out of town and large-scale banquets.

While there usually was a two-month waiting list for everything, it was unnecessary if Gerald pulled some strings.

Frank sighed. "Maybe next time, Mr. Simmons. I'm not in charge anyway—it's the Lane family."

"Oh... Sure."

They made more small talk with Tidus all the way until the evening, when Frank excused himself.

After sending off Frank, Gerald quickly called Vicky. "Ms. Turnbull, were you aware that Frank is celebrating his grandfather's birthday?"

"What? I didn't even know he had a grandfather," Vicky replied, perplexed.

"Oh, I mean Henry Lane, his ex-grandfather in-law, not his actual grandfather."

"Oh!" Vicky exclaimed in understanding -Frank was always respectful of Henry, and it was Henry himself who had Helen marry Frank in the first place.

"Well, Frank never mentioned anything to me. How did you find out anyway?"

"It's all thanks to my son..."

Gerald then told Vicky about everything that happened earlier that day, and Vicky became pensive. "Thank you for telling me, Mr. Simmons."

"Oh, it's nothing."

After that, Vicky told Yara everything Gerald told her, and soon word spread further.

The Lane family was nobody important, but they decided to celebrate Henry's birthday out of due respect for Frank.

Meanwhile, the Lanes were preparing for Henry's birthday as well. It was not just a

celebration, however, but also a presentation of the family's strength while making new allies of various important families in Riverton.

Gina was scratching her head repeatedly. "So... are we going with Verdant Hotel or Riverton Hotel?"

"Verdant Hotel, of course!" Peter exclaimed. "It's the grandest hotel in Riverton!"

Gina glanced at Helen in turn. "What do you think?"

Helen thought about it. "Riverton Hotel."

She decided against Verdant Hotel because it was a Turnbull property and she did not want to run into Vicky there. Even if Vicky might not show up at all, it was better to be safe than sorry. "Yeah." Gina nodded. "Can't let the Turnbells take our money."

However, before they could call their friends and relatives, a servant hurried inside. "Ms. Lane, someone calling himself the Chief of General Affairs' secretary just arrived."

"The Chief of General Affairs' secretary?"

Everyone was stunned since they had no dealings with the Chief of General Affairs, so why would his secretary suddenly visit?

Still, Helen was the first to come to her senses. "What are you waiting for? Bring him in. Don't

"I'll personally receive him." Gina nodded repeatedly. "That's only right."

Everyone – including Cindy, who was scrolling on her phone all along–dropped what they were doing and hurried out to the door

A man in a suit stood there, waiting.

Hurrying toward him, Helen said, “Helen Lane, at your service. Sorry for the poor hospitality when you’ve come all this way, Mr. Lynch.”

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The Chief of General Affairs’ secretary smiled when he saw Helen. “It’s alright, Ms. Lane. I’m Aron Lynch, and your reputation precedes you, Ms. Lane. It’s an honor to finally meet you.” Caught by surprise, Helen smiled awkwardly.

Was she that famous already, that the Chief of General Affairs’ secretary had actually heard of her?

“Oh, let’s not keep Mr. Lynch standing. Come on in—we can talk inside,” Cindy said just then. Helen nodded repeatedly as she came to her senses as well. “Yeah, that’s right. Do come in, Mr. Lynch.”

Aron shook his head. “That’s unnecessary. I’m just here on the Chief of General Affairs’ behalf.

“I see... And what are Mr. Simmons’ orders?” Helen asked gingerly.

Aron laughed. “Calm down, Miss Lane. Mr. Simmons heard that it’s your grandfather’s birthday. Since it’s a day to celebrate, he arranged for Riverton Hotel’s premier banquet hall for your use—all expenses covered, of course.”

“What?!”

The Lanes

were bewildered, while Helen quickly said, "Please don't joke like this, Mr. Lynch. We have not earned enough of Mr. Simmons' favor for such privilege..."

Aron chuckled. "There's no need to be humble here, Ms. Lane, Mr. Simmons himself had spoken, so there's no mistake. You can go to Riverton Hotel to ask if you still doubt me."

If anything, Aron was himself shocked when Gerald tasked him with this errand—he would. certainly be a lot less shocked if they were talking about the Turnbolls!

The Turnbolls at least had influence in the capital, while one could only wonder what the Lanes had up their sleeves to draw such attention.

"Oh..."

Helen glanced at his mother and the rest in disbelief.

"Mr. Simmons really admires you, Ms. Lane," Aron added. "He also hopes that Lane Holdings will rise to new heights."

"Of course, of course..." Helen nodded repeatedly.

Seeing that his task was done, Aron said, "Here's my number. Call me right away if there's anything you need—I have something else to attend to, so I'll be leaving now."

Helen escorted him out of their manor reverently, and Gina signed emotionally when Aron's car was finally out of sight. "Oh, my god... Gerald Simmons himself arranged a birthday party for the old man? What an honor!"

"I heard that the premier hall is a place for Riverton's rich and important people," Peter added. "To think that we'd have the privilege too."

“Didn’t you hear Mr. Lynch?” Cindy chimed in. “Mr. Simmons is footing the bill for the old

man’s birthday. When did you make his acquaintance, Helen?”

Helen shook her head awkwardly. “You give me too much credit. I don’t have such a privilege.”

“You’re being too humble,” Peter told her.

Helen smiled bitterly—she was just stating facts.

“Oh!” Cindy gasped as she remembered something, and quickly said, “Could Mr. Larkin have arranged this? I mean, who else would know Gerald Simmons?”

Gina nodded repeatedly. “It has to be him. You have to thank him properly, Helen. He’s really done us a great honor this time.”

Helen was taken aback—could it really be Zeb?

Whatever the case might be, she now at least had a connection with Gerald!

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Looking around at everyone confidently, Helen snapped, “So? What are we spacing around for? Send out invitations to everyone already—tell them that Grandfather’s birthday will be celebrated at Riverton Hotel!”

Henry’s birthday banquet was held a few days late. The staff was especially enthusiastic thanks to Gerald, who spared no expense and asked only for the best, and his arrangements. Helen wore a black dress with a slit that kept her legs vaguely visible, as she stood at the hallway to greet guests.

Even those who were usually lukewarm toward the Lanes were now taking them seriously, since not just anyone got to book a hall at Riverton Hotel.

A balding middle-aged man strode toward Helen with a present in hand. "You really play your cards close to the chest, Ms. Lane, Could've told me sooner that you're throwing a real party here."

"Thank you, Mr. Voor, but it's all courtesy of Gerald Simmons." Helen smiled, letting slip of her family's connection with the Chief of General Affairs.

Mr. Voor became even more polite at that. "I knew you were something special, Ms. Lane—you were right to get a divorce. Just give me a shout if you want to marry again, and I promise I'll get you a young, handsome stud."

Helen smiled awkwardly. "I'll hold you to that."

"Oh, don't worry about me. I'll visit Mr. Lane now."

As the balding man headed inside the hall, Zeb soon arrived, present in hand with a big smile. His eyes lit up when he saw Helen's dress, surprised that her upkeep was so perfect—he had not noticed until now!

"Congratulations, Helen. It seems you and Gerald Simmons are close, with you getting his help to put this together," Zeb said.

He definitely underestimated Helen before—she actually knew the Chief of General Affairs! Helen smiled. "It's all thanks to you."

"Eh? Why?" Zeb asked in curiosity.

Helen said gratefully, "For talking to Mr. Simmons on my behalf, of course. My grandfather would never have had such privilege otherwise."



“Oh... Hahaha!” Zeb laughed out loud—she actually thought he did this for her? If only he had that much authority!

Still, he was not about to miss out on a chance to earn Helen’s favor. “Come on, Helen. Let’s get to know each other even better—you just need to ask if you need my help with anything.” However, Helen was staring at the elevator, and Zeb followed her gaze to find Frank stepping out with a painting.

Her expression impassive, Helen walked up and asked, “What are you doing here, Frank?”

“What, can’t I attend Gramps’ birthday party?” Frank asked flatly.

“No, that’s not what I mean...” Helen quickly threw up her hands.