

## **The Girlboss 471**

### Chapter 471 -

Sal watched as Frank used the single-finger technique he did, but he could not respond in time as Frank poked him in the temple.

In an instant, there was a raging burst of pure vigor that blew into Sal's body from that vulnerable acupoint.

Sal felt as if his brain had been bludgeoned when he felt the poke, and his brain was completely reduced to mush in the next instant.

"Lotus Poke... Impossible... How did you..."

As the old man breathed his last breath, holding onto Frank's sleeve with a vice-like grip, his eyes rolled up into his sockets.

He could not understand how Frank could so easily use his sect's esoteric technique!

When he finally died, his fingers loosened around Frank's sleeve as he dropped limply on the floor, breathless.

Two moves!

In two moves, one of Sage Lake's Sect presiding elders died by Frank's hand!

"Uncle Sal!"

Quinn's lips were trembling as she watched her uncle die, suddenly no longer haughty as she pointed at Frank and screamed at the top of her lungs, "You're dead meat, Frank Lawrence! You know?! You're dead meat! Uncle Sal is one of Sage Lake Sect's elders and consul to Cloudnine Sect of the South Sea! If they knew you killed him, all of Riverton would die with you!"

While Frank only found Quinn's crazed screams annoying, his savagery suddenly welled up when she mentioned Cloudnine Sect.

They were presently one of the South Sea Four, and one of the sects that attacked Mystic Sky Sect in the Battle of the South Sea three years ago.

He had no idea how many Cloudnine Sect apprentices he had personally sealed, so the grudge was already set anyway.

Eventually, he would be paying them a visit and avenging his fallen mentor and fellow apprentices.

The murderous air around him flared further at that thought, and he wheeled on Quinn as he growled icily, "Sage Lake Sect, Cloudnine Sect. Let them all come. I'll be waiting to see what a sack of losers like you could do to me! I've carved a bloody path across the South Sea Four three years ago, and I'll do it again!"

"What?!"

Quinn was left flabbergasted as she dropped to her knees with a thud, staring blankly at the youth who stood in the shadows like the reaper. "No... Impossible...carved a bloody path across the South Sea Four? You'd never. "

"Go! Save Ms. Ocean!"

Before Frank could kill Quinn, the thirtyish black-clad bodyguards who were encircling the villa compound finally charged inside since she was too stunned to order them.

They had orders to protect Quinn if she was in danger.

Nonetheless, Frank suddenly wheeled on them and bellowed, "Out of my way!"

His raging cry actually paralyzed all thirtyish bodyguards, and they thought they seemed to see the silhouette of a roaring golden dragon.

They were all shaking in their boots, barely holding on to their weapons.

One of them turned toward their bald leader even as he stammered, “B-Boss? What do we do?”

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“G-Go...?”

The bald bodyguard leader was stammering too, but as soon as he spoke, the bodyguards around him fought back their fear as they raised their weapons.

“G-Go, go, go!”

“G-No! Run!” The bald bodyguard leader finally managed to finish his sentence just then, but pandemonium had already ensued and no one could hear him.

Frank had tried to repel them with his bellow and scowled when he saw that they had a death wish.

“Since you’re all asking for it, I don’t mind playing along.”

He withdrew his pure vigor, as he did not need his full strength against these average Joes.

As a falchion swung toward him, he sidestepped it, grabbed the man’s palm, and crushed it.

“Argh!!!”

The bodyguard who led the charge was soon screaming, while Frank pulled the falchion out of his grasp and cut down the men charging at him.

He danced like a butterfly around them, killing whomever he passed with a single strike and without a single splatter of blood on himself.

It was how much he had improved after returning to Birthright rank, and the bodyguards were nothing to him.

In just a minute, silence was all that was left, along with a blood-soaked floor and body parts strewn all over the floor.

Even the bald bodyguard leader was decapitated, his face still frozen in horror.

Swish!

Frank brought the falchion to bear on Quinn's face.

Quinn, who was still on her knees, was not afraid or pleading for mercy as the blade left a small, bloody slit over her forehead.

Instead, she was breathing a bizarre cackle as he grabbed the chipped blade of the falchion, not concerned that she was bleeding as she simply stared at it in blank curiosity.

"Hmm." Frank frowned as he flung the falchion aside and grabbed her by the neck, lifting her off the floor.

Quinn stuck her tongue out as she struggled to breathe and her face turned purple.

Frank stared at her in silence in turn for a long while before snorting coldly and flinging her to the floor in disinterest.

"You're lucky this time," he growled and turned toward Burt, who had been hiding in a far corner without doing anything.

He had certainly been scared shitless after seeing the true extent of Frank's power.

He was a law enforcement officer of Riverton and had seen much death, but not gore of such horrific proportions!

Over thirty men were killed in under a minute, and one of them was a Birthright rank individual!

Still, after a brief pause, he scrambled to throw himself on his knees before Frank, not caring that it was pooling with blood.

"Please, Mr. Lawrence... I'm innocent! Don't worry, y-your secret's safe with me. Please just let me live!"

The ever haughty high-ranked officer of Riverton was actually humbling himself to beg at Frank's feet!

Unlike Quinn, he was not burdened with loyalty to the sects!

However, Frank simply chuckled, as he could not care less about Burt's pleas.

"So what if you told Sage Lake Sect or Cloudnine Sect? I don't give a damn."

"Oh. Then."

Burt was certainly dumbstruck.

He knew Frank was as powerful as he was well connected, but to think that he did not worry about Cloudnine Sect either.?!

One should know that Cloudnine Sect was a titan that none of Riverton could afford the challenge—even Sage Lake Sect was no more than an ant to them.

They had plenty of elites who had reached the pinnacle of Birthright rank, and some were even said to be Ascension rank individuals. Rumor even has it that their chief reached godhood three years ago!

The top ten of Skyrank were all affiliated among the South Sea Four, and they could not care less about Riverton.

And yet, Frank was so pompous that he did not worry about them?

At that moment, Burt's curiosity toward Frank beat his fear of the man.

What on earth happened at the Battle of the South Sea three years ago? Why would this apprentice of Mystic Sky Sect end up here in little Riverton?

Still, he did not pry since he was still at Frank's mercy.

Suddenly inspired despite the threat of death, Burt kowtowed, pressing his face into the blood all over the floor as he said, "Mr. Lawrence, you heard what Quinn Ocean said before—I'm never escaping Sage Lake Sect. This is too serious, and they will blame it on me even if you let me live. And since Quinn is so eager to pass such an unfair judgment on me, I'd rather rid myself of them and swear fealty to Mystic Sky Sect!"

He slammed his forehead heavily on the floor before Frank's feet once more, knowing that his head would roll if Frank did not agree to his request.

But like he said, if the Sage Lake Sect investigated the issue and the Salazars talked, he would definitely be implicated.

He would definitely be made scapegoat, be it with the death of a Sage Lake Sect elder or the daughter of an elder.

That was why he decided to just burn bridges and join Frank instead. If anything, he was sick of the Sage Lake Sect always treating him around like their lapdog anyway.

As he knelt, holding his breath from being too loud, he felt like he must have stayed in that position for a year, even though it was barely a minute.

“Heh. In that case, I can spare your life.”

Burt felt immense relief when he heard the cool voice speak and promptly kowtowed again. “Thank you, Mr. Lawrence... I mean, comrade!”

“Hold it.” Frank stopped him right then, saying coolly, “I will restore Mystic Sky Sect to its former glory one day, but it’s no place for just anyone. While having the heart to join us means you’re qualified, to be

allowed in depends entirely on your performance. Understand?”

Burt would never say no in the face of Frank’s sharp glare, as he nodded repeatedly even as he knelt.

“Thank you... Mr. Lawrence! I’ll do my best to earn my place in Mystic Sky Sect!”

“Good.”

Frank was a little satisfied to see that Burt was being that tactful.

Pausing, he then whipped out a business card. “Sort out this mess however you see fit—consider it a test. Contact me with this number if you’re having issues.”

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence!” Burt received the card reverently with both hands.

Frank started to leave but suddenly stopped at the doorway, glancing at Burt sideways as he asked coolly, “And I’m sure you know the price of betrayal?”

“Yes, yes, of course,” Burt replied, even as he wiped the blood and sweat lining his brow.

“When you’re done, drop by Skywater Bay when you’re free—I’ll teach you some Mystic Sky Sect martial arts,” Frank added and left.

On the other hand, the last part of what Frank said left Burt freezing.

He had been acting as the Sage Lake Sect’s lapdog for years, but he never had a whiff of any of their martial arts.

Naturally, it was their strategy.

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Fringe apprentices like Burt would never be allowed access to the core teachings of Sage Lake Sect—if anything, he had to personally find and learn various martial arts techniques on his own.

Sage Lake Sect only offered their influence and monetary support, and nothing else.

On the other hand, as soon as he offered to join Mystic Sky Sect, Frank had already forgiven his earlier insolence and actually told him he was willing to teach him Mystic Sky Sect martial arts.

And it was Mystic Sky Sect that they were talking about—once an equal to Cloudnine Sect!

Considering Frank’s strength, the level of martial arts involved was all too clear!



Burt made up his mind thoroughly right then—instead of serving Sage Lake Sect as a lapdog, suffering their whims, why not serve Frank instead?

Joining Mystic Sky Sect and learning their martial arts was something he had never imagined but was now offered to him on a silver platter!

“No one can blame me for this. Even if Sage Lake Sect stops treating me like a dog, I’m not going to be sentimental,” he muttered under his breath, clenching his fist as he resolved himself.

He has decided to serve Frank from this day forward!

“Hahaha...”

However, even as Burt resolved himself, he heard an eerie laughter from the back, and he flinched.

He turned to find that it was Quinn Ocean, who had regarded him with such disdain before.

“She’s alive?!”

Burt was shocked, but as he walked up to look at Quinn closer, she realized that she was staring into thin air, clearly out of her mind as she mumbled to herself.

He then remembered what Frank said—was that why he spared her? Because she went insane?

“That’s so nice of him.”

He could not help being impressed—Quinn had repeatedly messed with Frank, but Frank spared her just because she lost her mind and posed no threat.

“Heh. You really should thank Mr. Lawrence—you’d be just another corpse on the floor tonight if he didn’t decide to spare you. Being the daughter of Sage Lake Sect’s elder really wouldn’t make much of a difference.”

With that, he turned to leave with a sneer and called his contacts to clean up the mess.

Since he had decided to join Frank he would do his utmost to the man’s satisfaction.

However, while he was not watching, Quinn’s eyes were suddenly focused, even showing a glimmer of spite.

“Just you wait! My father will destroy all of you...” –

Early next morning, Chaz Graves arrived at Helen’s office, looking sharp in his suit.

Helen was just having a meeting, and only saw him after it was over.

“What are you doing here, Chaz?” She exclaimed in surprise.

“Why can’t I visit?”

“Oh, of course. Also, I haven’t properly thanked you for saving Frank.” Helen smiled.

Before she could continue, Chaz stopped her. “Why are you being so formal with me?”

Then, he suddenly looked worried as he asked, “How’s Luna? Has she made a full recovery?”

“How’d you know?” Helen was surprised again that Chaz knew about that too.

Chaz explained, “I met your mom while I was waiting for you, and she mentioned it while we were chatting. Your ex-husband refused to treat him as well? What is actually going on here?”

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Helen could not help groaning inwardly at her mother’s tendency to blab—how was she supposed to explain this?

Still, she kept her reaction controlled as she said awkwardly, “It’s my family’s business, Chaz.”

“Then I won’t ask,” Chaz said, flashing a gentlemanly smile. “Oh, and don’t worry—I’ve already contacted a famous Seaham healer. He should be here soon, and he’ll help cure Luna soon enough.”

“Really? Thank you, Chaz!” Helen exclaimed in surprise and quickly thanked him.

“Why are you being formal again? Your troubles are mine, alright?” Chaz kept smiling.

“Exactly! Just see how amazing Mr. Graves is, and he’s the chief of the Seaham Martial Artist Association too!” Gina appeared out of nowhere, flattering Chaz as loudly as she could. “Helen, you should get along better with him and forget about your lowlife ex-husband.”

“Hmph. That piece of shit isn’t even fit to lick his boots—Mr. Graves lords over the martial artists of Riverton, Seaham, and Southdam.” Jade appeared alongside Gina as well, cutting her short.

Still, she was just slightly less haughty around Chaz, even showing gratitude. “Thank you so much for helping my daughter, Mr. Graves.”

“Oh, it’s nothing.” Chaz smiled gleefully, not bothered to correct them.

Gina then glared viciously at Helen. “Cut all ties with Frank Lawrence already, and don’t ever go seeing him again, you hear?”

“Mom, Frank is actually—”

“That’s enough! How are you still on his side?! Don’t you know how much our family has suffered because of him?!”

Gina was seething at her daughter’s hesitation and stubborn insistence to defend that walking disaster even now.

Jade added icily then, “You’ve seen how that lowlife treated my daughter and myself, Helen. And you’re still only seeing the good things he did? If you stay in touch with that petty man, you can forget about returning to our family!”

Gina actually flinched at Jade’s threat and grabbed Helen’s daughter as she snapped, “Oh, you heard her! Don’t ever stay in touch with that lowlife, you hear?!”

Helen trailed off as the three pairs of eyes watched her, and she nodded in exasperation.

Whatever This could wait

“I’m sure there’s a misunderstanding here, and don’t worry—I’d never let anyone hurt Helen.” Chaz then spoke up to clear the awkwardness before turning toward Helen as his tone changed. “I just happen to be officiating the opening ceremony of a new dojo here in Riverton. Mrs. Lane here told me that you had a few close calls, so why don’t you come with me and learn a thing or two for self-defense?”

Before Helen could respond, Gina was clapping her hands and stamping her feet in delight. “Great! That’s wonderful!”

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Gina kept ranting, “Frank has put Helen in harm’s way so many times, and she was almost disfigured once! If Mr. Graves can teach her a thing or two, she won’t be so easily bullied!”

“That’s for sure.” Chaz chuckled bitterly before asking Helen, “So? Are you free today?”

Helen was about to say no when she suddenly remembered how she had ended up being captured so many times and how Frank had to save her.

She somehow also had a mental image of Vicky Turnbull smiling at her gleefully.

She heard that Vicky used to be a martial elite but lost her cultivation due to illness. But considering Vicky had made a full recovery, it was just a matter of time before she would regain her cultivation.

The more Helen thought about it, the more unsettled she was.

And being as ambitious as she was, she nodded solemnly at Chaz. “I’m interested. I hope you could teach me a thing or two—that way, if I’m in danger again, I wouldn’t have to be a burden to...”

Helen was about to say Frank but held back when she saw the looks everyone—especially her mother—was giving her.

“Everyone,” she finished, even though she kept thinking of a towering man who could provide her a sense of security.

“That’s not a problem.” Chaz was delighted and immediately got her into his Mercedes, then drove off.

Gina watched as they drove off and beamed happily at Jade. “See? If Helen manages to marry Mr. Graves, then.”

“Hmph.” Jade snorted, still holding her in contempt.

Still, after musing to herself for a while, she said reluctantly, “Your family isn’t entirely worthless if you could arrange a strategic marriage with the Graves family. If Luna is fully cured as well, I wouldn’t mind putting in a good word with Mark Lane.”

“Oh, thank you so much!” Gina exclaimed, reaching out for Jade’s hand only for Jade to avoid her.

Even so, she was grinning from ear to ear.

“What about me, Aunt Jade? Can’t you arrange a nice job for me too?”

Peter suddenly appeared just then, causing Jade to jump.

Patting her chest to calm herself down, Jade snapped, “You’re scum! Just suck up to your sister’s connections already!”

“Oh, okay.” Peter was grinning happily, not offended at all from being called scum.

After all, once his sister married Chaz, he would be destined for power and riches.

“I’m going now, Mom—I have to help Helen. The family’s future depends on her!” Peter said and hurried after Helen and Chaz.

“Oh, my son is getting smarter every day.” Gina nodded in approval.

At Skywater Bay, Frank had just arrived downstairs after his daily training.

Hearing his phone ring, he picked it up to find that it was Henry calling.

“What’s up, Gramps?” he asked, though he already had an idea of what Henry was about to say.

To no surprise, Henry sighed lengthly. “Oh, Frank... I’m so embarrassed...”

Frank could feel the somberness in Henry's words just from a little probing. "Don't say so, Gramps. You called me to help Luna, didn't you?"

"I didn't want to get involved, and I know better than you what Jade and her daughter are like. But..."

Henry paused and sighed lengthily. "Just consider this as you doing me one last favor, and I won't ask for anything else."

"What are you saying?!" Frank scowled, his fingers trembling over his phone as he sighed. "I wouldn't be alive if not for you."

"I'm so sorry, Frank."

It hurt Frank to hear the shaking, tearful voice on the other end. "Don't worry, Gramps—I'll save Luna, and don't speak about this being the last time or anything. Your family won't fall apart as long as I'm alive."

However, he sat quietly in the drawing room after he hung up, and Winter found him still sitting there when she returned from campus.

She put down her bag, hurrying behind Frank to massage his shoulders. "What's wrong, Frank? In a bad mood?"

"I'm fine," Frank said, shaking his head as he rose to his feet. "I'm going out for a moment. You can go help your mom in the meantime."

"Okay." Winter nodded tamely despite her curiosity.

Frank drove out to the hospital and entered Luna's ward while avoiding detection.

Seeing that Luna was out like a light, he started to go to work, but his sharp hearing picked up a commotion outside.

Sensing a crowd heading toward Luna's ward, he frowned.

He opened the window and leapt out to avoid trouble, hiding just outside.

Creak.

The ward door soon opened, and an elderly black-clad man entered with Gina, Cindy, her boyfriend Hughie Steiner. and of course, the rotund Jade.

"Darling!" Jade began to groan and sob as she saw her daughter lying unconscious on her bed.

"Shut up!" the black-clad man snapped.

However, instead of stopping, Jade's face fell as she glared at the black-clad man and snapped, "It doesn't hurt because she isn't your daughter, huh?!"

The black-clad man's breathing turned rushed, clearly angry.

Still, he calmed himself as he put his claw-like fingers around Luna's wrist to feel her pulse.

"Be gentle!" Jade bellowed. "Don't you dare hurt my daughter!"

The black-clad man's knuckles clenched, and he looked on the verge of the outburst.

However, he gritted his teeth and restrained himself as he remembered what Chaz had told him.

Even Frank was sighing outside the window—with a mother like Jade, Luna was going to die a lot less older.



He then remembered Gina too and shook his head with an exasperated smile.

Soon, the black-clad man said, “Your daughter’s poor kidneys are causing multiple meridian blockages. But if you can procure a herb called the drakeroot, she’d make a full recovery in a month—”

“Shut up!” Jade snapped even before the black-clad man could finish.

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Jade bellowed, “Your daughter has poor kidneys! The same goes for your whole family too!”

Speechless and livid, the black-clad man started to storm off.

Even if Chaz had asked him to come from distant Seaham, he would suffer a stroke soon if he had to suffer a boor like Jade for another second.

“Please calm down.” Gina quickly stopped him, smiling apologetically when she saw that things were going awry. “My relative is just a little too worried about her daughter. Please try to save Luna for Mr.

Graves’ sake—we will reward you handsomely once she’s cured.”

The mention of Chaz and a reward calmed the black-clad man a little, and he nodded. “Then go and procure a drakeroot. You just need to bring it, and I’ll be able to cure her.”

Gina sighed. “I’m sorry, but I don’t think we can obtain one—”

“It’s all because Frank Lawrence used the only one we found!” Cindy chimed in, gritting her teeth.

The black-clad man frowned in turn and sighed. “In that case, I can only cast my acupoint needles. It’s all up to fate if it works.”

Jade was going to start ranting at him again upon seeing his lack of confidence, but Gina quickly pulled her aside. "He's the only one we can trust at this point, unless you have any better ideas."

Jade paused before she ended up getting hysterical again. "Oh, my poor daughter... That bastard Frank Lawrence killed my daughter."

Still, the noisy crowd soon left, while the black-clad man stayed behind to treat Luna.

When he left too, Frank returned inside, frowning at the acupoints where the black-clad man applied his needles.

"What a mess." He sighed—the man would not even compare to Dan Zimmer, as those acupoints only stimulated the body and invigorated them.

In other words, the black-clad man was just trying to help Luna regain her strength, burning her vigor just so that she lived another few weeks.

When her vigor was burnt up in weeks, she would run her course and die.

Treating the symptom and not the issue was basically deceit. Still, the black-clad man must have had enough of Jade's antics, or he would not go this far.

"Hmph. If you have a heart, you should be thanking Gramps," Frank growled as he stuffed a Vigor Pill into her mouth.

He then tapped several of Luna's acupoints and waited for the pill to take effect. Once it did, he pulled out the needles of the black-clad man and placed them in the right acupoints.

As he did, Luna's breathing turned steady and she slowly opened her eyes.

“You!” she snapped since Frank could not get away in time.

Then, she touched herself to find herself covered in nothing but her white blanket.

Her eyes widened and she screamed deafeningly.

“Urgh.”

Frank cupped his ears as he leapt out the window.

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To no surprise, Gina and Jade stormed Frank’s hilltop mansion in Skywater Bay with Cindy and her boyfriend Hughie in tow.

They usually would not have made it in, but Hughie managed to get a word in with security and led them to Frank’s mansion.

When they pressed the doorbell, they were surprised to find a puzzled Winter answering the door instead of Frank.

She had just helped Carol at her new snackbar and was wearing a bear print apron as she helped Carol prepare dinner.

“Who are you looking for?” Winter asked in confusion, not recognizing these faces.

Even before Jade could speak, Gina stood akimbo and snapped, “Frank Lawrence is really too much, having some bitch on the side! He really is scum!”

“Are you calling me a bitch?” Winter gaped, utterly mystified.

Snap!

Cindy took a photo of Winter before she realized it, gloating, "I have her photo! Let's send it to the Turnbulls—we'll see if Frank Lawrence can still remain Vicky Turnbull's lover!"

"Who are you?"

At that point, Winter had realized that they were all no friends of Frank and scowled even as she kept her hand on the door. "Also, I'm not a bitch—I'm Frank's sister!"

"Cut the crap!" Jade rolled her eyes and shoved Winter to the floor with her pudgy hand while shouting into the mansion, "Show yourself, Frank! Stop hiding like a coward after molesting my darling Luna!"

Carol rushed outside when she heard Jade's maniacal cries and hurried to help Winter to her feet when she saw Winter on the floor. "What's wrong? What's happening here?"

She quickly flashed an apologetic smile at the menacing crowd before her. "Ladies, we can talk about this, yes? There's no reason to fight. Come on in... Oh, and have you eaten? I've just made dinner. We can talk over good food—"

"Fuck off!"

Seeing that Carol was trying to reach toward her, Jade slapped her across the face right then, after which she flicked her wrist in disdain. "I want Frank Lawrence! How dare some lowly cook like you try to touch me! Disgusting. And you're asking me to eat your food?! Even my dogs won't stoop that low!"

Winter's eyes went red as soon as she saw Carol being hurt and stood before her mother, spreading her arms to shield her.

"Why did you hit my mother? What did we do to you?" she demanded, her voice choking with tears.

“What did you do to us?! He molested Helen’s cousin while she wasn’t watching!”

Gina strode up and slapped Winter too, knocking her to the floor!

“You’re lying!” Winter cried even as she clutched her face. “Frank isn’t like that!”

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Jade spat at Winter right then, “Frank isn’t like that?! What, would I use my daughter to slander scum like him?!”

At the same time, Carol scrambled to shield Winter while continuing to smile at the angry mob. “Please, I’m sure there’s a misunderstanding here—Mr. Lawrence isn’t like that. We’ll call him right now, and I’m sure he can clear up this misunderstanding.”

“You’d better hurry, or I’m cutting this bitch’s face!” Jade growled through her teeth as she whipped out a switchblade, brandishing it in front of Carol and her daughter.

“O-Of course.” Carol wiped the blood off her lips and quickly urged Winter, “Go on, call Mr. Lawrence right now.”

“Mom.”

“Just hurry. Don’t you trust him?” Carol asked resolutely, watching the angry mob closely.

“Yeah...” Though Winter certainly would not doubt Frank, she did not want to bother him.

But seeing that her mother was determined, she took out her phone to call Frank’s number.

While she did, Cindy and her boyfriend Hughie strode into the hilltop mansion.

“Tut, tut.” Cindy clicked her tongue as she looked around. “Vicky Turnbull is really sparing no expense on her boy toy! This is so much better than Lane Manor.”

Hughie’s eyes flashed with jealousy, but he had his pride too. “Hmph. This is nothing—I’ll buy you an even better place.”

“Oh, that smells so good.” Cindy then drifted to the dining room to find the table covered in scrumptious dishes.

Carol’s cooking was certainly exquisite, and Cindy could not resist grabbing some smoked beef and stuffing it into her mouth.

“Oh, this is so much better than the crap the Lane Manor cooks can come up with.” She sighed as she ate and suddenly noticed the familiar lunchbox where the meat was placed.

“Hold on. What’s this?” She rubbed her eyes, and realized upon a closer look that it was one of Lane Manor’s custom lunchboxes.

It was only ever used in the manor and never brought outside!

“No way.” Cindy did a double take before knocking all the dishes off the table and picking up one of the lunchboxes.

Gina frowned when she found Cindy striding toward her angrily with a lunchbox in hand. “What’s wrong, Cindy?”

“See for yourself!” Cindy snapped and threw the lunchbox in front of Carol.

When Gina saw the lunchbox labels, she was immediately furious.

Leaping up and grabbing Carol by the collar, she spat, “Where did you get the lunchbox?!”

“What...?” Carol was stunned—how would she know?

She turned to Winter, who was still trying to call Frank.

Winter paused, staring at the lunchbox before frowning. “Helen brought it. She always comes to make breakfast for me and Frank.”

“You’re lying!” Gina was even more furious at that and slapped Winter viciously again. “My daughter has already divorced him! She’d never cook for him—he has no right!”