

The Girlboss 441

Chapter 441

Frank walked up to check Brenda's head injury just then, and Jade promptly snapped at him, "What do you think you're doing?"

Frank shot her an icy glare.

"I'm a healer," he growled before turning toward Brenda. "Sit down, and don't move. I'll stop your bleeding."

Jade, however, promptly grabbed his arm. "If you're a healer, then take a look at my daughter first!"

Frank glanced at Luna in turn.

Though he already despised both Jade and Luna for their haughty attitude already, he patiently said, "Your daughter only has a dislocated joint. It's no big deal."

However, his words only left both women incensed, with Jade promptly bellowing at him, "No big deal?! My daughter's arm was dislocated, and you say it's no big deal?!"

Luna was bawling in turn, "Exactly, it hurts so much... Help me already."

Frank frowned and pointed at Brenda. "Are you saying that your daughter is worse off than this woman?"

"She's just a stinking peasant! How dare you compare her to me, the heiress of the Lane family?!" Luna bellowed at Frank demandingly, callous like a typical spoiled heiress. "Help me right now!"

Jade nodded with a look of contempt too. "Exactly! Comparing some lowly peasant to my daughter's precious body. the disrespect!"

She then whipped out a stack of dollar bills from her purse and threw it at Frank's face. "You poor bastards just want money, don't you? There you have it, now help my daughter!"

Frank was actually left stumped, as he had never met such self-important people like these two.

What, did they just return to medieval times?!

Just then, Brenda tugged on Frank's sleeve. "Sir, you should help them first. I'm fine-this is nothing."

Frank, however, was glowering-he would put those two in their place!

Completely ignoring Jade and Luna's yapping, he started to clean Brenda's wound instead.

"Hey! Are you deaf?!" Jade screamed when she saw that Frank refused to listen and started to react to him again.

However, before he could touch him, he wheeled on her and Luna as he bellowed, "Shut up! Stay put and wait if you want me to help your daughter, or leave!"

"What..." Jade was livid.

She and her daughter were from the Lane family, and no one would ever dare yell at them like this!

If it was not for Mark Lane, the head of the family, telling them to make contact with their cousins in Riverton, she would never have come to this hick town!

"It's true that poverty makes a poor character." She snorted. "Northstream folks sure are dirt-eating bottom-feeders!" Luna snapped impatiently in turn, "Stop wasting your breath, Mom! Just call the Northstream Lanes already!" Jade nodded in agreement.

Seeing that things could get worse, Janet hurried to them and said, "Excuse me, it's really no big deal-there's no need to get too upset. I'm a healer too, so I can help your daughter."

However, Jade was immediately snapping at her, "Then what were you doing earlier, making my daughter wait for so long?!"

Janet was speechless-what the fuck was this woman's problem?!

"I. Yes, it's my fault." She sighed and hurried to Luna without another word. "Miss, just relax. I'll set your arm right now."

"Just do it already!" Luna grumbled impatiently.

Janet put a hand on her wrist and the other on her arm immediately.

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However, Janet had barely touched Luna when she started screaming in pain, "Argh!!! My arm!!! My arm!!!"

Hearing her daughter's cries, Jade promptly leapt toward Janet and pushed her down to the floor while asking Luna worriedly, "Are you alright, Luna?"

"It hurts so much, Mom!" Luna sobbed.

Her cries left Jade incensed, and she wheeled on Janet as she bellowed, "What do you think you're doing? Aren't you a healer?! How could you hurt my daughter?"

Janet made a face. "I'm setting her bone. It's normal if it hurts..."

“Mom, I don’t want her help,” Luna bawled right then. “It hurts so much.”

Jade glared at Janet as she yelled, “Why are you just standing there?! Apologize to my daughter right now!”

“A-Apologize...?” Janet was on the verge of tears.

Jade, however, kept snapping at her, “You bitch! Turns out you were just a quack daughter, and now you’re trying to play victim after hurting my daughter?”

She started to reach for Janet, but Frank had suddenly leapt toward her and grabbed her by the wrist.

As he was still busy stopping Brenda’s bleeding, he did not stop Janet when she offered to help Luna.

But to think that Jade and Luna were such bullies!

“Argh! What are you doing?! Let go!” Jade snapped at him.

“That’s enough from you,” Frank growled icily. “You’re the one who drove sloppily and crashed into that lady’s motorbike-not only did you refuse to apologize, you’re still throwing insults at everyone. And when someone offers to help your daughter, you’re going to assault her instead?!”

The onlookers were already sick of Jade and Luna as well, especially when they insulted Rivertonians to no end.

Naturally, they did not come forward since Jade and Luna looked like important people, but they were immediately venting their righteous indignation now that Frank stood up against them.

Moreover, most of them lived nearby and had visited Flora Hall themselves, and they therefore knew Janet and her family’s character well.

They would not just stand by and watch while Janet was bullied!

“That’s right! Ms. Zimmer was helping, and you tried to attack her!”

“She is the granddaughter of Dan Zimmer, the head of Flora Hall! Her skill in medicine is above question- you should be the one apologizing!”

Jade was actually surprised that everyone was snapping at her, and her face contorted in rage. “You peasants have no right to tell me what’s what! I’ll do whatever I want!”

Then, wheeling on Frank, she snapped again, “Let go of me!”

Frank growled coolly, “You’re nothing. Get out of Riverton if you hate this place so much- no one here owes you anything.”

With that, he shoved her, sending her tumbling painfully against her car!

At the same time, the onlookers were all chanting, “Leave Riverton! Leave Riverton!”

Someone even threw a bad egg at Jade’s face right then!

As the stench swirled around her instantly, Jade almost gagged. “You... You bastards...”

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However, seeing that she had outraged the mob, Jade promptly leapt into her car and fled, not stopping to demand reparations from Brenda or anyone else.

Janet breathed a long sigh of relief in turn and turned toward Frank. “Thank you so much.”

"You don't have to thank me," Frank chuckled. "Honestly, where did those aristocats come from? The people's outrage is certainly justified."

Brenda came up to Frank just then and bowed. "Thank you so much, son. I wouldn't know what to do if not for you." "You're exaggerating, ma'am," Frank assured her. "It's really nothing."

Janet also cheered up considerably and smiled, "Ma'am, you could use some rest at Flora Hall."

"No, it's alright." Brenda quickly threw up her hands. "I'm actually fine, and I still need to work. Honestly, you are both so kind... I wish you the best of health. Get married and have many children..."

She naturally presumed that Frank and Janet were together, since they would make a very good looking couple. "Huh." Janet was left stumped at her presumption.

After seeing off Brenda, Janet asked shyly, "How does stopping by at Flora Hall sound, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank scratched his head awkwardly. "I think I'll pass. I should be heading home." –

Meanwhile, Jade and Luna had rushed to Riverton City Hospital, with the hospital chief personally receiving them and setting Luna's arm.

Gina, Helen, and Peter soon arrived at their special ward as well, with Gina greeting Jade warmly as soon as she saw her, "Long time no see, Jade. I missed you so much."

She spread her arms, ready to give Jade a hug, only for Jade to avoid her and growl in annoyance, "What are you so happy about? My daughter is here-in a hospital!"

"Uh." Gina stammered as she quickly shook her head. "No, no, I'm not happy. I'm just glad since it's been a while since we've seen each other, you see?"

Gina was certainly a lot less pompous around Jade.

After all, Jade was the wife to Mark Lane's eldest son, and Mark was the brother of Henry Lane, Gina's father-in-law.

Mark's family business was based in Southstream, which expanded endlessly over the years thanks to the man's talent.

On the other hand, Henry's legacy was nothing in comparison, giving Gina no cause to strut.

"Hmph."

Jade snorted in disdain. "I wouldn't have stayed in this pathetic town if Luna weren't hurt. Filthy peasants."

"Yes, yes, exactly." Gina nodded repeatedly. "What happened here, Jade? How did you end up here instead of our manor?"

"Where else would I go?" Jade huffed grumpily. "Some peasant attacked me, and Luna's arm was dislocated!" "What? You were attacked?" Helen was actually shocked.

"Who could be so bold?" Gina actually flinched.

She was hoping that the Southstream Lanes would take them back this time or at least offer them some capital for investment.

After all, the Southstream Lanes' business had expanded internationally, and Lane Holdings would take flight if they gave so much as a trickle.

On the other hand, it would be a pipe dream if Jade's trip here proved unpleasant!

Still, Jade snapped grumpily, “How should I know who it was?!”

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Luna chimed in, “You must find him, Mom. I’ll make him suffer for disrespecting our family.”

Gina quickly assured them, “Don’t worry, Luna. Anyone who disrespects you is disrespecting us-I will definitely avenge you.”

Jade studied Gina just then. “Does your family have that much influence? The bastard was quite pompous and probably was well-connected himself.”

Gina quickly smiled, not one to be put down. “We do have some influence here in Riverton. Oh, and I forgot-Helen here is partnered with the Turnbull family. Y’know, one of the top families in the capital.”

“Really? I guess you don’t amount to nothing.” Jade snorted haughtily, still dismissive towards Gina’s family. “By the way, have you heard about the Fielden family’s hundred-year old drakeroot?”

“Of course.” Gina quickly nodded, although she had also heard that it was a family heirloom for the Fieldens.

“That’s why I’ve come to Riverton-to get the drakeroot and cure Luna’s illness,” Jade said nonchalantly. “I would also be checking if you Northstream Lanes have what it takes to be received back to the main family.”

After all, Henry had not inherited anything from his family-he came alone to Northstream to build something for himself as soon as he reached adulthood. Though he did not succeed, he still managed to create a legacy.

Nonetheless, his eldest brother Mark had fallen ill recently, and Mark expressed hopes for Henry to be brought back to the family. Gina nodded repeatedly in turn. “Don’t worry, Jade. We’re family-your troubles are ours. We will also do our best to buy the drakeroot for you.”

“Mom...” Helen was going to warn his mom to think before she made promises.

The drakeroot was the Fieldens’ heirloom, and they would never sell it easily-Gina might even end up offending both Jade and the Fieldens if things went south!

However, Gina shot Helen a glare, warning her to stay out of this.

On the other hand, Jade was nodding in approval. –

Meanwhile, Frank returned to Skywater Bay.

There was no else since Winter had classes, and he took off his jacket and threw himself comfortably on the couch. However, just as he thought about training, there was suddenly a sharp crash from the tearoom. Frank frowned-did a burglar break in? How bold of them to do it in broad daylight!

He sprang up and hurried over, only to find Frida Blue lying on the floor, covered in blood.

She breathed a long sigh of relief as soon as she saw him. “Help me, Mr. Lawrence...”

“What happened?” Frank hurried to her and helped her stand, and saw that she was bleeding freely from a gash on her belly.

He quickly sealed her veins to stop the bleeding, while Frida explained feebly, “I’m. being hunted.”

“Who are they?” Frank pressed. “The Salazars?”

Frida shook her head. “No. It’s Neil Turnbull.”

“What? Why would he do that?” Frank was dumbstruck. “Aren’t you an ally to the Turnbills?”

Did Neil have a brainfart, hunting his own?!

"It's exactly because I lost a hand and greatly weakened. And he said I can't lead the family's bodyguards."

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Frank pursed his lips. "Are the Turnbolls that crazy?! You got hurt in the line of duty, and they are dismissing you in pain of death!?"

"Not exactly..." Frida growled through her teeth, "Neil was forcing himself on me, but I refused and hit him... And now he wants me dead."

Frank was incensed at that. "That motherfucker. Does Vicky know?"

"No." Frida shook her head. "I barely made it here I didn't have time to contact her."

"I understand. Just rest and leave the rest to me." Frank nodded and carried her to the couch.

Just then, Neil's hitmen crashed through the nearby windows as they leapt inside, sighing in relief when they saw Frida. Neil did tell them to take her alive if possible.

One of them said, "Just come with us, Frida. Mr. Turnbull might even let you live-you'd only get yourself killed being stubborn."

Frida withstood the pain in her belly even as she growled, "Dream on. I'd rather die than suck up to Neil."

She was loyal to the Turnbolls, not Neil.

And she was not about to take this lying down, not when Neil so ruthlessly dismissed her just because he wanted her as his side bitch! Not killing Neil was already plenty respectful to the Turnbolls!

"In that case, you can't blame us for this."

Both hitmen narrowed their eyes as they prepared to attack, when Frank growled coolly, "You two.

Aren't you really underestimating here?"

Neither hitmen knew Frank, simply presuming him to be some ordinary citizen.

One of them growled, "Stay out of Turnbull business."

Frank folded his arms before his chest. "The Turnbolls are really pompous, huh?"

"Are you meddling, kid?"

"I'm not you're the ones who barged into my house to commit murder," Frank said icily. "Did you even ask for my approval?"

Both hitmen could sense the violent murderous presence spilling from Frank.

They actually did not want to kill, but they had Neil's orders.

Trading a glance right then, they decided to take down Frank before deciding what to do!

They leapt toward Frank at the very next moment, but they were really too slow for him.

Frank sent one flying with a punch and floored the other with a kick, incapacitating both instantly.

Frida looked on, completely unaffected.

If anything, she had fled here to Frank's house in the first place because he was powerful enough to protect her. Moreover, a single blow was enough for martial elites to discern their opponent's depth- both hitmen could immediately tell that they were no match for Frank, and that they were never going to take Frida away.

"So? Would you like to continue?" Frank asked.

The hitmen helped each other to their feet while demanding gingerly, "Who are you?"

Frank chuckled coolly. "Just run along to your master. Tell him that Frida is now under Frank's protection, and that he can come see me anytime if he has anything to say about that."

"Fine, we will pass your message."

With that, both hitmen fled out of the window, terrified that Frank might suddenly change his mind.

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Frida said earnestly, "Thank you, Mr. Lawrence. You've saved me again."

"Just stay put," Frank replied. "I'm calling Vicky-she will handle this."

"Thank you..."

Vicky was furious after Frank called and told her what Neil did, and she drove straight to Skywater Bay.

Frida started to bow, as if out of habit. "Ms. Turnbull "

"Stop. Stand straight." Vicky hurried to help her to her feet. "And you have nothing to worry about-I am definitely on your side in this matter."

Vicky was certainly determined and then some, or they would be losing their people by the dozens.

Who would serve them from now on if word of this got out?

Most importantly, she could use this against Neil too!

"Thank you, Ms. Turnbull. I knew the family wouldn't give up on me," Frida said, emotional.

"For sure," Vicky said solemnly, her earnestly leaving Frida all mushy. "You were hurt because of me I'm not about to abandon you right now."

Then, turning to Frank, she asked, "Is she going to be fine? Is there a chance of recovery?"

"Her meridians were maimed and her cultivation lost," Frank replied. "She will live, but to recover her cultivation would prove difficult."

Frida was naturally disappointed, though Vicky pressed, "Is there no way to treat that? I'll do anything to help."

She never lacked money, and she knew for sure that she would earn Frida's undying loyalty if she helped Frida that much. Being a servant of Vicky's uncle's family, Frida was above the rest and a worthy ally.

Frank thought about it in turn. "Well, there is something we can do."

“Really? What is it?”

Frida and Vicky’s eyes lit up immediately.

“A hundred-year old drakeroot can restore one’s meridians,” Frank explained. “And with a month’s worth of recuperation, she would recover her peak form or even surpass it.”

“A hundred-year old drakeroot?”

Vicky was left wondering where she could get something like that and suddenly smiled as she put her hands together. “I know where we can get one-the Fieldens.”

“They do.” Frank nodded thoughtfully, since he heard about it as well. “But it’s also their family heirloom. Would they really sell it to you?”

He never personally reached out to the Fieldens about the drakeroot either, since it would not help improve his cultivation anyway.

Vicky said confidently, “A negotiation is essential to any deal-I believe one can buy anything as long as the offer meets expectations.”

On the other hand, Frida had dropped to her knees, kowtowing. She certainly did not expect the family’s heiress to spend a fortune for her sake!

“Thank you for giving me a second chance, Ms. Turnbull. I can’t thank you enough... I swear that you have my undying loyalty from now on.”

“You’re exaggerating, Frida.” Vicky grinned. “The family’s bodyguards are family to me, and I’m not about to give up on my family when they’re hurt.”

Frank stood by, impressed by Vicky’s ability to buy loyalty.

From now on, Frida would be Vicky's top fighter, and one who was endlessly obedient at that.

"This can't wait, Frank," Vicky said pompously just then. "You're coming with me to visit the Fieldens right now."

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Frank nodded and changed into another jacket before getting into Vicky's car.

The Fieldens were actually not a particularly important family. Paul Fielden, the family head, was a venture capitalist.

His family had fallen on hard times and their numbers were dwindling, but they retained many treasures from their more illustrious predecessors. The drakeroot was naturally one of them.

Vicky, who had partnered with him before, rode shotgun to call Paul ahead of time.

"Hello, Mr. Fielden? It's Vicky." She laughed as she made small talk with Paul before getting to the point. "So, I was wondering if you're at home? I would like to visit today."

Paul was absolutely stunned on the other end.

The Turnbulls had certainly been making waves in Riverton recently, and their heiress was actually making time to visit him?

Though he had a hunch that Vicky wanted something, he had no reason to refuse.

After some thought, he said, "Of course you're welcome to visit, Ms. Turnbull. My wife is home right now, so you can go straight there. I'm on my way home myself-see you soon."

“Great! See you,” Vicky exclaimed and hung up.

Frank arrived at the Fieldens’ residence soon enough, and Vicky rang the doorbell.

Ding-dong...

However, no one answered even after a long while, and Vicky was frowning. “What the hell is Paul playing at? Didn’t he say his wife is in?”

Frank shrugged. “Maybe she’s out?”

“Let’s just wait for a bit.” Vicky sighed exasperatedly as she pressed the doorbell again, since she had something important to do and could not leave whether Mrs. Fielden was in or not.

Frank shrugged he was fine either way.

woman dressed in a thin sleeping gown strode out grumpily.

That was when the doors opened, and Frank glanced at her-she was just over her twenties, her skin fair and her pretty cheeks flushed.

To think that Paul landed such a youthful wife in his thirties. the old man had game for sure.

Vicky was delighted to see Sylvia Cassidy in turn, but Sylvia snapped at her before she could speak, “What are you people doing here outside my house? Get lost!”

Vicky frowned, frustrated right then-she had come to visit, and Sylvia was already snapping at them?

She was about to retort when Frank squeezed her hand-they were not going to get the drakeroot if she started arguing with Sylvia.

Then, nodding politely at Sylvia, he asked, "You must be Mrs. Fielden. I'm Frank Lawrence, a consultant in Grande Pharma, and this is Vicky Turnbull, the CEO of Grande Corp. We're here to visit your husband."

Frank actually thought mentioning names would encourage Sylvia to be polite, but she remained grumpy as she snapped, "He's not home. Come some other day."

"Oh, but we actually called Mr. Fielden earlier," Frank explained. "He told us you'd be here and asked us to wait while he returned."

"What?!" Sylvia exclaimed in shock right then before turning and running back into the house!

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Frank frowned-was Sylvia not being too impolite here?

Beside him, Vicky was furious. "What the hell is wrong with her? Isn't she disrespecting us too much here?"

Frank sighed lengthily, but there was nothing he could do either.

They continued waiting outside the door, and it was fortunate that Paul soon returned.

He alighted, wearing a suit, recognizing Vicky right away and smiling as he greeted her, "Long time no see, Ms. Turnbull. I'm so glad that you'd spare time to visit my humble home."

"You're exaggerating." Vicky smiled.

Paul then noticed Frank and asked in curiosity, "And this gentleman would be...?"

"Frank Lawrence," Vicky quickly said. "He's a consultant and shareholder to my company, Grande Pharma."

Paul was actually surprised.

Still, when they were partners before Vicky fell sick, he had grown to acknowledge her abilities.

Moreover, any person with her seal of approval was definitely someone special.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lawrence," he said with a nod.

"Likewise."

Paul then turned back to Vicky, asking in curiosity, "So. What are you both doing out here, instead of going inside?"

Vicky smiled, an idea quickly coming to mind. "We've just arrived."

She was frustrated, but she was still willing to show respect to Paul and Sylvia.

"In that case, come on in," Paul quickly said, and led them inside.

They immediately saw a young man in a baseball jersey, almost stumbling as he ran downstairs.

"Stanley? What are you doing here?" Paul exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you said you had dance lessons just this morning."

Stanley was taken aback. "Oh, uh. It was canceled."

Paul nodded, smiling nonchalantly as he explained, "That's my wife's distant cousin, Stanley Cassidy.

He's working here in Riverton and would stay over from time to time."

He then turned back to Stanley and said, "Go get your cousin, Stanley. Tell her we have important guests."

"Oh, okay..." Stanley stammered as he returned upstairs.

Frank, however, was frowning, his eyes never leaving Stanley.

Soon, Sylvia came downstairs, having changed into something formal instead of her sleeping gown.

Paul introduced her proudly right then, "Ms. Turnbull, Mr. Lawrence. This is my wife, Sylvia. She used to be the prettiest girl in Riverton University."

Frank smiled as he sighed in awe. "She is certainly a marvelous beauty. Even the star celebrities I know would seem dull in comparison."

Vicky had to force herself to keep smiling, almost caught off guard by Frank's capacity for such disgusting flattery. Paul was laughing heartily in turn.

They all moved to the living room, making some small talk until Vicky saw the time was right and cut to the chase, "There's a reason we're visiting, Mr. Fielden."

Paul already had a hunch-he owned a company, after all.

"Please feel free to ask, Ms. Turnbull."

Vicky sighed in relief and said solemnly, "I heard you possess a hundred-year old drakeroot, and I just happen to need it to save a friend who sustained a grievous injury. May I ask if you're willing to part with it? I'm willing to pay however much you may ask for."

Paul frowned, not expecting that Vicky would ask for the drakeroot-he would have agreed to anything else, just not his family's heirloom.

However, even as he hesitated, Sylvia suddenly snapped, "No. Absolutely not."

Both Frank and Vicky turned toward Sylvia in surprise.

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Both Frank and Vicky could tell that Paul was hesitating but not unwilling to sell the drakeroot-it was Sylvia's prompt refusal that surprised them.

"Mrs. Fielden, we didn't come demanding it for free," Vicky quickly said. "Just mention a price, and we will pay."

"No," Sylvia refused again. "Doesn't matter how much you're paying-we're not selling."

She then turned to her husband. "Paul, my cousin needs that drakeroot. Didn't you agree to give it to him?"

Paul nodded. "I did, but Ms. Turnbull needs it too... How about splitting it in half?"

He loved his wife to bits, and would basically agree to anything she asked for.

But with Vicky making a bid for the drakeroot as well, he was in a dilemma since he did not want to offend either party. Sylvia shook her head repeatedly. "That won't do the drakeroot is a hundred years old, and it's not perfectly preserved in the first place. Stanley needs the entire herb."

Vicky became flustered, since Paul was obviously a slave to his wife, and Sylvia was clearly not intending to share.

Did that mean Frida was going to lose her cultivation?

That was when Frank quietly said, "Mrs. Fielden, I know for a fact that the drakeroot is a powerful healing herb. May I ask what your cousin's condition is? If it's something simple, I can personally treat him-there's no need to go to the extent of using the drakeroot."

Sylvia simply rolled her eyes at him. "Really? You think you can treat illnesses?"

"Of course," Vicky quickly joined in. "You shouldn't underestimate Mr. Lawrence he is an accomplished healer whom even Dan Zimmer admires."

"What? Really?" Paul was astonished that even Dan, the most famous healer of Riverton, deferred to Frank.

Curious about how good Frank was, he turned to Sylvia. "Dear, you were making frequent trips to the hospital before, weren't you? Why don't you let Mr. Lawrence take a look at you?"

Sylvia shook her head immediately. "Are you kidding me? A young boy like him wouldn't know a thing about medicine!"

Most importantly, she had a sexually-transmitted disease and she had not been with Paul much recently.

Her affair would be exposed if Frank finds out!

"It's fine if you doubt me, Mrs. Fielden." Frank smiled in turn. "But as medicine goes, observation is vital there are times when all it takes is just a look to tell what's wrong."

“What? Are you sure?” Paul gasped, his interest piqued.

Sylvia was frowning in turn, unsure if Frank was just boasting or could really do that.

Vicky giggled beside Frank just then. “Go on, Frank-show your chops. Mr. Fielden and his wife are obviously doubting you.”

“Have you been feeling weak in your limbs and often wake up in the middle of the night?” Frank asked quietly. “And is there a bloating aching in your belly?”

“H-How’d you know?” Sylvia paled.

“That’s amazing, Mr. Lawrence!”

On the other hand, Paul was delighted to see that Frank was really as good as he said! After all, he was the only one who knew about Sylvia’s symptoms because they shared a bed!

The fact that Frank could tell just from the look on his wife’s face proved that he was special!

Vicky gloated smugly in turn. “Like I said, he’s good.”

Paul then pressed, “So what’s her condition, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank scratched his head. “It’s an STD...”

“STD?”

Since Paul was insistent, Paul braced himself and answered, "As in, a sexually-transmitted disease. It's caused by irregular sex partners."

As Paul quickly understood what Frank was talking about, he glowered right then.

It would have certainly been amazing if he had irregular sex partners, but his virility had been dropping over recent years he rarely did it with Sylvia these days as well!

So how did his wife catch an STD?

That was when Sylvia sprang to her feet, her face contorting in rage as she glared at Frank, "Don't you give that nonsense! I don't have an STD!"

Then, turning toward Paul, she cried urgently, "Please, darling. You shouldn't listen to him. This is slander!"

"Please calm down, Mrs. Fielden," Frank said firmly just then. "As a healer, I embody the ideals of one and would never mention anything lightly in case of a mistake. Moreover, I've seen that your cousin has the same issue is that why you wanted the drakeroot? I'm sorry, but the drakeroot wouldn't work on either of you. I must advise that you seek professional treatment instead."

Beside him, Vicky's jaw could drop to the floor-Frank's explanation could not have been more obvious!

Sylvia and her cousin had the STD, but most importantly, Paul was fine...

"S-Shut up!" Sylvia screamed as Frank touched a nerve and leapt towards him, her arms outstretched!

"Enough!" Paul suddenly bellowed.

He was glowering the entire time and suddenly sprang to his feet, grabbing Sylvia by the shoulder and throwing her on the couch!

“Oof!” Sylvia grunted as she slammed heavily against the couch miserably.

At the same time, Paul bellowed furiously up the stairs, “Stanley Cassidy! Get down here this instant!”

He had already suspected his wife of having an affair, but never found any suspects.

But no matter how much of a fool he was, he could put two and two together after Frank painted such a clear picture!

“What’s wrong, Paul?” Stanley asked as he scrambled downstairs when he heard Paul furious bellow.

Paul growled furiously, “Show me the medical report you received from the hospital before.” “W-What? Why would you want to see that?” Stanley stammered awkwardly.

“I said show it to me! What are you spacing out for?!” Paul barked even more certain when he saw Stanley’s nervous reaction.

He kicked Stanley right then, bellowing, “Speak up! What have you been up to last night?!”

Seeing Paul’s furious reaction, Stanley immediately realized that he had been exposed.

He turned gingerly toward Sylvia, who nodded.

However, Paul slapped him across the face right then and bellowed, “What are you looking at?! Explain yourself, and I just might let you live! Lie to me at all, and you will suffer!”

Stanley gulped and dropped to his knees right then, begging through his tears, “Please, Mr. Fielden! It really wasn’t my fault! It’s Sylvia who kept seducing and coercing me! She was only attending my classes at first, but she eventually told me she’d be my sugar mommy and pay me a million a year!”