

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 81 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 81

Chapter 81

Chapter 81

The door was quietly opened as two black-clad men quietly stepped inside, their eyes narrowed amid

the dim environment.

Pow!

There was a thunderous crash as Frank suddenly appeared and kicked one of the black-clad men!

The man felt as if he was hit by a truck and instantly felt his spine snap as he passed out!

“Fuck!” the other black-clad man cursed and whipped out his steel knife, swinging it at the source of

the sound.

He moved so quickly he left a gust as he moved, but Frank could judge from the air movement to determine where he was coming from.

He stepped to the side, allowing the keen edge of the blade to brush just past his hair.

Then, he clenched his knuckle and punched with the force of a missile.

Pow!

The second black-clad man was hence sent flying and slammed violently against the wall, coughing

blood as his chest was left sunken.

“W–What are you...” He leaned against the wall as he panted heavily, caught in disbelief by Frank’s

power.

He could not even see Frank, but he could only feel the terrible killing intent closing in on him.

“The one you’re looking for,” Frank said, slowly walking up to him.

As the black–clad man finally saw Frank’s face, he felt another pang of disbelief.

He was so young that he might even be younger than Finn!

“Where is Helen?” Frank asked icily just then.

“I won’t talk even if you kill me.” The black–clad man laughed.

After all, he knew he was going to die either way, and that gave him even less reason to talk!

Frank, however, remained silent as he nonchalantly went to the bedroom and brought up a stool to detect the fluorescent lamp on the ceiling.

He then returned to the black–clad man, who was left confused as to what he was up to, “What are you doing?”

Frank said nonchalantly, “I’ll shove this lamp down your gullet and kick you so that it breaks inside your chest. At that point, you’ll truly understand what it means to die by a thousand cuts.”

His words left the black–clad man’s pupils dilated–what person could come up with such a freakish

torture method?!

“Y–You’re a monster...” he growled defiantly.

“I have a thousand ways to torture you, all while ensuring that you stay alive. I just don’t know how many of those you’d survive. Now, open wide...”

Frank simply grabbed his jaw, forcing it open—the man was still in his diapers when he started his interrogation!

The black-clad man struggled violently as he tried to free himself from Frank's grasp, but his strength was futile against absolute strength!

And after forcing his mouth open, Frank started to slide the fluorescent lamp down the man's mouth

The black-clad man was trembling even as he shrieked, "Stahp—Ah'll take! Ah'll take! Jut keel mee afta!"

Frank paused right then, staying silent as he waited. novelbin

The black-clad was still trembling as he growled, "She's at The Dynasty. I'll admit that you're strong, but you're still going to die if you go there—"

Frank wordlessly ended his life with just a little squeeze.

Chapter 82

Chapter 82

Frank whipped out his phone and dialed Chad's number.

Chad, who was still at The Dynasty, just happened to be in the bathroom when he got the call.

He hesitated to answer but did so after some thinking, keeping his voice down. "Hello? Mr. Lawrence?"

"Helen is in The Dynasty, isn't she?" Frank asked bluntly.

"Well..."

Chad was at once bewildered—did Finn not just send his men after Frank?

son.

Guess that was a dud, and now, Frank's question would determine which side he was on.

Finn or Frank?

w just wat

Chad certainly had no idea—he to sit on the fence and join the side of the winner...

On the other end, seeing that Chad was not talking, Frank said coolly, “Just tell me—yes or no. If you’re telling the truth, I’ll spare you when I get there, and you’ll remain the kingpin of West City.”

Those words struck a chord within Chad.

If he served Finn, he would only amount to a lackey given that Finn himself answered to the Chandlers.

But if he served Frank, he would be the king of West City...

And after having a taste of power, it was virtually impossible to let go of it.

In that case, why not make a bet?

If he won, he might even become Frank’s confidant, if not right-hand man!

Hence, though he was sweating buckets, Chad ultimately gritted his teeth and said, “Yes,” novelbin

Frank nodded. “Good. You get to live.”

Chad then quickly added, “Finn Chandler brought a lot of people, Mr. Lawrence. He’s well prepared and he was after you in the first place. I really think you shouldn’t fight here at The Dynasty-”

Beep....

Chad had no idea if Frank heard him.

Frank had hung up before he could finish and quickly called Trevor.

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence?” Trevor asked reverently.

“It’s confirmed. Helen is at The Dynasty—bring your men along,” Frank said flatly.

“Right away, sir,” Trevor replied right then.

It was already very late, and Vicky was going to be asleep when she received a call from one of her

people.

“Ms. Turnbull? Trevor Zurich has just brought all his bodyguards with him to The Dynasty.”

“What? What is he up to?”

Vicky was taken aback—Trevor himself owned several bars, so why would he go elsewhere?

“I’m not sure, but they are all armed to the teeth...”

“What?!” Vicky paled, and promptly called the staff at Verdant Hotel.

If she had to guess, Trevor’s sudden move must have something to do with Frank. Those two were obviously close friends, although Vicky had yet to find out their connection.

A receptionist answered Vicky’s call right away, “Yes, Ms. Turnbull?”

“Go to the penthouse suite right now. Check if Frank Lawrence is in his room.”

The receptionist sent a bellboy without hesitation, who was left dumbstruck as soon as he stepped in the front door.

“Ms. Turnbull...”

“What is it?”

“There are two dead bodies here, but Mr. Lawrence is nowhere to be seen...”

“Shit,” Vicky cursed and sprang out of her bed, gathering all the people she could and hurried to The Dynasty.

Meanwhile, Frank had arrived outside The Dynasty and met up with Trevor.

“Do you know what he looks like?” Frank asked coolly.

Trevor showed Frank a photo and gave Frank a brief rundown on what he knew. “Finn Chandler fourth son of the Chandlers from Middleton, somewhat competent. However, he’s also Marvin Chandler’s

bastard.”.

“In that case, let’s kill him.”

Chapter 83

Chapter 83

Finn was fiddling with his butterfly knife in The Dynasty.

In his mind, the two henchmen he sent were more than enough to take out Frank.

But even as he was feeling smug, a loud crash resounded!

The front doors of the bar were suddenly kicked down, and a huge group of armed men rushed into

the building!

And once within reach, they were all immediately attacking Finn’s henchmen!

On the other hand, Chad was well-prepared. He knew that Frank would not take Finn’s insult lying down, so he told his boys to bolt the instant a fight broke out.

Even so, he was surprised that Frank could call up so many men!

Meanwhile, Finn was still left dumbfounded.

He had only brought over twenty martial elites from Middleton, and there must be over fifty men attacking his henchmen now, with still more charging into the building.

“Where did Frank Lawrence find so many men?!” he snarled.

“We’re getting swamped, sir!” one of his henchmen shouted as he ran up to him. “What should we do?!”

Finn gritted his teeth. "Bring Helen Lane to me."

It was obvious how important she was to Frank since Frank had come for her.

As long as he had her, he would still have a chance to turn things around!

"Yes, sir!" The henchman hurried to the top floor without hesitation.

Chad, who was hiding in a corner, heard the exchange.

His mind worked furiously right then—if he saved Helen, he would have earned a great merit.

Moreover, that henchman was alone.

Chad hence followed him without hesitation...

Meanwhile, on the top floor office, Helen lay silently on the floor, her heart broken.

Nearby, Gina and Peter were huddled together and crying silent tears.
novelbin

Sean was still inside as well, wondering how he should get out of this... That was when the office doors opened and a black-clad man entered.

Chapter 83

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Sean promptly ran to him with a fawning smile, "Sir, if there's nothing else for me to do, can I go—"

The black-clad man kicked him down to the floor. "Stay here and don't move an inch. No one is

leaving without Mr. Chandler's permission."

Sean was left clutching his stomach in agony as he rolled around, but he was too terrified to talk about leaving again.

At the same time, the black-clad man grabbed Helen by the hair and started to drag her outside.

“Argh!!!” Helen screamed in pain and struggled violently.

The black-clad man did not care and slapped her across the face!

Gina scrambled up to them right then and clung on to the black-clad man’s leg as she cried, “Where are you taking her?! Please stop already!!

“Get off!” the man snapped and kicked her, sending her slamming into the wall.

Gina was left bawling, “W–What have we done to deserve this?”

The black-clad man grabbed Helen by the hair again.

Feelling the agony from her scalp, she grabbed the black-clad man’s wrist. Then, she suddenly pushed herself up with all her strength, biting down squarely and leaving a bloody mark!

“Stay down!” the black-clad man bellowed, his eyes bulging in anger as he punched her squarely in the face!

It left Helen dazed and bleeding from the mouth and nose, and something snapped in Peter right then.

Bellowing furiously, he lunged toward the black-clad man... only for the black-clad man to punch him in the scalp and knock him out.

Nearby, Sean gulped as he stayed still.

The black-clad man might be alone, but he was so strong that Sean was afraid to even get close! That was when a figure appeared in the doorway...

Chapter 84

Chapter 84

Chad suddenly leaped on the black-clad man and stabbed him viciously in the back!

As the black-clad man bled, he bellowed furiously, “You! You’re betraying Mr. Chandler?!”

“Fuck you!” Chad snapped in contempt as he stabbed the black-clad man repeatedly until he killed the man. “I’m the king of West City. Your master is nothing!”

Gina was left huddled against her son as they shuddered, totally inexperienced in the face of such violence.

Chad

spat at the lifeless body of the black-clad man in turn before turning toward them and pointing at the door. “What are you waiting for? Run!”

Sean was the first to respond, immediately dashing out of the room!

Gina and Peter promptly helped Helen to her feet as well, even thanking Chad profusely. “Thank you, Mr. Scarface. Thank you...”

However, they had just gone a floor down and found a huge group of people engaged in a melee, leaving them too terrified to move.

Chad rolled his eyes and pointed at the other end of the hallway. “Take the fire escape.

“Oh,” Peter and Gina gasped and hurried there.

Meanwhile, Vicky and her men had also arrived at The Dynasty.

As Vicky’s men quickly joined the fray, things went from bad to worse for Finn’s side, and his henchmen retreated with him to the second floor. “There are too many of them, Mr. Chandler. We won’t hold the line for long—we need to retreat.”

Finn was still left bewildered.

Where did Frank get so many men? And he never even saw Frank himself!

It was the first time he had received his father’s permission for an operation away from home, and his task was mainly to expand their influence.

Not only did he fail that, but the twenty martial elites his father arranged for him were either dead or

maimed!

what on earth not wrong!

Seeing that Finn was still spacing out, another black-clad man persuaded, "Let's go, sir."

"Yeah," Finn growled through his teeth.

At his order, he and his two remaining henchmen leaped off the second floor and fled The Dynasty.

Meanwhile, Vicky, who had been waiting outside, noticed Gina, Peter, and Helen who had just fled.

She promptly went up to them, since Frank attacked the bad for Helen's sake in the first place.

Gina, who usually felt contempt for Vicky, was delighted to see her now—they could only ask their business partner for help now!

"Help, Ms. Turnbull..." she cried.

"Is Helen alright?" Vicky quickly asked, seeing that Helen was keeping her head lowered in silence.

"Of course she isn't!" Gina sobbed, her tears covering her cheeks. "They ruined her face!"

"What?" Vicky gasped in disbelief and walked up to Helen to see a gash on her previously flawlessly

fair cheek.

Vicky gasped, scarcely able to imagine how furious Frank would be.

She then also noticed that Helen had lost all the glow in her eyes, and her usual haughty bearing was

gone.

Vicky actually felt sympathy—she disliked Helen, but Helen was no different from her.

They were both women who were fighting against fate!

“I’ll call an ambulance,” Vicky said. “No one will hurt you as long as I’m around.”

“Thank you, Ms. Turnbull,” Gina said, before adding, “Please, you have to arrest Finn Chandler and avenge Helen!”

Chapter 85

Chapter 85

Vicky shot Gina a glare of disgust. “Shut up. I don’t need you to tell me what to do.”

“Urgh...” Gina was promptly cowed by her outburst. “Y–Yes, you’re right, Ms. Turnbull.”

Meanwhile, Trevor and his men surrounded and wiped out Finn’s henchmen with minimum effort, and he was just coming out of the fire escape when he ran into Vicky.

“Oh, you’re here too, Ms. Turnbull?” Trevor exclaimed in surprise, before adding politely, “Actually, Mr. Lawrence didn’t want to involve you with this one.”

“Mr. Zurich, you can dispense with the niceties,” Vicky replied bluntly. “Why wouldn’t I help when Frank is involved?”

As she spoke, she slid a peek at the bodyguard standing behind Trevor—being a martial artist herself, she knew a thing or two about identifying martial elites.

Given his bulky frame and withheld presence, it was obvious that he was strong—perhaps even stronger than Cliff.

And a martial elite of such caliber was loyal to Trevor, whereas Trevor was loyal to Frank...

Unable to hide her curiosity, Vicky asked, “What’s your connection to Frank, Mr. Zurich?”

Trevor was taken aback, but he soon chuckled. “Why ask that out of the blue, Ms. Turnbull?”

Vicky shrugged. "You were once the owner of a transnational conglomerate, and yet here you are going all out for Frank, who supposedly has nothing to his name. Even a father would not go that far to his

son, and from where I'm standing, you didn't really start partnering with Lane Holdings. because of Helen's talent, did you? It was all Frank's idea."

"Clever girl." Trevor smiled,

He was uncertain as to how much she had found out, but he told her regardless, "Still, I'm afraid I can't tell you about my relationship with Mr. Lawrence. However, you may know this much—if he demands my life, I'd happily sacrifice myself without blinking."

Vicky was left astounded—she had guessed that Frank had saved Trevor's life somehow, just as Frank had saved her.

But this... this was more than that! One would have to wonder if Frank was Trevor's dad in another

life.

That explained Frank's confidence even in the face of the Lionhearts—he had powerful backing himself! novelbin

Trevor simply turned just then. "I'll go check on Ms. Lane now.

He could laugh to himself right there—Vicky might not be aware, but there were plenty of others who owed Frank their lives.

Still, he calmed down just as he arrived at Vicky's car to find the Lanes alive and well.

"M—Mr. Zurich?!" Gina almost burst into tears in excitement when she saw him.

"M—Mr. Zurich..."

Helen slowly looked up as well, having grown to respect Trevor greatly since they were partnered for

three years.

“What... Ms. Lane, what happened to your face?” Trevor was stunned when he saw how Helen looked.

Helen promptly lowered her head in silence, while Gina wiped her tears as she sobbed, “Oh, Mr. Zurich! You have to avenge Helen! Finn Chandler disfigured her.”

“He will get his just deserts.” Trevor was actually incensed—having experienced himself, he was certainly aware how Frank felt toward Helen.

Having his beloved woman disfigured—would the man really take this insult lying down?

“Thank you so much for today, Mr. Zurich,” Gina said just then.

Trevor ignored her and instead told Helen solemnly, “Don’t worry, Ms. Lane. Finn Chandler will pay for what he did—he’s a dead man walking.”

“Of course. We believe you, Mr. Zurich,” Gina nodded enthusiastically. “So, about your partnership with Lane Holdings...”

Trevor rolled his eyes at her. “That can wait. You should be taking care of your daughter.” “Y—Yes, of course.” Gina nodded repeatedly and watched as Trevor hurried away.

Chapter 86

Chapter 86

Gina then told Helen, “I guess Mr. Zurich still cares about us.”

Peter nodded as well. “Yeah. Even the Turnbells came—Mr. Zurich must have sent them.”

Just then, Sean arrived and said, “It’s alright now, Helen. It’s all over.”

“Get out!” Helen snapped as she glared at him viciously. “I don’t want to see you!”

She became thoroughly disgusted with him after learning that he was just a liar.

All her successes turned out to be thanks to Trevor, not Sean! Even if Trevor stopped partnering with her for a while, who else could the person Vicky mentioned be?

Trevor must have spoken to George Turnbull and allowed her to win the invitation to Tender.

She should have known—Sean was in no place to influence the Turnbells!

“Oh, calm down, Helen,” Gina reasoned. “Mr. Wesley didn’t help much, but his heart was in the right place.”

Even if Gina was also upset with what Sean did, his family was rich, and having their backing was still good enough.

Sean was glaring at Helen in turn.

He almost had her while giving nothing in return, but Finn’s meddling left everything going south!

“Fuck, I was so close...” he swore under his breath as he strode off.

The ambulance soon arrived.

Helen and her family got in just as Frank stepped out of The Dynasty, his jacket dyed in blood.

Trevor and Vicky were standing by the ambulance, and they hurried to him when they saw him come out.

“Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence?” Trevor quickly asked.

Frank shook his head. “I’m fine. Finn Chandler got away, though.”

“Don’t worry, sir,” Trevor assured him. “I’ve sent my people after him.”

Frank nodded. “I’ll go check on Helen now-”

“Uh...” Trevor moved to stand in front of Frank, intercepting him even before he managed a word.

“What?” Frank frowned, having a bad feeling seeing Trevor’s reaction.
novelbin

Trevor promptly threw his hands up. “N–No! It’s just a little scratch. She’s safe, though.”

Vicky joined in. “S–She needs the hospital. Maybe you should let her rest.”

Frank could certainly see that they were being weird and growled, “Move.”

“Mr. Lawrence...”

Trevor tried to give Frank a head’s up, only for Frank to snap, “I said, move.”

With that, Trevor tamely moved aside, while Frank strode to the ambulance.

He saw Helen in the ambulance and took off his jacket, ready to give it to her.
“Helen...”

Helen looked up in reflex, and as their eyes met, Frank saw the long gash on her face!

He dashed up to her. “Helen...”

Helen became agitated right then and promptly threw her hands up. “W–What are you doing?! S–Stay away!”

Chapter 87

Chapter 87

Frank tried to comfort Helen, only for Helen to push him away.

“What are you doing here, lowlife?!” Gina snapped at him right then. “My daughter doesn’t want to see you! Get out of here!!!”

Frank ignored her and looked at Helen seriously instead. “Don’t worry, Helen. It’s no big deal—I have something that would remove even the scar.”

Helen, however, was covering her ears and shaking her head repeatedly, refusing to listen or see anyone, let alone Frank.

At the same time, Gina continued to snap at Frank, “Get out! My daughter doesn’t need your help!”

Peter promptly joined in. “Don’t you understand what others are saying?!”

Even the doctor reasoned, “Sir, the patient is feeling agitated. You should go.

This time, Frank said nothing since he knew Helen would refuse to listen.

He quietly left, watching as the ambulance drove off, his fists clenched as his killing intent unfurled.

Trevor stood quietly beside him, clearly feeling the air around him cooling.

Pow!

Crack!

Frank suddenly punched down a tree thicker than a man, leaving it snapping.

As Trevor looked on, gulping, Frank said icily, “Get me Finn Chandler. I want him dead.”

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence,” Trevor replied without hesitation.

Frank’s orders were absolute, and that meant Trevor’s job right now was to capture Finn—anything else was pointless.

And with those words, Frank quietly left.

Vicky hurried after him, asking, “Where are you going?”

“I need to get some rest,” Frank replied without looking back.

“A—Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” he replied nonchalantly.

But no matter how Vicky saw it, he did not seem fine.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Turnbull,” Trevor said just then. “Mr. Lawrence is fine—he’s just angry.”

Vicky nodded. “Just call me if you need anything. I’ll help in any way I can.”

Trevor nodded in turn. “Thank you. I have to go now—we need to catch Finn before he leaves town.”

After all, any effort to do so would be pointless if Finn returned to Middleton.

Hence, all his men were mobilized that evening, monitoring all roads and waterways out of the city and ready to report if they spotted Finn.

Meanwhile, Finn had no idea that Frank wanted him dead.

He did not get any sleep that night as he hid in a motel, rubbing his temples repeatedly.

“Fuck... How did it turn out like this?!” he growled.

He wanted to put on a good show for his father and had to fight for the chance to come to Riverton.

And now? Most of his henchmen were dead, let alone able to reclaim their turf!

He could already imagine how his brothers would be mocking him when he returned.

Beside him, one of his henchmen said, “It’s alright, sir. One loss is nothing—we will return again and be triumphant.”

Finn slammed his fist on the table right then.

Chapter 88

Chapter 88

Finn growled, “I’ll kill Frank Lawrence, one way or another!”

Still, as he calmed down, he suddenly asked, “I didn’t think he would bring that many martial elites. Do you know who was helping him?”

“No, sir...” His henchman replied. novelbin

“So it seems that he has backing.” Finn snorted in self-blame. “It seems that I’ve underestimated him.”

The henchman then said, “Actually, sir, I think the priority is to get out of Riverton. Frank Lawrence’s people must be looking for us, and it seems that they don’t want us to leave. We should return to Middleton for now. It won’t be too late to plan that man’s demise after.”

“Yeah.” Finn nodded in agreement and sighed exasperatedly. “I’ve already contacted Uncle Jermain- he has a boat waiting for us.”

His two remaining henchmen breathed a sigh of relief at that.

It was clear they were no match for Frank given their numbers, and it was fortunate that Finn was not stubborn enough to stay in Riverton, or they would both be dead.

Unbeknownst to the trio, once they left the motel, Trevor’s people immediately spotted them.

Message was relayed from the bottom all the way to Frank, who immediately rushed to the port, ready to kill Finn!

Jermain Chandler’s boat was berthed and waiting at a secluded port when Finn arrived. Seeing his uncle, Finn hung his head in embarrassment. “Uncle Jermain.”

Jermain seemed to have expected him to fail and said calmly, “Guess things didn’t POS

smoothly?”

“I was blindsided,” Finn replied awkwardly. “I haven’t even heard of Frank Lawrence, but it turns out he leads a whole gang in Riverton.”

“You should expect him to have that much backing when he took out Leo Grayson,” Jermain said flatly. “But your mistake is understandable when you return to Middleton, stick with and learn from him.”

“Yes, Uncle Jermain.” Finn replied, nodding tamely and not daring to argue.

your father

Once he boarded the boat and it started to unberth, over ten SUVs came bounding down the road towards the port. Once they stopped, Frank and Trevor promptly alighted and ran straight toward the pier.

Finn paled the instant he saw them, and promptly urged his uncle, “We have to go now, Uncle

Jermain! That younger man is Frank Lawrence!”

Jermain was actually surprised that such a young man could thoroughly defeat his nephew, though he was not inclined to avenge Finn either.

He simply waved, and the boat started to steer away from the pier.

Trevor was left bellowing furiously from the pier, “Stop right there, Finn Chandler!”

Jermain stood on deck, clasping his hand behind his back as he calmly asked, “Sir, who do you think you are, ordering us Chandlers around?”

“And who the fuck are you?”

“The name’s Jermain Chandler,” he replied nonchalantly. “I’m Finn’s second uncle.”

“Do you know what your nephew did?” Frank shouted from across the river.

“Of course.” Jermain nodded. “But he’s a Chandler, and it’s not up to either of you to decide his fate. Now, go home.”

Beside him, Finn was relieved to see that Frank and the others did not have a boat.

Leveling a gleeful look at Frank, he gloated, “I’ll admit I underestimated you this time, Frank Lawrence, but I’ve memorized your face now. You’ll be dead the next time I return!”

Chapter 89

Chapter 89

Frank glared murderously at Finn and growled, "Come back right now, and I'll make it quick."

Jermain frowned and growled coolly, "It doesn't matter how important you are in Riverton, brat! Past this river, we'll be in Middleton. You don't get to strut!"

How dare that boy threaten to kill his nephew right in front of him? He was really belittling the Chandler family!

Finn was laughing out loud in turn. "Haha! Why don't you come over if you have a pair, Frank? I'm waiting right here! Learn to walk the talk before you threaten someone's life!"

Frank, however, remained calm despite his taunting.

That left Finn frustrated since he wanted Frank to seethe, though he soon remembered something else and gloated, "You'd better watch your girl—she's lucky this time, but I'll make sure she personally warms my bed when I return!"

"That son of a bitch..." Trevor growled furiously and turned to Frank. "Should we prepare a boat, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank shook his head and continued shouting at Finn afar, "You're dead meat."

Finn taunted him with a dramatic cringe as if in fear. "Oh, I'm so scared... what the fuck?!"

He was convinced that with this distance between them, Frank would not reach him even if he got on a boat now.

And with his family's forces waiting on the other end, there was nothing Frank could do at that point!

Boom!

That was when Frank arched his back, his foot cracking the gravel beneath it just before he shot forward like a bullet.

As everyone gaped, Frank leaped through the air with an elegant arc.

But the boat was dozens of meters away! Frank could not make it, and he started falling toward the river!

Finn breathed a sigh of relief—for a moment, he thought that Frank would actually leap up to his boat.

Beside him, Jermain could laugh.

Despite Frank's calm reaction, Finn must have upset him and led to this.

And yet, just as they watched Frank, expecting him to fall into the river, Frank angled the tip of his foot toward the surface of the river.

Then, with a gentle poke, he leaped into the air again!

The churning river was suddenly his springboard, and he was rapidly closing on the boat!

“What the... That's impossible!” Finn paled in shock.

“Is he... walking on water?”

Even Jermain's eyes were bulging—he had never expected such horrific abilities from a man as young

as Frank!

He had seen people do that, but they were martial elites almost a century old with unparalleled vigor!

Someone this young with such power was certainly something new to him!

“Uncle Jermain! We've got to go!” Finn screamed.

Jermain would like that too, but they were not on a speedboat!

Moreover, they had kept the boat on a slow pace just so they could taunt Frank!

Now they had really done it... Frank was reaching them!

At the same time, Frank landed resoundingly on deck with one last leap, causing the entire boat to

rock!

As the river splashed violently around the boat, the bodyguards onboard promptly ran toward Frank, but he had already caught Finn by the neck!

“Ugh...” Suffocating right then, Finn turned in panic toward his uncle and gasped, “H–Help me... U- Uncle Jermain...”

‘Let him go!’ Jermain barked right then.

Frank simply laughed icily. “His life is in my hands. Who do you think you are to tell me what to do?” “What...”

Chapter 90

Chapter 90

Jermain was stumped for a moment, but he quickly said, “Mr. Lawrence, our family has no quarrel with you. There’s no need to draw blood for a lowlife like Leo Grayson-”

“Leo Grayson? Really?” Frank snorted furiously. “Your nephew cut Helen’s face! He’ll pay for it with his life!”

“O–Over a woman?” Jermain was left bewildered. “She’s alive, isn’t she? And you’re demanding blood over something so frivolous?!”

“You should be rejoicing she’s alive,” Frank growled. “If she had been killed, every Chandler would die with her.”

“What...” Jermain was stumped again and had to compose himself for a moment. “Look, kid—we’ll give you anything you want in compensation. But you can’t kill Finn, or we’ll come for your head even if it’s the last thing we do!”

Even if Finn was a bastard with neither status nor influence, he was a Chandler, and there were so many people around them watching!

Whatever happened, it was not up to some nobody to end his life!

However, Frank simply snorted in disdain. “You can try.”

With those words, he swung his hand, flinging Finn out into the river!

“Argh!!!” Finn cried out in terror as he crashed into the river.

He swam as hard he could to reach the surface, gasping mouthfuls of air when he saw Frank leaping off the boat.

He was once again leaping across the water, kicking a huge wave every time he did!

Finn paled in fear—Frank was clearly coming for him!

As Frank closed in, Finn promptly took a deep breath, intent on diving under to hide... But it was too late.

Frank stamped his foot on Finn's spine and used his body to boost his jump to the riverbank!

All Finn felt was agony as his organs ruptured.

His lower body was already gone and he was bleeding from every orifice, dyeing the river red!

“Go! Get him out of there!” Jermain yelled at the crew when he saw that, and they quickly steered the boat toward Finn.

However, Finn was barely breathing when they fished him out of the water.

“Uncle Jermain ...” he gasped with difficulty, puking blood as he looked at Jermain. “Avenge... me...”

And with that, his hands dropped limply at his side.

Jermain was left staring blankly—his nephew was killed just like that, with just one kick from Frank!

Beside Jermain, a bodyguard promptly asked, “Sir, should we get that bastard?”

Finn's henchmen flinched at those words—they needed more people for that!

Jermain certainly knew they were no match for Frank too. Crossing the river again would be suicidal!

Gritting his teeth, he shook his head as he slowly got up and glared at Frank on the other side of the river.

“We Chandlers will remember this, brat!” Jermain bellowed.

Frank glanced at him with interest in turn. “Hmm. Seems like you’re upset about this?”

At those words, Frank poised himself, ready to attack!

“Hmph!” Jermain snorted, but he promptly retreated behind his bodyguards and barked at the crew to set sail.

After all, Frank’s move had terrified him. novelbin

All he could do was snort coolly and flee—the first thing he must do now was to inform the family!