

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 71 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Even as Sean was left utterly confused, he was clutching his head and pleading, “Argh!!! Please, stop Stop hitting me, Scarface!”

However, Chad himself kicked Sean a few times before running toward Frank, quickly denouncing Sean in fear that Frank would think he was on Sean’s side. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Lawrence. I don’t know that person at all.”

Sean was bleeding from his nose and mouth even as he stared at Chad in confusion. “W–What are you doing?! He’s just Vicky Turnbull’s manwhore! You don’t have to be afraid of him!”

“Shut up!” Chad bellowed and charged toward Sean, launching a flying kick and sending him to the

floor.

Then, lifting him by the collar, he yelled, “If you want to die, you can fuck off all you want–don’t drag me down with you!”

Sean was left confused again. “B–But... You’re the kingpin of West City...”

Chad laughed despite himself. “Sure, I am–but do you know who killed Leo Grayson?”

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Sean was left thunderstruck as he understood in an instant. He turned frantically toward Frank and

murmured, “It can’t be.... him?”

Chad rolled his eyes but nodded in silence, while something snapped in Sean and he passed out right

then.

Chad was left doing a double take and quickly checking his vitals.

Seeing that Sean was still breathing, he snorted. “And I thought you had a pair. Turns out you’re just

a coward.”

Rising to his feet, he then smiled as he ran toward Frank again. “Sorry I haven’t introduced myself, Mr. Lawrence. Chad Hansen at your service—my homies call me Scarface, but you can call me Scar. I’m sorry about everything that happened tonight.”

Then, he whipped out a card from his pocket and added, “Please, take this as a sign of my heartfelt apology. With this, you can visit any nightclub in West City without paying ”

Frank took the card. “So, you’ve taken over all of Leo Grayson’s business?”

“Umm... For now.” Chad nodded repeatedly.

“Good. Give me your number—I will be in touch,” Frank said bluntly.

“No problem,” Chad replied enthusiastically—it was exactly what he wanted. “Where are you! heading, Mr. Lawrence? Can I offer you a ride?”

“No. But I have to go now.”

“Of course. Take care, Mr. Lawrence,” Chad said and bowed.

The goons behind him were all left dumbstruck.

To think that they would live to see their boss being such a bootlicker...

Still, it made sense since the other man had killed Leo Grayson!

As Frank returned to Sean’s SUV, Helen suddenly reached him, wrapping her arms around him and clinging fast to him.

She kept moaning repeatedly, and Frank could hear his name from up close.

It actually left him feeling a little smug.

Vicky appeared just then, scowling coolly. "Had enough fun yet?"

"Oh..." Frank scratched his head awkwardly. "She was drugged. I need to get her to the hotel while the drug wears off."

"There's another over there," Vicky said just then, pointing at Gina, who was clinging tightly to Vicky's arm and looking aroused.

Pushing her away by the forehead impatient, Vicky snapped, "Enough already!"

Frank said just then, "Let's get them to a hotel."

He got into Sean's car, having no inclination to change cars.

However, just as he climbed into the back seat, Vicky stopped him. "No, you drive. I'm taking the back novelbin

seat."

Chapter 72

Chapter 72

Vicky had no intention of letting Helen get frisky with Frank, leaving him speechless.

Still, he quietly moved to the driver's seat and drove to Verdant Hotel, where he quickly carried Helen to his room.

Behind him, Vicky was still holding up Gina and asked, "Hey, what about this one?"

"Take her to another room," Frank replied flatly. "I'll tend to her later."

Vicky pursed her lips. "Trying to send me away? Dream on!"

She looked around, locking on to a bellboy and snapping, "Over here, kid!"

The bellboy promptly ran up to her and asked respectfully, "Yes, ma'am. How can I help?"

Vicky whipped out a stack of hundred dollar bills and shoved it at the bellboy. "Get a room for her and let her settle in—do that, and the money is yours. If anything bad happens, you'll be held responsible."

The bellboy's eyes widened—it was the first time he had been given such a generous tip!

Nodding repeatedly, he said, "Don't worry, ma'am. I'll take good care of the lady."

With that, he took Gina off Vicky's hands, while Vicky promptly turned to run into Frank's room.

Frank was just putting Helen in bed, her gaze seductive now that her usual haughty was gone.

As she repeatedly brushed her cheek against Frank's arm, Vicky asked, "What on earth did Sean drug her with? It's so effective."

Frank rolled his eyes. "You're a woman too. You can leave—there's nothing to see here."

Vicky shrugged. "Exactly. I'm a woman, not an idiot."

Frank ignored Vicky and leaned forward just then, holding Helen's hand and reaching for her clothes just as Vicky strode up to him. "What are you doing?"

"Acupuncture. That means clothes off," Frank replied.

Vicky pouted. "I'll do it."

"Then hurry," Frank urged.

Vicky quickly undressed Helen, though she also groped Helen's breasts. "Passable. But still not my level, I'm afraid."

That was when Helen suddenly got up, catching Vicky off guard—wrapping herself around Vicky, she jammed her lips squarely on hers!

Vicky shoved her away right then, snapping in disdain, "Eww! I don't swing that way—get off."

Frank rolled her eyes and drew out a needle.

Vicky held out a hand. "I'll do it."

"Can you really?" Frank asked skeptically.

"I know my martial arts and basic acupuncture," Vicky replied. "Just tell me where to insert the needles."

Frank thought about it, and handed over the needles to Vicky. "Put the first one on the abdomen. The next will be on the nape...."

Soon, after just five needles, Helen appeared a lot less aroused, leaving Vicky clicking her tongue in wonder. "You're quite something." novelbin

"Ya think?" Frank was speechless.

Vicky giggled and suddenly asked, "So, who is the fairer between us?"

Frank turned in reflex toward the naked Helen.

They had been married for three years, but this was the first time he was observing her like this.

Moreover, Vicky and Helen were completely different.

Vicky was naturally charming with a hint of loftiness, whereas Helen was naturally haughty with a hint of charm.

They were two completely different people with each their virtues.

"Both of you are beautiful," he said just then.

Vicky snorted contemptibly. "Hmph. More like you want both of us... by the way, are you having your mother-in-law undress for acupuncture as well?"

It was only then that Frank remembered about Gina. "Wait, where is she?"

"I handed her over to a bellboy," Vicky admitted awkwardly.

"Huh..." Frank's jaw dropped, a little scared to imagine what would happen just then!

Chapter 73

Chapter 73

In the next room, the bellboy had put Gina in bed and was about to leave when a pair of arms wrapped around him firmly.

Then, he heard a gruff moan behind him. "Oh... handsome... Come on...!"

The bellboy turned to see Gina's middle-aged face looking clearly aroused.

He was a man, but he was not that desperate—though he would not have hesitated if it was that babe

from before.

This hag, however...

Still, he lowered his gaze on the stack of bills he had been given.

So that was why he was given such a generous tip! There was a catch after all! novelbin

The man was left weighing between his principles and money... and eventually gritted his teeth.

"Fuck it. Guess I'll take this for the money!"

Throwing aside any vestiges of dignity, he turned and jumped on top of Gina!

Frank and Vicky hurried to the next room but could already hear the cries of pleasure from the

doorway.

Vicky raised her brow. "Guess we're too late... Are you going in?"

Frank smacked himself on the forehead and sighed exasperatedly. "Oh, forget it."

He quietly left, with Vicky swiftly following-

Frank asked in surprise, "Aren't you going home?"

Vicky simply lay down on the bed. "Of course not. I have to take good care of dear Helen tonight."

Frank sighed exasperatedly as he sat on the couch. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen between me and Helen even if you leave."

Vicky snorted. "You never know. Even if you have no such intentions, she might."

Frank shook her head. "Whatever. Stay here all you want."

With that, he got up and started to leave.

"Where are you going?" Vicky asked.

"Getting another room," Frank replied. "Didn't you say all fees are waived for me on all Turnbull

business?"

Chapter 73

"Fine. " Vicky would have a peace of mind as long as Frank was not alone in a room with Helen.

272

As Helen slowly stirred early next morning, she immediately found herself staring at Vicky's ravishing face.

She thought she was dreaming and almost fell off the bed.

She was immediately alert and promptly climbed back on the bed as she realized that it was not a dream.

She then looked down to find herself naked, while Vicky had a sleeping gown on!

Searching her memory, she realized she only remembered being at The Dynasty, while the rest was a blank.

Did Vicky do this for revenge?

She thoroughly felt around her lower body but noticed nothing out of place, just as Vicky stirred.

While she yawned and ran her hand through her fluffed hair, Helen demanded, “What did you do to me?”

Vicky did a double take before turning to Helen. “Hey, don’t give me that pervy look now—I don’t swing that way.”

Helen snorted. “Then what am I doing here?”

Vicky shrugged. “Frank brought you here.”

“And where is he?”

“In another room.”

Helen breathed a sigh of relief—she guessed she was fine.

She frantically picked up the clothes on the chair and promptly got dressed, though Vicky was smiling

as she studied Helen. “What’s the hurry? I’ve already seen everything last night.”

Chapter 74

Chapter 74

Helen made a face. “Sorry. I’m not used to sharing a bed.

“Tut, tut... How innocent.” Vicky clicked her tongue, but soon realized something. “So you never shared a bed with Frank while being married to him? Does that mean he’s a virgin? Well, your loss.”

Helen was immediately upset and snapped through gritted teeth, “You’re delusional—we already did it.”

Then, rubbing chin as if in recollection, she added, “He’s good. You can try him yourself when you have the time.”

Vicky pursed her lips, her visage flashing coolly for a moment before she laughed. "That's alright- being experienced is fine. I'd rather not have virgins myself."

However, Helen sharply noticed the cool look on her face and was satisfied to one-up her. "Really? Then take your time. I've gotten bored of him already."

With that, Helen strode out of the room and breathed a long sigh, feeling disappointed even though she had won this round.

After all, she and Frank never did it—she did not actually have anything over Vicky. novelbin

"You're up?" Frank appeared just then, startling Helen.

"Y—Yeah... What are you doing here?" she asked, patting her chest to calm herself down.

"I'm heading downstairs for breakfast. Do you want some?" Frank asked, doing his best to keep his

tone even.

"I—I'll pass," Helen replied, keeping her head lowered in thought.

After a while, she asked, "Frank, did you send for Dan Zimmer when Rocco McCoy locked me up?"

Frank shook his head. "Nope. Rocco himself sent for Mr. Zimmer."

"What?" Helen was totally confused—then why would Dan admire Frank so much?

Still, she was now positive that Frank was the one who had saved her grandfather and said, "Anyway, thanks for helping Grandpa."

"I owe him—I'd save him no matter what it takes," Frank replied.

Helen nodded. "Also, about yesterday... I didn't know Sean would propose.

that your

Frank sighed lengthily. "I have no right to meddle with your decisions on who to marry. That said, I'd still rather you show some judgment when it comes to character—I won't mind telling you whiskey was drugged yesterday."

"What? Who did it?" Helen paled in shock, though it was not surprising when she thought about it.

Even if she was not a particularly good drinker, she should not have passed out so quickly!

"I didn't see him do it, but it's most definitely Sean," Frank said.

"Thank you," Helen said earnestly.

She remembered that Sean had been respectful in every way in the past. While she was not certain that Sean had drugged her, she was now wary against him.

Just then, Gina stepped out of her room.

After a night of stormy passion, she appeared spirited and revitalized.

Spotting Helen with Frank right then, she promptly strode up and pulled Helen behind her. "What are you doing here?!" she snapped. "What were you doing to my daughter?"

Frank rolled his eyes. "You're getting the wrong idea. Both of you were drugged—I brought you here to help you."

"Help me?" Gina paled when she remembered what had happened last night.

She thought she was drunk and slept with a gigolo by accident, but it turned out to be Frank's fault!

And since she was not immune to drugs, it went without saying for Helen!

She shrieked maniacally right then, "What did you do to Helen?!"

Chapter 75

Chapter 75

Frank rolled his eyes again. "I didn't do anything to Helen."

Even so, Gina pointed at him and snapped, "I'm warning you. I'm suing you if anything happens to

her!"

Helen was exasperated. "That's enough, Mom. Frank and I weren't sharing a room."

She actually had a lot of questions for Frank, but it seemed she had to give up now that her mother

was here.

"You passed out drunk!" Gina snapped relentlessly and dragged her away right then. "Come on. We're going to the hospital—who knows what he did to you. novelbin

Helen was speechless—would she not know if anything had been done to her?

Still, just as they stepped out of the hotel, Gina said, "You really should stop seeing Frank—it'd be bad if Mr. Wesley sees this."

"So what if he does? We're just friends," Helen retorted.

She actually believed that Frank could be trusted. And if it really was true, she would not forgive Sean for drugging her, no matter how much he had done for her.

"Are you really stupid?!" Gina snapped in disappointment. "Mr. Wesley proposed to you! He clearly likes you!"

"So what?" Helen returned calmly. "I didn't say yes, and I don't like him."

"What's wrong with you?!" Gina poked her in the head. "Love doesn't put food on the table! Money is money, and the Wesleys have plenty of it. That's reality."

"Whatever. I don't need you to tell me who to choose." Helen waved Gina off impatiently when she noticed something unusual about her mother.

Gina was never a morning person and was usually lethargic after waking up.

Now, however, she was positively exuberant.

“What’s with you? You look so spirited,” Helen said.

“Uhm...” Gina was taken aback.

However, it was only natural she was spirited after a long night of stormy passion, not to mention that it had been a while.

Hiding her face in her palm, muttering in embarrassment, “N–Nothing...”

Helen was puzzled but did not press the issue, and they drove away from the hotel.

Chapter 75

Still at the hotel, Vicky was just stepping out after putting on her clothes and found Frank. “So, your darling left?”

Frank looked at her in turn.

“You didn’t do anything to Helen, did you?”

“Har, har. I’m not interested in her, though I don’t think that was the case for you.”

Frank shrugged. “Gina snapped at me, saying she’s taking her daughter to the hospital for a checkup. She vowed to sue me if there’s an issue.”

Vicky rolled her eyes. “Does she think that her daughter is some sort of divine treasure?”

Frank sent Vicky home after breakfast, but they had just entered the drawing room when they found Susan sitting there angrily and waiting for them.

“Where have you two been?” she demanded right away.

“Don’t worry, Mom,” Vicky replied noncommittally. “No one can lay a finger on me with Frank around...”

“Do I look like I’m worried about your safety?!” Susan snapped angrily.

Chapter 76

Chapter 76

Susan was worried that Frank and Vicky were getting frisky!

As her direct subordinate, Cliff had already told Susan all about Frank's abilities and was surprised that the normal-looking boy had such talent.

"Then what are you worried about?" Vicky tilted her head.

actually

"It seems that you weren't listening to anything I'd told you." Susan sighed in disappointment.

"I'm an adult, Mom," Vicky's tone slowly turned sharp just then. "I know what I'm doing."

Frank certainly noticed the awkward vibes in the room and said gingerly, "I'll be going if there's nothing else..."

"Hold it," Susan snapped coolly.

"Yes, ma'am?" Frank asked, slowly turning towards her.

"We need to talk," Susan said, putting down her cup of coffee.

She had been doing a thorough investigation on Frank over the last few days after all. After realizing that she was not the lowlife she believed him to be, she decided she could at least give him a shot.

"Feel free," Frank said, spreading his arms.

Susan slowly got to her feet. "You've proven your abilities. If you are willing to provide us with the recipe for the Ichor Pill, I can consider letting you date my daughter."

Frank did a double take.

What was she saying? Vicky was engaged, and yet Susan had promised to let her daughter date him?

Beside them, Vicky rubbed her chin and glanced between her mother and Frank.

She knew all too well that her mother was planning to split her bet between Titus Lionheart and

Frank.

Even so, Frank shook her head. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but I can't give you the recipe."

Vicky exclaimed in surprise right then, "Why?"

"Don't lowball me after having a taste," Susan snapped in turn. "It's a mercy that I'd even let you two mingle."

Frank said bluntly, "The Ichor Pill's most important ingredient is the essence of a martial elite who's mastered their vigor. Can you find one such person even if I give you the recipe? And even if you succeed in that, you should know that their essence is cultivated over years. Would they give it to you to make pills with?"

Vicky nodded thoughtfully—so Frank was not declining a relationship with her. In reality, the Ichor

Chapter 16

Pill was too difficult to make, let alone be mass produced.

Susan frowned in turn. "In that case, you're saying you're pointless to my family?"

2/2

"Mom!" Vicky snapped, spiring to her feet. "Frank would eventually surpass the Lionhearts. Right now, all he needs is time!"

Susan snorted. "Time? Time is exactly what we don't have, and we can't afford to bet on anything

uncertain."

Vicky frowned. "Give Frank and I a year. Just one year—even if Frank doesn't surpass the Lionhearts by then, it's not too late for me to marry Titus Lionheart."

Susan stared at her in disbelief. “Do you have that much faith in him?”

Vicky looked at Frank as she nodded solemnly.

“Fine, you have one year.” Susan nodded, actually in a daze just then. “I’m going back to Morhen tomorrow—Cliff will stay as a part of your protection detail. I just hope you made the right choice.”

With those words, she turned and headed upstairs, while Vicky breathed a long sigh.

“That’s the second time you’re betting on me,” Frank said flatly just then.

Vicky shrugged and leveled him a helpless look. “It’s not just you. I’m putting myself on the bet too.”

Chapter 77

Chapter 77

“I owe you an apology for this,” Vicky told Frank solemnly. “I hope you won’t mind it. And whatever happens in a year, I’ll transfer all my shares of Riverton Pharma to you.”

Frank was perplexed, though he noticed the bemusement and helplessness in Vicky’s eyes.

“You don’t seem convinced I could surpass the Lionhearts,” he said.

Vicky sighed, a look of wariness showing in her gaze. “You won’t succeed even for a decade, let alone a year. They’re far scarier than you’d ever imagine.”

Frank smiled in silence in return.

After all, he was far scarier than she would ever imagine, too.

He got up, bidding her goodbye and started to head back to the hotel, though he sneezed violently twice just as he stepped outside the doorway.

“Who the hell was badmouthing me?” he growled.

Meanwhile, Sean was lying quietly in a room within Riverton Hospital, his body covered in bandages.

He had only regained consciousness after being thoroughly beaten up. He only regained consciousness during the wee hours of the morning, feeling agony all over!

“I swear I’ll kill you, Frank Lawrence, even if it’s the last thing I do...” he cursed, as he had done for the whole morning.

He would have ordered a hit on Frank, but that was going to be exceedingly difficult. After all, Frank was the one who had killed West City’s former kingpin Leo Grayson.

And Leo’s successor, Scarface, absolutely revered Frank after taking over!

Still, while he was racking his brains on what he should do, someone kicked open the door to his

room.

As Sean looked on, a group of black-clad men filed inside, and he snapped, “Who the fuck are you people?”

None of them answered—one even strode up and slapped him across the face!

While Sean was left stunned by the sudden slap, the others had already hoisted him and carried him

out of the room!

“W—Who are you people?!” he cried when he regained his senses. “I am the Sean Wesley-”

“shut up,” one of them bellowed with a murderous glare. “Speak again, and we’ll cut off that tongue.”

Sean cringed in fear and promptly turned docile—the glare already made it clear that this gang was

not messing around!

He quickly searched his memory as he tried to guess who he may have offended. However, these men were clearly professionals and not your normal thug novelbin

Soon, Sean was taken downstairs and shoved into an MPV, which took them straight to The Dynasty.

Sean was stunned again did Scarface want to beat him up again?!

They soon arrived at the top-floor office, and the black-clad men threw him unceremoniously inside.

Sean was already hurt, and being thrown only left him gritting his teeth in agony.

As he pushed himself off the floor, he found Scarface right there and flinched. "W-What's happening here? Why were you looking for me?"

Chad shot him a glare. "I wasn't. My boss is."

"Your boss?"

Sean was puzzled-Leo was dead, was he not?

He then followed Chad's gaze to find a man sitting behind the desk in the distance.

He was young and around Frank's age, but he was muscular and bulky, clearly a martial elite.

"Sean Wesley, was it?"

Sean nodded. "Y-Yes... May I ask who you

are?"

The man slowly got up. "The name's Finn Chandler, the fourth Chandler son from Middleton."

"M-Middleton?"

Chapter 78

Chapter 78

Sean was astonished.

Gulping, he promptly greeted Finn, “Mr. Chandler, Apologies for my rudeness.”

“I’ve had you brought here because I have some simple questions,” Finn said, fiddling with the butterfly knife he was holding. novelbin

“You need just ask,” Sean promptly replied. “I will give you everything I know.”

“Frank Lawrence killed my boy Leo, so I’m here for revenge,” Finn said evenly. “Tell me everything you know about him—who he is, where he stays. Everything. But if I find out that you lied...”

Finn suddenly slammed his palm on the table, breaking it in half with a loud bang!

Sean flinched in shock, but he was already celebrating inside since he had been troubled on how he was going to kill Frank.

Truly, there would always be someone out there with the same plan in mind!

“Don’t worry, Mr. Chandler—I will definitely tell you everything you know. Frank Lawrence was Helen Lane’s ex-husband, and he knows nothing aside from some paltry martial arts. Still, he managed to hook up with Vicky Turnbull after the divorce... That said, I don’t know where he lives but I get the feeling that he has been staying at a hotel ever since.”

Sean went on to elaborate at length, telling Finn everything.

Finn was still fiddling with his butterfly knife when he narrowed his eyes, catching the most important part of the lengthy expository. “So, Helen Lane is the key to all this?”

Sean hesitated for a moment. “Well, not exactly...”

Finn snorted, flexing his wrist. “Well, I’m curious as to what she looks like, and if she’s worth so many deaths. They do say that Riverton ladies are the finest in the country, and it’s a theory begging to be tested.”

“Oh... Haha,” Sean chuckled awkwardly.

It seemed that Helen had really drawn the short straw here but was also quietly rejoicing that his proposal to her failed.

Naturally, he was not going to tell Finn about his connection with Helen, or he would have jinxed

himself too!

Finn turned towards his men and barked, “Go. Bring Helen Lane to me—she’ll know where Frank

Lawrence is.”

It was evening, and Helen was just leaving work.

Chapter 78

She got into her car and had just put on a seatbelt when a huge hand suddenly covered her face!

She struggled as hard as she could but soon passed out.

When she woke up again, she found herself lying in an elaborately decorated office, with her hands and feet tied up.

Gina and Peter had been brought there too!

Suddenly, a black-clad man with a bucket of cold water splashed it over their heads, and Gina and Peter were promptly jolted awake.

“W—Where are we?”

Helen looked around, finally noticing Sean was in the room. “Sean? What’s going on here?”

Gina was puzzled too. “Yeah! What are you doing, Mr. Wesley?”

“Brother-in-law! Why did you kidnap us?” Peter asked in confusion.

Sean strode up right then and slapped Peter across the face!

“Shut up,” he snapped. “Who the hell is your brother-in-law?! Don’t ever call me that!”

Peter was left dumbstruck. Sean was usually so caring toward him but was now so hostile?

Sean then turned toward Finn. “This is Finn Chandler, the fourth son of Middleton’s Chandlers and Leo Grayson’s boss.”

“What?!” The Lanes were all left gaping, their heart skipping a beat.

Leo’s boss had actually come to Riverton, and judging from the situation, he wanted revenge!

Chapter 79

Chapter 79

Gina promptly pleaded to Sean, “Please, Mr. Wesley! Tell Mr. Chandler that we had nothing to do with Leo’s death!”

“Yeah! Weren’t you the one who had him killed?” Peter chimed in. “And you know people from the governor’s office, don’t you? What’s there to fear about them?”

“Haha!” Sean laughed out loud, not bothered to keep up appearances just then. “How stupid can you be?! Fools! If I could pull strings with the governor’s office, I would own Riverton already!”

Gina was stupefied—she always thought Sean was influential enough to neutralize Leo. “What? You didn’t call the governor’s office? Then who did?”

“How the fuck should I know?” Sean snorted.

Helen was frowning just then. “Were the Ichor Pills you gave my grandfather real?”

“Oh, those were just vitamin pills,” Sean scoffed in disdain. “Cost me just twenty bucks, so it’s hilarious how your entire family treated it like treasure.”

“Please, Mr. Wesley, y—you have to help us!” Gina cried even as she shuddered. “You helped Helen get that project from the Turnbells, didn’t you? Even if you don’t care about us, you should care about Helen!”

Sean laughed again as he shook his head. “Hehe... The West City project? I would’ve taken it if I could!

“That has nothing to do with you?” Helen gasped in surprise.

“No!” Gina cried in disbelief. “We were there when you called your father to talk to George Turnbull!”

Sean was clutching stomach even as he guffawed. “Honestly, calling you people fools is putting it lightly! Did you think my father held sway over a bigwig like George Turnbull? I don’t mind telling you, though—Frank Lawrence was the one who killed Leo, so tell us where he is, and Mr. Chandler here just might spare you!”

He was not about to get caught in the crossfire now that Finn wanted revenge against Frank and the

Lanes.

It was a shame that he would miss out on Helen, but she now belonged to Finn—Sean would certainly never dare to lay a finger on her now.

If anything, cutting ties with the Lanes is the best policy!

On the other hand, Helen was totally disappointed. novelbin

To think she was convinced that Sean stood up for her every time she was in danger... to think that she was even moved to tears!”

“We don’t know where Frank lives!” Gina cried right then. “Helen divorced him so long ago. We don’t

even know the man!”

Finn, however, walked up to Helen and grabbed her by the chin. “You’re Helen Lane?”

“Yes, she is,” Sean quickly said.

Finn nodded in satisfaction. “Well, you do have me where Frank is. You’ll walk the looks—How tall away with your life, or even everything you want.”

“Kill me if you want,” Helen said, her tone calm and her expression neutral. “I caused all this. It has nothing to do with Frank.”

“Haha! It seems you’re really attached to him!” Finn laughed. “I love people like you who show spine.

but how long would that last?”

He whipped out his butterfly knife right then and pressed it against her cheek. “Last chance. Talk, or you’re losing your pretty cheek.”

Helen looked downward in fear at the blade and struggled, but the two burly goons behind her held her firmly in place!

“Helen, just tell him,” Sean said softly from behind Finn—the way he saw it, Frank was not worth losing her beauty for!

Helen simply glared at him in disdain before spitting on Finn’s face!

“You’re brave.” Finn pursed his lips and pressed his knife firmly, cutting a gash over Helen’s face! “Argh!!!”

Chapter 80

Chapter 80

A blood–curdling scream resounded in the office.

Even Gina turned away, unable to look.

Helen was herself crying and wheezing, her vision glazed over by tears as her prided beauty was now gone!

“So? Are you going to talk?” Finn asked, clearly showing no intention to stop as he placed his butterfly knife on Helen’s other cheek.

However, he frowned when he realized that Helen was utterly silent and her gaze was completely blank. He knew right then that the woman was broken—he would not be getting anything out of her

now.

Instead, he turned toward the cowardly Gina instead, and she promptly begged, “P–Please, Mr. Chandler... let us go-”

“I won’t ask the same question twice,” Finn simply growled, handily pressing his butterfly knife on

her cheek!

Gina shuddered violently and actually wetted herself. However, just before Finn sliced into her screen, she screamed on top of her lungs, “He was staying at the penthouse suite of Verdant Hotel last night! I don’t know where he is today! That’s all I know...”

Sean was immediately furious—so Frank took Helen away last night to have her himself!

He was furious remembering Helen’s usually holier–art–thou attitude. She would not have ended up getting involved with so much messy stuff if she had given in to him from the start!

If anything, she deserved to be disfigured! novelbin

At the same time, Finn clapped Gina on the cheek in satisfaction. “Your family will live if you’re telling the truth. But if you lie, you’d wish you were dead.”

Gina shook her head repeatedly. “I’m not lying. It’s the truth... It’s all true...”

Finn turned toward two of his henchmen, who nodded and headed to Verdant Hotel immediately.

Frank was doing his usual morning routine in Verdant Hotel when Trevor suddenly called.

He answered immediately, “Hello?”

“We have a problem, Mr. Lawrence,” Trevor promptly said from the other end. “Ms. Lane never made it home after work this evening, while Gina and Peter were abducted as well.”

Frank frowned right then. “Abducted? Who was it?”

“I’m not sure my people can’t locate Ms. Lane just yet.” Trevor sighed. “But I received word that

—
one of the Chandlers has arrived here at Riverton.”

“The Chandlers?” Frank asked.

“Leo Grayson served as an underboss for them,” Trevor explained. “In fact, he made it

big in Riverton mostly thanks to the Chandlers. Now that you’ve killed him, they’re most likely coming after you.”

Frank nodded solemnly, his eyes narrowing as he growled murderously, “Animals.”

Trevor then said, “The problem right now is to find out where Ms. Lane is.”

Frank suddenly looked up at the door and said calmly, “We’ll find out soon enough. Just get your

people to wait on standby.”

With that, Frank hung up, and flicked his fingers, launching a sliver of his vigor and popping the

chandelier in the room.