

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu

Chapter 6

Chapter 6

A Rolls-Royce stopped beside Frank just as he stepped outside the Turnbolls' villa.

Vicky alighted, asking, "Where are you staying, Mr. Lawrence? May I offer you a ride?"

Frank thought about it and sighed. "I was just planning to stay at a hotel."

He did not own any house in Riverton, and he could not return to Lane Manor after his divorce with Helen.

"Oh..." Vicky did a double take but did not press the issue. "Then you're in luck—we have over fifty hotels in Riverton. Allow me to arrange for a suite, so I can deliver you the wonderroot when it arrives."

Frank thought about it and nodded. "Sure."

He got into the backseat with Vicky while Yara drove, though she stopped at the gates.

"What's wrong?" Vicky asked.

"There's a car stopped ahead, and I don't know what for," Yara complained.

Frank peered out of the car window and noticed a man wearing a suit standing by the security booth.

"Please inform Mr. Turnbull of my arrival. Tell him that it's Sean Wesley—my family owns a major business in Riverton."

With those words, he whipped out a stack of hundred dollar bills and handed it to the security guard.

The security guard promptly nodded gratefully. "Yes, please wait a moment. I'll inform Mr. Turnbull right away."

Frank narrowed his eyes when he heard Sean's name and studied the man just as Yara said, "It seems he's here to see Mr. Turnbull."

"Ignore them," Vicky said flatly.

Outside, Sean was soon back in his car—the security guard allowed him to drive inside, as Walter clearly gave his permission.

There was a pretty face riding shotgun in his car—it was Helen.

"Don't worry," Sean assured her confidently. "I heard that Walter Turnbull's daughter is bedridden, and I brought along a 100 year-old panacea cap for her. With something so divine, he'll definitely help you secure that development project at the west side of the city."

Helen breathed a sigh of relief, overwhelmed with gratitude toward Sean. "Thank you so much for this, Mr. Wesley."

She had been depressed after Trevor called off their partnership and was naturally surprised that Sean was willing to help her build another with the Turnbolls.

He even bought a panacea cap along, so she could present it as her gift—he was certainly a great help!

"Oh, it's nothing, Helen," Sean said smugly. "We're friends, aren't we? We have each other's backs."

Helen was tearing up from emotion—Sean was certainly proving himself to be a real friend with all his prowess, especially with the way he always came to her aid whenever she needed help.

In contrast, her ex-husband certainly dulled in comparison. Perhaps letting her mother force Frank to divorce her was a smart choice.

Meanwhile, Sean did not waste time hurrying inside the villa, though Helen glanced outside just as their car passed another.

She did a double take, since the man sitting at the backseat looked so much like Frank!

"What?" Sean promptly asked.

“I think that was Frank in that car just now,” Helen said quietly.

“Hahaha!” Sean guffawed. “This is Balmung Hill’s mansion zone, and everyone living here is either rich or powerful. What would your useless ex-husband be doing here?”

Helen peered outside the car again, but she totally agreed with Sean.

Moreover, she only looked outside and did not see the man’s face clearly. Maybe it was just a slight resemblance...

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Meanwhile, Yara drove straight toward Verdant Hotel, which was the grandest hotel in Riverton.

There were eighteen floors spanning over 2,000 square meters, and two lion statues grandly adorned the front entrance.

Vicky personally opened the door for Frank and led him to the front desk, booking the penthouse suite for him for a year.

“That’s too much,” Frank exclaimed in surprise. “I’ll just be staying a few days.”

Vicky waved him off nonchalantly. “No worries, Mr. Lawrence. It’s exclusively for friends, and you can drop by whenever you like even if you find other places to stay. The hotel can cater to your needs as well—food, entertainment, even sports.”

Frank nodded. He could see that he could have anything he wanted here the instant he stepped inside, what with the spacious lobby decorated with such stateliness.

After Vicky got him a room, she handed him the room card along with a gold card.

“This is a gold card, applicable to all Turnbull businesses. You can make any purchases you desire with this.”

“Is that exclusively for friends too?” Frank smiled as he stared at it.

Vicky smiled as well. “No, it’s for important associates of my family.”

“You really give me too much credit.” Frank chuckled self-deprecatingly.

Oh, the irony...

Helen never gave him a thing in their three-year marriage.

On the other hand, it had barely been a day since he met Vicky, but she had already given him a gold card.

“Not really. I simply consider you a friend.” Vicky grinned. “And I hope you’d consider me a friend in turn.”

Her eyes narrowed as she smiled, and certainly no one could read the thoughts behind it.

Frank slipped the card into his pocket in turn, wordlessly approving her request.

Before he could speak, however, someone yelled at him, “Frank Lawrence! You b*st*rd!”

Frank turned to find Peter Lane standing there with a woman wearing thick makeup.

Peter was planning to ‘take a break’ with his new girlfriend at the hotel, but he was furious to see Frank the instant he stepped inside.

Ignoring the stares from the others around them, he strode up to Frank, pointing his finger at Frank’s nose as he snapped, “You were badmouthing my sister, weren’t you?! You told Mr. Zurich to call off her partnership with my sister!”

Frank shot him a cool look. “Trevor simply saw your family’s true nature.”

“Shut up! I’m beating you to a pulp right now!” Peter screamed.

Before he could move, however, Vicky moved to stand between them, her brow furrowed as she said sternly, “You are in the Verdant Hotel, sir. Please be mindful of your behavior.”

She had no idea what the grudge between the two men were, but she was staunchly on Frank’s side.

As for Peter, he appeared taken aback as he studied Vicky, completely bewitched by her beauty.

He had been philandering a lot ever since his family struck it rich.

Even so, this was the first time he saw a woman as beautiful as her! novelbin

Still, just because Vicky came in a hurry and was dressed in a business suit, he presumed her to be the lobby manager and possibly a woman who slept her way to the top.

He promptly whipped out a few hundred dollar bills and stuffed them into Vicky's hand, whispering, "This has nothing to do with you. Also, I'll talk to you later."

Vicky pursed his lips—that was totally disrespectful of him!

She flung the money back at his face and snapped, "Mr. Lawrence is my friend, so take your money and leave right now. We don't accept boneheads like you."

However, her outburst only left Peter further convinced that she was the lobby manager.

His gaze darting between Vicky and Peter, he then realized something with a start!

"Well done, Frank! So you got yourself a b*tch on the side already," he snapped, his eyes flashing viciously as he pointed between the both of them. "That's why you agreed to divorcing my sister so easily!"

Frank's eyes narrowed as he growled coolly, "Watch your words, Peter. I won't hold this against you, seeing that you're Helen's brother. Now, leave."

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Peter was not afraid at all and poised a fist as he snapped, "A good-for-nothing like you talking back to me?! I'll straighten you out for my sister's sake right now!"

That was when Frank suddenly kicked him in the gut, sending him flying like a bullet.

“Argh!” Peter’s girlfriend turned pale in panic and scrambled to his side. “Are you alright, darling?!”

Nearby, Vicky was smiling coolly.

Trying to lay a finger on Frank? The brat certainly was brave.

That being said, she was more curious about the ‘Helen’ Frank mentioned.

“Damn you...” Peter’s face contorted from the agony in his stomach—it felt like his guts would spill out!

Glaring darkly at Frank, he growled, “H-How dare you hit me!”

Frank remained calm and composed. “I won’t press the issue for your sister’s sake. But now that I’ve cut ties with your family, I’ll kill you the next time you mess with me.”

Peter actually flinched from the murderous intent in Frank’s eyes and swallowed all the obscenities at the tip of his tongue.

Instead, he wheeled on Vicky and snapped, “What are you doing?! I’m a guest here, and that man hit me! Aren’t you the lobby manager?! Do something!”

Vicky did a double take and soon shook her head exasperatedly.

So she looked like a lobby manager to him?

In that case, she could play that game one time.

Beckoning at the security guards, she said, “Get him out of here.”

“What are you doing?! Let me go! I’m from the Lane family!” Peter screamed hysterically. “This isn’t over yet! Just you wait!”

“The Lane family? Hadn’t heard. Even your grandpa would have to be watching his manners around my presence,” Vicky scoffed in disdain. “And you’re certainly nothing to me. Throw him out.”

With that, the two security guards promptly threw Peter out of the entrance like he was a bag of rubbish, leaving him falling flat on his face.

“If he comes to cause trouble again, you have my permission to get physical,” Vicky told the staff before turning to Frank. “Apologies, Mr. Lawrence. You have my word that this will never happen again.”

Frank shook his head. “No, this wasn’t your fault.”

Vicky smiled and nodded. “Shall we go to your room?”

She led him to the elevator and escorted him to his penthouse suite, and she left with Yara after getting his contact details.

Frank went to stand before the glass wall overlooking Riverton.

While he did not expect to divorce Helen after three years, he had accomplished his mentor’s bidding.

And now, it was time to fulfill his own plans.

Just then, Frank’s phone started ringing, and he whipped it out to see that it was a call from Henry Lane, the head of the Lane family.

He hesitated to answer, unsure if Henry was aware of his divorce with Helen.

He eventually answered, however—regardless of how the other Lanes would belittle him, Henry still considered him his grandson-in-law.

“Hello, Gramps. How’s it going?” Frank asked.

“Hey, Frankie!” Henry exclaimed cheerfully from the other end. “Where are you right now?”

“Me...? I’m out running an errand at the moment. Is something the matter?” Frank asked in return.

He could tell from Henry’s tone that he did not know about the divorce, so he did not mention it.

“I see... You and Helen should come by my place this evening. I have good news!” Henry said excitedly.

Frank’s heart skipped a beat. “Actually, Helen’s really busy lately,” he said gingerly. “How about another day?”

“Oh, she’s never busy,” Henry laughed. “I’ll call her myself later. I doubt she’d say no—just come by when you’re done with your errand.”

Frank took a deep breath and nodded. “Yeah. I’ll be there when I’m done.”

He would tell Henry tonight when Helen arrived!

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Meanwhile, Helen and Sean finally got to meet Walter, with Sean promptly fawning all over the man in the drawing room.

As soon as he thought he set the right mood, he explained the purpose of his visit, “Mr. Turnbull... You see, a friend of mine has told me that your daughter had been stricken with a terrible condition, and I therefore spent a fortune to buy a 100-year old panacea cap to treat her.”

Catching her cue, Helen promptly took out the velvet box and placed it solemnly before Walter.

She slowly opened it, and the fragrant aroma from the panacea cap promptly spilled out. novelbin

Even the luster and texture made it clear that it was not your average herb.

Be that as it may, Walter merely nodded calmly.

He would have been beside himself with joy before, but now that his daughter had recovered, the panacea cap was inconsequential.

Moreover, it was clear that Sean had a reason to visit him and bring that woman with him.

Naturally, Sean stiffened from his reaction as he noticed that Walter was not particularly interested in the panacea cap!

On the other hand, Helen was too nervous to talk at all—she was just too scared to mess up in the presence of one of Riverton’s bigwigs.

Still, Walter refused to keep wasting his time with them and asked bluntly, “Thank you for your concern, Ms. Lane. How shall I repay you, I wonder?”

Helen promptly threw up her hands. “I only wish to help. I’d never ask for anything in return.”

Walter smiled. “Please, don’t be shy. You may speak freely.”

Sean chuckled heartily right then. “Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Turnbull. You see, Helen learned that your family will be leading a development project west of the city, and Lane Holdings is just hoping to secure a partnership.”

Walter was inwardly disdainful—he had not even heard of Lane Holdings!

Did they even have what it took to take up that project?

Still, he remained neutral as he said, “Does Lane Holdings have the experience for the project?”

Helen appeared delighted at the question. “Of course. Our company has been working with Zurich International for three years now.”

Walter was actually astounded—the woman’s company had a partnership with Trevor’s?

Who on earth was she? One of Trevor’s people, perhaps?!

It was only natural for Walter to show some respect at this point—his daughter would still be bedridden if not for Trevor.

After some thought, he said, “Why don’t we discuss this further tomorrow? There will be a banquet at Verdant Hotel and I’d be happy if you could attend as well, Ms. Lane.”

“Thank you, Mr. Turnbull.” Helen was beside herself with joy—Walter was clearly approving of her!

With that, the three made some small talk, and it was evening by the time Helen and Sean left Turnbull Villa.

Helen could hardly hide her excitement, however, and was thanking Sean profusely. “Thank you so much, Mr. Wesley. I don’t think Mr. Turnbull would have been interested in Lane Holdings at all if you hadn’t bought that panacea cap.”

“You’re exaggerating, Helen. Mr. Turnbull appreciates you because you showed grit,” Sean replied humbly without really meaning it. “It’s late now, and I’ve booked a place for us at Riverton Tower. How does dinner and a movie sound?”

Helen was immediately hesitant.

Dinner and a movie? And just the two of them?

That was pretty much a date!

She had just divorced Frank and was not planning to start a relationship just yet...

That was when her phone started ringing, and Helen promptly answered.

“Hello, Grandpa... Oh? Sure, okay.”

Helen was a little happy even as she hung up. “I’m sorry, Mr. Wesley, but my grandfather is asking for me tonight—he said it’s important, so I should go. I’ll take a rain check on that dinner.”

Chapter 8

Frank took a taxi to Laneville in the evening and was surprised to find Gina waiting for a while at the door.

Seeing him arrive, she promptly strode up to him and warned, “I take it you know what to say and what not to when you see the old man later.”

Frank chuckled. “You really should chase me away instead if you’re that worried.”

“What?!” Gina glared at him, shocked that he would speak in that tone with her.

Nonetheless, Frank ignored her and strode inside.

After all, he had no reason to play nice with the rest of the Lane family now that he and Helen were divorced!

As soon as he entered, he found Henry standing there with an apron, having cooked up a storm.

“What’s the occasion, sir? That’s a lot of food,” he said.

Henry was smiling when he saw Frank and walked up to grasp his hand. “Oh, you’re here, Frankie— you’ll find out soon enough.”

As the pair sat down and made pleasant small talk, Gina stared fixedly at Frank, fearful that he would say what he should not.

Helen arrived soon enough and saw Frank as she had expected.

Henry was the one who arranged her marriage with Frank, so he naturally valued it greatly.

It was precisely why Helen did not tell him about her divorce.

Walking right up to Frank, she asked, “Where have you been this afternoon?”

Frank shrugged. “I have no reason to tell you, do I?”

Helen snorted, greatly upset by his attitude. “Fine, keep your secrets. I’m not bothered.”

Turning toward Henry, he asked, “What’s so important, Grandpa?”

Seeing that everyone was there, Henry chuckled heartily. “I just met an old comrade, and he told me that his granddaughter is working at Flora Hall. I thought it’s the perfect timing to arrange for a job for Frank, and she agreed to it!”

“No,” Gina snapped as soon as Henry was finished.

Frank was no longer family—why should they get him a job?

That good-for-nothing could die for all she cared!

“What?” Henry was left perplexed. “But Frank’s jobless. He can’t just stick to cooking and doing the laundry for Helen, can he?”

“Actually, Grandpa,” Helen said just then, “I can just arrange a job for Frank at the company. You don’t have to worry.”

Still, Gina frowned as she pointed out, “Peter doesn’t have a job either. You should worry about him more.”

“Hah! I would if he doesn’t goof off every other day.” Henry snorted. “All he does is embarrass me... And where is he now? Why isn’t he back yet?”

“Oh, he’ll be here soon,” Gina shrugged noncommittally. “What’s the hurry?”

Bang!

The front door slammed open loudly, and they all saw Peter storming in furiously.

Seeing that Frank was there as well, he bellowed, “You b*st*rd! How dare you show your face here?! I’ll kill you!”

Peter picked up a chair, ready to swing it at Frank’s head!

Helen was left utterly bewildered—what had gotten into him?!

“Stop!” Henry bellowed at Peter as he promptly sprang to his feet, “You wretch! How dare you try to hit your brother-in-law?! Show some respect!”

“Brother-in-law?! Him?!” Peter snapped in disdain. “I saw him at Verdant Hotel, about to check in with some whore. I tried to stop him and he kicked me! My stomach still hurts even now!”

“What?!”

Everyone was stunned, with Gina promptly leaping up to snap at Frank, “Amazing! And here I thought you had it together, but you actually had a woman on the side!”

“I-Is that even possible?” Henry was left staring at Frank in disbelief—he knew Frank well enough to know that he was not the type who messed around!

“Why not? I saw that myself,” Peter bellowed, his veins bulging over his neck. novelbin

Helen frowned and turned to level a cool glare at Frank. “Is that true?”

Frank simply smiled. “So you’d rather believe him than find out for yourself?”

He was certainly disappointed—she could deny his loyalty to her over the last three years just because of what Peter said.

He would not have felt that hurt if she had gone to the hotel to ask who that woman was or at least doubted Peter!

“I’m asking you a question,” Helen coolly replied.

“Fine,” Frank replied calmly. “I kicked your brother, and I was with a woman at the time.”

Helen inhaled sharply—she never thought that Frank would be with another woman!

Even if they were divorced, she did not expect him to get on the rebound so soon.

He must have had an affair for a while now.

“Frank, you really disappoint me.”

“Really? I do?” Frank smiled bitterly. “Then what about you and Sean Wesley? At least I’m innocent compared to you two.”

When he was her husband, she kept going out with Sean frequently—had she ever considered his feelings?

“I never did anything with Sean!” Helen screamed on top of her lungs. “You’re the one who went to a hotel with another woman!”

“Enough!” Henry suddenly bellowed, and everyone quieted down.

He certainly understood that there was now a rift between Helen and Frank, and he had to do something or their marriage would be ruined.

Looking between them, he said, “If you still consider me your grandfather, both of you must stop getting involved with such affairs and move in here with me.”

Helen simply shrugged. “That’s unnecessary, Grandfather. We’re already divorced.”

“What?!”

Henry froze as if thunderstruck before turning toward Frank. “Is that true?”

Frank nodded quietly—he did not want Henry to find out, but it was clearly pointless hiding it now.

“Oh...” Henry groaned and shook his head in clear disappointment.

“Please take care of yourself, Gramps. I’ll visit when I can,” Frank said and turned to leave—there was no point in pretending now that the truth was out.

“Did I say you can leave?!” Peter yelled—he had yet to settle the grudge of being kicked!

Smack!

Henry suddenly slapped Peter across the face and snapped, “Just leave already.”

“Why did you hit me, Grandpa?!” Peter cried unhappily.

However, Henry completely ignored him and ran up to Frank, holding his arm and pleading, “Please, Frank. Give Helen another chance—give my family another chance!”

“What are you doing, Grandpa?” Helen was certainly puzzled.

Beside her, Gina folded his arms and snorted. “Gotten senile already?”

Without Frank, their family would only rise to new heights!

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Henry’s miserable reaction was not lost on Frank.

However, even if Henry was willing to accept him, his family was not.

It was as if his marriage with Helen was a family affair and not between just the two of them!

“No, Gramps. I think this is it,” he said, and left without looking back.

Henry wobbled and almost fell.

Helen reacted quickly and hurried forward to catch him, and she found that his eyes were unfocused as he muttered repeatedly, “It’s over... It’s all over... It’s the end for my family...”

Helen was left miffed by his words. “What are you talking about, Grandpa? To tell the truth, Sean went out of his way to help me build a partnership with the Turnbulls earlier today. Our family would rise to stand among the elites in Riverton.”

“Hah!” Henry scoffed coldly. “That Sean Wesley whom Frank was talking about?”

“Exactly,” Helen replied.

“He’s not even worth a fart compared to Frank,” Henry growled as he stormed back to his room, having no mood for dinner anymore.

Helen sighed as she looked on. “What delusions did Frank feed him, honestly?”

“Who cares?” Peter chuckled. “This suits us just fine—we don’t have to hide your divorce from him now.”

He was certainly feeling gleeful—without the old man’s protection, there was nothing stopping him from getting back at Frank!

Helen shot him a look, and asked, “Who’s that woman with Frank? The one you mentioned.”

“I don’t know,” Peter replied, scratching his head. “But she’s seriously beautiful, like one in a billion...”

Helen frowned. “More beautiful than me?”

Peter’s words left her insecurity gnawing.

She definitely did not hope for Frank to have another woman at his side, especially one who was more beautiful than she was!

“H-How do I put it...,” Peter was suddenly stuttering. “You’re a natural beauty, while hers is attained through technology, I guess”

Despite what he said, Vicky's face was stuck in his mind constantly—her beauty was far beyond comparison, especially with those ladies at the nightclub he frequented!

The thought left him fuming, however, as a good-for-nothing like Frank did not deserve the company of such beauty!

On the other hand, Helen was clearly satisfied by what Peter told her.

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It was very late when Frank returned to Verdant Hotel.

When he did, he found a Rolls-Royce parked outside the entrance with a woman wearing a windbreaker leaning against it. novelbin

Upon a closer look, it turned out to be Yara, Vicky's bestie cum bodyguard.

Noticing Frank just then, she hurried toward him. "Mr. Lawrence..."

"Hello, Ms. Quill. Is something the matter?" Frank asked as he studied her.

She had a small round face, and her eyes were a bright blackness. Her dark hair was left disheveled in the wind, as she had clearly been waiting for him for some time.

She was a few inches over five feet, though she still appeared dainty in front of Frank.

Her fingers were interlocked and she kept fiddling with her thumbs, and she kept her head lowered, stammering for a long while but unable to say anything.

Frank chuckled. "You may speak frankly."

Yara looked up awkwardly then. "O-Okay... Can you teach me the technique you taught Vicky?"

After all, Yara herself had personally experienced the power of Frank's improved version of the Boltsmacker. He also treated Vicky, thus proving that there were shortfalls in the traditional version of the Boltsmacker.

Naturally, Yara wanted to learn the improved version as well, but unlike Vicky, she was no prodigy who could learn a new technique with a single look.

“Oh, that.” Frank smiled.

Yara promptly whipped out a debit card. “I will make it worth your while, Mr. Lawrence. There’s 500,000 in here—the PIN is six zeros. It’s all yours.”

Frank simply clasped his hands behind his back, remaining calm as he replied, “Money’s nothing to me.”

Yara was left a little flustered. “Then... What do you want?”

“Do you have natural relics or other precious herbs?”

Yara shook her head. “No.”

“Enchanted weapons?”

Yara was left further dejected. “No.”

“Well, I’ll have to say no...”

Yara hung her head and turned, ready to leave...

Suddenly, Frank called out to her, “Hold on. Is it true that your father is Riverton’s governor?”

“Yes, he is! Is there something I can help you with?” Yara exclaimed, blinking hopefully.

“I can teach you the improved Boltsmacker, but you need to find someone for me,” Frank replied.

“Really?” Yara exclaimed excitedly. “That’s easy. Just tell me who it is, and I’ll definitely find her!”

“Her name is Winter Lawrence.”

Yara stayed still as she waited for the next part...

But that was all Frank said.

“Wait, is that all you have for me?” she asked.

Frank nodded. “Yeah. All I have is her name. No other information.”

She was the only daughter of his mentor.

When his mentor lay dying after the battle over the south sea three years ago, he told her to find his daughter who lived at Riverton. Though all he gave Frank was a name and nothing else, Frank traveled

to Riverton and stayed for three years after his marriage. He kept searching for clues on Winter, but found nothing.

Back at the present, Yara was left biting her lip.

There were so many citizens in Riverton who shared last names and first names—finding one person with just her name was impossible.

However, she agreed to it immediately for the sake of learning the improved Boltsmacker. “Alright. I’ll do my best to find her... But may I ask when you’ll teach me?”

Frank suddenly started to give directions, and she promptly did as she instructed.

As she directed her Ki’s flow, Frank moved as quick as a lightning bolt, directing her Ki’s flow from her navel up to intersecting nodes, converging Ki from other veins.

Yara promptly felt her body gushing and swirling rapidly with Ki, sending overflowing energy across her veins and canals.

She committed to memory every path her Ki traveled, and she could feel a tremendous force as she moved her palm, countless times more powerful than the Boltsmacker she practiced before!

“That’s how you direct your Ki to release my improved version of Boltstmacker,” Frank said. “Can you remember it?”

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence,” Yara said, grinning ear-to-ear as she saluted him. “Thank you for your teaching... by the way, may I teach this to the other apprentices of my clan?”

In fact, if everyone in her clan would learn this, their influence as a faction would rise above and beyond!

However, Frank shook his head. “This improved version is only conditioned for women. If men train in it for long periods, they’d fall sick like Ms. Turnbull did.”

“I see. Thank you for your advice, Mr. Lawrence.” Yara nodded humbly.

Frank nodded in turn. “I shall be going now. Please don’t forget what I’ve asked.”

“Don’t worry, sir. I won’t,” Yara assured him, though she suddenly paused as something came to mind. “By the way, there’s something else that I’m hesitant to mention...”

“What is it?”

“It would be better if you kept your distance from Vicky, Mr. Lawrence.”

Frank was puzzled. “Why?”

“She’s from an important family and boasts both beauty and talent,” Yara said, cautioning him out of kindness. “That has earned her countless suitors, and someone might get jealous if you get too close.”

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Frank chuckled. “Why would they be jealous? I’m not a fellow suitor.”

“That’s true.” Yara conceded and sighed. “But Vicky has a fiancee too. Are you sure he won’t get the wrong idea? Moreover, he’s the heir to the Lionhearts, an important family in Morhen—that man is known to be ruthless, made evident with certain suitors for Vicky disappearing under mysterious circumstances.”

Being Vicky’s bodyguard, Yara was naturally privy to certain secrets.

She would rather not see an amazing martial artist like Frank get himself killed. That was why she was being nice and warned him—there were others in Riverton who could destroy Frank aside from the Lionhearts.

“Hmph.” Frank snorted with a look of disdain. “I’m fine as long as they don’t provoke me. If they do, they’ll find themselves less lions than lambs.”

Yara gulped.

That was certainly a bold claim, though she wondered if Frank could remain so when the Lionhearts really came for him.

Either way, she had nothing to add after saying that much.

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Early next morning, Helen had just woken up when she got a call from Sean.

“Good news! Mr. Turnbull’s daughter fully recovered yesterday!” he exclaimed.

“She did?!” Helen was immediately excited.

“Yeah, I didn’t expect the panacea cap to be so effective.” Sean laughed. “You are now the savior of the Turnbulls’ heiress, Helen!”

Helen was certainly thrilled—Lane Holdings had nothing to worry about now that the Turnbulls owed them a favor!

Breathing out lengthily to quickly calm herself, she said, “Thank you so much for this, Mr. Wesley.”

“Oh, you’re exaggerating,” Sean replied with feigned modesty. “It’s what I ought to do—by the way, remember to properly prepare for the banquet tonight at Verdant Hotel, and the project will definitely be yours.”

“Yes. I’m counting on you, Mr. Wesley,” Helen said, and hung up.

She could hardly hide her excitement and almost started skipping around on her bed.

She knew it. The time for Lane Holdings to prosper had arrived!

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Meanwhile, at the penthouse suite of Verdant Hotel, Frank had woken up early to meditate when someone knocked on his door.

He answered it to find that it was Vicky, dressed in a leather jacket and a pair of jeans, giving her a sharp appearance thanks to her slender figure.

Taking off her shades, she smiled. "You're quite the early bird, Mr. Lawrence!"

"I could say the same about you. What's the matter?"

"My family is having a banquet here tonight. I'll get you a tux—I mean, you're not attending it in your tracksuit, are you?"

"I'll pass."

Frank was about to close the door when Vicky caught it, "Please, Mr. Lawrence. It's my father's invitation, and you can at least show your face since you saved my life!"

Frank frowned. Even if he was reluctant to attend a pointless social event, he could not say no since it was Mr. Turnbull's invitation.

Nodding, he said, "In that case, let's go."

They headed down to the parking lot, and Vicky opened the car door for him.

Before he got in, however, he stopped as he noticed a trio of men hurrying toward him.

"What's wrong?" Vicky asked in curiosity, noticing his pause.

"Trouble."

Vicky noticed the trio too and frowned.

Though she thought it was a rival of her family, the burly bald man at the center strode up while glaring at Frank furiously. "Are you Frank Lawrence?"

"Yes." Frank replied coolly.

Vicky snapped, "Who are you people? Do you know where you are?"

The bald man did a double take and started to regard Vicky lecherously. "Huh. I'm surprised you're that lucky with women! Anyway, your boy's going to be crippled soon enough. You should come hang with me instead—Barney Streisand will make it worth your while."

Vicky laughed despite herself, turning to glance at Frank for a moment and then at the trio. “Wait, is this everyone you brought? You really think you stand a chance against Frank?”

One of Barney’s thugs snorted. “Hey, the chick’s mocking us, Barney.”

Barney narrowed his eyes in turn. “Don’t hurt her now. We’ll show her how good we are later.”

“Haha!” The two thugs guffawed—they were certainly in luck! They would get a taste of the good stuff all thanks to Barney!

Nonetheless, Frank asked quietly, “Who sent you? Tell me right now and I’ll hold back.”

“Pfft. Keep talking—beat him up already, boys!” Barney barked, perfectly confident since it was three against one.

As his lackeys leapt forward, Vicky tactfully took a step back and felt a sudden gust behind her right then!

Frank had charged forward at the speed of light!

Thud!

Thud!

With two dull thuds, both lackeys were sent flying.

“What the—”

Barney himself had barely walked two steps forward with his baseball club and was already left gaping.

What the hell was he?!

He did not even see Frank move—the man just suddenly turned into a blur, and Barney’s lackeys were promptly sent flying!

‘Run!’

That was the only thought Barney had just then, and he cursed his rotten luck for taking up this job!

However, Frank was already behind him when he turned and caught his throat with a vice-like grip!

“Oof...” Barney’s face quickly turned purple from lack of oxygen.

Frank’s expression was ice-cold. “I’m asking one last time. Who sent you?”

The murder in his eyes left Barney sweating buckets and a chill jolting down his spine.

This was no joke—he could feel that Frank would really kill him if he did not tell the truth!

“P-Peter Lane! He was the one who sent me and told me to break your hand! It’s the truth, man... I’m just a street thug trying to make a living! Please don’t kill me!”

Frank took a deep breath.

He had no grudge against Peter, but Peter wanted to break his arm just because he kicked Peter? novelbin

“You want to live? Fine—you have to break Peter’s arm,” Frank said.

Seeing that he was given a way out, Barney promptly nodded. “Yes, yes, of course! I’ll get it done, I promise!”

Then, Frank leaned in and whispered into his ear, “If Peter’s unscathed the next time I see him, I’ll have your head.”

Barney shuddered. “Yes, yes, I’ll do it.”

“Good. Now get out of here,” Frank snapped, and kicked him away.

Barney promptly scrambled out of the parking lot, fearful to linger for another second!

Beside Frank, Vicky was narrowing her eyes at him.

Frank might have exchanged blows with Yara yesterday, but it only amounted to sparring.

Today, she truly saw the depth of Frank's power and understood that she would be dwarfed even in her prime!

Who was he?