

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 61 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 61

Chapter 61

Chapter 61

Jackie gulped and promptly throw his hands up when he saw the horrific glare in Vicky's eyes. "I was just joking, Ms. Turnbull. Don't take me seriously.

"Joking, was it?"

Vicky, however, picked up a steel pipe, adjusted her grip, and swung it at Jackie's head, drawing blood: instantly!

Jackie's goons started forward but stopped in fear when Frank shot them a look.

Argh!!!" Jackie cried even as he clutched his head. "Alright, I'm sorry, Ms. Turnbull! I'll pay you right now."

Vicky shot him a glare of contempt. "As you should. Now wire it right now."

This time, Jackie did not hesitate to bark at his secretary to transfer the money.

Once Vicky received it soon enough, he wiped his sweat and asked, "We're even now, Ms. Turnbull. So, can you just go....?"

He

"Sure, but I did say I'd make you wish you were dead."

Vicky's eyes flashed murderously, and before Jackie could understand what was happening, Vicky swung the steel pipe up Jackie's crotch!

"Argh!!!"

A blood-curdling scream resound over the factory, and Jackie passed out in agony.

Frank pursed his lips—even he felt a chill between his legs from that swing.

“Let’s go.” Vicky waved and led Frank and the others out of the factory.

Naturally, none of the goons nearby dared to stop them.

A breeze blew outside the factory. Vicky’s clothes flapped against the wind, giving her the bearing of a

mafia boss. novelbin

After they got in their car, Frank turned toward the bruised and battered Cliff and said flatly, “Raise

your arm.”

Cliff was surprised but did as he was told.

Frank held his arm and suddenly clenched!

“Argh!” Cliff yelped.

“I’ve realigned your arm for now,” Frank said, “though you should see a doctor at the hospital

anyway.”

“T–Thanks...” Cliff said, studying Frank for a while and eventually asking, “You knocked off my

collar button before, didn’t you?”

“What?” Frank asked, perplexed.

Cliff inhaled deeply. “When we sparred at Turnbull Villa, I noticed afterward that my collar button was gone. Did you knock it off?”

He had found out afterward that the button had been dislodged, strings and all. However, it was not until today that he truly saw the depth of Frank’s power that he realized Frank was the one who had

knocked it off.

Frank nodded in turn. "It was me."

Cliff was at once humiliated and could hide right then. "Why did you hold back?"

Frank shrugged. "Out of respect for Ms. Turnbull, whose family you serve."

Vicky glanced at the rearview mirror in turn. "Alright—now that we've all acknowledged each other as allies, never belittle Mr. Lawrence again, Cliff."

In fact, she brought Frank here to collect Jackie's debt just to show Cliff the extent of Frank's strength, or Cliff would really think himself peerless.

Naturally, they more or less took him down a peg as well.

"Certainly not." Cliff nodded.

After some thought, he added, "That being said, Ms. Turnbull, the Salazars will definitely come after

us now, especially after we've crippled one of their own."

Chapter 62

Chapter 62

Cliff asked, "Should I call in more people from the capital?"

Vicky thought about it. "Nope. The Salazars are nothing as long as we have Frank around."

Most importantly, she did not want to ask her uncle's side of the family to send their people. It was a sign of weakness, and she would end up being passive when she returned to the capital.

"Very well." Cliff nodded and turned silent.

They headed to the hospital and got Cliff the best doctor to mend his bones, while Frank got a deposit of two million dollars.

After they left, Vicky asked, "Are you busy at the moment, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank shook his head. "Not particularly."

“Why don’t we have a drink tonight with the money we collected?” Vicky smiled. “There’s a new joint called The Dynasty that just opened in West City. I have a good feeling about the place.” novelbin

Beside them, Yara scratched her head. “My dad’s asking me to go home tonight, so I won’t be joining.

She could tell Vicky only wanted Frank around, so she should not be third-wheeling.

“Tonight... I...” Frank murmured.

He was actually not interested in such premises, but Vicky cut him short before he could refuse. Come on, Mr. Lawrence—don’t be such a killjoy, especially with a beauty like myself inviting you.”

Frank nodded, seeing that she was especially enthusiastic, while he had no reason to refuse.

The Dynasty was exceedingly lively in the evening, with men and women hitting the dance floor and venting their pent-up vigor. It just so happened that Helen and Lane Holdings’ young executives were having fun at the booth seats on the second floor too.

“Ms. Lane! Lane Holdings is going to make it big now that we’ve secured the West City project!”

“For sure. That’s all because Ms. Lane is a great leader...”

As they showered her with endless flattery, Helen smiled and raised her glass. “It’s all thanks to everyone’s hard work. Let’s drink to Lane Holdings’ strong growth as a local competitor!”

After everyone chugged their drinks, Gina poured Helen another glass. “Of course, it’s all thanks to Mr. Wesley that we got the project. Here—offer him a toast.”

Helen was repulsed by her mother’s constant groveling, but she smiled and raised her glass

nonetheless. “Thank you, Mr. Wesley.”

“It’s nothing, Helen.” Sean smiled and chugged his drink. “What’s mine is yours now. Just tell me if you need anything.”

“Ahem!”

Helen choked a little, drinking a little too fast just then.

“Are you alright, Helen?” Sean asked in concern.

Helen promptly waved him off. “I’m fine...”

Gina continued groveling just then, “Oh, Mr. Wesley. I still have to thank you for saving Helen before. Honestly, Rocco McCoy was so rude! Helen gave his dad an Ichor Pill, but he locked us up in a room!”

Helen frowned just then and asked Sean, “Mr. Wesley, how do you know Mr. Zimmer?”

She felt suspicious after what happened before—Sean claimed he was the one who sent Dan Zimmer, but Dan clearly denied it.

Even if her mother kept insisting it was Sean, she had to get to the bottom of this.

Sean’s expression stiffened, clearly picking up on Helen’s wariness from her words.

Still, he quickly came up with an excuse and said, “Actually, I don’t know Mr. Zimmer—my father does, and it was also my father who called him.”

“See?” Gin

“Gina promptly said. “I told you Mr. Wesley was helping us!”

Helen smiled awkwardly in turn. “Oh, I see!”

Chapter 63

Chapter 63

Sean was staring at Helen’s fresh face, unable to repress the smugness.

Did she really just try to outwit him? Laughable!

He certainly thought himself a genius—all he had to do was attribute everything to his father, and none would be the wiser. After all, Helen and her family would never verify anything with his father!

However, Helen was fiddling with her glass, not quite believing Sean.

Gina nudged her with her elbow, snapping, “Could you give it a rest already? Mr. Wesley has helped

hurt his feelings if you kept doubting him!”

you so many times—vou

“Yeah, I know.” Helen nodded.

Her mother had a point—she was out of line.

Just then, her employees began gossiping.

“Hey, did you hear that someone took out Leo Grayson?”

“Yeah. West City’s underbelly is now a mess,” a man in glasses said.

“Really?” Helen quickly asked just then. “Did that really happen?”

The man nodded repeatedly. “Of course. One of my friends works at Skymex.”

Helen and Gina both gasped and turned toward Sean, presuming that he had done it since he was the only one who had ties to the governor’s office.

Leo Grayson was the kingpin of West City, but he was killed?

However, it made sense since it would be no issue for the governor’s office.

Sean smiled awkwardly, noticing their stares. “I just told them to do as they see fit. I didn’t expect them to go that far.” novelbin

He felt awkward even as he talked as well—he had to make up countless lies just to make up for one silly remark he made ages ago!

“See?! Mr. Wesley has done so much for you!” Gina shot Helen a scornful look just then—how could

she be so stubborn?

Helen was actually emotional, since Sean had completely eliminated the Graysons' gang for her sake!

As a woman, she should be rejoicing that there was a man who would go so far for her.

"Thank you, Mr. Wesley," she said, her eyes wet with tears.

Sean was actually stunned that she got that emotional, but seeing that the timing was right, she whipped out a palm-sized box from his pocket.

He slowly opened it, revealing the same diamond ring from before.

Going down on one knee and looking at Helen lovingly, he said, "Failing to give you this has been my constant regret. I've thought for days, but I just can't get you out of my head. I really hope you will give me a chance... Will you marry me, Helen?"

"Wow!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Everyone around Helen began to cheer her on. In fact, most of the women were bribed by Sean earlier with the simple task of hyping things up.

And beside Helen, Gina nudged her again. "What are you waiting for? Say yes!"

This was their best shot at forging an alliance with the Wesleys!

However, Helen was hesitant even as she stared at the sparkling diamond ring.

At the moment, Sean was certainly her best choice for a partner.

But she had not forgotten that man...

"Marry him, Ms. Lane! Mr. Wesley is such a successful man..."

Chapter 64

Chapter 64

One of the women with Helen had her fingers crossed and her eyes welling up with tears. "That's right! I'm so jealous, Ms. Lane..."

Sean was smiling in turn. novelbin

With the vibes and the setting, there was no reason for Helen to say no!

Pressured by her employees and mother, Helen certainly found herself being washed along by the mood around her.

Before she could say yes, however....

"Oh, proposing at a bar? How lively!"

Helen stiffened at the all-too-familiar voice and looked up to find Vicky, with Frank standing beside

her.

His expression was ice-cold, and Helen withdrew her hand by instinct!

"Frank, no..." she started to explain, only to glance at Vicky and remember that she and Frank were divorced.

What was the point of explaining?

And yet, she did not want to see Frank with another woman, just as she refused to let Frank see her accept Sean's proposal.

Moments they shared together replayed in her mind, and she realized she could not forget the man whom she had lived with for three years.

On the other hand, Sean was glowering when Helen withdrew her hand.

He had almost succeeded! Frank Lawrence just had to mess things up during the critical moment!

Rising slowly, he turned toward Frank and Vicky, glaring as he growled, "Oh, what a coincidence, Ms. Turnbull."

Vicky shrugged, putting a hand on Frank's shoulder just then. "What, do you have a problem with me coming here to drink with my boy?"

"No," Sean growled through his teeth. "But don't you think it's impolite to interrupt a proposal?"

Vicky laughed. "You're really bossy, telling everyone what to do and now telling me not to speak up?"

you'd have to take it lying down even if I tell you how fat your mom is."

Listen

—

I

"Hmph!" Sean snorted, feeling the pressing need to have Vicky and Frank leave right then. "Sure, I can't tell you what to do, so why don't you go and enjoy yourself?"

Vicky turned toward Frank. "Where should we sit, darling?"

Frank glanced at Helen, and then at the booth seat next to hers. "Right here."

As Vicky and Frank sat down, Sean asked in frustration, "Do you have to sit there?"

Frank looked up in turn. "You don't own this place, so I can sit wherever I want."

"Fine, have it your way," Sean growled and gingerly returned to his seat, pouring Helen another drink. "Let's just ignore them and enjoy ourselves."

Helen promptly waved him off. "No, thanks. I'm not feeling well."

From the corner of her eyes, she was watching Frank—and Vicky, who was holding his arm as she poured him another drink. "Come on, dear. Cheers!"

Frank could clearly feel Vicky's warmth even as he held his glass and picked up her faint sweet scent.

As for Helen, seeing Vicky totally enjoying herself and getting really comfortable with Frank left her clenching her knuckles.

Beside her, Gina snorted in contempt. “Just look at that homewrecker. How shameless of her to snuggle up to that lowlife!”

On the other hand, Sean was gritting his teeth in frustration before quietly whipping out his phone and heading to the washroom.

Chapter 65

Chapter 65

Once in the washroom, Sean made a phone call. He must chase Frank away or he would not be getting Helen tonight!

“Hello? Who’s this?”

“Zuco, it’s me, Sean.”

The man’s tone became friendly immediately, “Oh, Mr. Wesley! To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Sean promptly gave him the details, and Zuco was soon patting his chest and assuring him, “Don’t worry, brother. You just leave this to me.”

“Yeah. That’s a hundred grand in your account later.” Sean smiled. “Don’t make me come all this way

for nothing.”

With that, he hung up and cheerfully returned to his seat.

Gina asked eagerly, “Where have you been, Mr. Wesley?”

off.

“Nowhere. Just went for a bathroom break,” Sean said, happily studying Frank for a moment before turning back to Helen, ignoring him. “Helen, I think that bastard is obviously here to piss you. Let’s not lose to them now—let’s enjoy ourselves and ignore them.”

Gina nodded repeatedly in agreement. “Mr. Wesley’s right. Don’t get petty with them.”

Helen agreed too—there was no reason for her to quarrel with Frank.

As she picked up her glass and chugged it, Sean sneaked out the pill he prepared beforehand and threw it into the whiskey bottle. “Here. Let’s get you a refill.”

Gina chimed in, “Me too, Mr. Wesley.”

Sean frowned. “You shouldn’t drink something this strong, ma’am. You’re not that young”

Gina waved him off and snatched the bottle. “It’s fine. We’re all here to celebrate.”

Sean promptly snatched it back and gingerly refilled Helen’s glass. “I’ll pour some for you later, ma’am. Just save some for me and Helen before that.”

Beside Frank, Vicky drank more than a few glasses. Her breath stank of alcohol, and her fair cheeks

were now red.

Seeing that, Frank said, “That’s enough. We should go.”

Vicky shook her head, her eyes leveled sharply at the opposite seat. “I haven’t gone should drink too.”

all out yet—you

Frank followed her gaze to find that Helen was just finishing her glass as Vicky did, and it was

obvious they were not sharing a toast.

Still, given that Vicky was not mumbling, she was not drunk yet.

Just then, a bald man with a cigar arrived with two goons in tow.

They made a beeline for Frank, standing in front of him and barking, “Frank Lawrence, is it?”

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

The bald man was none other than Zuco and barked, "You're not welcome here. Get out."

Vicky sprang to her feet right then, snapping, "I paid to be here, and you're telling us to leave? Who do you think you are?!"

Zuco put his hands on his hips and retorted, "I'm the head of security here, and someone informed us that you were causing a scene. Now leave!"

"Informed you? Who?" Vicky snapped, wheeling on Sean. "You?!"

Sean shrugged innocently, even though he called Zuco there. "What are you saying, Ms. Turnbull?! don't know him at all—you must've done something wrong to be asked to leave."

Chapter 66

Chapter 66

Sean was naturally not going to admit that he knew Zuco. After all, he was wary about Vicky and no told Zuco that he just had to chase Vicky and Frank away, since Zuco would be destroyed if Vicky got

serious.

And yet, Vicky was already folding her arms before her chest fearlessly. "I'm not leaving."

Zuco rolled his eyes and waved at his goons. "Take them away."

They started toward Vicky, who suddenly picked up a bottle from her table and smashed it on Zuco's

head!

It shattered resoundingly, leaving glass shards all over the floor as Vicky snorted in disdain. "I leave when I want to. It's not up to a clown like you to tell me what to do!"

"B-Boss? Are you alright?!"

The goons were petrified—the chick had actually smashed a bottle on Zuco’s head?! She must have a death wish.

“Fuck... I’ll kill you!” Zuco clutched his bleeding head and glared viciously at Vicky before lunging at

her with his arms outstretched.

Frank moved right then, grabbing Zuco’s wrist as he growled, “I don’t care who sent you. You have no business being here, so take your boys with you and leave.”

Zuco was left humiliated and incensed by Frank but unable to pull his hand out from Frank’s grip despite using his full strength.

Turning to his goons, he barked, “Get him!”

Frank, however, did not even look his way and raised his foot, kicking one goon and sending him flying on the other.

Then, he twisted Zuco’s arm, bending it before shoving him several meters away!

“Get out,” he growled.

Zuco was left crouching on the floor and gritting his teeth in pain.

“Argh! My hand!” He clutched his arm as he backed away, glaring at Frank furiously. “How dare you touch me! I’ll kill you! You won’t be leaving this place alive!”

Vicky snorted, reclining against her seat and folded her legs haughtily. “Sure. Let’s see what you can do—I’ll be waiting right here.”

Frank then asked calmly, “How many men can you call up?”

Two hundred!” Zuco barked.

“You mean twenty?” Frank remained nonchalant.

“For sure!” novelbin

“Alright, go on, call them. I’ll be waiting too,” Frank replied and returned to his seat.

Seeing that, Sean promptly went up to Zuco and reasoned, “Please work with me here. Just let it slide.

He did not expect things to get out of hand, and if Zuco really brought his boss....

It was fine if Frank ended up dead, but they could not afford to hurt Vicky!

If the Turnbolls came for revenge and both sides found out Sean was the one who had caused the mess, he would die horribly!

“Shut up! This is none of your business!” Zuco barked, shoving Sean away and hurrying away with his goons.

Sean stamped his feet frantically before wheeling on Frank. “Get out of here already!”

“Why? Why are you so scared?” Frank asked coolly. “Or perhaps you had a part in this? To be fair, hiring thugs to hurt the heiress of the Turnbolls isn’t exactly something you can sweep under the rug.

Chapter 67

Chapter 67 novelbin

Sean could not even look at Frank. He retorted, “Shut up! I wouldn’t even care if you’re dead if not for

Helen!”

Gina became even more impressed with Sean right then. “See? Mr. Wesley is so magnanimous, while you’re so petty?”

Sean said just then, “Do you know who that baldie’s boss is? It’s the man who consolidated power in West City after Leo Grayson was killed!”

“Oh, are you talking about Scarface? I heard about him—he’s ruthless,” one of Helen’s employees said just then.

Gina put her hands on her hips in turn. "Don't bother with them, Mr. Wesley. It's none of our business who gets killed."

However, while Frank was wondering who Scarface was, there was a commotion upstairs and a huge crowd soon arrived downstairs.

Helen's employees were at once stunned that Zuco could call up so many people in an instant, while Helen turned worriedly toward Frank.

Even Gina, who had been yapping endlessly, was totally silent.

Zuco strode up to Frank pompously right then. "Weren't you really bragging just now, bastard? Why are you so quiet now?"

Sean's heart could leap out of throat just then—he really did not know how to explain himself, let alone tell Zuco who Vicky really was!

Bracing himself, he moved close to Zuco and said, "Come on, Zuco. Just let this slide!"

However, Zuco

co was smiling. "Don't worry, Mr. Wesley. My boss is here—not even the gods can stop

this now!"

The crowd suddenly parted just then, and a rotund man almost six feet tall strode out.

He had a gruesome scar on his face, and his menacing presence silenced Sean, leaving him terrified.

'T—That's the new kingpin of West City?"

"This is my turf," the scarred man—real name Chad Hansen—announced just then. "Anyone who lays a finger on my people here will have to pay. So? Who was it?"

He had just risen to the top, and one of his boys was already beaten up—how was he going to assert himself in West City if he did not step up?

That was when Frank said nonchalantly, "It was me."

Chad's eyes widened when he saw that it was Frank, even shaking his head repeatedly in disbelief!

Beside him, Zuco was rubbing his palms eagerly. "Let me break his legs, boss. I'll make him wish he were dead!"

However, Chad was trembling all over and promptly stopped Zuco.

Turning to Chad, Zuco finally realized that something was wrong the man's face turned as white as a sheet, and he was sweating buckets!

"What's wrong, boss?" he asked.

Chad, however, ignored him and turned to Sean. "Mr. Wesley, was it? I'll let this one slide for now!"

In truth, Chad was there when Leo Grayson was killed, witnessing with his own eyes how Frank had cut down over forty men like they were nothing. And Leo could not even touch him!

Chad himself was fortunate to escape death by playing dead, or who knew what would have become of

him!

And now, with what few men he had, he was courting death by picking a fight with Frank!

On the other hand, Sean was stunned—when did he become so famous?

And beside Chad, Zuco was utterly confused since Chad looked prepared to defend him just then." What... Why, boss?"

Chapter 68

Chapter 68

Chad smacked Zuco on the head right then and snapped through gritted teeth, "Quit yapping and go!"

With that, he turned to leave, without so much as a glance behind him he was terrified that Frank

would stop him!

His goons were all confused, but there was no way!

stay when their boss had left!

As they quickly followed, Zuco was left pouting, but he turned to glare at Frank.

“Just you wait!” he snarled before hurrying after Chad.

Sean breathed a long sigh of relief right then.

Thank goodness they did not start fighting.

Still, he turned to find everyone staring at him in shock, with Gina exclaiming in wonder, “I didn’t

know you were that important, Mr. Wesley...”

“He’s amazing! He could even talk directly to Scarface!”

“You can’t expect anything less from Riverton’s number one man! It would be worth living a decade less if I could marry him!”

Sean was left scratching his head. “Oh, they were all just being nice!”

Even Helen was left in disbelief—not only was Sean important in business, but even a man like

Scarface would defer to him!

Vicky was nursing his line “Really

However, I’m sure no one in your family is that important.”

Sean pursed his lips and snorted. “Hmph. You wouldn’t have been allowed to leave if not for me, Ms. Turnbull. Shouldn’t you be thanking me?” novelbin

“Thank you? You really are shameless, aren’t you?” Vicky retorted in disdain.

Frank suddenly cut their argument short. “That’s enough. Let’s go!”

Vicky did a double take. "Already? Aren't you going to straighten out that faker?"

Frank snorted in disdain. "Are you really stooping down to the level of trash like him?"

"True." Vicky nodded in agreement right then and hurried after him.

Sean was left fuming—he would have given Frank a spanking if Vicky was not there!

Still, Gina was strutting again once Vicky left. "Don't bother with him, Mr. Wesley. Men living off

women like him would be knocked off his perch before long."

Sean pretended to be cool about it. "I'm not going to get upset with someone like that, of course. Come on, Helen. Let's keep the drinks coming!"

Chapter L

Helen, however, staring at the direct from which Franke

He never took thing for disappened and frustrated.

e pickiest up the glace tech, and the fly at the head turning muksed while her body grow bett

*? ફર ટેલેન્ડી ર ેાલ્ય sitantriguing are send Pak

she shook her head, spelling the thoughts as she goed, "What's going on Why am I suddenly thinking when than?"

"What's wrong, Hukket them

saden rubbed her temples "Nothing 1 jost feel a little dry. I don't think I can drink anymore.

M: Wessly I think that's it for me"

Mom he murmured, grabbing Cina's arm when she suddenly collapsed into them.

clina wan in a blist an well since the drank a little from Sean's bottle, but she was at least conscious

Sean was smiling in turn, knowing that the drugs had already kicked in

"Ma'am, I think you and Helen have had too much to drink," he quickly told Gina. "Why don't I take you to a nearby hotel to get some rest?"

Helen, however, was staring at the direction from which Frank left.

He never turned to look at her once, leaving her disappointed and frustrated.

She picked up the glass Sean gave her and chugged it, and she suddenly felt her head turning muddled while her body grew hot.

It was weird—she was fantasizing having sex with Frank!

She shook her head, dispelling the thoughts as she groaned, "What's going on... Why am I suddenly thinking about that?"

"What's wrong, Helen?" Sean asked just then.

Helen rubbed her temples. "N—Nothing. I just feel a little dizzy... I don't think I can drink anymore, Mr. Wesley. I think that's it for me."

"Let's go, Mom..." she murmured, grabbing Gina's arm when she suddenly collapsed into them.

Gina was in a blur as well since she drank a little from Sean's bottle, but she was at least conscious.

Sean was smiling in turn, knowing that the drugs had already kicked in.

"Ma'am, I think you and Helen have had too much to drink," he quickly told Gina. "Why don't take you to a nearby hotel to get some rest?"

Chapter 69

Chapter 69

Gina nodded in agreement without hesitation. "Oh, sure. Thank you, Mr. Wesley." novelbin

She knew very well what Sean was planning but did not say no because she really wanted Helen to get

into bed with Sean already.

Ideally, they could even have a child together the Wesleys were not getting away when that happened!

As Sean got up, he told Helen's employees, "We'll be going now, everyone. Tonight's bill is on me- enjoy yourselves as much as you want."

Everyone applauded even as Gina basically carried Helen away from the booth seats, and they all watched them leave emotionally. "Well, Ms. Lane will be Mrs. Wesley when tomorrow comes!"

"What's the harm? They are a family with a long history in Riverton—Lane Holdings will rise to new heights once they marry!"

"Definitely!"

Everyone was nodding in agreement the further Lane Holdings progressed, the higher their place in society!

Outside The Dynasty, Frank had just entered the car with Vicky when she smiled. "What's with the long face? Didn't have fun? We could go elsewhere."

Frank shook his head. "Don't you know what the time is? Go home and get some rest already."

Vicky suddenly leaned in, smiling barely a foot between them. "You're jealous because you saw Sean proposing to Helen, weren't you?"

Frank turned away and snorted in disdain. "I'm not

That was when Vicky wrapped her arms around his neck. "Tell me if you're jealous. I'm hot, aren't I? And I can do anything Helen Lane can do..."

She then breathed a puff into his ear, tickling Frank.

He turned right then, their noses almost brushing while the interior of the car seemed to heat up.

Vicky was biting her lip, her fair dainty fingers fiddling with his collar and brushing against his Adam's apple.

Frank could not help getting hot and bothered, but he had to admit that the woman could really put the moves on.

Moreover, he had been drinking and felt a fire burning in him while his heart raced.

Still, he growled, "Don't play with fire."

Chapter 69

Gina nodded in agreement without hesitation. "Oh, sure. Thank you, Mr. Wesley."

She knew very well what Sean was planning but did not say no because she really wanted Helen to get into bed with Sean already.

Ideally, they could even have a child together—the Wesleys were not getting away when that happened!

As Sean got up, he told Helen's employees, "We'll be going now, everyone. Tonight's me-

bill is on

enjoy yourselves as much as you want."

Everyone applauded even as Gina basically carried Helen away from the booth seats, and they all watched them leave emotionally. "Well, Ms. Lane will be Mrs. Wesley when tomorrow comes!"

"What's the harm? They are a family with a long history in Riverton—Lane Holdings will rise to new heights once they marry!"

"Definitely!"

Everyone was nodding in agreement—the further Lane Holdings progressed, the higher their place in society!

Outside The Dynasty, Frank had just entered the car with Vicky when she smiled. "What's with the long face? Didn't have fun? We could go elsewhere."

Frank shook his head. "Don't you know what the time is? Go home and get some rest already."

Vicky suddenly leaned in, smiling barely a foot between them. "You're jealous because you saw Sean proposing to Helen, weren't you?"

Frank turned away and snorted in disdain. "I'm not."

That was when Vicky wrapped her arms around his neck. "Tell me if you're jealous. I'm hot, aren't I? And I can do anything Helen Lane can do..."

She then breathed a puff into his ear, tickling Frank.

He turned right then, their noses almost brushing while the interior of the car seemed to heat up.

Vicky was biting her lip, her fair dainty fingers fiddling with his collar and brushing against his Adam's apple.

Frank could not help getting hot and bothered, but he had to admit that the woman could really put

the moves on.

Moreover, he had been drinking and felt a fire burning in him while his heart raced.

Still, he growled, "Don't play with fire."

Vicky smiled and breathed. "I'm exactly that bold—don't tell me you're scared now."

Frank stayed silent as he kept controlling his breathing to calm down.

Seeing that, Vicky arched her back and leaned in, putting her cool lips against his.

However, Frank's eyes suddenly widened and he abruptly pushed her away.

"Ow!" That actually hurt Vicky a little and she demanded, "What are you playing at?!"

She watched as Frank suddenly opened the door and got out of the car, hurrying to the distance.

“Hey! Where are you going?” Vicky called out after him, but soon hurried after him without hesitation when she saw where Frank was going.

Sean was there, carrying Helen to an SUV.

Vicky stamped her feet in frustration.

Helen had to keep ruining things for her!

Helen was completely incoherent as she lay sprawled in the backseat, her hands fumbling and reaching everywhere without knowing it.

Even Gina’s cheeks were red, and her eyes turned unfocused as she got dizzy. “A–Are we there... yet.... Mr. Wesley...?”

Sean narrowed his eyes. “Soon, hag.”

Chapter 70

Chapter 70

Come to think of it, Sean should really thank Gina—he would not have gotten Helen so easily if not for her!

However, just as he got into the driver’s seat and was about to start the car, Frank suddenly appeared.

He opened the door and pulled out his car keys!

Sean did a double take, and was incensed when he saw that it was Frank. “Could you stop bothering me for once?!”

“Where are you taking Helen?” Frank was glowering coolly.

“That has nothing to do with you!” Sean snapped.

Frank glanced at Helen in the backseat just then.

She was flailing her hands in the air, while her legs were squeezed together and kicking.

She was also mumbling endlessly and unintelligibly—clearly, she had been drugged.

Furious, Frank punched Sean in the face!

“Did you fucking drug her?!” he bellowed.

He would not say a word if Helen was conscious and willing to go with him. However, all he felt was contempt for Sean for sinking this low!

“Argh! Fuck you! This is none of your business! Don’t you ruin this for me!” Sean cursed, clutching novelbin

his nose.

“Get down,” Frank snapped and pulled Sean out of the SUV before slapping him across the face!

“Argh!” Sean yelled and glared viciously at Frank. “Don’t think I won’t do anything to you!”

He suddenly whipped out a switchblade from his back and stabbed it toward Frank’s chest!

He never got violent before because he did not want to ruin his image around Helen, but he was not taking this lying down!

However, he was too slow for Frank, who caught his wrist and swung his fist down on Sean’s forearm!

Crack!

“Argh!!!”

Sean’s arm broke right then, and he let out a blood—curdling scream. However, he could not even see Frank move as he struggled to get free, but Frank held him in place with a vice—like grip!

“H—How dare you hit me! I am the Sean Wesley—”

“Fuck you.”

Frank launched Sean into the air with a kick, and Sean rolled a few times and only stopped when he hit the curb.

He certainly did not look like a rich heir as he bled from the mouth, looking utterly pathetic.

His eyes

eyes bloodshot, he could kill Frank right then!

That was when Chad and his men stepped out of The Dynasty.

Sean flashed a vicious smile at Frank right then, "It's over for you now!"

Then, wobbling as he tried to run toward Scarface, he cried, "Please, Scarface! Help me!"

Chad did a double take when he saw Sean being beaten to a pulp. "Mr. Wesley, was it? up?"

-heat you

Sean promptly pointed at Frank. "That's him! Beat him up, and I'll pay you as much as you want!"

Chad turned to look where Sean was pointing, and his heart that barely calmed down was pounding again.

"Shut up!" he barked. "Who do you think you are, insulting Mr. Lawrence like that?!"

And with those words, he kicked Sean squarely on the chest and snapped at his goons, "Fuck him up!" The goons, promptly surrounded Sean, punching and kicking him relentlessly!