

The Girlboss 621

Chapter 621

Chaz, Wilbur, and even Neil were all grinning in delight as Titus' attitude changed dramatically.

It seems that nothing was wrong with the man—he was merely being courteous before moving in for the kill!

“You murdered my friend Hubert Sorano and my family’s retainers, and now you’ve crashed the wedding of Mr. Graves, my subordinate. Lives were lost, so I’d really like to know what you have to say for yourself, Mr. Lawrence!”

At those words, his dark aura burst out, shooting toward Frank!

Frank did not cower, however.

Leaving Helen with Burt, he unleashed a burst of dark aura and repelled against Titus' pressure.

“Huh?” Titus gasped when he saw that Frank was not faltering, actually surprised that Frank had that much in him.

Frank remained impassive as he glanced at Burt. “Take Helen and go.”

“Yeah!” Burt nodded, knowing from a glance at Titus that he was no match for the man.

Hence, knowing that he would just be a burden to Frank if he stayed, he held Helen's arm and snapped his fingers.

A rappelling rope dropped from the shattered dome on the ceiling, and Burt held it with a single hand while he held firmly onto Helen with the other. Soon, they were rising into the air and swiftly leaving through the roof.

Frank seized the moment to look around—most of the guests, including Gina and Cindy, had fled during the chaos.

Gina and Cindy were certainly afraid to catch blame since Frank had undoubtedly messed up the wedding, which was why they left without a word.

“Mr. Lionheart! Stop them! Don’t let them take Helen away!”

Chaz was suddenly stamping his feet and yelling, not caring that he was bleeding from the night as Helen was almost disappearing from sight.

Wilbur’s fat figure was shaking from anxiety too. “Don’t let her get away, Titus! Chaz said... he said he would let me have her!”

“Hah!” Titus bellowed as he stomped the floor, and dozens of glass shards shot up into the air.

They glinted against the light, just as the shockwave of Titus’ bellow sent them shooting toward Helen.

Frank was not about to let Helen get hurt—he swiped his foot over the floor, his vigor purifying and bursting away to knock the shards near him away.

Clang!

As the glass shards shattered resoundingly in the air, Helen was out of the hall.

She glanced downward at Frank one last time, nodding determinedly before leaving under Burt’s escort.

Now that she had decided to trust Frank in body and soul, she would no longer lose herself!

“Oh, that’s quite impressive, Mr. Lawrence.” Titus was not actually frustrated despite Helen’s escape, even admiring Frank’s moves.

“You’re no slouch yourself.” Frank remained impassive as he stood off against Titus.

“Mr. Lionheart!” Neil was suddenly on his feet again, grinning sinisterly as he pointed at Frank and said his lines. “That bastard has been confounding my family, bewitching Vicky and successfully winning her over! There were nights when she never returned home, and they were most definitely sleeping together! Frank cucked you, Mr. Lionheart! Oh, what would Morhen’s rich and powerful think of my family if they knew about their disgusting affair?! Or you for that matter, Mr. Lionheart? That’s why you must kill him right now!”

“What?”

At long last, Titus was frowning.

Chapter 622

Titus only heard that Vicky and Frank were very close, and nothing about things getting physical.

No man could accept being cucked even before getting married, and the same certainly went for Titus, the heir to a dynasty as illustrious as the Lionhearts!

He glowered right then. “Is what Neil said true, Mr. Lawrence?”

Before Frank could say a word, Neil was jumping as he pointed at him and bellowed, “Frank Lawrence! Did Vicky spend the night at your mansion in Skywater Bay?! Answer me!”

“Vicky has her own room in my mansion,” Frank said calmly even as he met Titus’ hostile glare. “But we were just colleagues and behaved as such, never once overstepping boundaries. Believe what you will.”

“Shut up!” Neil bellowed furiously. “You think I don’t know Vicky? She would have fallen for your tricks if I never interfered! Hah! Deny it all you want—I have a recording!”

Neil grinned darkly as he whipped out his phone, and played a recording of Vicky giggling and flirting at Frank, repeatedly calling him ‘darling’.

Titus had enough at that, snatching away Neil's phone and crushing it in his rage.

Then, turning on Frank with a murderous glare, he bellowed, "What do you have to say for yourself now, Mr. Lawrence?!"

Before this, he only intervened against Frank for the sake of Wilbur and his family's retainers, staying out of Frank's conflict against the Graves and the Soranos.

However, things changed dramatically after he heard that recording—Frank was now his enemy, and one who cucked him at that.

There was no way Titus would tolerate this!

"I have nothing to say because I have not done anything that hurts my own conscience," Frank spoke, his tone calm as usual. "Believe what you will."

He knew at that point that nothing he said would change anything, when Titus had already made up his mind that Frank was an enemy.

Indeed, Titus laughed despite Frank's short answer.

"Very well! I was going to be nice for the sake of your family... You have only yourself to blame for what's coming!" he bellowed in fury before stamping his feet. "Guards!!!"

There was a thunderous echo as over a hundred Lionheart retainers bellowed in response.

The doors opened with a bang again, and over a hundred men-in-black charged inside in a tidy formation from every doorway, soon crowding the hall.

Frank looked around—they were all vigor wielders, and over a dozen were Birthright rank.

There may be just over a hundred of them, but each of them were genuine martial artists, and the best of the best at that!

“Haha! Mr. Lionheart is getting serious now, Frank! You’re a dead man!”

Chaz was laughing cathartically—the plan might have deviated, but Frank was still going to die thanks to Neil’s help!

Cucking Titus Lionheart of Morhen?! He would not survive even if he had nine lives—Chaz almost could not wait to see Frank begging on his knees!

Chapter 623

With the advantage in hand, even Titus’ tone was no longer polite as he growled, “Get down on your knees and kill yourself, Frank Lawrence, and I’ll let you have a pretty corpse.”

None of the bodyguards he brought were pushovers. Even Frank would have a hard time fighting over a hundred of them, and to make things worse, Titus was a full-fledged Birthright rank elite, while there were over a dozen other Birthright rank elites among his bodyguards.

There was certainly no escape for Frank, but he simply chuckled. “Hah! And I was wondering how impressive you’d be, Titus Lionheart, when you’re already proving overconfident on our first meeting. Also, sending this many people against one man? Don’t you feel embarrassed even if you did manage to kill me?”

“A lion goes all out even when huntring a mere hare.” Titus sneered, not about to underestimate Frank because of his gloating. “I know you Lawrences, and we’d never win without sending in all we have. Dignity matters not for me when it comes to eliminating my enemies once and for all.”

“Heh...” Frank chuckled despite Titus’ words. “And you brought them all from Morhen, didn’t you? I’ll admit that they are all good men too, but haven’t you heard this saying?”

“What?” Titus raised a brow.

“Never kick a hornet’s nest!” Frank laughed icily. “Riverton is not under the Lionhearts’ rule!”

With that, he tapped the dial button on his phone.

Bang!

The doors of Graves Mansion were suddenly kicked open for the umpteenth time.

Then, a bunch of thugs with weapons charged inside, with their leader bellowing, “I’m Bravo Lambert of East City! I’ve brought my men to assist Mr. Lawrence!”

Titus actually did a double take as he saw the roguish-looking thugs, each of whom were incapable of controlling their vigor at all.

Then, he roared with laughter. “Oh, Frank Lawrence... Is this your so-called hornet’s nest? A few hundred thugs?! Did you just want to make me laugh?! My bodyguards don’t even need half an hour to wipe them out!”

“Hahaha!!!” Chaz and Neil were laughing too, with Chaz scoffing, “Did you think you’d hold your against the Lionhearts with these hoodlums? What’s the point of numbers if they’re weak? Did you get kicked in the head by an ass? You really don’t understand the full power of the Lionhearts!”

“What a clown.” Wilburt was snorting nearby, folding his fat arms before his chest in disdain.

Every Lionheart bodyguard was a martial elite, and Frank only sent some street thugs after them?!

Nonetheless, all their smiles soon faded.

While Bravo’s thugs occupied the southern doors, the northern doors were kicked open as well.

Then, a formally dressed Robert and his daughter Yara arrived with their men—though there were not many of them, they were each martial elites.

“Robert Quill, governor of Riverton, here to assist Mr. Lawrence to crash this wedding!”

After him, more men charged inside, led by a smiling Gerald Simmons and his son, Tidus. “We’re here too, Mr. Lawrence! Sorry, I could only bring a little over four hundred strong.”

“Hahaha!” Tim Yates laughed heartily as he led his men into the hall as well. “Don’t get full of yourself when you can only bring this many!”

Chapter 624

“Hahaha!” Tim laughed heartily as he led his men into the hall as well. “Don’t get full of yourself when you can only bring this many!”

As the chief of the Riverton commerce guild, he was the richest even among the bigwigs of Riverton. He was eager to get into Frank’s good graces, bringing in over a thousand men including his own men and a dozen vigor wielders hired off the black market.

He certainly spared no expense!

That was when Kenny Sparks strode into the hall as well, flanked by innumerable Skyblade Dojo apprentices. His expression was one of murderous solemnity as he announced, “Mr. Lawrence, Skyblade Dojo has come. You will be the same as us!”

“Hoho, Mr. Lawrence. Flora Hall is here too, but please be understanding since we can’t bring that many.” Dan Zimmer arrived as well, chuckling as he entered the hall with his granddaughter’s help.

Behind him were bodyguards sent by every major clan and groups which owed Dan favors, and they numbered up to the hundreds as well.

Naturally, the hall was now totally congested, and there were even more men encircling Graves Mansion outside.

After all, it was not just every bigwig of Riverton who was gathered here. Even the White family and Dawson family of Southdam sent their people!

Titus also spotted over a dozen helicopters hovering in the air outside as he peered through the window, his heart sinking rock-bottom when he spotted the markings.

Soon, Hans Schnee strode in, full-armed under his jacket. "Make way! I'm eager to see which blind fool dares to challenge Mr. Lawrence!"

"I-Is that Hans Schnee?!"

"My god... He's the base commander of the East Coast! Even a big shot from Starington has come!"

And after Hans arrived, countless soldiers rappelled inside from the shattered doom of the hall, training their guns' laser trackers on the Lionheart bodyguards surrounding Frank.

One false move, and it would be a bullet squarely between their eyes.

None of them could dodge bullets no matter how good they were, and Titus himself had over a dozen aimed at him from somewhere he could not see.

Even if he was Birthright rank and his pure vigor could repel some bullets, there were only so many bullets he could stop.

Only an Ascendant rank could hold his own, but Titus was certainly not that.

And as one faction after another charged into the hall, Chaz, Neil, and Wilbur who were all mocking Frank were suddenly quiet.

Their eyes were so laughably wide they could pop out of their sockets, their jaws dropped in fear and astonishment.

“W-What the hell is this?!” Neil simply could not understand.

How did Frank come to know so many bigwigs?!

No, forget knowing them—they were willing to stand with Frank and make an enemy of Morhen’s Lionhearts!

Some, including Skyblade Dojo, even brought everyone they had?!

What was this influence? This connection?!

What impact did Frank have on Riverton that all of their bigwigs came personally for his sake?

It was not just the thugs—there were magnates, governors, and even soldiers like Hans. The symbols of Draconia’s military power were all here!

In other words, all of Riverton was here to support Frank!

“Do not kick the hornet’s nest, huh?” Titus muttered, his throat suddenly dry.

Also, a hornet’s nest? More like a lion’s pride!

Chapter 625

It was now not surprising that Frank remained calm and conceited—he came prepared.

Naturally, neither Chaz nor Neil could have known how Frank predicted their plan and countered it accordingly.

It was a question for Jaud, who would rather stay anonymous.

Chaz and Neil were certainly caught in despair too—even the Lionhearts would not be able to win against Frank, not when he brought the combined might of Riverton!

And having so immaculately set up a plan specifically to get Frank killed, neither of them were going to survive this.

After all, the Lionhearts could not protect them—not when Titus himself could not ensure his own safety.

And if Titus actually attacked Frank, his friends were not going to just stand by and watch—every ally of the Lionheart, including Titus himself, would die here.

“T-Titus! Please, I’m so scared... I don’t wanna die! Not here!” Wilbur was bawling, his pants already wet.

Titus was himself feeling somber—he could see the legions of men swarming outside and understood that he no longer had the advantage nor the right to throw his weight around Frank.

“We’re surrounded... and even the East Coast Base Commander is here. There is no mistaking it now—Frank is a member of the Lawrence family.”

He could hardly accept it—his fiancée had slept with someone else. And he, the heir of Morhen’s Lionheart Dynasty, would be reduced to ignominy.

While most of his family’s power resided in Lionheart, and he might not fear Frank if they went all out as well, it was too little too late. Even if they called for help now, it was still going to take them days to come in force, and Frank was not about to give his time.

“I’ve underestimated you, Frank,” Titus said after fighting his reluctance for a while, bowing his head to Frank. “I won’t press the issue between you and Vicky, or meddle in your conflict against the Graves family and the Soranos. I concede.”

He sighed heavily, frustration showing on his face.

He was Titus Lionheart, the heir to Morhen's Lionheart dynasty and a martial elite who rose to complete Birthright rank unimpeded.

Another few years, he might even reach Ascendant rank, propelling him above the rest and to a place only a select few individuals in Draconia ever reached.

He had therefore never expected to blunder like this!

Still, despite his grief, he was no average rich kid because he understood a simple yet obvious principle: Everything was still possible as long as one was still alive.

If he chose to die for pride, Frank would definitely fight him to the bitter end.

And if Titus lost his life, he would also lose everything.

Therefore, despite all his pride as the man so admired and so fawned over in Morhen, he could read a situation well enough to understand that he was on the back foot—and surrender.

He knew that Frank would not attack him anyway—he was the heir of the Lionhearts, and making him concede was already a monumental task.

Even if the Riverton factions gathered here were each small in scale, the Lionhearts could still wipe them all out if necessary... but only if they decided a total war was worth it.

In fact, even if they did, figures like Hans Schnee—who commanded the military forces of the East Coast—would prove troublesome.

"I've conceded, Frank. Can I go now?" Titus pressed since Frank was not responding, though he had already presumed they had come to an agreement.

But just as he turned to leave, he suddenly heard Frank's cool voice. "Wait."

Chapter 626

“What? Are you not going to desist, Mr. Lawrence?”

Titus’ eyes flashed viciously—Frank was really overreaching!

“I’m warning you—if anything happens to me here in Riverton...” He chuckled coolly, glancing pointedly around himself. “No one here will get away with it!”

Titus’ threat actually left the Riverton bigwigs flinching, but Frank slowly continued toward him, looking him in the eye as he said, “I have no intention to fight you—I just want to clear up one particular matter with you.”

“And what would that be?” Titus scowled, his keen senses still detecting over a dozen gun barrels leveled at his face.

“It’s about Vicky Turnbull,” Frank said.

Titus almost flew into a rage right then, scoffing. “What, are you going to humiliate me in front of anyone?”

“I have no such interest or attention.” Frank shook his head. “I swear by my honor that Vicky and I have not been involved in anything scandalous.”

“That’s it? Do you think I’d believe you? Also, your honor? How much is that worth?” Titus snorted, clearly uninterested in Frank’s explanation.

“That is why I’d like you to visit Turnbull Villa in passing.” Frank appeared solemn.

He had already insulted Titus anyway—why not bail out Vicky while he was at it?

Titus snorted again. “And what should I do at Turnbull Villa? Take Vicky with me? I’m sorry, but I’m not interested in becoming a cuck.”

“No.” Frank shook his head again. “It’s best you ask her yourself if anything actually happened between us, as well as find out her opinion.”

“What opinion?” Titus frowned.

Frank spread his arms. “If she’s willing to go to Morhen with you, nothing’s stopping you from marrying her and spare yourself from further misunderstandings in the future. However, if she’s not willing to go along with her family’s arranged marriage, I hope you’ll respect her decision.”

“Is that it?” Titus was skeptical.

After all, Frank had the advantage, and both men knew that there was no peace between them after today’s conflict. Moreover, if Frank did fall into Titus’ hands the way Titus himself was caught off guard today, Titus would certainly not be so merciful!

“That’s it.” Frank nodded.

“Hmph!” Titus snorted. “Know what I think? You’d best be careful if you ever visit Morhen. You may have won this round, but this doesn’t mean a thing.”

“Heh,” Frank chuckled in disdain, seeing that Titus remained indomitable despite his defeat. “Then I shall keenly await what you’ll cook up, Mr. Lionheart.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t stoop to the level of despicable little men,” Titus growled in disdain. “Just stay in Riverton for the rest of your life. Should I ever find out that you’re visiting Morhen, you have no one but yourself to blame in the face of my vengeance!”

“Hmph. Feel free to see yourself out!” Frank spread his arms, nonchalant as if he was in his own home.

“Mr. Lionheart! Please, Mr. Lionheart!!!”

Neil had wet himself in terror as he watched Titus turn to leave with his men, not looking back at all.

Chapter 627

Hans came over to Frank, gesturing with a searching gaze. "What about these two, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank smiled in disdain. "They'd remain a pest if kept alive, and there's no reason for the Graves family to live..."

He then leveled a haughty look at Neil as if he were a dog, even as Neil kept kotowing at his feet. "Despicable, traitorous scum. List down all his crimes and deliver it in writing to the Turnbells, then kill him."

"Yes, sir," Hans replied with a salute.

With that, two soldiers came and dragged Neil away, even as he kept begging, "Please, Mr. Lawrence! Mercy! I was tricked... Chaz tricked me! Please, just let me live..."

On the other hand, Chaz was laying on the floor, laughing so loudly even as he shed tears as if he had lost his mind.

"Color me surprised, Frank! It's my blunder... I didn't think you had that many friends!"

As several soldiers strode up and restrained him with a vice-like grip, he promptly cried out in panic, "This is all my fault, and I'm man enough to take responsibility! This was all me, and it has nothing to do with my family! Spare my father and my brothers—let them live! I'll kowtow to you... I'm begging, just let them live..."

Chaz kept slapping himself even as he cried, hitting himself so hard his cheeks were soon bleeding and mangled.

"Hehe. Oh, Chaz..." Frank's cold chuckle drew Chaz's gaze.

As he looked up in confusion, his face was covered in blood and tears. His mouth hung open, revealing that he knocked out his own front teeth even as Neil's screams resounded from outside the hall.

At the same time, Frank continued, "If you'd won today, would you have spared my family?"

It was a calm question, but Chaz froze right then.

After all, the answer to Frank's question was simple: no, he would never have spared Frank's family.

As such, he now had no right to demand mercy for his family!

Soon, more screams resounded from outside the hall, and Chaz turned hysterical.

With a deafening yell, he freed himself from the grip of the soldiers holding him down, charging madly toward the nearest wall and hitting his head violently against it.

"You certainly got off easy." Frank chuckled coolly, shaking his head as he watched Chaz breathe his last.

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Meanwhile, a car screeched to a halt outside Lane Manor.

Gina and Cindy then promptly alighted and dashed wildly into their rooms, rummaging through wardrobes and shelves.

They were searching for all branded clothing, limited-edition handbags and every expensive piece of jewelry they could find. Even antiques such as paintings were being shoved haphazardly into their suitcase.

"Hurry up, Cindy! Aren't you done yet?!" Gina sweated all over her brow in panic.

“Calm down, Aunt Gina. I’ve still yet to search Helen’s room,” Cindy retorted as she rushed there.

“Oh, don’t bother! Let’s go already, or we won’t make it!” Gina urged, as restless as a cat on a hot tin roof.

On the other hand, Cindy could not help rolling her eyes even as she rummaged through every drawer. “Doesn’t Helen have any jewelry at all? She’s really something!”

Chapter 628

Gina urged, “Hurry up already, Cindy! We can’t stay here in Riverton... No, we can’t stay in this country at all! We need to escape abroad, and we only have twenty minutes to make it to the airport!”

“Coming!” Cindy exclaimed, carrying a pile of Helen’s branded cosmetic products out of Helen’s room and shoving everything into a suitcase.

When Gina saw that, she promptly snapped angrily, “Oh, just drop it, Cindy! How much are those cosmetic products worth anyway? Let’s go!”

“Have you bought our plane tickets, Aunt Gina?”

“I did—I still have dozens of millions in savings, and with these treasures, we’d have enough money to survive abroad for a while.”

Despite what she said, anxiety was written all over Gina’s face.

They did not stay at Graves Mansion earlier and fled with the guests instead.

After all, judging from Helen’s reaction, Gina knew she would not marry Chaz on this day.

And with that going up in smoke, the Southstream Lanes would never accept them, while the Graves family and the Lionhearts would pin the blame on their family.

Gina was especially concerned about the Lionhearts, because if they pressed blame and came after them, they would be dead even before they knew it!

Either way, they could not stay in Draconia, let alone Riverton!

Gina could not care less about Helen either.

If Helen had made up her mind on eloping with that bastard Frank, she could face the consequences herself! As her mother, Gina had done all she could!

“Oh, this is killing me...” Gina shook with sheer frustration.

She was so sure that she could return to the fold of the Northstream Lanes triumphant, to leapfrog up the pecking order and most importantly, to flex on Mason Lane for belittling her!

She was not unreasonable—her daughter’s engagement to Chaz was all thanks to her setting things that way! She just did not think that Helen would get cold feet, let alone run away with Frank!

She had certainly lost more than what she bargained for—forget leapfrogging, she now had a target painted on her head!

And when the Lionhearts come calling, even the Southstream Lanes would suffer, let alone Gina herself!

Still, Gina could take comfort in the fact that the Graves and the Lionhearts would get rid of Frank for good.

He might be able to use his connections to weasel his way out if he was only up against the Graves family, but against the Lionhearts? Even the Turnbolls would not be able to save him!

Gina was not worried about Helen’s safety either, since Chaz had always treasured Helen.

Hell, there was a huge chance that Helen would change her mind if Frank was killed, and Gina would be able to return from abroad sooner. Everything would fall into place once more, with neither the Graves nor the Lionhearts pressing the issue.

However, even as Gina was busy fantasizing, Jade Zahn and her daughter Luna Lane stormed into Lane Manor with a group of bodyguards.

“Jade...?” Gina’s heart skipped a beat since it had been a while since Jade showed up.

“We’ve all heard, and it’s all your fault, you incompetent Northstream Lanes!” Jade’s pudgy cheeks shook even as she slammed her palm on the table. “Do you call yourself a mother, Gina?! Your daughter got cold feet at the altar, insulting the Graves and the Lionhearts. Even us Southstream Lanes are now a laughing stock... And you think you could just run away without a care? Dream on!”

“Jade... W-What are you doing?!” Gina kept a vice-like grip on her suitcase, refusing to let go even as Jade’s bodyguards strode up to take it from her!

Chapter 629

Jade bellowed, “Don’t think that you Northstream Lanes can leave before you take responsibility for this mess! We’re handing you over to the Graves and the Lionhearts, so that they won’t believe that we’re on your side... No, from this day forth, the Northstream Lanes and Southstream Lanes have nothing to do with each other!”

“What?!”

Thunderstruck, Gina almost collapsed!

Even Cindy’s face fell, but she hurried to Jade with an apologetic smile. “Please, Aunt Jade. We’re family aren’t we? There’s no need to go that far, is there?”

“Hah!” Jade sneered at Cindy right then. “Did you just say we’re family, Cindy? Is there no bottom that you wouldn’t sink to? You’re only family with Gina. How are you related to me? Also, I refuse to have anything to do with someone who’d steal a bride’s jewelry on her wedding day!”

There was no news like bad news—Jade’s outburst left Cindy’s face falling.

She did not think news of her stealing Helen’s bridal jewelry had already spread. Was there any place she could show her face from now on?!

Gina came to her senses as well and dropped to her knees with a loud thud as she started to kowtow at Jade. “Please, Jade... I’m begging you! Cindy may not be family to you, but I am! Just let us go, and we’ll repay your favor once we achieve success abroad! Please!”

Though she kowtowed audibly twice, reality was a cruel mistress as her pleas proved futile even though she abandoned all her pride.

Jade was simply impervious, rolling her eyes as she sneered. “Oh, Gina... Why don’t you just die at this point? You’ve caused the death of your own husband, and even your daughter is now disowning you!”

“To be honest, we Southstream Lanes were actually eager for your daughter to marry Chaz Graves and secure an alliance with the Lionhearts... but what came of it? Forget Helen getting cold feet at the altar as all of Southstream watched—she even had to insult the Graves and the Lionhearts, offending every person within reach.”

Shaking her head in disappointment, Jade continued, “Do you think we Southstream Lanes would want anything to do with you at this point? Is it our fault for turning you away? You’re so incompetent that you couldn’t even catch the winning lottery ticket dropping on your lap, and you had to insult the person who dropped it!”

“There’s just no saving any of you at this level of stupidity. You can’t blame us for doing the right thing and disavowing every last one of you Northstream Lanes. So, while the Graves and the Lionhearts are dealing with Frank and Helen, we Southstream Lanes would assist them by dealing with you!”

At those words, Jade snapped coolly at her bodyguards, “Go! You have nothing to worry about—break their limbs if they resist!”

“Yes, ma’am!”

Watching desperately as the bodyguards approached, Cindy snapped, “Jade, you ungrateful bitch! Don’t you remember who saved your daughter?!”

Luna snorted nearby. “Chaz was the one who brought in that healer. What does that have to do with you?”

“Please, Jade! We can talk about this!” Gina pleaded on top of her lungs. “I didn’t want this to happen! It’s all because of Frank—he bewitched my daughter! You should be going after him!”

“Oh, I’m not worried. The Graves and the Lionhearts have him cornered, and I’m sure he’s dead by now.” Jade snorted, pointing at Gina and Cindy as she snapped, “And right now, my job is to bring in both of you when the Graves and the Lionhearts come on our doorstep, to prove that our hands are clean! Get them!”

The burly bodyguards went all out at Jade’s orders right then!

Chapter 630

The bodyguards violently snatched Gina and Cindy’s suitcases from their grasp before shoving them to the floor and restraining them.

“Take them away!” Jade bellowed, and the bodyguards carried them away.

Then, Jade’s eyes lingered on the suitcases filled to the brim with jewelry before ordering to have all of it carried to her.

Naturally, she was going to keep everything for herself—Gina and Cindy certainly did well packing everything up for her!

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An hour after they left, a restless Helen returned safely to Lane Manor, escorted by Burt.

She thought Gina would be home since she saw the car she had bought for her outside, only to walk through the front door to find everything a mess.

Forget Gina and Cindy—none of the maids on the payroll were in sight.

Helen felt a foreboding sensation right then—despite her misgivings toward Gina, Gina was still her mother and Helen was immediately concerned for her safety.

“What’s this?” Burt murmured as he picked up two pieces of papers off the floor.

Helen’s expression stiffened as she took them from Burt, and her disappointment soon showed.

Flight tickets for Gina and Cindy—and the plane must have left just now.

After Helen spurned Chaz at the altar, they were clearly afraid that the Graves and the Lionhearts would come after them. They were ready to head abroad and were clearly in a hurry.

“Heh...” Helen sneered. She could not have felt more disappointment towards Gina just then.

That was when Burt’s phone suddenly started ringing, and he nodded at Helen as he answered. “It’s Mr. Lawrence.”

“How is he? D-Did he make it out?”

Helen’s fingers dug into the couch even as she asked that—Frank’s safety was her top priority now.

“Yeah, uh-huh.” Burt nodded repeatedly, ignoring her for a moment.

Then, he hung up, breathed a sigh of relief before turning toward Helen with a smile. “Don’t worry—Mr. Lawrence was not in danger at all. Titus Lionheart has conceded, while the Graves family and Neil

Turnbull have been punished accordingly. Mr. Lawrence himself will soon be here as well, so don't worry."

At Burt's words, Helen reclined limply against her couch as she sighed lengthily.

"I guess we don't have to flee Riverton now..." she murmured before suddenly springing to her feet.

She had just realized what Burt had actually said and was gaping at him in shock. "What was that? Did I hear that right? T-Titus Lionheart conceded?"

"Yes, you heard me right."

Burt smiled. "Titus Lionheart conceded to Mr. Lawrence. He declared in front of Riverton's bigwigs that he was cutting ties with the Graves family, and that he would not intervene in the dispute between Frank and the Graves and the Soranos. In short, Mr. Lawrence succeeded."

Burt's explanation only left Helen in further disbelief, as if she were caught in a dream.

The Lionhearts of Morhen were a dynasty of unparalleled power—why would any of them concede to some insignificant brat like Frank?!