

The Girlboss 381

Chapter 381

Zeb returned home late that same night and headed to his father's study.

Seeing his son, Cram put down the book he was reading and asked, "I heard Henry Lane's birthday was today. How did you do?"

"Terrible. I was humiliated." Zeb huffed. "Frank Lawrence stole my thunder—not only did the Chief of General Affairs' secretary come to see him, but all of the Turnbulls' associates were there as well, inviting Frank to visit them!"

"Fine, then put all of that behind you," Cram lectured. "Right now, you should be trying to get the Rejuvenation Pill recipe."

"I would, but Helen doesn't really trust me right now." Zeb sighed exasperatedly.

Cram mused to himself for a while and said, "Then it's time I stepped up."

Zeb quickly warned him, "Dad, you shouldn't underestimate Frank Lawrence. He's no pushover."

"Haha!" Cram laughed. "If he were really that amazing, he wouldn't be freeloading off the Lane family for three years. You just stay out of this, and think of a way to win over Helen and her money. We'll rise above once I get the recipe."

Zeb nodded right then—he would certainly like to win over Helen too.

Now, it seemed that he would have to resort to a more hands-on approach.

Early next morning, Frank had just finished washing up when he received a call from Trevor Zurich.

He had already found a completely renovated mansion near Skywater Bay for Carol that she could move into anytime.

Frank nodded in satisfaction and informed Carol about that.

After breakfast, a security guard informed Frank that a guest had arrived.

Frank was surprised—who would be visiting this early in the morning?

Still, he let them in.

It turned out to be none other than Cram, who was surprised Frank lived in such luxury.

He was even more shocked when he met Frank personally—despite Frank’s slender frame, his presence was imposing, and he was exceedingly good looking.

Perplexed to see Cram in turn, Frank nodded and asked, “To whom do I owe the pleasure?”

Cram smiled. “Cram Larkin, at your service. Your reputation precedes you, Mr. Lawrence.”

Frank frowned right then. “Larkin? Then Zeb Larkin is your...”

Cram nodded. “Zeb is my son.”

Any good opinion Frank had of the man was gone immediately, though he tried his best to be

cordial. He might hate Zeb, but he had no reason to attack a man who came in peace.

“Then tell me, Mr. Larkin... To what do I owe the pleasure?” he asked.

Cram smiled. "I've come mainly to apologize to you, since things have been unpleasant between you and my son..."

Frank raised a hand to stop him. "I'm busy, Mr. Larkin. Please cut to the chase."

"Very well. My son told me that you invented the Rejuvenation Pill," Cram said right then. And I came to ask for the recipe."

Frank's expression cooled right then. "In that case, you can leave. I'm never giving it to you."

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Cram quickly said, "Don't reject me in a hurry, Mr. Lawrence. I'm buying the recipe, not demanding it—moreover, we can keep working together in the future. Or are you intent on having Vicky Turnbull as your sugar mommy for life? Really? A man of your talents?"

Frank laughed at that.

Cram, however, thought he was on to something since Frank did not argue and quickly added, "My family is no dynasty, but if you join me, we can build an empire where we reap all the benefits!"

"That's enough." Frank raised a hand to stop him. "I'll say it one last time—I'll never give you the Rejuvenation Pill or work with you. You can leave."

Did Cram even know how influential the Turnbolls really were? Was he that stupid to believe Frank would trade the Turnbolls for him?!

Cram frowned. "This is your chance at a new lease of life, Mr. Lawrence. You'd better think about it—I'm as sincere as I can be, so don't spit on my kindness."

In Cram's mind, Frank had a lot to gain in working for him—a gigolo like him would never get a better life otherwise!

Frank laughed coldly in turn. "What if I spit on your kindness? What are you going to do about it?"

He actually thought Cram was reasonable, only for the latter to start threatening him as soon as he was refused.

It was not surprising that Zeb was Cram's son—birds of the same feather truly flocked together.

Cram narrowed his eyes and growled coolly, "Well, I can't do anything to you... would become horrible soon enough. Dealing with you couldn't be simpler."

but

your life

"Hmph."

Frank snorted in cold disdain. "Very well, I don't mind seeing what you can pull off. I'll play with you anytime you like."

With that, Frank turned and shut the door in Cram's face.

"You little—"

Cram was left pointing at the door, fuming.

He did not think he would be disrespected like this when he came to talk to Frank.

As he stormed off, he vowed to show Frank what he could do!

At the same time, Frank returned to his room.

He did not worry even when he was up against the Salazars, and he was certainly not about to worry about the Larkins now.

Right now, he had a more pressing issue, and that was to extract the Earthen Dragonheart.

He instructed Winter not to bother him for a while and to call Trevor if anything happened while he was in seclusion.

With that, he entered a sealed room and assumed a meditative pose.

Placing the Earthen Dragonheart in a cauldron, he began to direct his vigor as trained to absorb the herbal essence.

Once the essence seeped into his veins, it began to wash over Frank's meridians.

His body's abundant vigor was hence gradually refined into pure vigor, each particle slowly gathering in his solar plexus and building into a solid swirl.

His physique solidified further as he directed pure vigor through his veins just like how he was trained.

He sat like a frozen statue, only deriving endless pleasure and no pain from using pure vigor to refine his body.

A vortex seemed to build around him in that sealed room as days passed, swirling endlessly around him...

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Winter was afraid to impose as Frank stayed in seclusion.

She attended her classes as usual during the day and helped out at her mother's new snackbar whenever she had free time.

After Carol reopened her snackbar, things were once again busy whenever rush hour arrived,

A few days later, Winter was also helping out in the evening.

After helping her mother close the doors, Carol said, "You should stay the night here, Winter."

Winter shook her head. "No, I should go back to Skywater Bay. Frank is still in seclusion, and I'm not sure when he'll come out. I need to go back to check on him."

Carol smiled. "You really care a lot about him."

Winter blushed. "Stop it, Mom. Our family owes him—it's only right for me to show some care in return."

"Okay. Hurry back soon," Carol told her.

Winter nodded and rode her electric moped back to Skywater Bay.

She looked up to see the skies covered in dark clouds—it looked like it was going to rain.

She shut all the doors and windows before checking the basement as well.

However, Frank was still not out.

She could not help being curious about what training he was doing in seclusion, that he could fast for days.

Still, she did not dwell on it and returned to her bedroom, unaware that a black-clad man hid in a dark corner outside the mansion, studying the building.

Once Winter's room light was off, the black-clad man sneaked into the mansion.

He was one of Cram's goons, sent there to threaten Frank.

Naturally, he could not kill Frank before getting the recipe and would only hurt Winter!

He followed his intel and made it to Winter's room, but she was not asleep.

Thinking it was Frank when she heard footsteps, she was just about to get out of bed when she realized something was wrong

If it was Frank outside, he would not have to tip-toe!

"A thief?" she muttered in panic and picked up a photo frame from the bedside drawer.

Tiptoeing to the door and quietly opening it to a narrow slit, she gingerly looked outside... and almost felt her heart stop as she was staring into another pair of eyes!

The man was scrawny and smiling smugly.

"No!" Winter screamed as cold sweat ran down her back, the photo frame in her hand

suddenly forgotten.

She was petrified -it was a scene right out of a horror movie that she had never expected to happen to her!

And while she was stunned, the black-clad man shoved the door wide open, knocking her down to the floor in surprise.

She frantically crawled backwards while crying out, “W–Who are you?!”

The black-clad man laughed. “You must be Winter Lawrence. I’m here for you.”

With that, he whipped out a knife, brandishing it.

Anyone would be scared at the sight at the cold, gleaming edge!

“W–What do you want?” Winter gulped.

“Your dear brother didn’t want to work with my boss,” the black-clad man grinned as he strode toward Winter. “So I have to hurt you now.”

Winter scrambled to get away, but the black-clad man promptly chased her down and grabbed her by the neck.

“No!!! Let me go!!!” Winter screamed even as she struggled.

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However, Winter was too small to put up a fight, and the black-clad man smiled. “Calm down, it’s just a little mark on your face! It’d be over before you know it... But the harder you struggle, the more it’s going to hurt!”

Winter watched in tearful despair as the knife inched closer to her face.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning flashed, illuminating the room.

Bang!

At the same time, there was a loud crash downstairs, startling both Winter and the black-clad man!

“Frank! Help me!” Winter screamed on top of her lungs.

The black-clad man then felt a terrible murderous presence behind him and turned to find a figure standing there.

It was pitch-black, but the man’s eyes somehow gleamed icily.

Horried and knowing that things had gone bad, the black-clad man tried to make the first move!

Thud.

There was a dull sound, and the black-clad man froze.

He had no idea when Frank moved, but his knife was already gone.

That was not all, as his hand was cut off at the wrist too!

“Argh!!!” the black-clad man screamed as he stumbled backward. “W–Who are you?!”

Frank laughed coolly. “You came to my house without knowing who I am?”

The black-clad man blanched. “F–Frank Lawrence?! Impossible!”

His intel suggested that Frank was at best an advanced vigor wielder, but the man had just unleashed pure vigor!

That meant he was now Birthright, a rank of martial artists who could refine their vigor into pure vigor, shaping it into solid forms.

For example, they could cast a slash through thin air even when unarmed!

“Please, Mr. Lawrence! I’m begging you... I’m just under orders! I have no fight with you... J- Just let me go!”

The black-clad man was promptly on his knees, begging—he would never win against a Birthright, and he might just stand a chance if he begged!

“No chance. You tried to hurt my sister,” Frank said coldly and held his palm flat as he swiped.

The black-clad man felt himself choking as he reached up to his own throat, where blood was gushing, in panic.

He tried to speak but could not.

Soon, he collapsed on the floor, his eyes wide open as he died with much regret—he would never have taken this job if he had known that Frank was Birthright!

But it was now all too late.

Frank then took Winter out of her room and asked, “Are you hurt?”

“N-No...” Winter shook her head repeatedly, not quite recovered from her panic just yet.

“You should sleep in another room for tonight—don’t worry, everything is fine now,” Frank said calmly.

He never asked the black-clad man who sent him, but he had an idea.

And now that he had reached Birthright, he was invincible here in Riverton.

Meanwhile, every martial elite in Riverton had rushed out of their room, all of them staring fixedly at the sky as the downpour left them soaked through.

As Kenny Sparks stood on his house's balcony, his wife quickly brought him an umbrella. "What are you doing, standing here instead of staying in bed this late at night?"

Kenny was still staring blankly at the skies. "Someone in Riverton has just reached Birthright."

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"Birthright?"

Kenny's wife stared at her husband in confusion.

She did not know much about martial arts, only that her husband had reached the pinnacle in wielding vigor.

That fact alone allowed him to stand as chief of an entire marital sect.

How much stronger would that other person be if they reached the Birthright rank?

Kenny nodded. "Look at the skies. It seems that with the new Birthright rank, the tides will change in Riverton."

Kim White also heard the thunder outside her home.

She stepped out of her room in her pajamas and soon found her father staring at the skies from behind the door.

Seeing her, he smiled. "Why are you up this late, Kim?"

"I thought I heard thunder... It woke me up," Kim replied quietly.

Eron nodded. "It's not your ordinary thunder either. Someone has just reached the Birthright rank."

"Birthright rank? Is that really strong?" Kim asked in curiosity.

"Of course. Even Kuno Yaffe only reached the pinnacle in wielding vigor." Eron sighed. "I wonder who it could be... It'd be great if they could be our ally."

Eron had naturally learned about the fall of Flying Sword Sect.

He had no idea who it was but was at once shocked and afraid.

In the case of the latter, he was scared of Flying Sword Sect's enemies coming for him. In fact, he was still on edge even after days went by, and no one ever came.

But if they could have a Birthright rank individual as an ally... they would have nothing to fear!

Kim asked softly just then, "Could it be Frank Lawrence?"

She had seen him in action and knew that he was really strong.

Eron simply laughed at her, shaking his head. "You're being naive now, Kim. Birthright rank individuals have to be trained for decades, but Frank isn't even thirty. It's not even guaranteed that he can reach it in life."

Unbeknownst to him, Frank had already reached Birthright rank three years ago.

“Oh...” Kim murmured, a little disappointed just then.

Aside from the Spark clan and the White family, the martial elites of other major families were also outside their homes as well...

Early next morning, Cram was feeling proud of himself, convinced that Frank would quietly take his offer for a partnership after his show of force.

Calling the man himself, he asked, “Things weren’t peaceful last night, were they, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank frowned as he asked icily, “You were the one who sent the hitman?”

“No, you misunderstand, Mr. Lawrence.” Cram simply smiled. “He wasn’t a hitman—he’s just a messenger, there to deliver my threat. You should really consider working with me, or I can’t promise your family’s safety soon.”

“Well done—you’ve successfully provoked me,” Frank said quietly. “Know this: if I see you apologizing on your knees before sundown, I just might let you live.”

“You can ”

Cram was just going to start snapping, but Frank had already hung up.

“He’s really too much!” Cram snorted.

Meanwhile, Frank called Trevor as soon as he hung up. “Trevor.” “Yes, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank said icily, "Give the order to boycott the Larkins."

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence," Trevor replied without hesitation.

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Meanwhile, Zeb entered his father's room and asked, "How did it go, Dad? Is Frank giving up the Rejuvenation Pill recipe yet?"

Cram slammed his palm on the table as he spat furiously, "He told me to get down on my knees and apologize! He's really full of it!"

Zeb narrowed his eyes. "In that case, let's just kidnap Helen. I can see that Frank is still attached to her, and it'll all be worth it when he hands over the recipe when we threaten her."

Cram thought about it and nodded. "Guess it's our only way. Frank Lawrence only has himself to blame for not knowing his place."

Zeb nodded and was just getting started when the phone in the study rang.

Cram answered it and was immediately deafened by the caller's screams, "What's wrong with you, Cram Larkin?! How dare you challenge Mr. Lawrence?! Understand this—we never knew each other! And don't try to call me ever again!"

Utterly befuddled, Cram asked, "What? What are you talking about, Mr. Zims?"

However, Mr. Zims hung up even before Cram could finish his question.

More calls soon followed the first, and every caller's purpose was the same: to cut ties with the Larkins!

Cram was left dumbfounded at the turn of events, until another call came—this time from Jackie, who hailed from the same hometown as Cram.

The man was sighing. “Look, Cram... I think we should just give up on the investment we agreed upon before and try not to cross paths from now on.”

“Please, Jackie!” Cram cried as if he was hanging on for dear life. “W—What’s happening here? Are you being threatened? Why is everyone suddenly boycotting me?”

“Well, I guess I can tell you since we go way back... It’s the CEO of Trevor International. He declared that anyone who is a friend to you is an enemy of Trevor International.”

Cram was dumbfounded. “Trevor International?! I never did anything to them!”

“No, you

didn’t—but you did something to Mr. Lawrence.”

“Mr. Lawrence? Who?”

“I’m not sure, but Trevor really admires the man and wouldn’t even mention his full name.”

Sighing again, Jackie finished, “Okay, that’s all I’ll say. Just watch your back from now on.” And with that, he hung up.

Cram was left staring into thin air in disbelief.

When did he ever mess with anyone named Lawrence... Wait, did Jackie mean Frank Lawrence?

It was hard to believe, but it was the likeliest case.

At the same time, Zeb was still staring at Cram in confusion. “Dad, what’s wrong?”

“Don’t kidnap Helen for now,” Cram quickly said.

“Why?” Zeb was puzzled.

“Look, Frank is more than what he seemed—I’m going to see him now. Don’t do anything until I come back.”

If Trevor really did call for a boycott on his family, all their plans against Frank must be put to a stop!

While Cram quickly got dressed and hurried to Skywater Bay without delay, Zeb remained utterly confused.

All he could think was that his dad was too easily spooked—it was just Frank, so what was there to be scared of?

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Leaving home, Zeb drove straight to Helen’s office and greeted her once she stepped outside the building.

“Hey, Helen.” He smiled.

“What are you doing here, Mr. Larkin?” Helen stared at him in surprise.

“Was just missing you. You didn’t have lunch, right? There’s a new restaurant nearby –why don’t we go try it?” he offered with a cordial look.

Helen thought about it and nodded—she was just going to eat anyway, and there was no reason to refuse.

They soon arrived at the restaurant, with Zeb enthusiastically making the orders before smiling, “What do you think we should drink?”

Helen shook her head. “I’ll pass on the alcohol—I still have work to do.”

Zeb gave up, and after dining for a while, he cut to the chase. “It’s been years, Helen. I’m sure you know how I feel about you. I came back to the country as soon as I heard about your divorce, and I never got married because you’re the only one for me.”

Helen stiffened and leveled him a weird-out look. “Why are you suddenly telling me this?”

“Don’t you see how I feel about you, Helen?” Zeb asked earnestly.

Helen pursed her lips awkwardly. “I understand, but I can’t accept it.”

“Why?” Zeb asked in confusion.

Helen smiled and sighed. “I won’t lie—I may have divorced Frank, but he’s still the one in my heart. I might even say he never left.”

Zeb pursed his lips grumpily. “Why? What’s good about him? Frank doesn’t deserve a strong and independent lady like you.”

Helen lowered her head shyly as she smiled blissfully. “Well, it’s true I didn’t want to go along when my grandfather arranged our marriage. But since we’ve been married, he always respected me, never straying out of line... it’s as if we’re more friends than spouses. I don’t know when I fell in love myself, but I felt regret when I divorced him.”

She never knew she loved him either, but she had come to realize it was always Frank who came to save her whenever she was in danger.

Moreover, Frank would face everything alone, even when he was misblamed.

She really owed him too much

Zeb was left gritting his teeth. "Can't you consider me,

me, Helen?"

Helen shook her head right away. "We're just friends, Mr. Larkin. I've never thought of you romantically. I apologize if I have misled you in any way."

Zeb inhaled deeply, his eyes flashing viciously as he picked up a bottle. "Very well. We're still friends."

While pouring Helen a drink, he slipped a pill into her glass without her noticing.

Helen was actually surprised Zeb was being understanding enough today and drank from her cup without thinking.

After they finished their food, Helen slipped on her jacket. "Thanks for the lunch, Mr. Larkin. The next meal's on me."

Zeb nodded in silence and watched as she stood up. Helen wobbled right then, as she felt lightheaded.

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Helen thought that she stood up too quickly and was going to reach for the wall, only to fall backward on the floor.

"What..."

Helen tried to call for help but realized she could not speak!

Zeb moved on top of her and smiled. "Oh, Helen—you shouldn't drink if you're bad with alcohol. Come, let's get you home."

Helen's eyes widened in disbelief as she glared at him, knowing that he had drugged her.

Her mind was clear, but her body simply refused to move!

At the same time, Zeb carried Helen out of the restaurant, as the waitresses looked on with smiles, and threw her in the backseat.

Helen kept looking around and tried to shout, but she—could not do anything.

That was when she spotted her own phone in her purse and pushed her hand as much as possible!

It felt as heavy as lead, but she refused to give up. After all, she had no idea where Zeb would take her or what he would do to her!

Luckily, she managed to make an emergency call with all her strength, and her emergency contact was none other than Frank!

Meanwhile, Cram was visiting Skywater Bay once again.

He pressed on the doorbell, and the door quickly opened—Frank was expecting him.

"Did you come to apologize?" Frank asked.

Cram licked his lips as he leveled Frank a look of embarrassment. "I'd just like to ask... What's your connection to Trevor Zurich?"

Frank laughed coldly. “What, did everyone boycott you or something?”

Cram paled.

The fact that Frank knew meant that he was the same Mr. Lawrence whom Trevor mentioned!

Dropping to his knees right then, Cram cried, “I’m so sorry about everything! Forgive my ignorance and forgive me this one time! I promised we won’t harass you or your friends in any way!”

Cram was born a commoner. Having none of the pride of dynastic heirs, he certainly knew when to give in.

As the saying goes, noble is the man who knows when to yield.

Moreover, it was stupid to squander money over honor anyway.

Frank laughed out loud—the man was really adaptable. “I’m surprised that you can really

kneel when you have to.”

“Haha! You’re so funny, Mr. Lawrence,” Cram chuckled.

That was when Frank glanced at Winter, who stood nearby. “But you shouldn’t be apologizing to me. You should be apologizing to her.”

“I’m really sorry, Ms. Lawrence. Do forgive me for my mistake.” Cram quickly kowtowed to Winter with the same somberness.

Winter gulped—she had never been in such a situation. “Y–You should get up...”

“I won’t until you forgive me, Ms. Lawrence.”

“Alright, I forgive you, okay?” Winter quickly said.

“Thank you, Ms. Lawrence.” Cram smiled as he stood up. “About the boycott, Mr. Lawrence...”

Frank nodded. “I’ll give you one chance since you’re so sincere.”

That was when his phone started ringing...

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Frank answered Helen’s call on reflex, but he could only hear Zeb who was busy driving and did not see what Helen did.

Laughing smugly, he gloated, “Stop struggling, Helen. I spent big bucks on that drug—you’d be wide awake, but you just can’t move. After all, I’m going to show you what it means to have a good time as a woman. I mean, rumor has it that you never did it with Frank... is he impotent or something? Hahaha!”

Frank was left incensed by that unruly laughter and sprang to his feet as he bellowed, “I’ll kill you, Zeb Larkin!”

Zeb never heard him, though Cram was left stupefied as he sat opposite Frank. “What happened, Mr. Lawrence?” he asked, not sure what got into him.

Frank leveled a sharp glare at Cram and kicked him in the chest, sending him flying!

“Oof... Bleurgh!” Cram screamed and coughed a mouthful of blood while his chest burned! Frank charged out of the mansion too, pointing at Cram as he bellowed, “Your son has the balls to abduct Helen Lane! If anything happens to her, your whole family will be dead!” With that, he sped out of Skywater Bay while barking orders at Trevor to track Helen’s phone. Cram was left on the floor, never expecting his own son to be so bold.

That idiot! He had told Zeb to wait until he came back!

Meanwhile, Zeb carried Helen to a hotel room and threw her on the bed.

The drug on Helen was starting to wear off, but she could only talk.

“Are you crazy, Zeb? What do you think you’re doing?”

“What am I doing?” Zeb chuckled as he took off his suit and tie. “You, of course.”

Helen stared at him in fear. “Just calm down... I can give you money, however much We’re friends, aren’t we? How could you do this to me?”

you want!

Zeb pursed his lips. “Now we’re friends? I’ve been slaving myself to you every day, but you didn’t even take me seriously! How am I not better than Frank? No, I’ll seal the deal right now -don’t you ever play the chaste maiden around me from now on!”

“What...”

Helen did not expect him to be that terrible.

At the same time, Zeb took off his clothes and turned on his phone’s video function, leveling the lens at Helen while grinning smugly. “Since Frank Lawrence cares so much about you, he’d be satisfied with exchanging the Rejuvenation Pill recipe for this video. If he still refuses, the video will go viral across Riverton!”

“You’re scum,

Zeb!”

“Oh, it only gets worse from here.” Zeb snorted and gleefully reached for her clothes.

Tears welled up in her eyes—she could not move, and could only watch as his hands inched closer, praying that someone would save her..

Bang!

The hotel room door was suddenly struck deafeningly, causing both of them to jump!

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Zeb turned to see that the center of the door suddenly had a huge dent on it!

The door was solid wood! How powerful was the man to have kicked it into that shape?! There was another bang, and the door collapsed heavily on the floor as Frank entered!

Helen was rejoicing as soon as she saw him. “Frank, help...”

“You’re ruining my plans again!” Zeb growled through his teeth.

He already had enough of Frank. It was time he finished this!

Frank snapped in turn, “I was going to spare you, Zeb Larkin, but you had to keep digging a bigger hole for yourself. Enough is enough.”

He could tolerate Zeb joining the Zondas to mock him in public, but he would not abide with him going after Helen.

“Fuck off!” Zeb whipped out a pocket knife and stabbed it at Frank, having never seen him fight or care that he could.

“Frank!!!” Helen screamed on top of his lungs as Zeb’s knife almost reached Frank!

Clang.

“What the...?”

Suddenly, Zeb’s knife broke.

He stared at it—it was not some cheap knife, so how could it break even before he stabbed Frank with it?

He certainly had no idea that Frank had already released a burst of his pure vigor to break the knife.

Then, he raised his hand, leaving such a violent shockwave that Zeb could not even open his

eyes.

All he could feel was the agony on his face, just before he felt himself flying!

Crash!

He saw stars as he hit the wall, but he soon scrambled to his feet.

He now knew how horrible Frank could be just for one slap!

“Fuck you! Just you wait!” he snapped at Frank defiantly, not stopping for his clothes as he fled.

Frank was about to go for the kill, but Helen shouted at him, "Frank! Please!"

He turned toward her. Seeing that she was not moving, he quickly asked, "What happened to you?"

"Zeb drugged me..."

Frank did a double take and quickly picked up her wrist to examine her.

"Don't worry, it's just a paralytic agent. One needle and you'd be fine." Helen nodded repeatedly, while Frank inserted a needle under her navel. Helen immediately felt the sting, just as all her senses in her limbs returned.

She quickly threw her arms around Frank, her tears gushing uncontrollably, "I was so scared, Frank..."

Frank stiffened, his arms dangling awkwardly before patting her gently on the shoulder. "It's alright. Everything is fine now..."

Helen then leveled a loving look at him, but before she could speak, Gina charged into the room with Peter in tow.

Seeing that Helen's clothes were a mess and Frank standing with her, she immediately bellowed, "Frank Lawrence! What did you do to my daughter?!"

Frank frowned. "Nothing."

"Shut up!" Peter bellowed at him. "Then who did that to my sister's clothes? Do you see anyone else here?!"