

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 51 - Read The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Chapter 51 novelbin

Rocco rushed up to Helen and grabbed her by the collar. "What did you feed my father?!"

"T—The Ichor Pill!" Helen cried in confusion.

"Shut up!" Rocco bellowed in rage. "Then how do you explain what happened to my dad?"

Helen was left biting her lip—she had no idea what had happened either!

Just then, Gina went up and said, "Please, Mr. McCoy. There may be a misunderstanding here. It probably isn't the pill!"

Luckily for them, Rocco was still somewhat rational.

"If anything happens to my dad," he growled coolly, "neither of you are leaving this place alive."

With that, he had the family bodyguards keep them locked in a guest room, while the servants promptly called for Dan Zimmer from Flora Hall

Helen was left pacing around in the room, while Gina sat on the bed, clutching her head as she grumbled, "Oh, it's game over... this is really bad. Shouldn't the Ichor Pill have helped Lyndon McCoy? Could it really have been the issue here?"

Pausing for a moment, Gina then urged Helen, saying, "Helen, You have to call Mr. Wesley. Ask him to talk to the McCoy's. Otherwise, how long do you think they would keep us here?"

Helen pursed her lips, but given the situation, they had to call Sean.

She promptly did so, and the instant Sean answered, he was gloating. "Hey, Helen. Why are you calling me? Suddenly missing me?"

Helen asked bluntly, "Is the Ichor Pill you gave me real?"

Sean was left dumbstruck right then. "What are you talking about? Did that bastard Frank say something again?"

Helen shook her head. "No. I just gave the other Ichor Pill to Lyndon, but after he took it, he collapsed like he had a stroke!"

"What?!" Sean exclaimed in shock.

He realized then that he was dumb to put another pill into the box!

It was just some vitamin supplement, and he had actually consulted a doctor before use.

Henry could supposedly take it without issue given his condition, but that was not the case for others...

Still, Sean argued, "I—I was giving it to your grandfather! How could you just give it away to someone else?"

Helen was aggrieved too. "I—I just wanted to help Lyndon McCoy too... I didn't know it wouldn't work,

Chapter 51

let alone worsen his condition!"

"The pill definitely isn't the issue," Sean said right then. "It's the McCoy's problem, not ours."

At this point, he would rather die than admit that the pills were fake.

"Could you come to the McCoy's residence and talk to them for me?" Helen asked just then.

"Oh... But I—I'm having a meeting right now," Sean said, feeling really awkward just then.

He was definitely not helping Lyndon even if he went.

How would he explain himself at that point?

He was no fool—if he went himself and the McCoys interrogated him, he would be exposed!

Still, he stammered, “D—Don’t worry. You just try to calm them down, and I’ll send my people over to

resolve the situation.”

Once he hung up, Gina promptly asked from the other end, “What did Mr. Wesley say?”

“He’ll send someone over,” Helen replied flatly.

“Good, good... We’ll definitely be fine if it’s him.” Gina breathed a sigh of relief.

Helen, however, was leaning against the wall, her head lowered thoughtfully.

She was confused as to why Gerald and her grandfather were fine after taking the pill, whereas Lyndon would collapse instead!

She promptly called Henry just then. “Hello, Grandfather. How are you feeling?”

Chapter 52

Chapter 52

Henry said, “Me? I’m feeling just fine. What is it?”

Helen breathed a sigh of relief—the Ichor Pill was clearly not the issue. “No, I was just asking.”

“And why would you suddenly ask?” Henry was curious—they had just seen each other hours ago.

Such concern was out of place, even from Helen.

The way she put it made it seem as if they had been apart for months!

“I gave Lyndon McCoy the other Ichor Pill,” Helen admitted. “His condition worsened after that... I don’t know if it’s the pills, or if Lyndon’s condition is just too critical.”

Henry smacked his lap at her words. "It's definitely the pills."

Helen was confused. "B–But you took it yourself."

"Pfft." Henry snorted in disdain. "That's bullshit. Frank's the one who saved me, not that what's–his

-name. Where are you now?"

"The McCoys locked us up," Helen admitted. "They probably won't free us if Lyndon doesn't recover."

"Oh, you..." Henry sighed in disappointment. "Just try not to upset them further. I'll try to get you out."

With that, he hung up, leaving Helen spacing out.

Frank had indeed been in the room when her grandfather was saved.

But what about Gerald? Was Frank the one he and his associates were consulting too?

She really doubted that Frank had that caliber!

Meanwhile, Frank received a call from Henry and cursed Helen's stupidity under his breath after Henry told him the whole story.

Still, there was no way he could ignore it when Henry was asking, and he hurried to the McCoys' residence.

He told the security guards at the gates, "Tell your masters that I'm here to treat Lyndon McCoy." The security guards presumed that he was the healer called upon and allowed him in without delay.

However, as they escorted him inside, Rocco was left dumbfounded when he saw Frank. "Who the hell are you?"

"Helen's husband," Frank replied.

All he wanted was to treat Lyndon and be done with the whole mess, so he did not especially care

Chapter 52

about the difference between husband and ex-husband.

“I heard she gave your father an Ichor Pill, but it caused his condition to worsen and they’re still trying to save him.”

“Yes,” Rocco nodded. “So you’re Helen Lane’s boy—perfect, you saved me the trouble of looking for you. See, if anything happens to my dad, you and every Lane will be buried with him.”

Frank sighed. “I understand how you’re feeling, young man. However, there’s no need to get too agitated—I’m here to save your father.”

Rocco was taken aback. “You? How?”

Frank pulled out a wooden case from his pocket and threw it to Rocco. “There’s an Ichor Pill inside. Give it to your father as soon as possible—he’ll recover in under six hours.”

Rocco caught the box and opened it to find it was the exact same pill Helen had given his father.

Convinced that Frank was no different from Helen, Rocco growled, “Did you fucking think I’d fall for the same trick twice?!!!”

Chapter 53

Chapter 53

Rocco bellowed right then, “Guards! Get him!”

At his voice, the McCoys’ bodyguards promptly surrounded Frank.

He looked at them in turn, frowning, “What is this?”

Rocco brandished the wooden case at him and snapped, “Your wife hurt my dad once, and now you’re going to finish her job? I’ll have you beaten to a pulp right now!”

Frank sighed exasperatedly. “The pill inside can save your father.”

“Shut up!” Rocco barked. “Get him!”

At Rocco's orders, the bodyguards whipped out their weapons, ready to hurt Frank, when a car bounded into the compound toward them, sending the bodyguards scampering for cover before the door opened. novelbin

Dan alighted, and promptly shouted, "Hold it, Rocco!"

He had rushed here right after receiving the McCoys' call, stunned to find that fake Ichor Pills were already in the market in just a few days.

He certainly had to stop Rocco when he arrived and saw that the latter was ready to hurt Frank—if Rocco really went through with it, Lyndon would be a dead man walking!

"Finally, Mr. Zimmer. Please go in—let me deal with this," Rocco said politely.

Even if he would refrain from being rude to Dan, he needed his satisfaction by beating up Frank!

"Deal with what?!" Dan snapped, grabbing his arm. "Frank's a bona fide miracle worker. He's the one who refined the Ichor Pills—you won't find another across all of Riverton!"

"What?!" Rocco was left stunned. "Are you joking, Mr. Zimmer?"

"Why would I joke around?" Dan snorted, really not bothered to waste his breath.

Turning toward Frank, he asked, "Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence?"

He certainly did not want a savant to get hurt!

Frank shook his head. "Thank you for your concern, but I'm fine.

"Well, are you going to treat Mr. McCoy now?" Dan asked tentatively.

"I've given his son an Ichor Pill," Frank said with a shrug. "He just has to feed his father, and he'll be fine."

"What?" Dan froze.

It was an Ichor Pill they were talking about! He was himself too embarrassed to ask despite his desire for one, but the McCoys were given one easily?!

Dan was as jealous as he was envious!

Still, Rocco snorted. "Ichor Pill? Mr. Zimmer, Helen Lane already gave one to my dad, and he collapsed right after!"

"I wouldn't know if it's real when it's anyone else, but it's definitely real if it's given by Mr. Lawrence here," Dan snapped, shooting a glare at him. "Sell it to me if you don't want it. I'm willing to pay you

a million."

"Uh... huh?"

Rocco was left staring at the box in his hand, but still doubted if it was really a miracle despite Dan's

affirmation.

"Why don't you take a look at my father first, Mr. Zimmer?" he asked quietly.

"Didn't Mr. Lawrence already give you the pill? Just feed it to your father," Dan said. "Or are you doubting me?"

"N-No, of course not," Rocco replied.

He certainly would not refuse after Dan said that.

Turning and running into the room, he fed his father the pill.

Dan in turn turned toward Frank, dissing Rocco without qualms, "Apologies, Mr. Lawrence. Young Rocco is still a little green—don't hold it against him."

The bodyguards around them pretended not to hear a thing. Forget dissing Rocco—Dan could slap Rocco in the face, and Rocco would never retaliate!

Chapter 54

Chapter 54

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Frank shook his head. “No, I understand how the boy felt. There’s no reason for me to blame him.”

If anything, Helen was to blame for bringing Lyndon the fake Ichor Pill, which led to Rocco believing Frank was bringing him another dud when he brought a real one.

Naturally, that was no reason to hold a grudge against Rocco,

Dan then walked up to Frank, appearing utterly respectful. “Your understanding certainly sets you apart from the rest... also, should you find the time, why don’t you visit my Flora Hall? We can exchange our knowledge when it comes to medicine.”

Frank smiled in turn. “Don’t worry, Mr. Zimmer. I’ll actually require your assistance, since I’ll need plenty of medicinal ingredients soon enough. I’ll be imposing plenty.”

Dan was beaming at Frank’s words—imposing suited him just fine. If anything, he was more worried

that Frank would not visit.

Decent relationships went both ways, after all.

“Feel free to ask if you need anything, Mr. Lawrence,” Dan assured Frank. “I’ll never turn you down.”

“Thank you, Mr. Zimmer.” Frank smiled faintly. “I shall get going if there’s nothing else... Also, please ask the McCoy’s to release Helen Lane later.”

Dan was taken aback. “Sorry for asking, but what’s your connection to Ms. Lane?”

“She’s my ex-wife,” Frank said quietly.

With those words, he left in silence.

down.”

The Lanes hated him, and now that Helen was unhappy with him as well, he had even less reason to

see them.

Dan was in turn gaping in disbelief—he was actually curious if Frank and Vicky were a thing since they were so close.

Forget Vicky being engaged... Surely the Turnbells would not let Vicky marry a divorcee?!

“M—Mr. Zimmer! I—It’s a miracle!” Rocco ran outside just then, almost stumbling as he did. “My father... he’s recovered! Wait, where’s Mr. Lawrence?”

“Gone,” Dan replied quietly. “Be nicer if you ever meet him again—he did not hold against you.

your offense

“Of course, of course!” Rocco nodded repeatedly before asking softly, “Actually, who is he? Why haven’t I heard of him, let alone that he was with the Lanes?!”

“Let’s just say that you shouldn’t ask too many questions,” Dan said, shooting him a look. “And

where’s Ms. Lane? Let her go already.”

“Oh, of course... I’ll do it right away!”

Helen and Gina were still sulking in the guest room, with the latter complaining unhappily, “What’s keeping Mr. Wesley? When are they letting us go?”

Just then, the door opened, with Rocco smiling in greeting, suddenly utterly humble. “I’m so sorry about my impulsive behavior before, Ms. Lane. I almost hurt you there—please don’t hold it against

me.”

Helen was left taken aback by his drastic change of attitude and could tell right away that either her grandfather or Sean had resolved the issue.

“It’s no issue, Rocco. How’s your father?” she asked.

Rocco smiled. “Your husband treated him, and he’s made a full recovery. He’s resting in his room as we speak, but don’t worry—the terms you negotiated before are still in effect.”

“My husband?” Helen was stunned.

Judging from the way Rocco said it, it was definitely not her grandfather. Could it really have been Sean?

“Yeah...” Rocco replied, left a little bemused by her reaction. “That’s how he introduced himself.”

In reality, he did not get it either—if Helen’s husband was that impressive, why would she give his father a fake pill in the first place? Could there have been a mistake?

Chapter 55

Chapter 55

As Rocco escorted Helen and Gina out of the front door, Helen was about to get into her car when she spotted a familiar figure.

It was Dan Zimmer, the owner of Riverton’s Flora Hall.

The last time they were at Verdant Hotel, Sean pointed out Dan to Helen when Dan was following

Gerald.

Running up to Dan, she called out, “Mr. Zimmer?”

Gina hurried after her, while Dan turned when he heard her name called.

Looking at Helen in surprise, he asked in curiosity, “And you are...?”

Helen flashed a businesslike smile. “My name is Helen Lane. Pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“Oh!” Dan exclaimed in realization. “So you are Ms. Lane. Apologies.”

Helen was actually surprised that he would be that respectful. “Do you know me, Mr. Zimmer?”

“Nope.” Dan shook his head. “But everyone has heard your name. Securing a partnership with the Turnbulls despite your youth? Your future is immeasurably bright!”

Helen blushed a little. “You flatter me, Mr. Zimmer. By the way, was Mr. Wesley the one who sent you?”

Beside her, Gina was grinning ear-to-ear, feeling smug to learn that Dan knew her daughter!

“Of course he did,” she said. “Who else would have?”

However, Dan was stumped. “Mr. Wesley? Who are you talking about?”

Gina quickly said, “Sean Wesley, of course.”

“Oh...” Dan nodded he had heard of the man, but there was no connection between them. “Of

course not. He did not call me.”

“What?” Gina was dumbfounded.

Even Helen was left in disbelief... until she remembered Rocco mentioning that her husband came.

She realized right then that Frank must have sent Dan to help Lyndon!

However, she was already divorced with Frank, and she did not want to be indebted to him.

She quickly opened her purse, scrunching as she spoke, “Thank you so much, Mr. Zimmer. May I ask you what your fee is? I’ll foot the bill...”

Dan shook his head. “You don’t have to. The fee has been paid. Also, I have other matters to attend to, so I shall be going now.”

Helen bowed. “Thank you, Mr. Zimmer.”

Dan nodded and got into his car.

Before leaving, he said, “Ms. Lane. I don’t know why you divorced your ex-husband, but I find him a good man. You should cherish him more.”

Helen smiled awkwardly in turn. “Thank you for your advice, Mr. Zimmer.”

With that, Dan wound up his window and left.

His mentioning of Frank made Helen even more convinced that Frank was the one who sent Dan.

On the other hand, Gina was staring as Dan’s car sped off into the distance, muttering, “Mr. Zimmer’s a lot more relaxed than I had thought he was... But it’s weird. If it wasn’t Mr. Wesley, who else could it be?”

“It was Frank,” Helen said quietly—she was sure of that as soon as Dan mentioned him.

Gina pursed her lips. “What, Frank Lawrence? Quite joking around—it’s already wonderful that he’s not causing more problems, let alone save you!”

One way or another, Gina would never believe that Frank would be that nice.

Helen was speechless but did not bother to explain.

Chapter 56

Chapter 56

Sean called Helen just then. “Are you alright, Helen? Don’t worry—I’ve sent my people to deal with the issue. I’ll destroy Rocco McCoy if he so much as lays a finger on you.”

In reality, he sent nobody. After all, he had no idea how to clean up the mess—there was just no way for him to keep deceiving Helen that the Ichor Pills were fake while having Rocco release her as well.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Wesley—my mom and I were released,” Helen said quietly, her eyes then narrowing as she asked, “By the way, who did you send?”

Sean was caught dumbfounded, stammering endlessly but unable to say even a name.

That made Helen more confident that Frank had sent Dan—why else would Sean hesitate?

However, Gina shouted just then, “Mr. Wesley, was it Dan Zimmer?”

Sean heard her and promptly said, “Yes, yes, of course. I sent Mr. Zimmer.

“Mom, what are you doing?!” Helen was furious.

“What are you doing?” Gina shot back. “I told you—Mr. Wesley definitely sent Mr. Zimmer.”

“Oh, it’s no big deal and not worth mentioning,” Sean continued gloating over the phone at the same time, though he was relieved since Helen was fine anyway. “Where are you now? I’ll come get you.”

Helen scowled. “Save it. I’m driving home myself. ”

She hung up right then, and Gina snapped at her grumpily, “What’s with the attitude?!” novelbin

Helen rolled her eyes and got into her car. “You don’t get it at all.”

“Oh, you horrid child...” Gina continued to grumble from the back.

Early next morning, Frank had just finished his daily routine when Vicky called. “Have you considered my offer, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank did consider her suggestion to become a shareholder of her pharmaceutical company and decided it was worth a shot. “Yes, but you know me I’m penniless.”

Vicky, however, was already grinning from ear to ear since he said yes. “Oh, you. I’m asking you to be a shareholder, and that means I’m having you ride along as we make money. Why would I ask for your money? I’ve also prepared a position for you as well.”

“What is it?” Frank asked, just a little bemused.

“You’ll be my company’s head of security and chief healer, as well as my senior assistant.”

Frank rolled his eyes. “That’s a lot of positions. How much do I get paid for that?”

“Oh, what’s mine is yours. Me too, if you’d just ask,” Vicky purred.

That was too much Frank, so he cut her short right then. "Alright. Anything else?"

"Of course," Vicky quickly said. "So there's this company in West City that has taken out a loan but isn't paying up. I was going to bring you along to collect the debt, but don't worry, you'll get ten percent."

Frank scratched his head and dissed, "And that requires me, your head of security?"

Vicky giggled. "Of course. They're no pushovers—I'm bringing some martial elites with me."

"Fine. Where are you? I'll go to you."

"Downstairs. You'll see my car when you come down."

Hanging up, Frank got changed and hurried downstairs to find Vicky poking her head out of her car, clearly having been waiting for a while.

When he reached it, he then noticed that Yara was riding shotgun, while Cliff was in the backseat.

Vicky was grinning in turn. "Come, Mr. Lawrence—let's all get acquainted. This is Yara Quill, my personal bodyguard, and that's Cliff Dixon, a temp bodyguard."

Chapter 57

Chapter 57

Yara was already familiar with Frank and promptly greeted him. "Mr. Lawrence."

On the other hand, Cliff did not like Frank, let alone consider him capable of protecting Vicky.

Cliff snorted coolly and ignored Frank.

Frank rolled his eyes. "You really know how to put a guy in an awkward spot."

Vicky giggled. "Not really—you three are all here to keep me safe, so I naturally have to bring you all along."

Frank got in the backseat with Cliff, though there was a clear distance between them.

At the same time, Vicky floored the gas pedal, and they headed straight to a dilapidated factory in the

outskirts of West City.

It was a desolate place, with decrepit motor vehicles sitting strewn around the compound.

As for the four of them alighted and strode right into the factory, they found a gang of people inside.

Their leader, a rather young man, approached them. "Hold it. What are you doing here? Who let you in here?"

"I'm Vicky Turnbull," Vicky told him. "Tell your boss to come see me.

"Wait, the famous Turnbull heiress?"

Vicky nodded.

"Alright, wait here. I'll get him right now," the youth said and ran to the office upstairs.

Frank looked around just then.

There was no machinery operating around, and if the people around them were workers, they were

not dressed for work.

This was no proper factory!

Just then, a middle-aged man arrived downstairs, followed by three weirdly-dressed men.

Jackie Westfield was the balding middle-aged man who was also the shipping magnate of Riverton. With a laugh, he said, "Oh, Ms. Turnbull – when did you recover? Why didn't you tell me? I was just going to visit when I'm less busy." novelbin

Vicky laughed coolly. “Let’s not stand on ceremony here, Mr. Westfield. You owe me twenty million since five years ago—when are you going to pay me?”

In fact, Jackie had merely been the administrator of a port when he borrowed twenty million from her. She just happened to need shipping logistics, and did not hesitate to lend it to him.

She did not expect to fall sick, and the bastard then seized the opportunity and siphoned

off much of

her cargo left in his care.

Then, when she recently demanded payment, he told her he had none!

“What are you talking about, Ms. Turnbull?” Jackie chuckled. “When you left your cargo in my port five years ago, I never collected a cent from you for security—the twenty million would count as collateral.”

“So, you’ve been guarding my cargo all this while?” Vicky laughed. “In that case, I want my cargo

back.”

Jackie shrugged. “I eventually can’t afford to guard it anymore, so I sold it off.”

“So, you have no intention of paying back?” Vicky growled through her teeth.

Jackie’s smile started to fade. “You’re always welcome to keep doing business with me, Ms. Turnbull, but you’re not getting your money back.”

Vicky nodded. “In that case, I have no reason to be nice.”

With those words, she quietly stepped behind Cliff, Yara, and Frank.

“Oh, Ms. Turnbull,” Jackie chuckled. “You’ve only brought those three? Aren’t you underestimating me?”

“They’re plenty enough.”

Jackie laughed. “Haha! What a coincidence—I just happen to have three men here too. Why don’t we have them fight in a best-of-three match? If you win, I’ll pay you every single cent you’re due. Uno, Dos, Tres!”

At Jackie’s order, three burly men appeared behind him.

Vicky frowned at them in turn.

Chapter 58

Chapter 58

Vicky narrowed her eyes curiously. “The Salazar Triplets?”

Jackie nodded. “Good eye, Ms. Turnbull—they are indeed the Salazar Triplets of Sunny City.”

Vicky snorted in disdain. “And you’re in cahoots with them. That explains how you’ve grown a pair.”

Sunny City was right next to Riverton, and the Salazars were top dogs there. That meant they were influential, but it was still surprising to learn that they had expanded here to novelbin

Riverton.

And after Jackie became a part of their family, Sergio Salazar sent the triplets over to assist him. They were all killers, and while they were actually there to keep an eye on Jackie, Jackie was actually eager

to test the depth of their abilities.

Lighting himself a cigarette, Jackie said, “Care to make a bet, Ms. Turnbull?”

Vicky put his hands on her hips and snorted in contempt. “Do I look spooked? Who’s up first?”

Uno Salazar promptly moved forward, just as Jackie demanded, “What if you lose, Ms. Turnbull?”

Vicky smiled. “What would you like?”

Jackie's eyes narrowed as he flashed a sleazy smile, studying her. "Stay the night with me."

Vicky's expression cooled at those words. "I'd advise you to take that back, or you'd wish you were dead."

Jackie did not seem to care. "Really? That depends on your trio's abilities."

Vicky shot him a vicious glare before turning back at Frank and the others. "So, any volunteers?"

Yara was brimming with confidence after learning the strengthened version of the Boltsmacker.

The same applied for Frank—he was even observing the breath rhythm of the trio and determined that they were around refinit—tier.

Handling them was easy, not to mention that Uno Salazar was the strongest of the triplets.

"I'll go first," he said, stepping forward.

However, Cliff was already snorting. "You can't even beat me, brat. Just stay behind."

Frank frowned. "He's strong. You're no match for him."

Even if Cliff was pawnarch—tier, Uno's breathing was quicker and steadier—his internal strength was clearly a class above Cliff.

Frank should deal with him first, and then let Cliff take the rest.

However, Cliff barked at him, "Shut up! Who's a match for him then, you?! If anything, it's good enough if you'd stop being a burden to Ms. Turnbull!"

Turning towards Vicky, he then said, "Leave him to me, Ms. Turnbull. We will win with Miss Quill handling the weakest of them."

So he was at least trusting toward the governor's daughter.

Still, Vicky was hesitating and turned toward Frank. "What do you think?"

Frank shook his head. "No comment. If he wants to die, let him."

"Shut your mouth, brat!" Cliff barked, pointing him in the nose. "I'm not holding this against you only because I respect Ms. Turnbull!!

Vicky snorted. "Well, in that case, Cliff will take the first round."

"I won't let you down," Cliff said and walked straight to the center.

Everyone tactfully backed away, clearing a ring for him and Uno.

With a spirited bellow, Uno threw the first blow with the strength of ten lions.

Cliff did not give ground, and they started trading punches!

Pow!

Pow!

Pow!

Neither were giving an inch, as every punch rapidly met its mark!

Chapter 59

Chapter 59

Uno stood at over six feet tall, towering over Cliff.

Despite Uno's physical advantage, Cliff was agile and could dodge Uno's jabs while he maneuvered, finding an opening to strike!

However, once Uno took a punch, his expression twisted savagely.

Suddenly, his footwork and punches were quicker, and he traded dozens of blows with Cliff in a

second.

As they kicked up dust in the factory and things seemed like it could go either way, Cliff was getting further surprised by each passing moment.

Where on earth did Uno come from?! What was with this brute strength of his?!

Just then, Uno swung yet another punch and Cliff dodged, finding an opening on Uno's hip!

Perfect!

He clenched his knuckles and launched a heavy punch...

Thud.

Cliff paled as he realized that Uno had caught his fist in a vice-like grip—Uno was waiting for that!

“And here I thought you'd be someone impressive... But you're just a piece of shit who exploits openings.” Uno snorted.

He launched a jab aimed at Cliff's head, and Cliff promptly raised his free hand to block it!

Crack!

His bones broke as what felt like a hammer bludgeoned his arm, leaving him screaming a blood-

curdling cry!

Uno did not stop at that, however—he punched Cliff in the head, cracking it and leaving it bleeding!

Cliff dropped to his knees and would have collapsed into a heap if Uno was not still holding his other

hand.

“Cliff?” Vicky's eyes widened in surprise—the man was pawnarch-tier and was defeated so easily?

In the distance, Jackie was buoyed with joy.

Old Sergio was not lying—the triplets were martial elites.

He looked at Vicky from afar just then...

The girl had only brought three bodyguards. If he could seize her today, he would have a proper taste before handing her over to Sergio as spoils.

At the same time, Uno raised his fist again.

Frank promptly kicked a pebble at that, firing it like a bullet and hitting Uno's arm.

It knocked Uno's arm numb for a moment, and he lowered it feebly.

Still, Uno was furious as he wheeled on Frank and bellowed, "What are you doing, brat?!"

"He lost. There's no need to go for the kill, is there?" Frank asked calmly.

If that punch landed, Cliff would be paralyzed even if he did not die.

Uno snorted. "So what? I'm not done here."

Frank frowned. "There's no need to get violent, kid. I don't mind playing with you if you're that

enthusiastic."

Uno actually laughed and threw Cliff aside.

Yara and Vicky hurried to him, holding him up as he bled. "Are you alright, Cliff?"

Cliff's face was already bruised and battered.

"I'm fine, Ms. Turnbull," he rasped. "Tell that kid... go back... call in the others... he's strong... we

can't win..." novelbin

Vicky rolled her eyes but turned to Yara. "Take him to the hospital."

Yara nodded.

However, when she tried to help Cliff get out of the factory, Jackie's goons suddenly encircled her, and Jackie himself called out coolly from the distance, "It's not over yet, Ms. Turnbull. Don't leave in

a hurry now."

"Can't I bring my boy to the hospital?" Vicky snapped angrily.

Uno laughed. "Come on, ma'am. He's not dying anytime soon—I was denied my last punch, y'know."

Then, turning toward Frank, he added, "That might not be the case for this one."

Frank shrugged and rolled up his sleeves. "Fine, let's not waste time. Tell your brothers to come at me

too."

Cliff almost choked right then. "That brat..."

Chapter 60

Chapter 60

Cliff was certainly fuming—how pretentious could a man get, taking three other men at once?!

Beside her, Vicky narrowed her eyes.

She knew Frank well enough to tell that he would not do anything unless he had absolute confidence.

Perhaps his abilities grew after acquiring the wonderroot?

On the other hand, Jackie was clutching his stomach from uncontrollable laughter. "Hahaha! Ms. Turnbull... your lackeys aren't at all impressive, but they sure can boast!"

"You never know," Vicky retorted, having absolute faith in Frank.

"Hmph," Jackie snorted. "Break his legs, Uno."

Uno flexed his wrist in turn. “Time to die, kid.”

He launched a missile–like punch at Frank’s head right then!

Frank did not move. He simply kept watching until Uno’s fist was about to hit his face, and he suddenly raised his hand, grabbing hold of the fist while stopping Uno from moving an inch.

“What...”

Uno’s eyes bulged in disbelief. How was a scrawny brat like him that strong?!

“Surprised?” Frank scoffed in turn. “I told you and your brothers to come together, but you’d rather die alone. Now, take that!” novelbin

With a raging bellow, Frank suddenly struck Uno in the arm, breaking it instantly!

Crack!

“Argh!!!” Uno screamed as he clutched his arm and stumbled backward.

“Uno!!!”

Amid the cries of concern were looks of utter bewilderment from everyone in the factory.

Uno had almost killed Cliff just now, only for Frank to cripple Uno with just a single strike?!

Vicky was smiling smugly in turn–she was right about Frank!

Nonetheless, that was when Uno turned toward his brothers. “He’s strong! Go together!”

Dos and Tres did not hesitate to rush at Frank right then.

But what could they do when their eldest brother did not hold a candle to Frank?

Smack!

Smack!

Quick as lightning, Frank swiped his palm at them, leaving their skulls cracked and bleeding freely!

Jackie was in turn left staring in shock as Frank sent the two triplets flying with a kick each.

“What the fuck...” he swore under his breath—he was just starting to like those three, and they were already beaten to a pulp?!

At the same time, Frank slowly walked toward Uno, who scrambled away from him in fear!

He did not even dare to look Frank in the eyes. The man did not project an ounce of murderous intent, but Uno was absolutely terrified of the suffocating pressure his presence emanated!

“Didn’t you just tell me to die?” Frank suddenly asked.

Uno shook his head repeatedly. “N—No! It was just a joke, brother. Just a joke...”

“Good. This is a joke too.”

Uno’s eyes widened in terror. “Wha—”

Even before he could finish, Frank slammed a palm on his solar plexus!

Agony spread throughout his body in an instant as veins and tendons snapped. His career as a martial

artist was over!

“Argh!!!” Uno screamed even as he sweated buckets, and he writhed in pain on the floor, glaring

savagely at Frank. “I’ll ena

you...”

His importance in his family was based on his martial prowess... now that he was crippled, he would definitely be a pariah!

Frank certainly went for the jugular!

Even as those around Uno listened to his screams, they could not help feeling chill running up their

spines.

Only Vicky was smiling in extraordinary appreciation of Frank's performance.

Meanwhile, Jackie was gulping from fear and turned to flee!

Vicky saw that and promptly picked up a rebar off the floor, then flung it at him.

It struck Jackie in the legs instantly, sending m tumbling to the floor and rolling a few times. "Don't leave now, Mr. Westfield," she gloated. "Weren't you demanding my company tonight?"