

# The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage 801-820

Chu22-28 minutes 11/10/2024

---

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage Chapter 801-“No, no, no—not a chance.”

Ned’s heartfelt congratulations left Hux shocked, and he quickly flashed a smile awkwardly. “I would never have been allowed to succeed you if you refused. If you need anything, just say the word and consider it done.”

Hux was clearly a people’s person, offering Frank assurance and then insisting his loyalty toward Ned in quick succession.

Cid hurried over, eager to show his face. “Don’t worry, Mr. Janko. My brother will definitely lead the Sunblazers to new heights.”

Ned smiled and nodded, and finally showed his true colors just then. “Would you happen to be free later, Vicky? I have a reservation at a hotel restaurant nearby.

Care to join us? Let’s get to know each other...”

Pax, who was about to leave despondently, heard him.

His eyes lit up right then, and he ran over to them with a fawning smile. “We’re still friends even though I’ve passed the torch to Hux, right? And I’m leaving the country soon anyway. It’ll be our last banquet together, so I can properly say my goodbyes to you and Hux.”

Ned frowned in turn—he only wanted to invite Frank.

Everyone else could tell what he was up to with that, and yet Pax had to tactlessly insert himself.

“Sorry, Mr. Janko.” Frank refused right then and started to leave. “I appreciate the offer, but I have other business to see too and can’t stay. See you around.”

Even if Ned was good-looking, Frank simply did not swing that way. Also, he was not dense enough to be oblivious to Ned’s intentions, and he refused to give him the chance.

“Hey, where are your manners?! Mr. Janko himself is inviting you!”

“That’s right! Not many people can say the same across all of Morhen. Stop being so pretentious!”

“Disrespecting Mr. Janko?! You’ve really done it now!”

The pretty boy valets around Ned promptly snapped at him.

“Shut it.” Ned stopped the valets’ outbursts while clearing his throat and frowning at Hux.

Hux flinched when he noticed Ned’s unhappy stare and could tell right then that Ned would never rest until Frank went to that hotel.

His face contorted in pain in turn even as he cursed Ned inwardly—he had just become boss of the Sunblazers, but his two benefactors were already giving him a hard time!

Moreover, it was Ned who wanted Frank. Why was he in charge of the seduction?

Also, if he could actually tell Frank what to do, did he even have to stay and suffer Ned’s whims?

Did the man even stop to think if he could afford to upset Vicky Lawrence?!

Still, his thoughts notwithstanding, Hux could not afford to upset Ned either.

Making a face, he turned to Frank and said, “Mr. Lawrence, Pax is right—we’ve developed an understanding over the years as partners, and talking shop at Mr.

Janko’s banquet would smoothen the transition. Could you perhaps...”

Frank could tell from Hux’s reaction that he was left in a difficult situation.

And Frank himself still had use for the Sunblazers—he had to do something or Ned might take out his frustrations on Hux, even removing him from power.

With that in mind, he feebly agreed to join them.

He had shown the extent of his strength anyway—if Ned started to behave funny, he just had to kill Ned.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 802-Ned's creased bow eased when Frank agreed to come along. Suddenly, even Pax was less of an eyesore.

He did not notice Pax lowering his gaze just then, and his eyes flashed venomously.

Even if he was stepping down as the Sunblazers' boss, he would collect his dues before leaving! – Half an hour later, Frank and the others left Sunblaze Dojo and drove to Southtown Hotel located just a block away.

As a pretty twentyish waitress poured them wine, Pax was laughing heartily, seemingly not upset that he had just lost leadership over the Sunbalzers.

"Hux." He chuckled. "You wouldn't know, but I've been meaning to step down!"

Hux could roll his eyes—there was no way he would believe that.

Still, he pretended to be curious and asked, "What? Why?"

Pax sighed. "You have no idea... It's really not easy managing so many men and such a large turf as a boss, and there's always someone looking to replace you."

"See?" Pax exclaimed as he pulled a strand of white hair off his head. "My hair's turning white already. How old do you even think I am?"

He chuckled as Hux stayed silent. "That's why I feel relieved now that you're stepping up. I'd be living the easy life abroad now. Right, Gigi?"

Laughing gruffly, he then smacked the waitress' bottom squarely, causing her to yelp.

Gigi rolled her eyes at him while pouting charmingly. "Please behave. There are so many people watching."

Beside them, Cid had been staring fixedly at her pronounced cleavage.

"Hmm.? Do you know this lady?" Frank asked in curiosity as he stared at the waitress.

"Oh, she's my wife. We just got married last year." Pax introduced Gigi to everyone and smugly raised his glass. "This wine is one of my precious collections—our dear president himself serves this to important figures from abroad. Here, try it."

With those words, Pax chugged his glass.

Hux was studying the wine curiously in turn—the whiteness was crystal clear with a little hint of yellow sedimentation. Being a connoisseur himself over the years, he could see that Pax was right that it was rare, fine wine.

Vicky.” Ned began just then.

Frank suddenly rose to his feet, leveling a vague smile at Pax. “Here, Mr.

Barzini. Let’s have a toast.”

“Oh, it’s an honor to drink with a martial elite of your caliber! Cheers!”

As Pax raised his glass, Frank smiled and took the glass off his hands. Then, taking Hux’s glass before he could drink, he shoved the glass into Pax’s hands.

“Drink this one. I can tell that this glass is especially great.”

“What...?” Pax was left taken aback.

“What? Are you afraid to drink it?” Frank asked, and reared his head to chug from his glass.

He then held it up to show everyone else that he had finished it before leveling Pax a look of curiosity.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 803-“Oh, what are you saying, Mr. Lawrence?”

Pax then smiled and chugged the glass as everyone watched, and he showed it to them like Frank did. “You really don’t trust me, huh?”

“No way.” Frank smiled in turn.

With that, all suspicions around the room vaporized, and things turned lively around the table.

Cid drank the most as the men clink glasses endlessly, even blurting nonsense that left everyone laughing.

Ned’s pretty boy valets even started dancing.

Though Ned obviously tried to talk chatting up Frank repeatedly, Frank always had an excuse to give him the slip, leaving him exasperated.

Then, just as the bottle of white wine was almost finished, Pax burped and rose to his feet, wobbling as he chuckled, “I’m gonna need the washroom.”

“Wait.”

Frank stood up as well, drunkenness showing on his face as he smiled. “You can go... after you take off your pants.”

“Hahaha.” Pax chuckled and looked around pointedly, mumbling, “Are you drunk, Mr. Lawrence?”

Taking off my pants before I get to the washroom?”

“Well, you are carrying something that really interests me.”

Shocked, Pax’s drunkenness cleared halfway, but he feigned composure and leveled a pointed look at Ned. “Huh. So you and Mr. Janko... share the same interests?”

“Not really.”

Frank was not bothered to play along as Pax was trying to change the subject.

Striding forward, he pulled a small box out of Pax’s pocket, and Pax’s face fell right then. “Hey!”

Frank was sneering in turn, waving the box of yellow powder. “Nervebreaker, huh? So you have ties to Hundred Bane Sect? Or did you perhaps just buy it off the black market?”

“What.?” Hux froze, before springing to his feet and glaring at Pax in disbelief.

Ned had been drinking a lot as well and leapt up while glaring at Pax—so he really was up to something!

“Uh...” Pax muttered, but soon smiled as he had an idea, “Oh, silly old me. You boys know how many enemies I made over the years. I have to carry this around to take when things get hairy, so I’d be spared any torment! I’m not going to poison anyone’s food, let alone Mr. Janko’s, right?”

Still, he could see that they were clearly glaring at him, so he shrugged. “You suspected me earlier, didn’t I? But I drank from Hux’s glass and ate the same food you did. Wouldn’t I be dead if I poisoned you?”

“Do you think we’re that stupid?!” Hux bellowed, glaring at him in cool fury.

They had been wary, but Pax just would not give up!

Seeing that no one was buying his excuses, Pax inhaled deeply as his eyes flashed viciously, his true colors bared as he laughed savagely.

“Well, I was going to let everyone die easily, but you’re asking for it! It’s not my fault!”

“How dare you, Pax Barzini?!”

“Have you gone crazy?! Have you forgotten who made you boss?!”

Ned’s valets had drank the wine as well and were all snapping at Pax right then.

“I’m crazy?!” Pax took a couple steps back and whipped out his phone. “Fuck off! You’re the crazy ones here!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 804-“I’m crazy?!” Pax took a couple steps back and whipped out his phone. “Fuck off! You’re the crazy ones here!”

Pointing at Hux, he snarled viciously, “You bastard! Have I ever mistreated you?!”

“No,” Hux replied calmly even as he glowered.

“Then why did you have to usurp me?!” Pax shrieked, his eyes wide in rage.

“Why?! Why did you have to betray me?!”

Hux sighed. “Think about it. If you were in my place, would you really say no to becoming the boss?”

Pax froze at Hux’s words and sighed after a long while. “No.”

“Then you have no right to blame me. We always were just colleagues—not partners with fire-forged bonds,” Hux said coolly. “What I’m doing isn’t betrayal.

Only the strong get to lead! You said so yourself.”

“Hah!” Pax spat. “Strong? You?! You’re just a footsoldier with nothing going for you aside from dumb luck!”

“And dumb luck is still a form of strength. Admit it, Pax,” Hux growled.

“Enough!” Ned snapped impatiently, stopping Pax’s hysterics as he glared coolly at the man. “Think carefully about what you want to do, Pax, and come clean.”

“Come clean?!” Pax snarled viciously. “You’re just another lucky prick born to a better family than mine! You used your position as an heir of the Janko family to order me around, telling me to step down just because you felt like it! I’ve spent years building up the Sunblazers, and all of it is gone just because you said so!

So I’ll have you die for my pleasure!”

“What are you doing?!” Hux bellowed.

“What am I doing?!” Pax sneered. “Fine, I won’t hide it—the wine was already poisoned in the first place, and I took the antidote just in case! Hah! Trying to turn the tables on me?! Now die in regret!”

Everyone turned pale at Pax’s words... aside from Frank.

Striding forward, he glanced at Gigi seemingly nonchalantly as he asked quietly, “It’s not that simple, is it? That woman isn’t your wife—I’m guessing she’s an assassin you hired off the Blackrank.”

“Good eye—that’s a martial elite for you.” Pax sneered, shaking his head. “You may be Ascendant rank, but you drank a lot, didn’t you? Not even martial elites can survive the nervebreaker! And when all of you are unable to fight, Gigi here will cut you into tiny pieces!”

Then, holding up his phone and waving it smugly to everyone around the table, he gloated, “After that, I’ll blow up the hotel and cover my tracks well. You can regret forcing me to step down in hell soon, Mr.

Janko!

Then, turning toward Hux, he smiled savagely.

“Really, Hux? Trying to pit your shallow wit against mine? For shame!” Pax laughed. “I will still lead the Sunblazers after this, while none of you will be remembered!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 805-“D-Dream...”

Even before Hux could say ‘dream on’, he began to see stars and the world seemed to spin around him, as if he was drunk.

“Guess the poison’s kicking in.” Pax laughed smugly as he watched everyone fall to their feet.

That was when he turned toward Frank, and his breath left his lungs.

Frank was standing there, firmly upright as if he was unaffected, even looking at Pax interestedly in turn. “I-Impossible!” Pax exclaimed in panic. “I watched you drink that wine. How are you still standing?!” Frank’s strength had certainly left him with an impression, as he soundly defeated the Four Kings.

If Frank was not affected by the nervebreaker, everything he did today would be pointless!

“The nervebreaker is a potent drug, but I am a master of medicine and have already seen through your tricks.” Frank shrugged and pulled a silver needle out of his wrist.

He threw the needle, which fell into a pot of seafood soup with an audible clang, abruptly turning its contents black.

“Hmmm.?”

Ned was sprawled over the table but smiled when he saw that.

He really thought that it was over for him, as he had never expected Pax to have the guts to try and kill him.

But even as regret clawed at him, his eyes lip up in delight when he saw that Frank was fine.

“The nervebreaker didn’t work?!?”

Pax stumbled backward in fear—the nervebreaker was his trump card, one which he bought from the black market after spending copious amounts of money.

He was not lying when he admitted that if were in Hux's shoes, he would have done all he can to topple whoever was in charge and take over.

What Hux did not know was that Pax was simply more resourceful and cunning—he had the nervebreaker prepared anyway, since he was ready to poison Ned anyway to be free from control.

He simply had the perfect chance to use it today. but it just did not work on Frank!

“What a shame, Pax Barzini...” Frank's eyes narrowed sharply and murderously.

“If you had left Draconia quietly, you could have led a good life with your life savings. But you had to do this, and you can't blame anyone else for your actions!”

“Gigi!”

Seeing that Frank was ready to attack, Pax turned and ran, while shouting for his hired assassin.

Gigi was certainly professional. Without a word, she swiftly moved between Pax and Frank, leaping off the wall and aiming a flying kick at Frank's face!

“Shame.”

Frank had a glimpse of the enticing leg beneath her gown, along with the blades abruptly shooting out of her six-inch heels.

It certainly was not the time to be chivalrous either, as female assassins never relied on brute strength but their beauty.

By enticing and bewitching their targets, they were always able to find the perfect opportunity and strike. As such, the most dangerous killers all around would not be the top hitmen with a high body count—it was these seemingly unassuming ladies.

And right now, Frank's priority was not Gigi the assassin—it was Pax instead.

If Pax managed to flee and trigger the bomb, he and everyone else would be killed

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 806-Smack!

With a reverse grip, Frank grabbed Gigi by the ankle and pulled.

Even as she lost her balance, she seemed to tumble straight into Frank's arms and was suddenly blushing in embarrassment.

Frank frowned, but the blush was an act from the start.

In an instant, her face fell as her lips parted, and another blade shot out, boosted by pure vigor as it streaked toward Frank's throat.

"Hah!" Frank narrowed his eyes and unleashed his pure vigor, knocking the blade away. "I guess I really can't hesitate at all..."

Glowering, he seized Gigi by the neck and slammed her against the wall.

Bang!

"Ahhh..." she groaned in pain, but it somehow carried a hint of sensuality.

Any men who heard her would certainly be disarmed, but Frank would not fall for her tricks again.

His fingers clenching, there was an audible crack as Frank crushed her neck.

"Guh."

Gigi's eyes widened as she died in a split second, not understanding how a top Blackrank assassin like her—and a Birthright rank individual at that—would die just then.

Still, the confusion could have been avoided if she had watched the fight between Frank and the Four Kings.

Clang!

Even as her lifeless body dropped on the floor, the poisoned dagger she hid behind herself also fell audibly.

If Frank had been a second slower, she would have riposted with that dagger.

"Hah! Trying to run?" Frank bellowed as he saw Frank was about to escape, unleashing a burst of pure vigor from his palm, catching and restraining Pax like invisible spiderwebs.

“Oof.” Pax turned, and shock showed on his face as he saw Gigi laying dead at Frank’s feet.

She was supposed to be his trump card too, as he had spent 200 million recruiting her, but she did not even last two seconds against Frank!

K-Kill him!” Ned, leaning against the wall, shouted at Frank when he saw that Frank had caught Pax.

Frank certainly did not need telling and waved his palm right then.

Pax could feel himself being pulled by an unstoppable force and was screaming as he fell to the ground and was pulled backward to Frank.

“Fuck!” Pax’s eyes went red as his fingers clenched around his phone, and he screamed maniacally, “You —all of you—had to do this to me. Well, we can all die together now!”

He then pressed the button on his phone as hard as he could!

“Hmmm...?!”

Frank felt danger right then, and he threw Pax away as he heard the beeping from beneath Ned’s chair.

“Move!”

Appearing beside Ned in a flash, he pushed the man away and saw the black bag beneath.

The zipper was open wide enough to reveal a red timer, counting down with just two seconds left.

“Hahaha! You thought you could kill me?! No! You’re all going to die!”

Pax laughed maniacally even as he was left on the floor.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 807-“Dream on! You’re the only one dying today!”

Frank picked up the bag with one hand and flung it out of the window before appearing beside Pax in a flash soon after.

“Eh?” Pax stopped laughing as his mouth widened in shock, like a duck seized by the throat.

Impossible! Such speed... was he even human?!

“Get outta here!” Frank bellowed as he sent Pax flying with a kick.

“Oof!”

The kick was so violent Pax shot through the air like a cannonball, crashing through the hotel windowpane and flying into the distance.

Pax almost blacked out right then, but he withstood the pain to regain his senses and realized that he was mid-air after Frank kicked him out of the window.

“Hahaha!” He laughed maniacally as his mind quickly did the math. “Why, thank you, Vicky Lawrence— you just saved me!”

After all, the hotel was about to be blown to kingdom come soon!

Even if Pax would suffer some fractures or at worst, get paralyzed after being kicked from this high up, he would not be blown up at the very least.

Still, even as he laughed maniacally, he realized that something was wrong when he heard a beeping.

He turned to look, his smile stiffening when he saw that the black bag carrying the bomb was right beside him.

It turned out that Frank had sent Pax and the bag flying out of the hotel with his kick.

Beep!

The bright red timer counted down to zero right then, and a look of confusion showed on Pax’s face.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 808-And that was the last look Pax had on his face before he died.

Boom!

A terrible explosion erupted in the air above the hotel in South Morhen. Shocked pedestrians were screaming while car horns blared shrilly as the bomb had considerable yield.

Even though it had blown up from such a distance away from the hotel, the shockwave still struck the building, causing it to shake violently.

It went without saying for the pedestrians beneath were all sent tumbling to the floor.

Arf! Arf! Arf!

A pedestrian walking a black dog was caught in the shock wave too, though the dog was soon on its feet and barking viciously at the sky.

Soon, something charred dropped from the skies above in front of them.

The black dog walked up and had a sniff... and then started eating.

When the owner went over for a look, he soon dropped limply on the floor, screaming.

After all, it was a man's charred arm!

Morhen was in full alert following the bombing, and DNA tests uncovered that the hand belonged to Pax Barzini, the crime boss leading the Sunblazers.

The Jankos played a crucial role, however, with Ned liaising with various parties to cover up the incident haphazardly as a gas explosion.

The day after, Ned himself came to a bar within the Sunblazers turf to have a drink with Frank and Hux.

"The whole mess is settled now, Vicky." Ned appeared exhausted even as he took a sip from his glass.

It appeared that even the Jankos had to work very hard to make the bombing go away. Still, it was understandable, as this was Morhen and not just any other city.

Hux breathed a sigh of relief in turn, but he soon growled, "I didn't think that Pax Barzini was that vile.

It's my fault—I should have known he wouldn't have given up so easily."

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 809-Ned sighed again, shaking his head.

For Frank's part, he was willingly staying—it was more comfortable being in the same room when there were no pretty boys hovering around him. He would have just left otherwise.

Ned then waved Hux away before leveling a serious look at Frank he never showed before.

"I have a favor to ask, Mr. Lawrence..."

Frank frowned, expecting Hux to profess his love for him just then, but he nodded in exasperation after seeing the serious look on Ned's face. "Tell me."

"It's alright, Mr. Lawrence," Ned paused for a moment as he said quietly, "I'm actually not gay, nor am I interested in you in the way you're thinking."

"Huh?"

Frank was taken aback by Ned's candidness.

But if he was not gay, then.

"You heard me right, Mr. Lawrence. I had to pretend for appearances' sake."

Ned nodded, pausing with a bitter chuckle. "Things never go as one wishes when your family is important."

Frank was silent as he remembered Vicky just then.

Nodding, he sighed. "I can understand."

Ned did a double take at his words, then asked softly and tentatively, "The Lawrence family, was it?"

"No." Frank shook his head.

Ned breathed a sigh of relief and actually smiled. "I thought you'd be a member of the Lawrence family. Y'know, the most mysterious of the Four Families of Morhen? Guess I was wrong."

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 810-Pausing, Ned then asked quietly, "In that case, may I have the honor of your real name?"

Anyone could tell right away that Vicky was not Frank's real name.

Frank frowned slightly when he saw Ned's earnest gaze and eventually sighed.

"Frank Lawrence."

"Frank Lawrence?" Ned nodded solemnly then. "Well, it's an honor to have a heart-to-heart with you, and I'd really like us to be friends. And thank you for saving me yesterday, or Pax would really have killed me right then and there."

Ned then smiled exasperatedly. "To think that the gang I personally fostered would bite my hand instead."

"You fostered them?" Frank raised a brow.

"Yes." Ned nodded and looked around to ensure that there was no one eavesdropping before speaking under his breath, "See, the truth is that family is embroiled in a familial dispute that only escalated as time passed. Everyone is so hell bent on becoming the next of the family. It's crazy."

Ned then sighed. "My brother Yuri especially tried to kill me several times. That's why I backed the Sunblazers and announced that I'm gay—it's all selfpreservation to deter him, or I'd be dead already."

Frank appeared disappointed right then—it seems that the Jankos' family dispute was way worse than the Lanes'... They were actually ready to kill their own brother!

Ned, who had been keeping watch all along, pressed Frank when he saw the look on his face, "Well, I've actually realized that the Sunblazers have never mattered to my brother. All the things I did were no more than petty struggles, and I'm just a clown in his eyes. It's all conceit in the face of real power."

He then leveled a determined look at Frank.

"So, you're saying.?"

## The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage [On-Going]

Chu28-35 minutes 11/10/2024

---

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 811-Frank glanced sideways at Ned, though he had more or less an idea of what Ned was up to.

“I’m proposing a partnership, Mr. Lawrence. Help me topple my brother and claim leadership over the family, and you can have anything you care to mention, be it money, fame, or women.”

To no surprise, Ned was trying to recruit Frank, which left Frank in an awkward situation.

If he was being honest, Ned certainly did not appear to be some two-bit thug. A friendship would benefit Frank, but the problem was that Frank did not come to Morhen to start one fight after another.

He had come to find out what happened to Vicky Turnbull... though Frank’s eyes lit up at the thought.

“Mr. Janko, I’d like to ask. Do you think your family stands a chance against the Turnbells or the Lionhearts?”

“The Turnbells or the Lionhearts?” Ned did a double take and lowered his head in thought before frowning. “Well, we won’t fear the Turnbells since they are all just business people, and they tend to be wary about their company. But the Lionhearts might prove to be a problem. With Volsung Sect backing them, they’d always have the last laugh if they were to go to war against us Jankos.

However, we’d most definitely tear our pound of flesh from them at the very least.”

Looking Frank in the eye, he asked hesitantly, “Are you saying that you’re on bad terms with the Turnbells and the Lionhearts?”

“I did have a little quarrel with the Lionhearts,” Frank admitted quietly.

“A little quarrel.?”

Ned chuckled, shaking his head. “Then my reputation will prove useful here.

The Lionhearts would tiptoe around my family enough to refrain from coming after you.”

He then paused before asking in curiosity, “So what’s this quarrel between you and the Lionhearts, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank kept a straight face as he said, “I forced Titus Lionheart to give up on his fiancée.”

“What?!” Ned was left gaping, flabbergasted.

The rumors that Titus had been binge drinking and depressed after returning from Riverton now certainly made sense!

So Frank was from Riverton. And he compelled Titus to give up on his fiancée?

As the pieces fell into place, a dangerous idea struck Ned.

Clearing his throat, he asked a little awkwardly, “M-Mr. Lawrence. Could you be interested in said fiancée?”

“More or less.” Frank shrugged.

His bluntness left Ned dropping on his rear.

A little quarrel? Was Frank really describing forcing Titus to give up on his fiancée a little quarrel?!

The son of a gun was basically cucking the heir apparent of the Lionhearts!

Hell, forget Titus—no man would be able to stand that!

Ned pursed his lips just then.

If Frank was really going through with it, even the Jankos would not be able to bail him out, and it would be even more difficult if Ned himself was appointed as the next head of the family.

Still, Ned thought things through and sighed.

Before he could speak, however, his phone started to ring.

Frank nodded at him, and Ned headed over to a quiet corner to answer it.

When he returned, he appeared anxious. “My brother just called—my father has been poisoned. I have to go... I guess we’ll have to discuss our partnership some other time.”

“Wait.” Frank frowned, seeing that Ned was ready to leave. “Your father was poisoned? What are his symptoms?”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 812-Ned paused upon hearing Frank asking about his father’s condition, and his heart skipped a beat when he remembered how Frank had counteracted the nervebreaker that Pax used on them before.

“My brother said my father’s lips had turned purple,” he explained. “His limbs are also twitching and iccold, and he has already lost consciousness.”

Frank nodded and could tell right away that an ice-type poison had been used on Ned’s father.

Musing to himself, he said, “We can discuss the partnership later, but you’d best keep this pill with you if you want to stay alive long enough to do so.”

“Huh? What?” Ned appeared puzzled even as he took the yellow pill.

“It’s a pill that specifically counteracts ice-type poison. If your brother has given you the correct description, that’s what your father’s been poisoned with. The pill will at least remedy it for a few days.”

The pill was no real loss to Frank either, since it was nothing that precious—it was just some pill he refined while he was refining other pills.

“Thank you, Mr. Lawrence!” Ned exclaimed and hurried away.

“Hux.” Frank then beckoned, and Hux hurried to him from his bar, his expression utterly fawning.

“Well, you have your wish now—you’re the boss of the Sunblazers.” Frank grinned.

“All thanks to you, Mr. Lawrence.” Hux nodded gratefully. “I’d have been killed yesterday if not for you, let alone become the boss. I owe you my life.”

Frank nodded in turn.

Hux really was sharp—even the thugs in Morhen had brains.

“Well, I’m giving your first assignment now,” Frank said quietly.

“Do tell, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll run to the fire pit for you without complaint!” Hux exclaimed, patting his chest audibly.

“Haha.” Frank chuckled as he looked Hux in the eye. “I want you to look into the Lionhearts.”

“Of course! I’ll send my men right away. What?!”

Hux was about to say yes, only to pause and gape at Frank in panic.

“M-Mr. Lawrence.” He flashed a pained smile. “I-I know what I said about sacrificing myself. But looking into the Lionhearts? We Sunblazers are just a humble gang—we really don’t have what it takes.”

It was a little too much to ask!

Naturally, Hux did not say that last part.

Still, Frank could see Hux’s misgivings, and Hux would be right.

Against a leviathan like the Lionhearts, the Sunblazers were really insignificant.

- Morhen was divided into five zones: the northern, eastern, southern and western zones, and the core city.

The northern, eastern, southern and western zones were also each divided into outer zones and the inner zones. The outer reaches were ruled by local bigwigs, kingpins, and the like, whereas the inner zones—which together formed the inner city—occupied most of the city’s expanse and was the affluent turf of the Four Families of Morhen.

As for the core city, that was a place not just anyone could enter.

After all, the official residence of Draconia’s president was there, along with the rest of the government. Even the Martial Alliance was rumored to have their base set up there.

And the Sunblazers were just a modest gang based in the outer reaches of South Morhen. How were they supposed to help Frank against the Lionhearts, residing in the Eastern Morhen’s inner zone?

They would just be putting their heads into the lion’s mouth, pun intended!

Frank, however, did not get upset at Hux's resistance toward the idea and smiled faintly. "Don't worry. I'd just like you to find out if there's anything happening with the Lionheart family, and it's fine if you come up with anything— just do whatever you can."

Hux sighed in relief at Frank's words and wiped the sweat off his brow.

With their numbers, just asking around for information was easy enough.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 813-Hux was certainly terrified, as he was under the impression that Frank was just coming up with an excuse to get rid of him.

"Good. You can call me whenever you find something." Frank nodded and started to leave, with Hux escorting him all the way outside the bar.

That was when they ran into some of Kat's classmates, including Mandy Doncic.

However, while Mandy immediately glared at Frank in contempt, the other girls were waving at Frank in greeting.

After all, he was quite handsome. Even if he proved to be a braggart a couple nights ago, he was still a decent martial artist. The ladies—especially the younger ones—liked a handsome face.

"Hey, remember us?" One of them even went up to Frank and greeted him.

Frank nodded politely, showing some extent of manners.

"What are you doing here? Isn't this the Sunblazers' turf?" the girl in the front then asked hesitantly, glancing behind Frank to check out the signboard.

"Nothing. I was just taking a stroll," Frank replied, not about to tell those girls the truth.

"Hah! Why bother?" Mandy snorted in disdain. "All he does is brag—he wouldn't be standing there if not for Soren. He must have come to pay Hux Darman a tribute and apologize."

"Oh... That makes sense."

The other girls agreed with Mandy, but the girl in the lead was not deterred, even shyly asking Frank, "Do you mind giving us your number, handsome?"

“Forget it. I won’t be in town for long.” Frank smiled.

“That’s for sure,” Mandy quickly chimed in, snorting. “How long does he think he can stay after messing with Mr. Darman? He’s running with his tail between his legs.”

The girl did a double take before turning to Frank. “Really?”

“Guess so.” Frank shrugged, not bothered to argue with the girls, least of all Mandy.

They could believe whatever they wanted to.

Still, just as Frank stopped a cab and was ready to leave, Hux ran out of the bar.

Panting, he stuffed a car key into Frank’s hand. He had been waiting by the door for one of his boys to bring it.

“Oh, Mr. Lawrence—you shouldn’t be taking cabs, considering who you are!

This is the key to a sports car... Don’t worry, it’s just around 4 million, so use it for now. I’ll get you something better in a few days.”

The girls were left stunned, glancing between Hux’s fawning smile and the car key Frank was holding.

It was especially the case for Mandy—she was watching gleefully as Hux chased Frank down.

She presumed that Hux meant to harm Frank, only for the man to fawn over Frank like a dog, even giving Frank a car key.

“A Maserati?! It’s worth 4 mil!” The girl who had been enthusiastically chatting up Frank earlier exclaimed in shock, immediately spotting the ridiculously designed blue convertible parked by the curb.

It was a dream for students like them to ride shotgun in the genuine leather seat!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 814-It’s fine,” Frank said. “I won’t be staying in Morhen for long—I can make do with this. You don’t have to get me another.”

He glanced at the key Hux shoved into his hands but did not refuse it since it was necessary to have a mode of transport.

However, he was just going to 'make do' with the Maserati when a group of boys could be heard gasping from the distance.

"Shit, a Maserati?! Which bigwig owns it?!"

"This is Mr. Darman's turf... So probably him?"

"It looks so cool. The skirts are so low!"

As a group of boys gawked over the Maserati, Soren Lionheart appeared envious of it too.

However, he pursed his lips in stubborn defiance. "My dad's getting a new car in a few days—I'll drive it out to show you in a few days. It's no Maserati, but it won't lose out to it much."

"Awesome! That's Soren for you!"

"Oh, but we won't be getting a ride—it's definitely meant for Kat."

"Hehe..." Soren's vanity was certainly stoked by his friends' fawning, but he soon found a familiar figure walking toward them. "Isn't that."

It was none other than Frank, who completely ignored the boys as he got into the car right away.

The engine purred as he drove off, kicking up a pile of dust as it soon disappeared from sight, leaving the boys where they were, trading glances.

"Hey, isn't that Soren and the boys?"

"Hey Soren!" Mandy waved enthusiastically when she saw the stiff-faced Soren and hurried to him.

However, Soren was still caught in the shock of Frank driving a Maserati and murmured, "H-How's that possible?"

"How could he drive such an expensive car?"

"I-I'm not seeing things, am I? That man."

"Yeah, I saw him too."

The boys were left dumbfounded, as they did not expect the Maserati to belong to Frank.

They thought that Frank was just some frivolous character despite how well he could fight. But now, it appeared that they were the frivolous characters to him instead.

Soren came to his senses just then, looking up at the girls. "That car..."

Mandy was huffing in annoyance. "Oh, that bastard?! The car is Mr. Darman's, who g—hey, where are you going?!"

Soren's expression contorted in savagery before Mandy could finish.

"He drove Mr. Darman's car?! He must have stolen it! He must be stealing Mr.

Darman's car!"

Then, seeing Hux himself standing outside the bar entrance, he rushed to Hux, yelling, "Mr. Darman! Someone just stole your Maserati! It's that bastard who hurt your brother!"

"What?" Hux was perplexed.

Stealing? What nonsense was this brat spouting? He was the one who gave Mr.

Lawrence the car!

"Mr. Darman, should I call the cops for you?" Soren pressed fawningly. "Don't worry—that bastard won't get away. Once he's arrested, you can cut off his hand!"

Hux finally knew what Soren was up to at that point.

The brat hated Frank and was trying to goad him into eliminating Frank.

However, Soren had missed the point where Frank was now Hux's boss

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 815-Cut off Frank's hand?

Not only did Hux not have the ability, but he would never dare!

Smack!

Hux slapped Soren audibly across the face without another word, pointing at his nose and scolding, “Who do you think Mr. Lawrence is?! Scum like you trying to mess with him?! Why don’t you look at yourself in the mirror first?! If you insult Mr. Lawrence again, I’ll beat you up each time I see you! Now fuck off! Don’t be an eyesore!”

Then, as if he was not satisfied with his outburst, he kicked Soren to the floor and spat in his face before returning inside the bar.

“Huh...”

The boys were left staring awkwardly at Soren being mocked and beaten up by Hux, and the girls were all pointing and gesturing at him in disdain.

One of the boys asked a friend beside him, “Hey, do you think that Mr. Lawrence was actually a big deal and didn’t actually need Soren to save him?”

“Soren? Who’s Soren? I don’t know such a person. Let’s bail.”

“I agree.”

Having seen everything, the boys left—they were going to hit the bar with Soren, but his humiliation was too much for them.

They left, no longer his lackeys from now on.

The girls were left staring at the humiliated Soren too.

They remembered the weirded out look Frank gave them two nights ago, as well as what Frank had said at that time: “What makes you think that this fool, who’s so scared that he can’t say a word around Hux, could actually bail me out?”

The realization struck them tight then. In the end, it turned out that Frank was never the liar.

It was Soren instead.

Frank certainly did not need saving. And considering how much respect Hux showed Frank, and how Hux treated Soren... Soren’s lies crumbled on their own right then.

With that, they left in contempt too.

Only Mandy remained and tried to help Soren to his feet. “Soren...

Soren, however, was losing it from sheer rage.

Shoving Mandy away, his eyes went red as he bellowed, “Fuck! Vicky Lawrence, was it?! This is all his fault! I’m going to make him pay!”

- Frank was naturally oblivious to being held a grudge for no reason and drove the Maserati back to the suburbs.

As soon as he entered the front door, he found Kat rushing toward him excitedly, throwing her arms around his neck as she exclaimed excitedly, “Mr. Lawrence!

I’ve got it! Listen—I’ve just felt it in my stomach! It was kicking!”

Frank felt maimed even as he stood at the doorway. He turned to see the neighbors having flocked to the street outside, chatting and gossiping.

Naturally, they all turned toward Kat when they heard her shouting and leveled meaningful looks at Frank.

“Shit!” Frank certainly knew what was going down—clasping a hand over Kat’s mouth, he shoved Kat into the house while shutting the door.

“Tut, tut... Honestly, Nash’s daughter really never smartens up...”

“You think? She’s pretty, but she had to put on cakey makeup like a monster, hanging out with shady people all the time.”

“Oh, poor Nash. raising her to adulthood over the years, and she’s pregnant already.”

“Come on, just look at the man’s car. He must be some rich kid. Tut, tut. Already sucking up to rich men instead of studying properly.”

“The way I see it, she’ll be getting an abortion soon.”

On the other hand, Frank strode upstairs, ignoring the old folks’ excited debate as he returned to his room.

At the same time, Kat was snapping, “Hey, are you listening?! I said I did it!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 816-Kat rolled her eyes, watching as Frank lay down in bed with a speechless look.

Dropping to a crouch, she yelled straight into his ear, "Hey! Are you listening?!"

"I am," Frank replied noncommittally, picking his ear as he turned his back on her exasperatedly. "I'm satisfied, so keep going, do your best... and can you leave now? This is my room."

"And this is my house! You said you'd teach me martial arts if I could hone my vigor!"

"You're still far from the necessary standard." Frank waved her off like one would an annoying housefly.

"Hey, what's your problem? Why does it feel like you want nothing to do with me?" Kat stood akimbo, annoyance showing all over her face.

"Does it?" Frank growled grumpily. "Then how about you stop paraphrasing your words in a way that would make people misunderstand? I don't care about fame, but I still have a reputation to protect."

"What?" Kat snapped blankly, but she started to think about what she was saying at the door.

Her expression stiffened when she did, but she snorted. "Are you men always so prudish?"

"Not really." Frank waved her off again. "Though I'd suggest you eavesdrop on your neighbors' latest gossip too."

"Huh.?" Kat scratched her head. "You're not losing anything anyway. Why worry so much?"

"Oh, but I'm really worried." Frank turned and leveled a stern look at Kat. "What would your father think if he heard about that?"

"Ah." Kat nodded thoughtfully.

Frank shrugged. "Get it now? Now go back to your room and stop hanging out here."

"Nope." Kat giggled, feeling like she had caught leverage right then. "Teach me martial arts, or I'm telling my dad you forced yourself on me last night."

“Hey!” Frank sat up right then, staring daggers at her. “Don’t you know that’s slander?!”

“Don’t care. Do what you will.” Kat rolled her eyes again.

“Do you know no shame, girl?!”

Frank sighed in exasperation—this was a delicate time for him. Moreover, if Nash suspected that Frank harbored sinister intentions for his daughter, he would get suspicious even if the rumors were baseless. Things would only get worse if Vicky found out about said rumors too.

He was certainly frustrated, but Kat was Nash’s daughter, and that meant she was untouchable.

“Oh, just teach me already!” Kat pouted, tugging on his arm. “See? I’m a born prodigy like you said, honing my vigor in just two days! Once I’m stronger, I can protect you and Dad...”

Frank yielded when Kat said that she would protect Nash.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 817-Frank sighed, shaking his head. “Fine.”

He was not actually keen to teach Kat martial arts. Someone close to her had put a seal on her to stop her from becoming a martial artist. It was most likely Nash or her mother.

Somehow, Kat’s prodigy proved unstoppable, and she honed her vigor despite the seal with sheer talent.

It certainly stoke Frank’s interest in grooming talented individuals.

“Focus your vigor on your wrists, and release everything when you throw a punch. Like so—hup!”

Frank gave a quick demonstration, jabbing into the air.

There was a popping sound as an apple on the table shattered into pieces.

“This is the most basic martial technique—the Skyrush Jab,” he finished, not telling Kat that it was a Mystic Sky Sect technique.

“Amazing!” Kat was delighted to see Frank demonstrate his technique and ran back to her room to train.

Frank sighed, unsure as to how this would turn out.

Either way, having honed her vigor, Kat was now half a martial artist.

- In the afternoon, Frank was training in his own room when he heard a car arriving at the cottage.

He quickly opened his eyes and made sure he was well dressed before leaving his room.

After all, he recognized the car engine sound—it was Frida Blue's car.

As he headed downstairs, he realized that Frida had not come alone—there was another woman, escorted by a group of burly bodyguards. She was dressed in luxury items from head to toe, wearing so much makeup she appeared pale. Though she was carrying a little dog in her handbag herself, she was pinching her nose with a look of utter contempt.

Frank glanced at Frida. "Who's this...?"

Frida made a troubled look as she introduced the woman to Frank. "This is Yonca Wells, Ms. Turnbull's aunt."

"Aunt?" Frank frowned. "Where's Vicky?"

"Oh, are you still obsessing over Vicky?" Yonca snorted, clearly overhearing Frank.

Though she was busy patting her dog's head, she shot Frank a look while asking sarcastically, "Frank Lawrence, was it?"

"Yes," Frank strode forward, his attitude cold as he sensed that she was hostile.

"Tut, tut..." Yonca shook her head after studying him from head to toe. "And here I thought you'd be a looker... It really begs the question of what drugs you're feeding Vicky."

"That's none of your business, is it?" Frank, already frustrated that he was not seeing Vicky, was not about to be polite.

"How dare you talk to me like that!" Yonca frowned and snapped at Frank right then.

Frida could see that things were getting out of hand and quickly tried to mediate.

"Please, Mrs. Turnbull. Don't forget that you're not here to start a fight."

"I know. You don't have to remind me." Yonca shot her a look of disdain, snorting. "I can't stand this backwater place and savages. Forget not bowing to me—he dares to speak with me in that tone!"

"Here." She whipped out a check from the handbag where the dog sat, rolling her eyes at Frank. "What are you spacing out for? Take it!"

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 818-Frank glanced at Frida.

Seeing her nod, Frank took the check while staring at Yonca in curiosity.

"Alright, you took the check—that means you agree to the Turnbells' agreement.

Let's go—I can't stand this place another second longer."

Yonca waved, gesturing for Frida to drive.

"Wait!" Frank stopped them, seeing that they were about to leave, and asked blankly, "What agreement? I don't know anything about it."

"Also..." Frank glanced at the check he was holding, brandishing it. "What's this for?"

"You actually want me to explain it to you? What a moron." Yonca snorted, rolling her eyes again. "That's a billion dollar check. Now that you've taken it, stop bothering Vicky. Satisfied now?!"

When Yonca was finished, Frank wheeled on Frida furiously. "What's this supposed to mean?!"

"It's exactly what it means." Frida sighed tiredly. "Ms. Turnbull has decided to marry Titus Lionheart, and their parents have already agreed to it. The annulment before doesn't count, and that check is your compensation. You can now leave Morhen and return to Riverton—goodbye."

Frida got in the car, while Yonca snapped in contempt at him, "Heard that, hick?

You've really done it now, swindling a billion dollars from my family! Urgh, it's so annoying. Why do we have to pay him that much?!"

Frank ignored her and growled, "This wasn't what we agreed, Frida."

“Things change.” Frida shrugged. “Stopped being stubborn—Ms. Turnbull is marrying Titus, and there’s no changing that. Neither of us get to decide for her.”

“You think?!” Frank bellowed. “Of course it’s not up to us! So bring Vicky over—I want to hear it from her. Either she tells me personally is willingly marrying Titus, or I’m not listening to anyone else!”

“That’s enough from you!” Yonca shrieked furiously, her painted brows creasing.

“Isn’t that enough money? Look at yourself in the mirror already—you don’t even deserve a cent! The way I see it, we should just have our people beat you up and throw you out of Morhen!”

“Really? Come on, then—I’d like to see you try!” Frank tore the check into pieces, stamped his foot on it, and strode right up to Yonca’s face.

“Oh, so that’s how you want to play it?!”

Seeing that Frank was not playing along, Yonca beckoned at her bodyguards.

“Go, break his arms! I’ll take responsibility even if he ends up dead!”

Yes, ma’am!” the bodyguards bellowed.

Frank scowled as he watched them approach, standing his ground.

“Hah!” he bellowed, slamming his palm into Frida’s three-ton car and sending it spinning before crashing it into the bodyguards!

Bang!

“What?!”

“Oof!”

“Argh!!!”

The dozen bodyguards were all floored, coughing blood and leaving Yonca petrified.

“Calm down, Mr. Lawrence!” Frida hurried to Frank to reason with him, shooting Yonca an exasperated look as she came to her senses.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 819-Frida was well aware that Frank's abilities were more than what she or Yonca's bodyguards could handle.

If they really upset Frank here, they would definitely pay for it.

As such, Frida pleaded, "Please, Mr. Lawrence—this isn't really up to us. I've done my best, but..."

"That's your best?!" Frank bellowed furiously, pointing at a pale Yonca.

"Alright!" Kat cheered from upstairs, clearly having been watching throughout.

"Beat up that stupid hag already!"

"Who are you calling hag, you little bitch?!" Yonca screamed like a fishwife, standing akimbo. Kat had certainly struck her nerve, since she despised anyone who mocked her appearance.

"Everyone, calm down!" Frida shouted.

Still, she knew that they would not be coming to an agreement with Frank now—it was clear he's not giving up.

And if they let things deteriorate, he really might storm Turnbull House and make a complete mess of things.

"Here!" Frida strode between Frank and Yonca, whipping out an envelope. "This is an invitation to the Turnbulls' annual dinner. I had to pull some strings to get it."

She paused before saying, "For the sake of Ms. Turnbull's happiness and her family, you should think before you attend it. Don't forget that you still have Helen Lane back in Riverton."

Yonca heard her and exclaimed in disbelief, "What was that, Frida?! Are you saying that he's two-timing?! Are you kidding me?!"

"That's enough, Mrs. Turnbull!" Frida snapped, her tone suddenly stern.

She glanced exasperatedly at the wreckage of her car and the bodyguards pinned beneath it. Her car and those men would have been fine if Yonca did not sick them on him! Letting Yonca come with her really was the worst choice she made!

“Let’s go.”

With that, Frida pulled Yonca along and left the cottage, leaving Frank alone while the bodyguards slowly crawled out from under her car and limped away too.

“Annual dinner? Invitation?!”

However, Frank was staring daggers at the invitation.

He would not argue if Vicky was willingly marrying Titus.

However, if she was coerced or had her mind changed because of something she could not help, Frank would never let it slide.

He would not mind making a huge mess of things, like he did for Helen before.

So what if he made enemies of the Lionhearts?! He would just have to kick their collective butts if he had to!

He had completed Birthright rank, and almost reached Ascendant rank.

At this point, not that many Ascendant rank individuals would be able to stop Frank!

“Wow! You’re so cool, Master Lawrence!” Kat exclaimed, having come downstairs without Frank knowing and standing on her toes to peek at Frank’s invitation.

“Color me surprised... Ms. Turnbull was the reason you came to Morhen?” She shook her head and clicked her tongue. “I’ve really underestimated you. By the way, if you’re going to the Turnbolls’ annual dinner, could you bring me along?”

I’d like to see what being upper-class looks like.”

She kept droning on, while Frank remained silent.

Soon, Nash returned home.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 820-Even before Nash stepped through the front door, the woman living next door dragged her to a quiet corner and told her everything that had happened. Naturally, it was a bombshell that almost knocked Nash off his feet. “What?! Kat is pregnant, and the father is some rich kid?! He drives a Maserati and looks unseemly

from first glance?!"He could blow up from sheer rage as he saw the Maserati in question parked right outside his door.Ever since his wife died, Kat was his only attachment to this world.Why else was he so willing to prostrate himself to everything? All he wanted was for Kat to grow up in safety... only for her to get pregnant right after she became an adult!It was absolutely unacceptable, and he almost lost his mind.However, it was when he strode into his courtyard and realized something was wrong—a black sedan was overturned, while Frank stood impassively nearby.Beside him, Kat was yapping excitedly about something, and it had been a while since Nash had seen her being so happy or excited about anything.His heart clenched again, however, when he remembered what his neighbor had just told him."Kat, who does that car outside belong to?" Nash asked just then."The car outside?" Kat did a double take.Frank composed himself just then and nodded at Nash. "It's mine. I drove it back this afternoon.""What?" Kat gaped—Frank's response had really caught her off guard!At the same time, Kat ran outside and saw the blue Maserati right then. She cried out in shock, "Master Lawrence! Where did you steal that from?! It's so cool. Come on, let's go for a ride!" "Master. Lawrence?!" Nash was perplexed, and turned in curiosity toward Frank.Aside from already feeling annoyed, Frank also felt guilty, so he nodded at Nash. "We're going out for a while.""Kat, what."Before Nash could finish, Kat snapped at him impatiently, "We're just going out for a ride! Don't keep pestering me, alright?!" "No, I have a question."However, Kat had already left before Nash could ask, leaping into the convertible while urging Frank to go as well."Mr. Lawrence, what—" "The Turnbulls were here," Frank replied apologetically, under the impression that Nash was asking about the overturned sedan near the fencing. "Just get someone to tow it."Nash was taken aback, but pressed, "No, Mr. Lawrence. What I wanted to ask is —""Can't you just give it a rest? Haven't you asked enough?!" Kat had returned, pulling Frank by the arm and unable to wait a second longer. "Come on, Master Lawrence!" "Kat, our neighbor said you're..." Nash was left staring even as Frank drove off with his daughter."Pregnant with Mr. Lawrence's kid?" he murmured softly before sighing lengthily and chuckling self- deprecatingly. "Nah, he's just been here a few days. The neighbors must be talking out of their asses again. right?"