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Frank took a cab to Turnbull Villa right away, where Vicky and Walter were present, along with a beautiful woman and a burly man who looked like a bodyguard.

Walter was the first to greet Frank. "Welcome, Mr. Lawrence."

"Mr. Turnbull." Frank nodded.

On the other hand, Vicky stayed seated beside the woman, appearing tame and disciplined.

Just then, the woman asked, "You're Frank Lawrence?"

There was a hint of disdain in her eyes.

Frank frowned slightly but replied. "And you are...?"

Before Vicky could speak, the woman introduced herself. "Susan Redford. I'm Vicky's mother."

"So you are Mrs. Turnbull. Pleasure to meet you," Frank nodded, surprised that Vicky's mother carried such a presence.

So one could tell that she was an heiress herself, though strategic marriages were probably normal for dynasties like the Turnbolls.

Susan was studying Frank in turn. "My daughter told me you're extraordinary in medicine and martial arts?"

"My knowledge is superficial. I hardly hold my own," Frank replied humbly.

"You're not giving yourself due credit. I just happen to have a martial elite with me, so why don't you spar with him?"

At Susan's words, the burly man behind strode up to Frank immediately, not even hiding the contempt in his eyes.

Vicky sprang to her feet right then. "That's out of line. Frank saved me—is this how you treat him?"

Walter also reasoned, "That's right. Cliff Dixon is pawnarch—tier. This is basically bullying!"

Frank smiled too. "I'm just here to get the wonderroot. I'd rather not fight."

Nonetheless, Susan picked up the velvet box on the table and brandished it at him. "Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence—our word is golden, and you'll have the wonderroot no matter the outcome. novelbin

Frank shrugged. "You mean I'm not taking it away unless I fight?"

Susan nodded with a smile.

Beside her, Cliff said, "I can fight you with one hand if you're scared, kid."

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Frank simply kept quiet, so Cliff added, "Fine. If you survive three hits from me, it's your win."

Even so, Vicky kept reasoning, "Mom, Frank and I are just friends. Please don't harass him."

"Silence. This is none of your business," Susan snapped, her tone clearly permitting no refusal.

Right then, Cliff barked, "I'll consider you accept it since you still won't talk!"

With those words, he lunged at Frank, his hands outstretched, ready to catch Frank's shoulder, when Frank moved his feet, leaping backward.

Cliff continued unleashing his technique with deadly force, but Frank simply dodged, refusing to fight.

"Is running all you can do, kid?!" Cliff bellowed, but Frank remained silent.

It only spurred Cliff to get more violent with him, and Frank was soon cornered against the wall. Seizing his chance, Cliff launched a fist right at Frank's face!

With nowhere to dodge, Frank swung his palm, brushing against his collar and knocking off the button!

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It happened in a split second, and Frank presumed that Cliff would concede.

After all, they were just sparring, and Frank had no reason to murder a bodyguard of the Turnbulls.

To his surprise, however, Cliff never sensed a thing and kept attacking him!

“Stop!” Vicky shouted at that very moment. “That’s more than three! Frank won!”

Cliff stopped in turn.

His boss only told him to threaten the kid—he had enough self-control to not kill Frank.

He quietly backed away. Then, straightening his clothes, he suddenly realized that his collar button was gone and swore under his breath, “Shit, where did it go?”

At the same time, Vicky turned to her mother. “Frank can take the wonderroot now, right?”

Susan nodded. “Yes. Also, I’ll be leaving soon—Cliff will stay as your bodyguard.”

“My bodyguard? That’s unnecessary—Frank is my personal bodyguard.” Vicky refused right away, wrapping her hands around his arm. “And there’s still

Yara, who is the daughter of the governor. You really don't have to worry about my safety."

Frank was left speechless. When did he agree to become her bodyguard?

On the other hand, Susan frowned as well and growled, "I'm warning you, Vicky—you're engaged."

Vicky's expression turned cool in turn. "You don't have to remind me. Frank and I are going to Verdant Hotel now."

Walter watched as she left with Frank and breathed a long sigh of relief before turning toward his wife. "Did you really have to go that far? Vicky's a big girl now she knows what she's doing."

Susan wheeled on him right then, glaring, "Go that far? Did you know how hard I fought to arrange Vicky's marriage with the Lionhearts' heir? If not for me, you'd have no place in the family at all!"

Walter sighed. "Can we not talk about such unpleasant matters just for today?"

Susan folded her arms before her chest. "Fine. But you'd better keep an eye on Vicky and Frank Lawrence. If the Lionheart boy knows that Frank Lawrence has seen Vicky naked, who knows what he's going to do."

"Yeah, yeah," Walter replied, wiping the sweat off his brow.

He was scared of his overbearing wife to an extent, but she still respected her.

It was true that he had not much influence in his own family and relied on her over the years. novelbin

Meanwhile, Vicky was apologetic as she drove Frank home. "Sorry about what happened back there. I

didn't think my mother would go that far."

Frank shook his head. "It's fine. It's no skin off my back."

The wonderroot was what he cared about most at the moment, and nothing else mattered.

Vicky was relieved inwardly as she found no hint of anger on his face. "Actually, I need talent such as yourself, Mr. Lawrence. Would you be interested to work with me? I'll pay you a hundred grand per month and some of my shares. We will be equals."

Frank smiled. "Your mother's always threatening me to keep my distance, but you'd still drag me with you? It's almost like you'd rather I die quicker!"

Vicky gave him a look. "You're such a comedian, Mr. Lawrence. You're actually afraid of my mother instead of Leo Grayson?"

Frank snorted. "Just forget it. I'm bad with making money, and I have no interest in it.

"Are you really not curious about what my new company will be doing?" Vicky asked.

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"What is that?" Frank asked in curiosity. novelbin

Vicky leveled a mysterious gaze on him. "It's a pharmaceutical company. You can better harvest the rare medicinal ingredients from across the world if you join us—in fact, I'm doing this for you!"

"Haha..." Frank chuckled -he had just met her days ago, and he really doubted Vicky would go that far for him. "Let's just be honest, alright? What is it that you want?"

While he was interested in such a company, Frank knew that nothing was free in this world. This was a give and take, and there must be a catch.

Vicky smiled. "I want you to be my boyfriend."

"What?" Frank appeared stupefied—he did not want to make enemies for no reason, especially since she was already engaged.

Vicky giggled when she saw that it was a no. "I'm just kidding. Anyway, my side of the family has been eager to expand our medicinal business into

Middleton. I've always been in charge of that, but I also know my uncle's side of the family would definitely send someone over to meddle. I don't want that I'd rather have full control over the company's development, so I want you as my chief consultant."

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Sitting beside her, Frank rubbed his chin and thought about the viability.

He was silent for a while, so Vicky added, "You don't have to give me an answer right away. Take your time to think about it... Although I'd still like you to join us. There's money and medicinal ingredients you can take without charge. It's good for you too."

Frank nodded. "I do need to think about this."

Vicky went home after sending Frank back to Verdant Hotel.

Over the next few days, Frank stayed in his penthouse suite to refine the wonderroot's medicinal properties into a pill for consumption.

He was extensively injured following the battle at the North Sea three years ago. Though he had recovered from most of his ailments, his strength had dropped drastically.

But now, he had obtained one of the Five Elemental Wonders in the wonderroot, which was the fire- element medicinal ingredient.

As his internal energies flowed freely within his body, it absorbed the medicinal energy almost violently and revitalized his nerves and veins.

His aura released in an instant, shattering a vase in the distance.

Such was the strength of those who reached the pinnacle of martial arts.

Meanwhile, Helen was very busy at Lane Holdings, with stacks of documents on her desk, waiting to be reviewed and tamped.

Suddenly, she received a phone call—Henry was suddenly sick.

Her face fell, and she ignored everything and hurried home after giving her secretary instructions on what to do.

Most of the family were back as well, and the instant Helen arrived, she saw her mother and asked, "How's grandfather?"

Gina shook her head. "It doesn't look good."

"How did this happen?" Helen demanded. "He was just fine before!"

"How should I know?" Gina shrugged. "Just go in and see him one last time."

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Helen did not dawdle and hurried to Henry's room.

The room with antique furnishings was now swirling with the scent of medicine, with various emergency medical equipment brought into the room.

Two nurses were working busily, and Helen ran up to Henry to find him on his last legs.

"Grandpa..." she murmured miserably.

"Frank? I—Is that you?" Henry slowly opened his eyes, thinking she was Frank.

"It's me, Helen," Helen quickly said.

"Helen?" Henry appeared surprised and mustered his spirit to continue, "You're here? Where's Frank? Why isn't he here with you..."

"Grandpa, we're already divorced," Helen said awkwardly. "He's not coming."

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Henry's breathing turned ragged and his tone became urgent. "Helen... You shouldn't have divorced Frank... You shouldn't..."

His reaction shocked Helen. "Please, Grandfather. You're scaring me... calm down!"

The nurse nearby sighed just then. "He's been calling the name Frank Lawrence a thousand times over, unable to eat or sleep."

Helen pursed her lips—she knew her grandfather could never accept her divorcing Frank.novelbin

And now, he was sick because of that!

Henry grasped Helen's arm just then. "Helen... I want to see Frank one last time. There's things I have to tell him... He just might take care of the family out of respect for me.

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Helen got frustrated right then—she was already thoroughly disappointed with Frank after what had happened at Skymex Club.

"No, Grandfather," she said. "We don't need Frank—why do you keep obsessing over him?"

Henry said feebly nonetheless, "I'm begging you, please..."

"What are you saying?!" Helen was speechless—it was as if she was abusing him!

However, seeing his yearning gaze, she knew that he might die with regrets if she did not say yes, and so nodded since she had no choice. "Fine, I'll call him."

Frank was surprised to get a call from Helen, though he did not hesitate to rush over the instant he heard that Henry was sick.

After assuring Henry of that, Helen quietly left his room.

Seeing her, Gina promptly asked, "Helen, has your grandfather said anything?"

"Yeah, who's getting this house?"

"And what about the rest of his belongings?"

Helen shot a cool glare at the relatives who kept trying to get a word in and snapped, "He wants to see Frank. He said nothing else."

"What?!" Gina exclaimed. "Why would he want to see that lowlife?!"

“Yeah! He knows you’ve divorced him, doesn’t he?” Peter echoed, utterly upset at the mention of Frank.

“It’s Grandfather’s request. Why don’t you take it up with him?” Helen replied bluntly.

Gina frowned just then. “But I called Mr. Wesley. If Frank comes, he might get the wrong idea!” Helen did a double take and demanded, “Why did you tell Sean to come?!”

Gina did not think she did anything wrong, however. “What? The old man is sick—we should at least call him.”

“This is a family issue. Can’t you keep others out of this?” Helen retorted, feeling a pain right then.

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Gina absolutely disagreed. “What do you mean by others? Mr. Wesley has helped us so much!”

Peter agreed. “From where I’m standing, he would be better as my brother-in-law than Frank.” “Just shut it,” Helen shot him a glare and refused to say anything further.

Frank arrived in an hour, but no one greeted him since he amounted much less than a son-in-law.

Only Helen did, although she too had opinions against him because of what happened before. “Hey.” Frank asked right away, “How’s Gramps?”

“It doesn’t look good.”

Frank nodded. “I’ll see him.”

With that, he walked past the crowd and made a beeline for Henry’s room.
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“How are you, Gramps?” he asked when he saw Henry.

The man had been waiting and promptly looked up at Frank's familiar voice. "You're really here, Frank."

Frank held his hand while taking his pulse. "Yes, I am."

Henry was in turn calmer when he saw Frank. "My family has wronged you, Frank..."

Frank shook his head and assured him, "You'll be fine as long as I'm around. Don't worry."

The old man only had a heart issue, and with Frank himself reaching the pinnacle of his internal energies, treating him was no issue.

However, Henry held his hand with a vice-like grip as he shook his head, pleading, "Please, Frank... It's our misfortune that we can't have you stay, but I'm begging you—Helen is too young, and there are things beyond her control. If you really care about me, promise me to help my family if they're facing trouble."

Even if he had long since retired from the company's development, he had and eyes were clear as day.

He knows Helen depth after watching her grow up—Lane Holdings had already reached the extent of their potential. If there was danger, they still had to rely on Frank!

"Don't worry, Gramps. If your family were in trouble, I won't ignore it," Frank said, unable to turn down Henry with those pleading eyes.

He had come to the Lanes with nothing except a sheet of paper—a proof of betrothal. Everyone in the family protested, but Henry shut them all down and had Helen marry him while doting on him like a grandson.

Even if he was not doing it for the Lanes, Frank could not say no to Henry.

Seeing that Frank was saying yes, Henry smiled happily and gently clapped him on the shoulder. "I can rest easy since you said that."

This was insurance—with a trump card like Frank Lawrence, he was relieved.

He was a true parent to the end. Even on his deathbed, he was planning for the Lanes' future.

“What are you saying, Gramps?” Frank quickly corrected him. “You will be fine as long as I’m around -I just took your pulse. You merely suffer from vein blockage, a trifle that I can fix in an instant.”

“Oh... Okay... I trust you,” Henry nodded repeatedly, feeling a good mood just then.

He was not actually concerned about staying alive. It would be fine if he lived, but there was nothing wrong if he did not.

Frank pressed a hand on his chest, intending to clear the blockage -he did not need needles as his internal strength had been restored.

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Suddenly, the door opened, and Gina and the rest of the family rushed inside.

The instant she saw Frank holding a hand on Henry, she promptly rushed up to stop him. “What are you doing?!”

Frank frowned. “I’m treating him.”

“Treating him?!” Gina glowered in contempt, shoving Frank off. “A lowlife like you? Buzz off!”

“What...” Frank was speechless.

Henry frowned in turn. “Frank is helping me.

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“What would he know?” Gina snorted. “You have nothing to worry about now. Sean Wesley spent a fortune to buy a super pill when he heard what happened.”

Henry growled through his teeth. “I don’t need that. Tell him to leave.”

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“What are you saying? Mr. Wesley has helped us so much and he’s interested in Helen,” Gina said smugly. “He’ll soon marry her too.” novelbin

“What...”

Henry fainted at Gina’s words, leaving everyone shocked!

“Grandfather...”

“Move.” Frank shoved his way forward, intent on helping Henry.

“No, you move!” Gina snapped right then, “Who do you think you are, telling me to move?! Do you still think you’re my son-in-law?!”

“I’m going to help Gramps.” Frank glared at her.

“We don’t need your help,” Gina rolled her eyes at him.

Sean entered just then, and Gina was promptly delighted. “Oh, Mr. Wesley. You said you have a wonder pill that could treat Henry, right?”

Sean calmly took out a box. “Don’t worry. I heard what happened, so I bought two Ichor Pills before I came.”

Frank froze when he heard that.

Ichor Pills? There was someone other than him in Riverton who could actually make it?!

Just then, Peter asked in curiosity, “Ichor Pills? What are they?”

Sean smiled confidently. “You probably aren’t aware, but just days ago, Gerald Simmons had consulted a great man and asked for these pills. He recovered in just a day after taking those pills.

“Woah... You mean, the man we met at Verdant Hotel the other day?” Gina quickly asked.

Sean nodded.

“Gosh, doesn’t that mean those pills are worth a fortune?” Peter added.

Sean waved her off nonchalantly. “Tidus Simmons and I are good friends. Asking for two pills for your grandfather is nothing.”

“Oh, you’re amazing, actually getting a word in with Tidus Simmons!” Gina was utterly impressed and turned toward the other relatives smugly, as if to brag about her son-in-law.

However, Helen was doubtful. “A tiny pill like this cured Gerald Simmons?”

“Of course. We just didn’t see it, but it’s an undeniable fact that Mr. Simmons recovered,” Sean said seriously and turned toward Gina. “Please help Mr. Lane take this, ma’am.

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Gina nodded repeatedly—once they made Henry get better, the family would be in their debt!

As Gina hurried to Henry with the pill, Frank barked, “Hold it!”

“What?!” Gina snapped, wheeling on him. “What else do you want?!” “That’s not an Ichor Pill.”

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Sean’s heart skipped a beat.

In reality, he had only heard about the Ichor Pill while having a drink with Tidus yesterday—there were none left aside from the one Gerald consumed.

When he heard Henry was sick, he simply bought some vitamin pills that would not help at all. He disguised them as the Ichor Pills, since the vitamin pills were harmless. novelbin

It was his contribution if Henry recovered, while if Henry did not, his time was simply up.

Sean certainly did not expect Frank to say that it was fake directly!

However, before he could speak, Gina was already snapping, “Shut up! Are you doubting Mr. Wesley? Do you even know a thing about medicine?!”

Beside her, Peter was glaring at him in contempt. “That’s right. What gives you the right to doubt Mr. Wesley?”

Haha!

Sean was absolutely thrilled—with the Lanes around, he did not even have to come up with an excuse! Frank glared at them in turn. “I won’t waste my breath with you. Right now, I want to save Gramps.” However, Peter and Gina were standing in his way, refusing to let him near.

Gina even snorted, “I think you’re trying to kill the old man here.”

Exasperated, Frank turned toward Helen. “Helen, let me help Gramps.”

Helen hesitated for a while and shook her head. “Feed Grandpa the pill, Mom.”

Frank was stunned.

He thought Helen was able to show judgment when push came to shove, or he would not have done his best to support Lane Holdings in the three years he was married to her.

To think that she would rather trust someone else...

“No matter how lacking I’ve been, do you have to doubt me?” he growled.

“I’m just choosing rationally,” Helen replied flatly.

Frank had no choice—Helen was already upset with him after what had happened before.

However, even if he could not say anything, he could not just let Henry die either.

While Gina fed Henry the pill, he angled himself away from Peter and Gina, flicking his fingers to direct his aura into Henry’s chest.

It was a tiny movement that no one noticed.

Henry had a heart condition. Even if Gina gave him a heart attack just now, he just needed to clear his vein blockage.

He had agreed to the old man’s request, after all.

On the other hand, after Gina fed Henry the pill, she turned to Sean. “When will he recover, Mr. Wesley?”

“I—I’m not sure,” Sean replied, scratching his head awkwardly. “In probably less than a day.”

Gina and the rest did not doubt him at all.

However, after Frank shot his aura into Henry, it cleared any vein blockage within fifteen minutes.

He suddenly jolted awake and coughed out a mouthful of blood, leaving everyone pale in shock. “Grandfather!”

“Father...”

‘Are you alright?’

Henry waved them off, while color returned to his cheeks and his heart pumped steadily. “It’s fine. My chest felt stuffy before, but it’s fine after I coughed everything out.”

The nurse promptly checked Henry and found in disbelief that all his symptoms were gone.

“Wow! Mr. Wesley, the Ichor Pill was simply amazing!” Gina exclaimed as she turned toward Sean in delight.

The old man recovered in no time at all after she fed him the pill—it was no exaggeration to call it divine!

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Even Helen was looking at Sean in astonishment.

The man himself actually felt a little embarrassed as he was caught in disbelief—did he somehow end up buying the real Ichor Pill?

Maybe he should buy more later and stockpile it...

“Haha! As long as Henry’s fine.” Gina laughed before shooting Frank a look. “See? Weren’t you calling the Ichor Pill a fake just now? What do you have to say now that Henry’s fine?”

Peter joined in without qualms. “Come on, Mom. You really think he’s some miracle healer or something?”

Frank rolled his eyes.

He was not bothered to explain—they would not believe anything he said now anyway, even if the

reason Henry recovered was not because of the fake pills.

When he turned to leave, however, Henry promptly stopped him. “Where are you going, Frank? You can at least stay for dinner...”

Frank flashed a pained smile. “I’ll pass. I have to go now—I’m busy.”

“No.” The old man did not want him to leave at all and tried his best to keep him. “You saved my life. Helen, you should thank Frank.”

“Haha!” Gina laughed so hard she was clutching her stomach. “Henry, Mr. Wesley saved you, not that

lowlife.”

Then, giving her daughter a nudge, she said, “Heard what your grandfather said? You have to thank Mr. Wesley properly now.”

Peter nodded repeatedly beside Gina. “Yeah, Grandpa—it’s because of Mr. Wesley’s Ichor Pill that you

recovered.”

Henry turned in disbelief toward Frank, who said nothing and left Laneville quietly.

Eager to have Sean get to know the family, Gina said, “Mr. Wesley, you should stay for dinner.”

She believed that once Henry saw how great Sean was, he would forget about Frank soon enough!

However, Henry was suddenly cool and lay back in bed, growling, "I'm not feeling an appetite, so there won't be dinner. All of you go home." novelbin

"What... Henry, Mr. Wesley is a guest. You can't treat him like this," Gina whispered through clenched teeth in embarrassment. "He saved your life!"

Henry snorted in disdain. "It's just a pill. How much is it? I'll pay."

Sean's eyes flashed coldly for a split second, but he was soon smiling. "It's no issue, sir. It's my gift to

you I won't ask for money. Since you're not in the mood, I won't impose either."

As he turned to leave, his expression turned cold again.

How dare that geezer belittle him! He would make Henry wish he were dead one day!

Gina could certainly sense his anger, but Sean was gone before she could give chase...

After leaving Laneville, Frank was sitting by the road and waiting for a ride when Sean stopped his Mercedes beside him.

He slowly wound down his window with a smile of contempt. "Where to, Mr. Lawrence? Want a lift?" "Save it," Frank growled, shaking his head.

Sean laughed coolly. "Calm down, kiddo. You're invited to my wedding with Helen when it happens." "That's not going to happen," Frank said bluntly.

Sean got down from his car right then and glared at him. "The reason you're not getting a beating is because I respect Helen. Did you think I'm afraid of you?"

Frank shrugged. "What, do you want a fight?"

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As things tensed up between Sean and Frank, Frank's cab arrived.

Sean did not make a move and smiled instead. “Be careful when you walk the streets at night, kiddo.”

Frank snorted in disdain. “I could say the same about you.”

“Fuck you,” Sean cursed as he drove off.

Meanwhile, Henry completely ignored Gina and the rest after Frank left.

Gina approached Helen just then, “Dear, wasn’t Big Bright’s Lyndon McCoy sick too?”

Helen nodded. “Yeah. What about it?”

Big Bright was a distributor of construction materials, and Lane Holdings was always buying from them with reasonable prices. Moreover, Lyndon was known to be a loyal, honest man.

Gina quickly said, “Since Mr. Wesley brought two Ichor Pills, there’s one left... Don’t you think the McCoys would be indebted to you if you helped Lyndon? Bargaining would be so much easier after that!”

Helen became pensive—her mother actually made sense.

With the West City project commencing soon, Lane Holdings would need a huge supply of construction materials, but they weren’t exactly rich.

As such, there was no harm in giving Lyndon the Ichor Pill if it would persuade him to offer some rebate!

She nodded slowly. “You’re right. I should visit the McCoys when I have the time...”

“No—you should do it right now,” Gina urged. “I’ll come with you too.”

Helen did not turn her away this time, since her suggestion actually worked to Lane Holdings’ benefit.

They drove to McCoy’s residence. Seeing that it was the board chairperson of Lane Holdings, Rocco- Lyndon’s eldest son—led them to Lyndon’s study once they arrived.

After a while, the white-haired Lyndon arrived at the study with Rocco's assistance.

"Mr. McCoy," Helen greeted him politely.

"Oh, Mr. McCoy." Gina was smiling cheerfully in contrast. "It's only been a few days, but you look more spirited than before."

Lyndon waved her off dismissively. "No, I think this is it. I'll be gone in days with the way my health's failing."

Turning toward Helen, he asked curiously, "What brings you here today, Ms. Lane?"

Helen straightened as she said, "It's about your condition, sir."

"Hmm. My condition?" Lyndon became more curious.

Helen took out the remaining so-called Ichor Pill and put it on the table just then.

"Have you heard of the Ichor Pill, Mr. McCoy?" she then asked.

Lyndon gasped. "Could you be referring to the miracle pill which cured Gerald Simmons days ago?"

He had actually heard of it and would certainly pay for it. However, he was not important enough to meet Gerald, just as she had no idea where he could get one—it was certainly not available in Riverton's Flora Hall.

And yet, this kid brought one...

Helen nodded. "Indeed."

Lyndon studied the little pill before him and asked, "Where did you get it, Ms. Lane?"

"Sean Wesley," Gina quickly replied. "Helen's grandfather was in critical condition, and Mr. Wesley brought two for him. After Helen's grandfather took one pill, he immediately recovered although he was on the verge of dying."

"I see." Lyndon nodded thoughtfully.

Two Ichor Pills?

It seemed that Sean was really willing to pay through the nose for his infatuation toward Helen.

And with Sean's reputation serving as a guarantee, Lyndon did not doubt the authenticity of the Ichor Pill.

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Moreover, Henry had taken the pill and was fine. There was no faking that. novelbin

Lyndon then asked, "And what do you intend to do with it, Miss Lane?"

Helen smiled faintly. "I'd like to give it to you, Mr. McCoy."

Lyndon was immediately wary—nothing came for free, and would Helen give him such a miraculous pill?

"And do you have a condition, Ms. Lane?" he asked. "Or perhaps you need a favor?"

"In reality, Lane Holdings doesn't have that much capital available," Helen said bluntly right then. "Now that we've secured the West City project, we are in need of copious amounts of building materials. I'm hoping that you would grant us some rebate, Mr. McCoy. In turn, we will be using your building materials exclusively with the West City Project."

"I can grant you another ten percent rebate on top of all current rebates," Lyndon said.

"Thirty," Helen said sternly.

"Twenty."

"Twenty-five," Helen said. "Mr. McCoy, this is a long-term project. In fact, you'd earn even more once the development of West City finishes."

Lyndon frowned in thought.

At the moment, Lane Holdings had the Turnbills' backing, which made them a rising star.

A long-term partnership was ideal, and there was the enticing Ichor Pill on top of that...

Gritting his teeth, Lyndon nodded. "Twenty-five it is."

Helen smiled in acknowledgement. "In that case, the Ichor Pill is yours."

Lyndon promptly picked it up and asked in curiosity, "How do I take this? Is there anything to be careful about?"

Gina shook her head repeatedly. "Absolutely not—you can just consume it. My father-in-law recovered in less than thirty minutes after taking it."

Lyndon's gaze was ablaze at her words.

His kidney failure had plagued him for years—truly, one would never cherish their good health until they lose it.

And he had certainly learned his lesson.

Beside him, Roco tried to stop him.

The pill was never checked, and it was handed to Lyndon without an ounce of solemnity. What if

something happened after he took it?

However, Lyndon could not wait at all.

He popped it into his mouth and swallowed it right then!

Rocco was left raising a brow. "Dad, aren't you being impatient?"

Lyndon raised a hand to silence him while trying to extend his senses over his body to find any changes.

"So? How are you feeling, Mr. McCoy?" Helen asked confidently.

"Nothing," Lyndon replied, frowning as he did not feel himself healing.

“Huh...” Gina quickly came up with an explanation. “There’s no way it would work immediately. Tomorrow, maybe?”

Lyndon thought it was reasonable, but just as he was about to get up, the world suddenly started spinning around him...

He collapsed to the floor right then and convulsed repeatedly!

“Dad! What happened?!” Rocco was stunned, but soon leapt up to grab Lyndon’s jaw in case he bit his tongue.

At the same time, he cried, “Help! Someone get a doctor!”

Helen and Gina were left gaping. They had never expected that!

“Uh... I—I’m sorry, but we’re going now,” Gina stammered, intent on fleeing.

Rocco bellowed at them right then, “Stop! Did I say you can leave?!”