

The Girlboss 521

Chapter 521 -

“Dan Zimmer, head of Riverton’s Flora Hall!”

“Neil Turnbull of Morhen!”

As the announcements came one after the other, every bigwig of Riverton seemed to have arrived.

All the small and medium-sized enterprises (SME) owners, along with other partners of the Lanes, were left astounded.

“I wouldn’t have known that a modest family like the Lanes knows every bigwig in Riverton!”

“We have to ride on their coattails!”

“Aren’t you slow? My friend works at Lane Holdings...”

“Actually, I heard that Lane Holdings called for an emergency meeting. Helen Lane is no longer CEO—it’s Chaz Graves from Southstream.”

“What? Wait, is it still named Lane Holdings?”

“Who knows?”

“All these bigwigs must have come because of Mr. Graves.”

“No matter how pretty Ms. Lane is, she’d never get so many bigwigs to pay respects. Isn’t it obvious who they came for?”

“Wait, aren’t you forgetting someone? Wasn’t Ms. Lane married before? Could it perhaps be her ex-husband?”

Cindy rolled her eyes when she overheard those enterprise owners. “What are you talking about? Of course they came because of Mr. Graves! Helen’s ex-husband is a piece of shit, so shut up if you want to stay!”

“Yes, yes...”

The SME owners naturally did not dare to argue despite Cindy’s outburst, since they were hoping to get rich with a partnership with Lane Holdings.

“We shall be going now, Ms. Lane.” Robert and the other Riverton bigwigs started to leave after paying their respects.

They only came out of respect for Frank and would naturally not stay a moment longer.

“Oh, Mr. Quill, Mr. Simmons—we’ve actually prepared tables for everyone. If you’re not too busy...”

However, Gina promptly stopped them. With bigwigs such as them, keeping them here to show everyone that they were friends of the Lanes bore inestimable benefit to the Lane family’s future.

Chaz also came to invite them. “That’s right, Mr. Quill. Please at least stay for dinner.”

“That’s unnecessary. We still have other things to do.”

Robert and everyone else’s reaction was the same.

Chaz did not press the issue and hence changed the subject. “In that case, Helen and I are getting married in a few days. Since you’re here, I wouldn’t have to have these delivered.”

As he smiled, he took out several white envelopes containing wedding invitations, leaving Robert and the rest stunned.

“What?” Gerald frowned. “Why wasn’t I told that you’re marrying Ms. Lane?”

“Is that why Lane Holdings’ CEO changed?” Tim Yates added.

“Exactly.” Chaz nodded smugly. “The Northstream Lanes and Southstream Lanes would soon be one again, thanks to my family’s involvement. Henry Lane’s last wish is fulfilled with this.”

“What...” The bigwigs were left trading confused glances again.

Dan was glowering as he asked quietly, “Does Mr. Lawrence know about this? Did he agree to this?”

“Why would our families’ matters require his approval?” Chaz chuckled coldly. “Helen and I have loved each other since we were children, and that has now borne fruit. He has no right to meddle, just as we don’t need his approval—what matters is both our families’ approval. What does Frank Lawrence even amount to?”

Chapter 522

Chaz’s attitude left the Riverton bigwigs silent.

“You bastard!”

Kenny Sparks, being a martial artist, was more direct in temperament.

Like the others, he knew that Frank still had feelings for Helen despite their divorce. Chaz was asking for it by meddling!

“We’ll speak to Mr. Lawrence to confirm this issue. Watch your back, boy!” Kenny snapped, and stormed off angrily.

“What? Mr. Quill, what’s his—”

Chaz was not expecting this turn of events—did these people not come under his father’s invitation?

Dan seemed to realize what he was thinking and snorted in disdain. “Kid, did you think we came to pay our respects to Henry Lane because of your father? You’d be overestimating your family in that case.”

Gerald turned right then, not bothered to look at Chaz twice. “You should be thinking how you’re going to explain yourself to Mr. Lawrence! You Graves have messed with someone above your pay grade!”

“Farewell.”

Tim left as well. Though he had not spoken with Frank much, he learned about the man’s skills and strength from his close friends and did not want any part in Chaz’s mess.

Chaz’s cheeks clenched as he watched those bigwigs storm off without taking his invitations, and he almost cursed out loud.

Frank was no more than a gigolo living off the Turnbells! He had no right to have so many bigwigs on his side!

Nonetheless, Neil approached Chaz just as he calmed down, as if he had not heard Chaz’s exchange with the bigwigs.

Keeping a straight face, he asked under his breath, “I’m done here. What about you?”

“Really? Not bad. I can start soon myself.” Chaz smiled savagely as he watched the bigwigs leave.

They could admire Frank as much as they want, for he would bury them in under a week!

Chaz vowed to make Frank a pariah, and then cut him into pieces!

“Mr. Donald Salazar has arrived!”

As the Salazars’ cars stopped outside Lane Manor, the white-haired Donald Salazar alighted, his eyes red.

He and Chaz nodded as they passed each other, smiling savagely in tacit understanding.

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Frank was driving to Lane Manor as well when he received Gerald’s call.

“Mr. Lawrence, have you heard? Chaz Graves said he’s marrying Helen Lane in a week.”

“I know. And I’ve since cut all ties with the Lanes.”

Gerald sighed at his calm reaction. “In that case, I have no reason to take good care of the Lanes.”

Once Gerald hung up, Kenny’s call came to confirm the same matter, after which he snapped, “Why don’t I just send my dojo after them and wipe out the Graves family? You can see how fake his smile is— anyone can immediately tell he’s bad news!”

Kenny remained placid despite Kenny’s agitation and quietly said, “Thanks for the offer, but I have nothing to do with the Lanes now.”

Chapter 523

As Frank hung up, he finally arrived outside Lane Manor.

A doorman promptly stopped him, snapping sternly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lawrence, but Mr. Graves gave express instructions not to let you drive inside."

Aria wound down her window and snapped at the doorman, "Hey! This is plain disrespect! You have no right!"

Frank stopped her. "Forget it. I'm not planning to stay anyway."

He simply parked by the curb and headed inside Lane Manor with Aria.

He immediately found Chaz and Donald having a particularly happy chat, and Donald's eyes went red the instant he saw Frank.

Enemies really cannot stay in the same room. Although Donald was not about to start a fight just then, he flashed a sarcastic, savage smile at Frank. "Cherish your last days, Mr. Lawrence."

"When's your son's funeral? Do send an invite to Skywater Bay—I'll definitely be there."

Frank would naturally not take his jibe lying down, and his single remark certainly struck Donald where it hurt.

"You bastard!" Donald almost exploded right then but eventually snorted as he turned and stormed off, his eyes flashing viciously. "Let's see how much longer you're going to strut!"

On the other hand, seeing that Frank was being unruly, Chaz sneered at him as he lectured haughtily, "Watch yourself, Frank. You're in my house—you wouldn't even be allowed in if not for Henry Lane's funeral."

"Just shut up," Frank shot back, unbothered, as he pulled Aria along into the manor.

His contempt left Chaz gritting his teeth too, though he was soon chuckling. “Go on, keep puffing yourself up. The Lionhearts already know that you’re seducing Vicky Turnbull, and they will send a Skyrank elite next week. Let’s see what happens then!”

On the other hand, Frank’s heat stung as he strode inside to find Helen in front of Henry’s casket, but he did not react.

After all, the manor was silent as soon as he entered, and anyone could feel the enmity that the Lanes felt toward Helen’s ex-husband.

Gina and Cindy especially could kill him right then.

Aria frowned in turn, glaring at Gina as she pursed her lips. “What do you think you’re looking at? Frank came to mourn Mr. Lane, not to suffer your dead face.”

“Dead face?!” Gina’s turned pale.

Even Frank was a little annoyed—Aria’s choice of words was really poor when Henry’s casket was right there.

Still, life returned to Helen’s face as she wheeled on Aria, glaring at her fixedly as she snapped angrily, “Who are you? Were you even invited?! Get out!”

Aria simply folded her arms before her chest with a look of disdain. “You have no right to tell me to leave. Frank and I are here to mourn Henry Lane, and it has nothing to do with you.”

“Frank...?”

Helen finally turned and realized that a familiar figure was standing there with them.

She bit her lip, but her gaze dulled before she said what was on her mind.

Frank snapped at Aria, “Shut up. Leave if you intend to keep causing trouble.”

Aria’s eyes welled up with miserable tears. “It’s unfair how they’re mistreating you, Frank! Just look at them—they’re not welcoming us at all!”

Chapter 524

Aria argued, “Your ex-wife is even more unreasonable, telling us to leave!”

Helen was going to explain herself but ultimately closed her eyes and repressed her flaring emotions as she snapped coolly, “You can both leave if you disrespect my grandfather again.”

“Be quiet.” Frank glared at Aria too, finally silencing her.

He strode up to Helen’s side and stood before Henry’s casket. He then dropped to his knees and kowtowed three times.

“I will never forget that you saved my life, Gramps. I’ve done you a dishonor—I failed to protect your family and caused your death. I’ll always feel remorse for my actions and can only hope that you’ll forgive me.”

Gina promptly laughed coldly at that. “Oh, you actually know that? Though I suspect that you’d actually feel remorse.”

“Yeah! You’re a murderer! Helen’s grandfather died because of you!” Cindy cried crocodile tears even as she pointed at Frank as everyone watched.

“Mom! Cindy!” Helen’s eyes turned red as she lost it right then. “Please just stop already!”

Bang!

Suddenly, Frank slammed his forehead on the floor so hard that he started bleeding.

Helen's heart almost stopped as she looked on. "Please, Frank! Just stop!"

Bang!

However, Frank slammed his forehead on the floor!

"That's enough, Frank!" Helen cried as she tried to pull him to his feet, but he pushed her aside.

Bang!

After doing it three times, Frank looked up, bleeding down his face as his eyes welled up with tears.

"I've paid my respect three times, Gramps. I hope you'll find a better life in the next, and I'll be here to pay respects again every year."

With that, he wiped the blood off his face and turned to leave.

"Frank..." Helen bit her lip, her knuckles clenching so hard they could break.

It was not Frank's fault—Henry had said that much in his will.

Henry knew that as long as he lived, Frank would always come to help his family. And each time he did, Gina and the others would always incite misunderstandings, driving Helen further away from him.

Gina and Cindy were in fact the ones who pushed Henry to his death.

If not for those two's lies and selfishness, Helen would not have misunderstood Frank so many times, and Frank would not have been disappointed in her.

Helen understood that her family finally drove him over the brink, leaving no recourse when they kidnapped Winter.

On one hand was the man who saved his life, and the other was his late mentor's daughter.

How was he supposed to choose?

Even Luna Lane's illness wasn't treated by that doctor from Seaham—it was Frank, who would go that far to help such despicable people because he owed Henry.

Having done so much for them, he had more than repaid his debt to the Lane family.

And yet, not only did Gina and Cindy never care about Frank's kindness, but they would keep scorning Frank, even kidnapping Winter.

In fact, Helen had planned to send Gina and Cindy to the care of the Southstream Lanes while she tried to make amends with Frank.

Chapter 525

However, Helen's plans went south.

Chaz's involvement and his leverage forced Helen to go against her own wishes.

She had to sacrifice herself to keep Frank safe...

"Quit gawking. Frank is mine," Aria suddenly said coolly beside her.

As a fellow woman, she could certainly see the intent in Helen's eyes and quickly asserted dominance.

"What?"

Helen stared at Aria, stunned. She was just a college student dressed in risque fashion and with modest looks, depending entirely on makeup.

And given her earlier outbursts, she clearly lacked tact.

Why would Frank be interested in her?

Naturally, Helen's skeptical reaction left Aria's inferiority complex flaring.

Helen was a natural beauty with a stunning figure, but she would still beat Aria despite her haggard looks after all the recent stress.

There was just no way Aria could win—not even ten of her would.

There was even less need to elaborate on style, when one was a plain Jane and the other a strong, independent woman.

“Frank and I did it, and he promised to take responsibility for me.” Aria glared at Helen haughtily nonetheless. “Also, did you really think those bigwigs who visited you earlier came because of your new boyfriend, Chaz Graves? No, it's all thanks to Frank. They even called Frank soon afterward—if he just says the word, your family and the Graves would be all dead.”

Smirking, she shot Helen a look of pity as she continued, “What a shame. You have the looks but couldn't even keep him. See this dress? Tailor-made and worth over five million dollars, but most importantly, Frank bought it for me. This necklace too... thirty million dollars and a joint project by over a dozen master craftsmen. It's handmade too. Shame you have no such luck.”

With that, she smiled and left with Frank.

Helen remained where she was, watching Frank and Aria leave.

Her emotions were a mess and her heart hollow, as if missing a chunk.

Aria's bragging would not have stung that much before, but it did now—her words sharp blades that stabbed into the heart.

The money was not the problem—Helen would not care whether Aria's gifts were five million or five trillion.

What mattered was that Frank bought it for Aria!

"They slept together too..." she murmured, almost fainting from heartbreak. "Three years, and we never consummated our marriage..."

Chaz entered just then and quickly caught Helen as she wobbled, frowning, "What's wrong, Helen? What did that bastard do to you?! Don't worry—if he harasses you again, I'll have Mr. Quill arrest him!"

"That's Mr. Graves for you!" Gina promptly showered him with flattery. "You're so well-connected, even in Riverton!"

"Oh, it's nothing." Chaz chuckled. "Don't worry, ma'am—I'd never let that bastard hurt Helen ever again."

Helen glanced at Chaz fake smile, only feeling disgust.

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Meanwhile, Frank had left Lane Manor...

Chapter 526

Frank received a call from Burt Yorkman, who was wheezing and sounded weak over the phone. "It worked, Mr. Lawrence. Quinn Ocean and her father Bocek believed me, and you'll be hearing about Goldeater Cane before long."

“Yeah, good work... Why do you sound so weak?” Frank asked in curiosity.

“Oh, I just had to suffer a little to make it look convincing... Oof, that woman can really land a hit. Some of my ribs are broken and she could’ve killed me right there.” Burt chuckled.

Frank, however, could tell that he was pushing himself. “Head to Flora Hall if you have the time. Just say my name, and someone will do their best to treat you.”

“Sure,” Burt replied right away but soon added worriedly, “I have to warn you before that, Mr. Lawrence—Bocek Ocean is a monster, and his place in Skyrank is deserved. You have to watch out when you’re fighting him.”

“Got it.” Frank hung up and took Aria home to Skywater Bay, where he found a middle-aged man in a white shirt, waiting with two bodyguards outside.

It was none other than Eron White of Southstream.

“What the hell would he want from me?”

Frank went over as he alighted, just as Eron’s eyes lit up when he saw him.

“Mr. Lawrence!” He was grinning broadly. “I heard you were out on an errand, so I waited for you here. It was alleged that you seek the Five Elemental Wonders, and you did get the Earthen Dragonheart from my family. And now, I have great news for you.”

“Really?”

Frank narrowed his eyes, inwardly amused.

Burt had just called him, and here Eron was.

Sage Lake Sect were certainly efficient, though it still surprised Frank that it would be the White family of Southstream running this errand for them.

It seemed that the White family was quite dissatisfied with him after he took the Earthen Dragonheart from them...

“It’s the Goldeater Cane, Mr. Lawrence!” Eron continued just then. “A distant relative just happened to procure a mature one, and if you can offer a satisfying price, my family will act as the middleman for you to procure it.”

“Oh!” Frank appeared delighted despite his inward contempt. “I’m surprised you’d do me such a great favor—I’m indebted to you. If you ever need anything, just say the word and I’ll do my best to help.”

“Actually, I do have something to ask,” Eron said after musing to himself for a while. “My daughter has also asked me to invite you over to stay the night, saying she has something important to discuss with you... May I ask if you lodged at White Court Hotel recently?”

Frank presumed Eron was going to mention his daughter Kim White to entice him into falling for Eron’s trap.

However, Eron’s question actually left him stunned.

White Court Hotel...?

Frank glanced at Aria beside him and nodded—that was the place where Aria sank her claws into him.

“Oh, then that must be a mistake.” Eron sighed and smiled. “Kim’s actually working in management, and White Court Hotel is one of her establishments. While she was making reforms, she caught a group of staff who were involved in voyeurism, conspiring with external individuals to record videos of guests in their rooms. Kim insisted that it was vital she spoke to you face-to-face about it, so...”

Eron leveled a quizzical look at Frank just then.

Chapter 527

Aria was sweating over her brow even as she stood at a corner.

At White Court Hotel, she had set things up so that Frank believed he had a drunken fumble with her.

She knew there were cameras in the hallways and the elevators, but there were voyeurs too...?!

Did that mean that what she did that night was recorded, and Eron's daughter wanted to tell Frank about that?

Forget Frank's fury once he was found out and take back everything he gave her—the life in glamor and riches she envisioned would go up in smoke!

Even as the thought struck her, Aria forced a smile as he turned toward Frank. "I'm a little tired... I'll go to my room now."

"Yeah, sure," Frank replied, already suspicious after seeing her unusual reaction.

Moreover, he was a Birthright rank elite and had overwhelming self-restraint, not to mention that he checked himself right after and did not find anything unusual.

And if he really passed out drunk, how would he even get it on with Aria?

If anything, Frank had his suspicions in the first place but came down with too much stress recently to really think.

And was a girl like Aria devious enough to arrange all of that just to deceive him?

That was when Frank remembered running into Jean Zims at Grande Square, and what she said echoed in his mind: "Just watch your back—that woman you're with is a snake."

That made Frank basically sure that Aria had set him up.

If anything, she was just fortunate he had not been thinking straight—he would not have afforded her the chance otherwise.

Still, he must produce evidence to back his suspicions, or he could not do anything if Aria got stubborn and refused to be confused.

And Kim most likely had the evidence of what went down that night.

In that case, a trip to White Hall was inevitable.

Nodding without hesitation, he told Eron, “It’s late now, but I shall be coming over early tomorrow.”

“Great!” Eron exclaimed contentedly.

Both men chatted a little before Frank saw him off.

As they did, Frank was wondering about one thing—Eron was obviously conspiring with Sage Lake Sect against him, but what about Kim?

Was Eron just using this as an excuse to lure him to Southstream? Was it possible that Kim had no part in this?

He remembered Kim quarreling with Eron over the Earthen Dragonheart for his sake after he treated her injuries.

“Well, whatever. I’ll just have to deal with anything coming my way.” Frank snorted, shaking his head and clearing his mind of those bothersome questions.

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At dinner, Winter was still grouching, her eyes still puffy.

Beside her, Carol sighed repeatedly as she slid glances at Aria, who sat beside Frank.

However, Aria was the one who left the table first—she appeared very distracted, putting down her knife and fork before dashing for the bathroom.

Later in the night, Frank's room door opened.

Aria entered, only wearing her risque lingerie as she slid under Frank's blanket without a word.

"Frank..." she breathed into his ear, appearing especially alluring in her black lacy bra.

Chapter 528

Frank, however, did not even flinch.

Now that he suspected Aria of duplicity, he was not about to give her another chance.

"I'm busy," he said, throwing a jacket over her as he pushed her outside and locked the door after. "I'll have to take a rain check."

"Hey!"

Aria was left stamping her bare feet outside in annoyance.

Winter just happened to see that just as she left her room, and she appeared pensive.

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Early next morning and after a good night's sleep, Frank took Aria and went straight to White Hall in Southstream.

Aria was obviously resistant to the idea and kept cajoling him. "Frank, why don't you go there yourself? I'm busy too..."

"Just needed to confirm something. Don't worry, I won't do anything to you," Frank replied flatly.

His cold reaction only panicked Aria further, and her expression grew darker along the journey to Southstream.

It was just a two-hour drive, and as they arrived at White Hall, Aria snapped at Frank, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Nothing. I just want the truth."

"The truth?" Aria sobbed. "You took my first time, and I'm a girl—why would I lie to you about something like this? Is it because you think so lowly of me?"

However, her hysterics were futile.

Frank merely shot her a look and said quietly, "How'd you know I'm here to investigate what happened that night? I never breathed a word, and you'd never think that unless you're hiding something."

Aria stopped snapping at him and instead used her charm. "Let's just go back, alright? I'll listen to anything you say. I love you so so much..."

Frank, however, made it clear that this was not up for discussion as he turned off the car ignition and alighted, heading straight into White Hall.

“Oh, Mr. Lawrence! Do come in!” Gorde, the butler, greeted him with a professional smile, having been informed earlier.

As he led the way, he smiled. “Ms. White really missed you ever since you treated her injuries!”

Frank kept his chest puffed and his chin reared, pretending not to hear a word.

On the other hand, Aria, who hung her head even as she followed Frank, was anxiously looking around distractedly.

“We’re here at Ms. White’s guest room,” Gorde said as he opened the door.

“Wait, I’m meeting her?” Frank frowned. “I’m supposed to see Eron about the Five Elemental Wonders...”

It was why he came here in the first place.

The truth of what happened at White Court Hotel was of secondary importance, and Aria’s behavior along the journey here had already made it clear to him that she had been lying.

Gorde nodded but explained, “Actually, it was Ms. White who found out about the Five Elemental Wonders. She’s really gone the extra mile for you, sir—please don’t spurn her goodwill now.”

“Understood,” Frank said, quiet as he appeared bemused.

Kim was the one who found out about the Goldeater Cane? Did that mean that she was the one conspiring against Sage Lake Sect?

And did Frank not save her life?

He loathed ingrates the most!

Chapter 529

Frank was bemused even as he strode into the guest room, where Kim was already waiting with Liv Dawson.

Kim appeared especially ethereal with her long, wavy dark hair and white dress, and she was on her feet as soon as she saw Frank. “Mr. Lawrence.”

“How have you been? Have you made a full recovery?” Frank asked politely in turn.

“Yes, all thanks to you, Mr. Lawrence,” she replied.

“Yeah.” Frank nodded, feeling like he had just wasted his breath—he knew Kim’s condition better than Kim herself would.

Not only did he treat her internal injuries, but he also cleared up his meridians so that she would be twice more efficient in cultivation.

Aria, who entered the guest room as well, glanced at Frank in surprise, not expecting him to know medicine.

Still, her attention was quickly drawn to Kim’s guileless divine beauty.

Though Kim’s poise was affected by her injury before, she had recovered and regained her charm befitting a goddess.

She would not lose out to Vicky or Helen, and a single glance already left Aria’s inferiority complex flaring.

“Please try this tea. I personally grew it and brewed it,” Kim said as she served him a cup.

Frank took a sip and could not help exclaiming in praise, "This tea is fantastic!"

Aria was then surprised as Kim served her one as well.

She was hardly well-versed in tea appreciation and simply nodded in approval as Frank did. "It's great."

"Why wouldn't it be?" Liv suddenly snorted, rolling her eyes. "Ever since Mr. Lawrence left the other day, our dear Ms. White had been either tending meticulously to her tea or smiling stupidly as she stared blankly into thin air, waiting for your next visit."

"Stop it, Liv!" Kim blushed as she shot Liv an embarrassed glare.

"Let's put the tea talk aside for now," Frank said, reluctant to let the ladies digress. "I'll be blunt, Ms. White. I've come here today because your father mentioned you have news about the Goldeater Cane."

"Skipping the foreplay already?" Liv snorted sarcastically. "We've asked for you because we're about to drop a bombshell on you, or you'd still be lying on your back wondering what hit you."

Kim threw her a soft jab and snapped, "What are you saying? I just wanted to clear up a misunderstanding..."

"Sure, sure. Like you're perfectly pleased to see him being stolen away. And weren't you so pleased about going free after the Yaffes vanished?"

"Sure, sure, I'm so pleased. Now, zip it."

Kim had been preparing meticulously to leave a good impression with Frank, but Liv's persistent jibes to embarrass her left her exasperated.

In the end, Liv still held Frank in contempt since he had neither riches nor influence compared to the Yaffes.

Nonetheless, Kim felt the urgentness in Frank's tone.

After some thought, she explained, "My family is not actually involved in medicine, but we were told yesterday that an elusive dojo started an open recruitment. And the recruit who wins top place in the recruitment tourney would be awarded the Goldeater Cane."

"An elusive dojo...?" Frank appeared surprised.

Kim nodded. "It's called Silver Spring Dojo, founded on the hills of Southstream. It wasn't particularly famous..."

"Oh, so that's the trap that Sage Lake Sect set for me?" Frank chuckled coolly.

Chapter 530

As Frank chuckled coolly, Kim appeared stunned. "What was that, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Nothing." Frank waved her off. "So, when is the recruitment tourney starting?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Tomorrow?" Frank appeared thoughtful.

Kim studied his face in turn and said, "It's just a thirty minute drive from here. Why don't you stay the night here if you don't mind?"

"Sure," Frank replied, not shying from accepting her offer.

And judging from Kim's reaction, she had more to say—this time about what had happened at White Court Hotel.

Suddenly, Aria got up with a forced smile. "It seems this is going to be a sensitive issue, so I'll step out for the moment."

Kim studied her and did not dissuade her, even turning to Liv. "Bring Ms. Lond for a stroll in the garden."

Liv, however, was visibility resistant toward Aria. "I refuse."

Aria was not tempestuous as she usually was either, instead smiling awkwardly. "Don't worry. I'll just be hanging around—I won't go far."

"Very well. Thank you, Ms. Lond," Kim said, polite to the last.

Once Aria left the guest room, Kim's expression turned serious as she gave Liv a look.

Liv did not drag her feet and inserted a memory card into a video camera, twisting the screen so that Frank could see it.

Kim pointed at the camera as she explained, "A few days ago, Liv stumbled on certain White Court Hotel managers conspiring with others out there to take footage of guests, which they then proceed to use as leverage for blackmail. They happened to film you when you stayed there the other night, Mr. Lawrence, and they were convinced you were worth blackmailing too, since you drove a Maybach."

Frank nodded, staying impassive as he watched two bellboys carrying him into a hotel room, with one of them flashing the floor manager a knowing smile.

After that, Aria sneaked into Frank's room.

Then came the part that the voyeurs had filmed—Aria took off Frank's clothes and then her own, making sure to mess up her hair and wiping her lipstick on his neck.

As Frank watched from the screen, Aria sneaked under his arms but otherwise did nothing until the next morning.

Click.

Frank sighed lengthily—the truth was now revealed.

He felt like he was greatly unburdened after watching the video, the unease stuck fast in his heart disappearing without a trace.

So it was all a staged performance by Aria and Aria alone—he had never done anything to her.

Turning toward Kim with a look of gratitude, he said, “Thank you, Ms. White. This means a lot to me.”

“Hehe.” Kim giggled. “It’s really nothing—there’s no way I’d do nothing when a good man like you is being deceived.”