

The Girlboss 491

Chapter 491 -

Dwight was certainly full of himself as he growled impatiently while glaring at Hughie and the rest, “I told you all to stay inside—just leave the rest to us.”

His technique, the Crestone Fists, had always beaten any opponent to a bloody pulp, so he would rather not have an audience.

“Yes, yes, yes.” Hughie did not argue and quickly pulled Cindy inside.

Gina started to pull Helen along too. “Come on, Helen. Just leave the bastard to Hughie’s friends—let’s stay out of this.”

Helen smacked her hand away right then and demanded, “What is Frank talking about? What happened to Winter?!”

“T-That bitch...” Gina struggled to answer but soon gave up and snapped angrily instead, “Just stay out of this. It’s more important that our family is brought back to the main family. And you just worry about marrying Chaz!”

“Mom!” Helen cried. “How could you do this?! Winter’s my sister too!”

“Sister?! She’s just a bitch Frank is grooming without the Turnbulls’ knowledge!” Gina snapped at her disobedient daughter. “You’re still siding with him after all this? Don’t you know that he’s the reason our family never had peace?! Plus, he molested your cousin—or do you think the footage was fake?! And don’t think I don’t know what you’ve been up to every morning lately—you were cooking for that bastard!”

Helen was shocked. “How did you—”

“Hughie!” Gina screamed before she could finish. “Lock her in her room! I’ve already spoken with the Graves family, and you’re marrying Chaz in a week. You just stay put until it happens!”

“What?! I was never told!” Helen flailed even as Hughie grabbed him. “Stop it! No! I’m not marrying Chaz!”

“You can’t blame me for this.” Gina snorted. “We would at least have some backing when we return to the family once you marry Chaz, and your brother also had an agreement with him. He’ll arrange for a nice job for Peter, and the family will rise to new heights. You’ll understand soon enough that I’m doing this for your own good.”

“No!!! I’m not marrying Chaz! Frank! Help me! Frank!!!”

Helen’s cries soon faded as Hughie carried her away.

Gina and Jade stood off against Frank in turn, with Jade sneering at him. “Get down on your knees and apologize to my daughter, and I just might spare you. Your survival is all on you now!”

She started to pull Luna along, but Luna shook her off and kept glaring at Frank spitefully. “No, I’m staying. I’ll watch him die and be torn into pieces!”

Jade nodded in approval. “Good! Anything for my daughter!”

Gina glanced at Frank again and was stricken with heartfelt terror when she saw the murderous glare he leveled at her.

As she hurried back into the manor with Cindy and Jade, Dwight stepped beside Frank and whispered into his ear, “Look, kid—nothing personal, but I always work for the one who pays me. Thirty mil... If you can afford better than the Lanes, I’ll let you go. Hell, I’d even beat them up for you!”

Dwight had zero principles of professional ethics—it was another reason he did not want an audience.

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Frank glanced at Dwight’s vile smile even as he tried to play both sides.

“Move.” He growled a single word.

Dwight’s smile stiffened. “You sure you want to do this, kid?”

“You’re asking for it,” Frank retorted as he slowly turned and glared Dwight in the eye. “Move if you want to live.”

His pompous threat only left Dwight laughing. “No one has ever spoken like that to me in this business.”

“Someone has now,” Frank pointed out, impassive.

Dwight was incensed right then and grabbed Frank by the shoulder as he launched a punch at Frank’s abdomen.

“You asked for this!” He flashed a bloodthirsty grin, already envisioning Frank’s stomach bursting apart from his single punch.

Pow!

And yet, Dwight’s smile faded, replaced by utter shock.

His ever victorious Crestone Fists—launched at such a short distance—had struck Frank squarely in the abdomen as intended, but no gore ensued.

Instead, his body and even his shirt remained unscathed, and Dwight seemed to see a ripple unfurling away from his fist.

It was pure vigor stirred by Dwight’s punch as it deflected the weight of the strike back on Dwight with tenfold violence!

Crack.

Dwight stared stupid as his knuckles ruptured, his skin and flesh peeling away as his bone turned to dust.

In just two seconds, his right knuckled imploded.

“Argh!” he screamed at the top of his lungs even as he clutched the stump that was once his hand.

Frank, however, did not afford him another second.

Smack!

He slapped Dwight so hard that his neck twisted into itself multiple times.

With that, Earthrank elite number thirty-two was eliminated in a split second.

“Wait, what?”

The crowd of hitmen around Frank was stunned by the scene, and some were already thinking about running away.

However, one of them suddenly cried, “That’s just one! He won’t win against all of us! Go!”

The rest promptly raised their weapons and charged at Frank with a battle cry.

Blood soon poured as fast as the rain—Frank danced between the hitmen who numbered around a hundred, unstoppable.

Any weapon swung Frank’s way would suddenly be taken out of their grasp before the hitmen were killed with their own weapons.

Within minutes, around a hundred men were on the ground, laying silently.

After all, Frank could kill with a single strike—there was no way for the hitmen to defend themselves or run.

The last hitman, who could see that things had gone terribly wrong, tried to turn and run.

Henry simply picked up a falchion off the floor and flung it at him, stabbing him through the neck.

He dropped on the floor audibly and never got up again.

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And with that, Frank eliminated an entire guild of black market hitmen.

Gina and the rest remained oblivious inside Lane Manor, as the walls were soundproof and thunder was cracking relentlessly outside. They could not hear the massacre nor the death screams of the hitmen at all.

Convinced that Frank would never win against so many despite his strength, and certainly not the famous Dwight Houston, Gina had brought out the Lafayette wine she prepared beforehand and filled everyone's glasses in celebration.

Now, they just had to wait for Dwight to carry Frank's corpse inside.

Turning toward Cindy, Gina asked, "Have you sent the photo to the Turnbolls?"

Cindy nodded and smiled. "Don't worry—I hate Vicky Turnbull myself, but she'd be furious if she found out that her gigolo has another bitch on the side. We just have to dump Frank's corpse on her doorstep, and she'd be awash with gratitude."

Gina grinned. “Hmph. She’s always so high and mighty, but we have leverage against her now. She’ll be humiliated if we leak the news—let’s see if she can strut around us after this!”

“Haha! She might come to our doorstep, begging!” Cindy laughed.

Jade shot Gina a sideways glare right then. “Don’t push her too far. I heard that the Turnbolls are a big deal in Morhen.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Gina chuckled. “We know where the line is.”

Right when she said, the tall, heavy doors to Lane Manor were kicked open!

Those doors were supposed to keep even burglars out, but it was reduced to dust!

“Argh!”

Everyone yelped and turned pale in shock.

Then, Jade saw Luna.

She did not expect her to return before the others. Before she could ask why, however, she realized Luna’s face was pale, her lips darkened and her body trembling.

And she was even wetting her own lolita dress!

“Mom... Mom...” she mumbled as if she had seen a ghost, not moving an inch even as she stared at everyone.

“What’s wrong, Luna? What happened?!” Jade exclaimed.

However, before she could reach her daughter, a hand reached in from behind and seized by the throat.

“Give me my sister, or you will all die in pieces!” A thunderous roar ensued.

Everyone froze when they saw the shadow behind Luna.

Gina especially jumped as if stung, pointing at him as she shrieked, “F-Frank?! How are you still alive?!”

“You have three seconds.” Frank ignored Gina’s question, his fingers tightening slightly around Luna’s neck instead.

Luna’s face turned ashen even as she screamed, “Mom! Save me! I don’t want to die!!!”

Luna’s screams drove Jade out of her mind, and she lunged toward Frank, punching his chest as he cried, “You insufferable bastard! Let go of my daughter! I’ll kill you!”

“Go away!” Frank would not hit a woman, but he had no reason to hold back against fishwives like Jade.

With a vicious slap, he sent Jade’s rotund frame soaring and rolling through the air before she slammed heavily on the floor.

She started bleeding out of every orifice before passing out.

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“How dare you, Frank!”

Gina was going to lose it too, but Luna’s scream brought her to her senses. “Help! It hurts so much! I’m going to die!”

Gina screamed at Frank right then, “Don’t you know who you just hit, you animal?! That’s Gavin Lane’s wife—their family is one of Southstream’s Four Families! If you let Luna go and beg, I might speak on your behalf so that they let you live. If you keep being stubborn, you’ll be dead!”

“Hmph.”

Seeing that Gina was still being delusional, Frank simply squeezed.

“Mmmph!!!!”

Luna’s face turned purple, her arms flailing as if to beg Gina for help.

“Stop, Aunt Gina! He’s crazy!” Cindy promptly pulled Gina away and turned toward Hughie, shrieking, “Go! Fetch that bitch from the basement, or the Southstream Lanes will kill us all if Luna dies!”

Hughie dashed downstairs immediately and soon returned with Winter, who was bound with so much rope that she looked like a dumpling.

“Frank!” Winter cried, and Frank seemed to calm down.

Tossing Luna aside, he strode up and gathered Winter in his arms.

Cupping her cheeks with his hands even as he fought back his gnawing guilt, he said, “It’s all my fault... but don’t worry, this won’t happen again!”

“How’s my mom, Frank?” she asked, so kind as she still worried over Carol even now.

“She’s fine. I’ve had the best doctors look after her.”

As Winter became relieved, Frank caressed her cheek, staring at the bruises on her face and arm.

“Who hit you and your mother?”

“It was...” Winter looked up at Hughie right then but soon shook her head and threw herself into Frank’s arms.

“I’m fine, Frank. Let’s go home—everything’s fine.”

“Alright. You go wait in the car... I have something to sort out.” Frank said, patting her on the back.

Even so, Winter held on firmly to Frank’s hand and assured him, “I’m really fine, Frank. It doesn’t hurt—let’s just go back to Skywater Bay.”

Winter obviously did not want him to keep causing trouble.

However, it only left Frank baleful—Winter was just so understanding and always thinking for his sake.

Helen, on the other hand...

“Be good, Winter,” Frank said firmly. “I have to deal with these scum—just wait in the car.”

“Okay.”

Seeing that Frank was determined, Winter stopped pressing him.

Putting her hands on his cheeks, he said solemnly, “Promise me that you’ll stay safe.”

“Yeah.”

Frank walked her to the door and slowly straightened up.

Winter's assurance may have calmed him, but he was not forgiving these people.

Turning toward the burly man standing nearby with an icy glare, he growled, "Hughie, was it?"

Hughie's heart skipped a beat.

Unlike the rest, he was a martial artist and could clearly feel the death aura unfurling from Frank.

He rubbed his hands as he glanced at the silent Cindy for a moment.

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"Yes, I'm Hughie. Mr. Lawrence, I—"

Frank punched him before he could finish, though his knuckle never made contact.

It was the pure vigor swirling around his fist, tearing through the air like a lightning bolt that sent Hughie flying.

His huge frame slammed viciously against the floor, his meridians severed as he was left with a hole in his chest.

His eyes rolled into their sockets, and he was clearly not breathing much.

"Argh!!!" Cindy screamed right then and dropped to a crouch, clutching her head with both arms.

She would not dare to snap at Frank—unlike her aunt, she had seen Frank's true nature.

With the way he would kill without flinching, she would be next if he said another word.

“Frank Lawrence!”

Gina shrieked in both rage and terror, pointing a trembling finger at Frank, “You ingrate! You refused to treat Luna, and you’re attacking us in our own house now, even murdering right before our eyes?! The Southstream Lanes will kill you!”

Seeing that Gina was still gloating even at this point, Frank glowered and strode toward her.

Gina screamed right then and ran to pick up a vase, holding it in front of herself as she cried, “S-Stop! Are you crazy?! If you lay a finger on me, the old man won’t ever forgive you!”

Frank hesitated at the mention of Henry and lowered his hand.

“Frank!”

Henry himself called out to him from upstairs just then. “Is that you, Frank?”

Frank was silent for a moment before he looked up and answered, “Yes, it’s me.”

“Frank... My family has really done you wrong!” Henry’s voice was choking with tears. “I’m too old, and Helen is too kind and naive... I-I...”

“Please stop.” Frank’s eyes went red too. “It’s all my fault.”

His eyes went red—he owed Henry his life, and he would never forget that he would be dead if not for Henry.

“Frank, I’m begging you one last time. Please forgive us... in exchange for my life.”

“You don’t have to go that far, Gramps,” Frank replied. “Just say the word, and I’ll consider it done.”

He started upstairs, only to hear Henry breathing a long sigh.

“I know you’re in a dilemma, Frank. But know this—you owe my family nothing anymore, and I’ll no longer be a burden.”

Frank was stricken with a sense of foreboding, but even before he could run upstairs, he heard it.

Bang!

The violent gunshot seemed to strike Frank in the heart. His head went blank even as he scrambled upstairs to find Henry sitting limply on the couch, his hands dangling limply at his side while he bled freely from a hole on his temple.

“Gramps!” Frank screamed as he leapt up, prying Henry’s mouth open and shoved all the pills he had down his throat.

“Temples... sternum... solar plexus...” He pulled out the acupuncture needles from his pocket and frantically tried to save Henry.

Ultimately, he was left sitting limply on the floor, staring blankly into thin air.

Henry Lane was dead.

Frank was a miracle worker, but there was nothing he could do for a patient who blew his own brains out.

At the same time, the Turnbolls arrived.

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Vicky led the charge into Lane Manor, her heart skipping a beat when she saw all the corpses strewn around the courtyard.

Before she could speak, she heard the gunshot from upstairs.

When she and Yara Quill made it inside, she immediately found Luna cringing in a corner and Cindy cowering with her head beneath her arms.

Jade was on the floor, having passed out, while Gina stood still, still clutching the vase.

“What happened here?!” Vicky then snapped at Gina. “Where’s Winter?!”

Gina came to her senses and appeared delighted to see Vicky even though Vicky was glaring at her.

Forcing a smile, she began, “M-Ms. Turnbull... Did you know that Frank Lawrence had another lover—”

Smack!

Vicky slapped her across the face, not about to play along to her vileness.

“Where’s my sister?!” she demanded. “If anything happens to her, you and the rest of your family are dead!”

Vicky’s fury left Gina stupefied.

She certainly could not say a word—Winter was supposed to be Frank’s lover! How did she become Vicky’s sister?!

One of Vicky's bodyguards arrived just then and reported, "We found her, Ms. Trunbull. She's in Mr. Lawrence's Maybach."

"Oh, Frank!" Vicky soon came to her senses, remembering the gunshot that sent a chill down her spine.

She rushed upstairs without another word and found Frank doing his damndest to save an old man.

His hands were covered in blood even as he kept mumbling to himself, "I'm sorry, Gramps... It's all my fault... Come on, you're scaring me! I'm a miracle worker, so I'll definitely save you just like before... I'm not angry, see? Please just get up..."

It was the first time Vicky saw Frank being so helpless.

She stood silently behind him, watching him work futilely for a long while before finally gently wrapping her arms around him. "It's alright, Frank. There's nothing you can do."

Frank came to his senses at her voice and dropped all the needles he was holding on the floor, his eyes welling up with tears. "Why... How did things turn out like this..."

"It's not your fault. I know that and I trust you," Vicky breathed.

Despite his self-blame and misery, she pulled him to his feet and said firmly, "Come on—we're leaving and never coming back."

Frank remained silent as Vicky pulled him along and away from Lane Manor—her people would sort out the mess.

The rain and thunder never stopped that night.

—

Frank woke up the next morning to find a petite figure holding himself in sleep for an entire night, and his nose picked up her sweet fragrance right away.

However, he was not in the mood to admire the sight of beauty in his own bed.

He got up and sat on the edge of his bed until the figure moved with a cute groan.

“You’re up?” He forced a smile.

“Yeah,” Vicky replied as she stretched her back, not minding that her silk nightgown was not hiding her perfect figure at all.

She snuggled up to Frank, wrapping herself around his neck as she mused, “I’ve never seen you looking as hurt as you were yesterday, Frank.”

Frank glanced at her without arguing, instead saying quietly, “Henry Lane was a good man.”

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Frank murmured, “Good men shouldn’t die like that.”

“Yeah.” Vicky sighed, pausing as she remembered something else. “What about Helen? Does she know her mother kidnapped Winter?”

“I don’t know.” Frank shook his head.

“I see...” Vicky murmured and got up to give him a gentle peck on the forehead, tousling his hair as she said, “As the CEO of Grande Pharma, I’m ordering you to take the week off—after that, you must come to work looking spirited.”

“Heh...” Frank chuckled bitterly. “Thank you.”

“Caring for employees’ health is a CEO’s responsibility. Anyway, just call me if anything comes up.” Vicky smiled at him and started to leave the room.

However, she opened the door to find that Winter had been eavesdropping.

Leveling a cheeky smile at Winter, she asked, “What were you doing?”

Winter blushed right then and quickly threw up her hands. “N-Nothing! I was just going to call you for breakfast... Would you rather I bring the soup to your room, Frank?”

She really was a good girl.

Still, Frank got up and shook his head—there was no point in lingering in the past now. “I’ll be right over.”

Vicky smiled mischievously at Frank in turn, brushing her fingers over lips as she turned to Winter and giggled. “I’m skipping breakfast, Winter. I’m full, after all.”

“You’re full... Oh!”

A little naive, Winter had to think for a while to realize what Vicky was saying.

Flushing up to her ears right then, she turned and fled!

“Oh, you...” Frank smiled exasperatedly as he watched Vicky tease Winter and left his room.

Sitting down at the dining table, he asked Winter, “Don’t you still have classes today?”

He felt guilty even as he drank the soup Winter cooked while watching her pack her bags.

If he had stayed calm and answered her call, then Winter would never have been taken away by those fishwives or gotten hurt...

Trevor must have stayed his hand since he was unsure what to do, since said fishwives were from the Lane family.

“Uh... D-Don’t worry, Frank. Vicky will give me a ride.”

Frank was perplexed, but he kept eating even as he wondered while Winter kept her back to him, her little face not appearing to be particularly pleased.

—

“Phew...”

Winter sighed when she was done packing her bag later and turned towards Frank.

“I know it’s inappropriate to talk about it, but you shouldn’t blame Helen,” she said. “I’m sure she wasn’t aware.”

Frank remained silent while she left with Vicky.

“Helen...”

Frank was feeling troubled.

On one hand, he knew that Helen had not gotten over him—she confessed her true feelings when Chaz used the passion needle on her.

On the other hand, Helen was stubborn and only ever believed what she saw. And with Henry's death, there was nothing to prove his innocence, while Helen's family would browbeat her into believing that Frank had defiled Luna.

"What a mess." Frank sighed and shook his head exasperatedly—it was now high time to give up on Helen.

Henry had killed himself exactly because he did not want to get Frank caught in a dilemma because of himself.

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Henry had killed himself, giving up his life in exchange for Frank's mercy.

"As long as the Lanes don't mess with me anymore, I won't bother going after them," Frank mused to himself. "We're all square now."

It was Henry's last wish, because he understood at the very end that his family did not deserve Frank.

Despite Gina's persistent claims that Frank did not deserve Helen, it was the other way round.

—

After breakfast, Frank started his daily training routine.

His phone rang with perfect timing when he was done, and it turned out to be Burt Yorkman.

"What is it?" Frank answered.

"Bro—I mean, Mr. Lawrence! We're in trouble!" Burt cried urgently right then.

Frank frowned. "What? What's the problem?"

"I-It's Quinn," Burt stammered. "S-She ran away!"

"Ran away?" Frank remained unaffected, even nodding. "Then let her."

"What? But..."

Burt's jaw hung open as he tried to speak and sighed after a long while. "Sir, her insanity was faked!"

"I know." Frank nodded again.

"What?!" Burt was left gaping in disbelief. "Then why didn't you just eliminate her back then?"

"Because I'm using her as bait."

Frank's explanation only left Burt further confused. "She's bait? What are you fishing for, Mr. Lawrence? If she tells Cloudnine Sect about you—"

"Don't worry, she won't," Frank said confidently.

"Really? Why?"

Burt was especially concerned since his life was at stake, but Frank simply told him, "Don't worry about it. Just watch out and call me if anyone comes to you."

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence."

Frank sneered even as he hung up.

He knew that Quinn would not tell Cloudnine Sect about him because of her ambition.

After meeting her for a few times now, Frank had discerned how ambitious Quinn was, and that she stopped at nothing to achieve her goals.

She was certainly cunning too—despite being a Sage Lake Sect elder's daughter, she would resort to feigning insanity just to save herself from Frank's vengeance, and that certainly made her a scary individual.

However, that also meant her greed would keep her from ratting him out to Cloudnine Sect and the rest of the South Sea Four.

Mystic Sky Sect might be history, but everyone had gone after them in the first place because they desired the Five-Peat Archaeus. Quinn would certainly be able to find out why, with her high rank in Sage Lake Sect and all.

After all, it was an esoteric discipline that combined mastery over the five elements, and it was said that with sufficient talent, it could propel a person to immortality!

Those beneath were no more than mortals, while those who reached beyond were divine!

And it was because Frank's mentor attempted ascension that they were attacked by every other sect, foiling said attempt. If he had succeeded, he would have been able to destroy every sect in Draconia, let alone the South Sea Four.

Now, as the only living apprentice of Mystic Sky Sect, Frank showed embodiment of the Five-Peat Archaeus.

He therefore knew for sure that Quinn would not tell Cloudnine Sect and would instead attempt to claim the Five-Peat Archaeus for her own.

In fact, her escape was merely the first move Frank made on the chess board.

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And just as Frank had predicted, Quinn did not even tell the Salazars before fleeing alone back to Sage Lake Sect.

Pulling rank as the daughter of an elder, she immediately scoured through the sect's archives once she returned, her eyes flashing greedily when she found out why Mystic Sky Sect was massacred three years ago.

Five-Peat Archaeus—immortality!

And now, that opportunity was right in front of her, ripe for the taking!

Drakon Salazar? Did he even compare to the temptation of immortality?!

They were just in a relationship and not even married—and Quinn would never let Cloudnine Sect hog such providence!

With that in mind, she slips away from her fellow apprentices asking after her, smiling spitefully as she strode into her father's parlor.

—

At The Dynasty, Helen was wearing a bareback black dress as she leaned against the bar.

She was drunk, as she had been for the last three days.

Naturally, she stank of alcohol and was barely coherent, and her vomit covered the floor around her.

Cindy sat beside her, saying gingerly, "Come on, Helen. Let's go home—you still have to preside over your grandfather's funeral."

Gina was looking on in concern too. "Helen, I did everything for your own good. If you go on like this, the Graves family would—"

"Go away!" Helen shook Gina's hand off, wobbling as she rose to her feet and pointed between Cindy and Gina, stammering, "M-Murderers! You're all murderers who killed Grandpa! Oh, Grandpa..."

Helen's outburst left Gina and Cindy trading glances, with Gina quickly doing her best to excuse herself. "It wasn't us, Helen—it was that bastard Frank Lawrence! Your grandfather would never have killed himself if Frank didn't attack us! I'd never want him to die so soon myself!"

Cindy quickly joined in. "Aunt Gina's right. It's not her fault—it's all Frank's fault for bullying everyone just because he knows a little martial arts..."

"Then let me ask you this," Helen growled, her face flushed even as she pointed between Gina and Cindy again. "Why would Frank come to our house? Why was he so furious with us?! Why?!"

Clang!

Helen suddenly picked up her glass and smashed it on the floor, and Cindy screamed in fear.

Gina avoided Helen's gaze as she argued, "B-Because he's a bastard! He came to mess with us just for kicks!"

"Exactly," Cindy added. "Why would you keep siding with him?! We're your family!"

"Yes! And home is where the heart is!" Gina quickly added. "Who should you trust if not your own family?"

"Family? Do you really think I'm so stupid?" Helen snorted at Gina and Cindy before sighing lengthily. "Well, I certainly am."

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Helen whipped out a stack of neatly arranged papers and slammed them on the table, stammering, “G-Go on, take it—that’s grandfather’s will, and you can have your wish to return to the Southstream Lanes.”

Cindy promptly snatched the papers, though she kept smiling. “What are you saying, Helen? This isn’t important—we’re all worried about you!”

“Yeah.” Gina frowned. “If you stayed like this, Lane Holdings would—”

“Mrs. Lane, Cindy.”

Gina turned, feeling saved when she saw the tall man dressed sharply in a suit who had just entered the bar. “Oh, Mr. Graves! You have to talk to Helen—we’re just not getting through with her.”

“Alright. You should go home—just leave her to me,” Chaz Graves replied, frowning in a rare expression of disgust when he saw what a mess Helen was.

Still, he quickly hid it with a smile.

“Wonderful! You really come through for us when it matters, Mr. Graves!” Gina exclaimed in delight.

“Allow me to buy you drinks next time for taking such good care of us, Mr. Graves,” Cindy said, winking flirtatiously at Chaz.

Hughie was dead, so she urgently needed another sugar daddy, even if it was Helen’s fiance.

“What a minx,” Chaz chuckled under his breath, though his expression remained polite.

“Alright, let’s go, Cindy. Let’s leave the rest to Mr. Graves,” Gina said just then.

“Okay.”

Once Gina and Cindy left, Chaz ordered a drink and sat beside Helen, forcing his most understanding smile. “It hurts to hear about your grandfather’s passing, Helen, but he’s gone. There are still all the people in Lane Holdings counting on you, and I’m sure your grandfather wouldn’t want you to stay like this.”

Hearing Chaz’s quiet comforting, Helen looked up lazily and asked almost unintelligibly, “Did you really save Frank? Please tell me the truth and don’t lie.”

“Huh?”

Chaz felt like he had been caught red-handed as Helen mentioned it out of the blue, but he was not about to admit anything now.

Bracing himself, he said, “Of course I did. Did he lie to you again? I even heard that he’s the reason your grandfather killed himself because he attacked your manor.”

Helen chuckled but did not allow Chaz to change the subject. “I really don’t know who to trust now... and I have another question.”

Chaz nodded. “Shoot.”

“Did the healer you send really cure Luna?” Helen asked, her eyes flashing seriously despite being drunk.

It left Chaz hesitant, though he soon sighed. “You still wouldn’t trust me or the cameras, Helen? You’d rather buy your ex-husband’s empty words?”

In reality, he was panicking—the Seaham healer he sent made it very clear that unless he was provided the drakeroot, he would not be able to cure Luna.

He also added that his acupoint needles only served to prolong Luna’s life by a few weeks.

However, when he found out that Luna made a full recovery miraculously and mentioned Frank molesting her, he knew that Frank was the one who cured Luna.

But he was not about to spill the beans—that would just prove Frank’s superiority over him!

Instead, he pulled some strings to have hospital security provide him with the security footage, which he doctored afterwards.