

## **The Girlboss 481**

### Chapter 481

“It’s the truth...”

Winter teared up miserably even as she picked up her phone. “Ask Helen yourself if you don’t believe me.”

“Lies!” Gina kept snapping angrily, but she was already panicking.

She knew her daughter better than anyone—Helen had been leaving for work earlier these days, even before sunrise.

Gina presumed that it was about work, but to think that she was coming here for Frank.

Though her indignation flared, she was afraid to press the issue, instead making a mental note to interrogate her daughter next time she saw her.

“Hey, have you called that bastard yet?” she asked instead.

“No. Frank’s not answering. I think he’s busy,” Winter replied, shaking her head even as she glared defiantly at Gina and Jade.

“Hah! More like he’s running away from his crimes!” Cindy laughed coolly.

Jade was in turn ranting immediately, “That bastard! I’ll make him suffer! It’s all you Northstream Lanes’ fault—if Helen married that scum, my daughter wouldn’t have to suffer such ignominy!”

Then, wheeling on Gina, she issued an ultimatum. “You’d better bring him in, or you’re not making it back to the main family!”

Gina quickly reasoned, “Please, just calm down.”

“Fuck off! Northstream is filled with savages! All of them!” Jade bellowed as she strode off, leaving Gina standing there awkwardly.

Still, her awkwardness soon turned to rage as she bellowed at Carol, “Tell Frank Lawrence to come to Lane Manor and apologize if he wants his little bitch back, or she’s dead!”

Then, turning toward Hughie, she pointed at Winter and snapped, “Take her!”

“Yeah.” Hughie nodded and strode up without another word with a sinister smile.

He shoved Carol out of the way, sending her stumbling violently into a pillar.

As Carol hit her head and bled, collapsing to a heap, Hughie seized Winter, picking her up like she was a pet, and shoved her into the trunk.

“Mom! Mom!!!”

Winter struggled when she saw her mother hurt and bit Hughie viciously.

He felt it, but Winter’s struggles were insignificant to a big man like him—he simply slapped her in the face, knocking her out.

“Hmph. A little young but pretty. I guess I could have a taste,” Hughie chuckled to himself as he shut the car trunk and drove off with the rest of the Lanes.

Earlier at the Riverplex dojo, Helen was wearing a dobok that bared her sweaty cleavage, tempting Chaz to peek at her constantly.

Oblivious, Helen asked, “How’s this, Chaz? Am I doing it right?”

Her seriousness only sent Chaz's juices flowing, and he thought he had complete control over this ice queen!

And with the risque dobok, Chaz felt like he would explode from lust.

No, he would have her right now!

"Chaz?"

Seeing Helen staring at him in confusion, Chaz quickly composed himself and restrained the bulge threatening to swell below his belt.

He smiled at Helen. "You're doing great, but..."

Chapter 482 -

Helen was perplexed. "But what?"

Chaz glanced at the other apprentices training around the dojo and leaned in to whisper into Helen's ear, "But you see... as a member of Southstream's Four Families and the chief of the Seaham Martial Artist Association, I naturally have some techniques I don't teach others."

Seeing Helen's bemusement, he flashed a mysterious grin. "You'll only improve after years if you stick to the regiment that the other apprentices are taking. Can you afford to wait that long?"

Helen looked around to see the many apprentices undergoing basic training as well and realized that she was no better.

Chaz then added, "You're always busy with work—surely you can't stick to basic training for years? Come on, there's a sealed room here. I'll teach you my family's secret technique."

Chaz certainly spoke reason, but Helen was not that ignorant.

She mused to herself for a while and said, "It's your family's secret technique. An outsider like myself shouldn't—"

Chaz scowled right then. "What do you mean outsider? We're childhood friends, and you're weighing that against some martial technique? You're discrediting me now."

"But." Helen was still hesitant, because she knew all too well why she wanted to learn martial arts in the first place.

Owing Chaz a favor just for that was more than what she had bargained for.

On the other hand, Chaz could not wait and kept spouting nonsense just to assure Helen. "It's alright—there's no reason to hesitate. It's just an acupuncture technique that would improve your meridian circulation. You'd never be able to copy it even if you wanted to."

Helen ultimately proved naive, though it would be apt to say she really hated losing to Vicky.

Moreover, she did not think that her childhood friend would try to harm her, especially since Chaz kept up with his nice guy act perfectly until now.

Even as they arrived at the sealed room, Chaz was licking his lips impatiently.

"Alright, Helen, just lie down," he said as he took a box of acupuncture needles from the shelf. "You'll feel a little hot with this acupuncture technique, but it's perfectly normal."

Helen nodded in consent, and he went to work, his eyes flashing lustfully where she could not see.

"Oooh." She gasped as needles pierced her skin, but Chaz kept going.

It was only when Helen felt a fire building in her loins that she realized something was wrong.

She reached for her phone, only to realize that she had kept it in her locker when she changed into her dobok!

“Hahaha!” Chaz laughed when he saw that.

By the time he was done, Helen’s gaze was unfocused and her cheeks flushed.

She kept licking her lips as if under influence as well.

Chaz seized her chin right then and smiled sinisterly. “Hahaha! A Southdam healer from before taught me this trick—no matter how tough a woman could be, they’d soon be a slobbering, thirsty slut! They’d never remember what happened either... and you have no idea how long I’ve been holding back, Helen Lane!”

He then took a seat, resting his chin on his palm leisurely.

## Chapter 483

Chaz then goaded Helen, “Go on, do it yourself!”

Helen started crawling toward Chaz, her mind totally controlled by desire.

However, even as she behaved with pitiful obedience, there was a look of yearning on her face as she pleaded, “Frank... Frank... Please, Frank... It’s all my fault... Don’t get upset with me, alright?”

“Frank... Frank Lawrence?!”

Chaz’s heart exploded with jealousy upon hearing Helen still saying Frank’s name even now.

Frank was in his Maybach, driving along Riverton Avenue after fleeing the hospital.

He was on his way back to Skywater Bay when he received a surprise call from Trevor Zurich.

“Mr. Lawrence, our men watching Helen Lane reported that she’s with Chaz Graves, attending the opening ceremony of the Riverplex Dojo. and he was teaching her martial arts.”

Frank frowned for a moment, but his brow soon eased. “So what? She went there on her own volition — it has nothing to do with me. And you don’t have to keep watching her from now on.”

“Huh.”

Trevor appeared hesitant but continued, “Well, sir. They also reported that Chaz lured Ms. Lane into a sealed room.”

“What?!”

Screech!

Frank’s Maybach left a long trail of tire marks as he jammed his foot on the brakes, while his hand almost crushed the steering wheel.

However, he eventually calmed down and looked up with a sneer. “So what? It’s none of my business.”

Trevor sighed on the end before hanging up.

On the other hand, Frank’s Maybach stayed still on the road for a long while.

Traffic even started to build up behind the car before it finally moved again, though it accelerated just before the next junction and made a rapid U-turn, heading back the way it came!

When Frank arrived at Riverplex Dojo and strode straight to the entrance, a man with an awkward bucktooth smile stood in his way, which made him appear especially shady. “Are you here to join the dojo?”

“Where is Chaz Graves?” Frank demanded coolly instead of answering.

“Mr. Graves?”

Bucktooth did a double take.

He peeked behind Frank and frowned upon seeing that he was alone. “What’s your business with Mr. Graves? You should know that not just everyone gets to see him—”

“Move!”

Losing all patience, Frank shoved Bucktooth out of the way and strode into the dojo.

As Bucktooth landed on his rump, he started screaming into the dojo, “Help! We have a troublemaker!” “What?!”

“A troublemaker?!”

“On opening day?!”

Four burly men in doboks strode up to Frank right then, blocking his path.

“Kid, don’t you know who owns this place? Are you really so bored that you’d cause trouble here?”

One of them was bald, and he shoved at Frank’s chest, only to stumble backward while Frank did not budge at all.

Even as the bald man was left stunned, Frank bellowed, “Get me Chaz Graves!”

## Chapter 484

Frank was glowering, having zero patience as he bellowed inside the dojo.

His outburst drew everyone’s attention, with many apprentices watching in curiosity.

“Yo, is this a challenge?”

“How rude. It’s just our first day.”

“Just watch—the bald man over there is called Francis. He’s a local martial elite and an Earthrank!”

“Earthrank? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Not sure, actually... You just need to know that they’re awesome.”

“Just look at our challenge, so fair and scrawny. He’s no match for Francis.”

“Yeah. He’s going to die horribly.”

“Wait, isn’t that Frank Lawrence?” One of the apprentices recognized Frank and appeared perplexed.

“What is he doing here?”

It was Jean Zims, a close friend of Winter’s. She was wearing her signature baseball cap and sweating all over cheeks despite putting up a ponytail.



On the other hand, the four men felt a chill down their spine even as they listened to the other apprentices' discussion.

To have a challenger on their first day, the dojo's reputation would be left in the dirt if they messed this up.

Naturally, their partnership with the Graves family would go up in smoke as well despite fighting long and hard for it!

If anything, Chaz himself attending their opening ceremony and using their dojo was already honoring them plenty!

Even so, Francis knew that Frank was not one to be trifled with, and he was certainly not as vulnerable as he looked.

"Do you know who has our backs, boy?" he asked, trying to intimidate Frank instead.

"Not interested," Frank retorted coolly and demanded, "I'm here for Chaz Graves. Bring him over if you know what's good for you!"

One of Francis' friends stood forward and narrowed his eyes. "You're disrespecting the Graves family!

You're asking for it!"

Frank simply raised three fingers as he glared at the four burly men before him and said coolly "My patience only lasts that long. I'm counting to three."

"One..."

"Fuck you! Who do you think you are to demand to see Mr. Graves?!"

One of the burly men finally had enough, and raised a fist bigger than Frank's face, jabbing straight at him!

Pow!

The burly men were left stunned, and the apprentices around them all gasped in disbelief as well.

Jean herself was snorting. "Hmph. Third-rate martial artists like you actually think you stand a chance?"

She had seen Frank fight before and had since developed a blind faith in him.

She had the looks, but unlike most girls, she also had a wild side, which was why she did not shy from throwing a bottle at Kait Wooper, a thug who had gatecrashed Winter's birthday celebration.

She had tried asking Winter in hopes that the latter would ask Frank to teach her some moves.

However, Winter was too sweet on Frank, ruthlessly rejecting her best friend with the excuse that Frank was always busy.

Jean had been sulking for the longest time, and she was thrilled to see Frank again today!

To no surprise, she watched as the burly man's full-power jab was stopped firmly by Frank in his palm.

Then, Frank started to squeeze.

The burly man immediately dropped to the floor in agony, screaming and clutching his wrist!

"Two."

Frank raised another figure as he continued counting.

Chapter 485

“You asked for it!”

Francis’ other two friends leapt toward Frank.

Frank had no reason to hold back, though he basically did not have to do much against pushovers like them.

Smack!

Two deafening slaps resounded, and Frank stood his ground, still holding the first burly man’s knuckle even as the man continued screaming.

On the other hand, the two burly coaches dropped to the floor with a loud thud.

They landed parallel to Frank, to his left and right.

“...Huh?” The other apprentices all gasped in shock again.

Thud.

Francis, who had seen enough to know when to back down, dropped to his knees when he saw how things turned out.

Bracing himself, he saluted Frank respectfully as he said, “I apologize if I’ve offended you before, sir.

Could you actually be Skyrank?”

“Three!”

Frank narrowed his eyes as he counted the final number, and Francis felt a chill down his spine as he realized Frank was not playing along.

And the look in his eyes when he breathed three. He was the reaper incarnate!

Francis actually felt cold even though there was no air-conditioning in the dojo!

“M-Mr. Graves is in the sealed room over there,” he said. “Should I call for him?”

“Hmph. At least you’re not blind,” Frank growled and strode off.

Francis was left staring at his palms as he realized they were trembling and almost dropped to the floor like his friends.

Who could that man be? The death aura swirling around him was already that horrific—how did Chaz end up provoking a reaper like him?

“So cool.”

On the other hand, Jean’s eyes were fixed on Frank, the look of love all too obvious.

She suddenly clapped her hands together and mused to herself, “Right! I’m in the student council! I could just suggest to the administration to invite him over as a coach for our martial arts club. Winter won’t get to reject me this time!”

With that in mind, she refrained from greeting Frank and instead hurried to the locker room excitedly. –

Chaz was shirtless as he leisurely watched Helen, who was on her knees and starting to take off her dobok.

Bang!

That was when the steel door shook violently.

“Hmm?”

Being the heir to the Graves family and the chief of the Seaham Martial Artist Association, Chaz was no pushover.

Sensing danger, he leapt away and dodged the shrapnel as the steel door shattered.

“I’ll kill you!” Frank was incensed when he stormed in to find Helen’s gaze distant, her dobok barely clinging on to her.

“Frank Lawrence?!” Chaz stared at him in disbelief and then at the shattered door in shock. “Isn’t he just some lowlife gigolo? Didn’t he freeloader off Helen for three years before getting Vicky Turnbull to be his sugar mommy? How is he this good?”

Even so, he stayed calm and maintained his air of superiority, even sneering at Frank. “What? You and Helen are divorced, and you’re still intervening in her happiness? Don’t you think you’re overreaching, ex-husband?”

Seeing that Chaz was still spouting nonsense, Frank was ready to cripple him.

However, Helen had wobbled toward him despite still being under influence as soon as she saw him. “Frank... Frank... It’s all my fault... I missed you so much... Don’t leave me, please...”

“Helen...”

Frank’s rage vaporized right then as he reached out to pull her into his arms and listened as she bawled over his chest.

Chapter 486

Helen kept sobbing, "I regret it so much I could die... I shouldn't have listened to my mother... I'm begging you, Frank. Just forgive me."

Frank's knuckles eased.

She was an ice queen and girlboss, but Helen finally confessed her true feelings.

Still, Frank soon remembered Chaz and looked up at him icily. "Weren't you bragging about Helen's happiness?"

"Bitch." Chaz swore under his breath as he gritted his teeth.

The acupuncture technique he learned from the Southdam healer revealed a person's strongest desire. He just did not expect Helen to keep chanting Frank's name when he used it on her!

He was certainly indignant—the entire family hated Frank, so why was Helen so obsessed over him?

Despite his grievance, he kept laughing, even pointing at Frank. "Hehe. You'd better stay out of my business and put her down, and I just might let you live."

"What, you can't bear hearing a woman calling another man's name?" Frank retorted, his death aura gradually swirling.

"I don't care," Chaz said with a shrug. "I only want her body. I don't care who she loves or who she feels guilt for."

"Bastard!" Frank bellowed.

His cry caused Helen to flinch in his arms, and her mind cleared up as well.

"Frank? What are you doing here.?" She looked up at Frank, puzzled.

Seeing that she had recovered, Frank released her and pointed at Chaz as he growled icily, “He used passion acupuncture on you and tried to have his way with you.”

“Chaz?”

Chaz froze as Helen turned in shock at him, though he soon made an innocent face. “My hands are clean! I was just performing acupuncture when you passed out in exhaustion, but he barged in, yelling at me and even molesting you against your will.”

Frank could laugh even as Chaz continued to distort the truth. “It’s obvious—your ex-husband is so petty! I saved him, and not only did he refuse to thank me, but he even threatened to attack me while questioning our relationship. What does a successful woman like you see in him?”

As Chaz made a look of disappointment, Helen wheeled on Frank, looking him in the eye and demanding somberly, “Was what Chaz said true?”

Frank could feel his heart turning cold, but he also remembered her pleading to him so vulnerably before.

Relenting, he shook his head. “He’s lying.”

“Alright.” Helen’s memory was still a blur, and she was silent for a while before looking up at him again. “I trust you this time, Frank. But it’s no lie that Chaz saved you before, don’t you think? I was there when he asked Burt Yorkman to free you, and you were soon released—or are you saying that’s a lie too?”

Frank snorted at her stubbornness, glaring at Chaz as he sneered. “Really? When did I ever need his saving?”

Chapter 487

“Frank!” Helen snapped in disappointment. “What’s your problem? Is it too much to ask of you to humble yourself for a change?!”

“Why should I humble myself?” Frank was angered right then and shot back coolly, “You never believe me anyway, so there’s nothing to discuss here. Go pursue your own happiness! It’s over between us! I’ll stay away, and you should too!”

He shook off Helen’s tug and strode out of Riverplex Dojo.

“Frank!” Helen stumbled even as she tried to chase after him, but he left without turning back.

She was left against a pillar, hiding her face in her palms miserably as she slowly dropped to a crouch.

She simply could not understand. “Why... Why do you always have to be stubborn?!”

On the other hand, Chaz was cursing Frank under his breath for ruining his plans.

However, Helen’s reaction made it obvious that he had a chance too.

Hurrying to her, he comforted her. “It’s alright, Helen. You don’t have to beat yourself over your exhusband.”

“I’m tired, Chaz. Take me home,” Helen said.

“Sure,” Chaz gave up, seeing that today was a no-go.

He watched as Frank’s Maybach left, his eyes narrowing murderously as a dangerous idea took root.

Helen would never give up on Frank as long as he was alive.

And since Frank had the Turnbolls’ backing, he just had to work on the Turnbolls.

Once Frank lost their support or was even deemed a threat, he would be insignificant! –



Frank was never this furious even when his sect was destroyed or when Helen divorced him.

A three-year marriage, and his quiet protection—all for this.

He actually thought that anyone could do whatever they wanted with him now.

Not only did he have to keep secret that he was treating a bitch like Luna Lane, but Helen repeatedly doubted him.

Enough was enough.

His Maybach engine rumbled as it thundered down the road, and he calmed down just as he returned to Skywater Bay.

He sighed lengthily, remembering Henry's ancient face and the moment he saved his life.

He was now home, and he relaxed a little as well.

"Winter? I'm home—"

Before Frank could finish, he found Carol passed out on the ground, bleeding from the head.

"Mrs. Lawrence?! What happened?! Winter!!!"

He yelled into the house even as he carried Carol into the hilltop mansion.

No one answered, and Frank felt his heart sink with a foreboding sensation.

After getting Carol inside, he saw the food strewn all over the floor.

He felt embittered, knowing that Carol had come over to cook for him.

Quickly treating Carol's head injury, he took out his phone and called Trevor Zurich... only to see the many missed calls from Winter.

He had been too angry to realize that!

"Trevor."

"Mr. Lawrence."

Chapter 488

Frank asked bluntly, "Who attacked Carol Zims, and where is Winter?!"

Trevor could hear Frank's repressed rage, but he would never lie anyway.

Bracing himself, he admitted, "Ms. Lawrence is at Lane Manor."

"The Lane family again?!"

Frank went mad right then, his teeth gnashing violently and audibly. "I've had enough! It's time I settle this once and for all! Trevor, send your best doctors to take care of Carol!"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence!" Trevor replied immediately.

Once Frank hung up, he glowered as he strode out of his mansion.

It was suddenly pouring, and thunder rumbled deafeningly over the skies as if to reflect Frank's mood.

"My kindness is spent now, Gramps! The rest is up to them!"

Vroom!

Frank jammed his foot on the gas pedal, and his Maybach crashed through the guardrail as it sped toward Lane Manor.

—

Meanwhile, Lane Manor was a picture of harmony as they feasted, celebrating Luna's full recovery.

She was certainly alive and kicking, with even Jade showing delight at that.

"It's all thanks to Chaz Graves bringing in that amazing healer from Seaham. Just a few needles, and Luna's cured."

She still regarded the others with disdain, but she was actually grateful whenever she mentioned the Seaham healer and Chaz.

On the other hand, Luna, who was supposed to be the main character, was sulking.

She suddenly swiped the plate in front of her off the table. It was filled with food Gina brought her, and it shattered into pieces on the floor.

"Mom!" she cried. "Have you caught Frank Lawrence yet? I feel so disgusted that I can't eat whenever I remember what he did..."

"Oh... Haha." Gina chuckled awkwardly and assured Luna, "Don't worry, Luna. We've caught his side bitch—we'll torture her for you if that bastard still doesn't apologize."

"It's alright, Luna," Jade chimed in. "I won't let you suffer this injustice. We'll make that bastard pay once we returned to Southstream!"

Then, she rolled her eyes at Gina. "You really can't hope for anything from Northstream Lanes, after all."

The Lanes were left embarrassed and at a loss as Jade and Luna ruined the good vibes in no time at all.

Still, Gina watched Jade as she asked gingerly, "So, regarding us returning to the main family..."

"Don't worry," Jade said with a snort. "We were going to bring you all back in the first place, and you've put on a show that is good enough for me to think about it."

Still, she suddenly had an idea. "Also, you must hand over Frank Lawrence's bitch to me before we leave."

"Of course," Peter quickly answered for his mother's sake.

On the other side of the table, Cindy and Hughie were lovingly feeding each other.

Seeing that Helen was sulking in her seat, Cindy asked in concern, "Why do you look so down, Helen?"

"Don't even say it!" Gina snapped right then, glaring at Helen as she snorted in disappointment. "Chaz Graves is the paragon of a good man, but she doesn't even show her appreciation enough to ask him to stay for dinner..."

Helen remained silent for a while and suddenly stood up. "I'm full. I'm going to see Grandpa."

"Brat!" Gina snapped in frustration, but there was nothing she could do since she could not lord over Helen now.

—

As Helen opened the door to Henry's room, she called out gingerly, "Grandpa?"

## Chapter 489

Henry was sitting out on the balcony, staring at the downpour and lightning storm in the distance.

"Grandpa...?"

Helen called out again, finally bringing Henry to his senses.

He turned and forced a smile. "Oh, Helen. What are you doing? Shouldn't you be having dinner with your mother and the others?"

Helen was speechless as she saw that her grandfather had grown more wrinkles over what happened yesterday, and she simply dropped to her knees beside him.

"Oh, Helen..." Henry pulled her into his arms and tousled her hair as he groaned in pain. "Frank is such a wonderful kid. Why can't any of you see that?"

"I know..." Helen sobbed. "But he's so proud and stubborn. I told him to thank Mr. Graves, but he had to refuse, though Mr. Graves saved his life!"

"Mr. Graves? As in Chaz Graves?!" Henry did a double take and smacked himself on the forehead. "Oh, Helen—you're such a fool!"

"Grandpa...?"

Henry sighed in disappointment. "Haven't you been deceived enough? Gina and Peter are both too stupid to see the truth, and you're no different? You've been married to Frank for three years, and you still don't understand his character? Has he ever been proud or stubborn? No... You're the proud and stubborn one, Helen!"

Helen was stunned by Henry's words, and she remembered the misery and frustration in Frank's eyes every time she slandered him.

And just this afternoon, she also saw apathy...

Henry sighed as he struck himself again. "Silly girl—you have to reconcile with Frank right now, or your mother and brother will end up driving him against us! Nothing can save us when that happens!"

"Yes, Grandpa!" Helen sprang to her feet, wiping away her tears as her expression became determined.

"Good. As long as you understand that, we still stand a chance. Go—"

Before Henry could finish, however, a thunderous bellow resounded from outside Lane Manor.

"Gina Zonda! Come out and face me!!!"

Helen froze at the bellow, while Henry closed his eyes in despair. "Oh, it's over. It's over for our family..."

"Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll handle this." Helen quickly came to her senses, picking up her coat as she rushed downstairs without another word.

Jade, Gina, and everyone else were on their feet too, with Gina growling furiously, "Who does he think he is? He came here, unrepentant and even pompously calling me by name?!"

Jade spotted Helen rushing downstairs as well, and snapped, "Just look at your ex-husband, Helen! He molested my daughter, and this is how he apologizes?"

Cindy turned to Hughie in turn. "Are you friends here yet?"

“Don’t worry,” Hughie grinned. “They’re all professionals—they have the entire Lane Manor covered already. Frank isn’t getting away now that he’s here!”

“You’re the best.” Gina smiled gleefully before turning to Helen. “Where do you think you’re going?”

## Chapter 490

Luna, who was all too eager for revenge, frowned when she saw Helen quickly putting on her shoes.

“Are you really going to defend the bastard who molested me?!” Luna shrieked.

Helen completely ignored her and rushed outside in her stilettos.

It was pitch-black and pouring outside, but a towering figure stood in the middle of it.

Frank remained impassive even as he watched Helen run out toward him, braving the rain.

Bang!

A bolt of lightning illuminated the skies, and Helen saw his face just then.

Reaching out to him despite the rain, she cried, “Come in, Frank! We can talk about this... I know I was wrong for doubting you. Can you forgive me?”

Frank remained silent, completely ignoring her.

Soon, Gina and the others rushed out as well with their umbrellas. “Oh, Helen—why did you come out into the pouring rain without an umbrella?”

“Where’s my sister, Gina?!” Frank bellowed right then, and there was another clap of thunder.

“Oh, my goodness!” Gina almost fell over from the brute force of Frank’s bellow.

She patted her chest to calm herself down and snapped viciously at him in turn, “Quit your yelling! Are you crazy?! I’ll have you killed if you give me a heart attack! Come on, Helen—let him soak in the rain since he likes it!”

Luna had come out as well and pointed at Frank as she shrieked, “You bastard! You molested me at the hospital, and you’re being so pompous when you’re supposed to apologize?! Hughie! Where’s Hughie?! Call your friends to kill him!”

Her spite for Frank was inconsolable, and she almost broke her voice with her shrill shrieks.

She was the heiress to one of Southstream’s Four Families, only to end up molested by some insignificant bastard! If word got out, she and her entire family would be humiliated!

“Hughie! Where are your friends? Call for them already!”

Jade was livid too—she could not care less about Gina, let alone bringing the incompetent Northstream Lanes back to the main family.

And it was all because of Frank molesting her daughter, which kept her fearing that Gina and her family would spread the word.

She certainly hated Frank to the bone after the numerous grief he gave her. Not only did he incited a mob against her the very first time they met, but he also refused to treat Luna, and he was then caught molesting her!

“Yes, ma’am.” Hughie was no slouch himself, having spent thirty million dollars just for a chance to suck up to the Southstream Lanes.

Since he could not beat Frank in a fight and average bodyguards were no match for him, he just had to bring in the professionals!



He hence spent a fortune to hire a group of elite hitmen, along with an Earthrank elite.

He was convinced that Frank was going to die here whatever happened, though he would be a lot less confident if he saw how Frank really fared against the Chandlers.

With just a call, the group of black-clad men lurking around Lane Manor appeared.

They were all death dealers hired from the black market who would do anything for money.

And their leader was Earthrank elite number thirty-two—Dwight Houston of the Crestone Fists.