

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage 821-840

Chu26-33 minutes 11/10/2024

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 821-While Frank took Kat out on a joyride in the Maserati, Ned Janko had returned to his old house.

As he rushed toward his father's bedroom, he immediately found his brother's six-year old son, Hal, outside the door.

Hal was playing with his water gun with the servants and promptly trained the gun on Ned's face when he saw him.

"Hahaha!!!" He clapped his thighs as he left Ned's face and clothes soaking wet, even insulting him with a limerick. "What exactly happened to Ned? Well, his stud kicked him right in the head!"

"You little...!" Ned glared at the child furiously even as he pushed his wet bangs off his face.

He certainly could slap the child for his insults, but he could not—if he laid a finger on his nephew, his own brother would just beat him up instead.

"Hmph," he snorted, gritting his teeth and ignoring the child as he strode into his father's bedroom. His father's health was more urgent, after all.

"Haha! Coward!" Hal laughed as he left. – Inside the room filled with traditional decorations, a man with ashen hair and a purple face, his eyes tightly shut as he lay in bed, unconscious.

It was Ned's father and the current head of the Janko family, Ciril Janko.

Yed Janko, Ned's brother, was the tall, scrawny man standing beside Ciril's bed.

"Where have you been?! Father's been poisoned!" Yed's eyes flashed sharply as he wheeled on Ned.

Ned flinched, trembling and sweating bullets as his face turned pale. "I-I was just out on a stroll—"

“Out on a stroll?!” Yed strode up and seized Ned by the collar, growling icily, “Is there really such a perfect coincidence? You stepped out for a moment, and Dad ended up poisoned?!”

“We’re right. He’s definitely the one who poisoned Ciril... No one else has a motive.” The woman sitting by Ciril’s bed and holding his hand spoke up just then.

She was Paula Mill, Ciril’s second wife whom he had married after the passing of Yed and Ned’s mother.

Her tears were gushing even as she glared at Ned. “You’re holding a grudge because your father chose Yed as his successor, don’t you? How could you be so selfish?!”

“I-I’m not!”

Ned could tell immediately that both Yed and Paula were conspiring against him, and reasoning was pointless.

More frustratingly, his own brother had to poison their father just to hasten his succession!

He was certainly seething and wanted to burn all bridges against Yed right then.

However, his family was a family of martial artists, and Yed was of Birthright rank.

Even if Ned trained in secret and built himself up, he had only just reached Birthright rank himself. He would not win against Yed, and if he started a fight here, he would definitely be getting the blame for poisoning their father.

His spite was ablaze, but he had no choice but to hold back.

“Uncle...”

That was when he felt someone tug on his sleeve.

He turned in reflex to see that Hal had followed him inside and promptly shot his water gun at his face when he turned!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 822-“Hahaha...”

Hal threw down his water gun and laughed heartily, while Ned touched his own face.

The ‘water’ that Hal had just sprayed him with was warm and had an indescribable stench.

Glaring at Hal who was giving him a gleeful mocking look, he cracked his knuckles audibly.

Paula snapped at him right then, “What do you think you are doing, Ned?! Are you going to beat up your nephew in your father’s presence?! How dare you!”

“I-I’m not.” Ned sighed as he eased his knuckle.

Hal laughed even loudly at that, even leaping up, punching Ned repeatedly in the knees while he did, “Get down on your knees! My daddy is right here!”

“Hal.”

Yed suddenly spoke, frowning.

Hal paused, asking, “What is it, Daddy?”

Ned thought Yed was going to stop Hal, only for Yed to snort. “Why are you touching him? He’s filth.”

“Okay.” Hal nodded obediently and stamped heavily on Ned’s foot before fleeing to Yed’s side, repeatedly sticking his tongue out at Ned.

Ned almost snapped right then but ultimately held back—he had been biding his time for years, and this was nothing.

“Ciril!” A thunderous voice that left the house shaking resounded just then.

A group of thirtyish thuggish people suddenly charged inside the room, led by a stout man who was topless and wore gold chains.

It was Lothar Janko, Ciril’s younger brother and Ned’s uncle. He had completed Birthright rank and was almost unrivaled in Morhen as a local gangster who ruled over the outer reaches of the city.

Most importantly, he was one of the few members in the Janko family who did not scorn Ned.

The ones following him were Janko retainers, and they all stood in formation with their hands clasped behind their back.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 823-Yed leveled a suspicious glare at Ned just then, snapping sharply and bluntly, “Not everyone can get their hands on such a terrible poison, and we all know how affable my father is—no one has a motive other than Ned. Dad was in a room alone with him for over an hour last night. I’m sure he did it at that time!”

“Do you have evidence?” Lothar asked, shooting Yed a look.

He was no fool—Yed was the most ambitious in the family, while Ned was always cowering and never straying out of line.

No matter how Lothar thought about it, he was not convinced that Ned would ever go that far.

Instead, it was Yed who was the most suspicious.

“I-I didn’t poison Dad,” Ned braced himself and argued his case. “Why would I do something like that? Don’t try to slander me, Yed...”

“What, are you talking back to me?!” Yed’s eyes flashed dangerously and he strode up toward Ned, ready to beat him up.

“How dare you snap at Daddy, eunuch!” Hal chimed in.

“Enough!” Lothar bellowed, his expression icy. “No infighting until we found out what happened, Yed! If you insist it’s Ned, then show some evidence! Coercion won’t help your case!”

Yed laughed coolly right then. “But I have evidence, Uncle Lothar!”

Ned looked up, taken aback—Yed had evidence!

At the same time, Yed whipped out his phone to show a security camera recording of Paula walking through the hallway.

She was carrying a tray with a teapot, and Ned came up to her, taking the tray eagerly and saying he would take it to his father.

He then disappeared into a dead angle before reappearing and bringing the tea to Ciril’s room.

“This is slander!” Ned cried in agitation after seeing the recording. “I was coming here to speak with Dad about the Sunblazers!”

Yed strode up and seized him by the collar. “Then why did you disappear from the cameras?! What were you doing there?!”

“I-I didn’t do anything!” Ned cried. “The cameras missed me, that’s all! I’d never poison Dad—what good would that do for me?!” “Hah! What good, you say?!”

Paula snorted as she chimed in. “You’re just jealous he chose Yed to be his successor and wanted petty revenge!”

‘What...’ Ned was frustrated but had no way of arguing back.

In the end, it was Lothar who stood up for him, grabbing Yed by the wrist and growling icily, “Boy, the video might work as evidence, but it’s not enough. Yes, the cameras didn’t cover every angle, but the duration between Ned appearing and disappearing matches the pace he was walking in. In other words, he never hid there.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 824-Lothar finished, “Right now, the priority is to get help for Ciril. I’ve sent for Abel Loggins from the capital—he’ll be here soon.”

At those words, Yed released Ned’s collar while growling, “You’re lucky this time!”

Ned stumbled backward, his brows knitted in frustration.

“Oh, you have nothing to worry about,” Lothar suddenly said, looking between everyone pointedly.

“Ciril is Ascendant rank—once he regains consciousness, who and how he was poisoned would be revealed. He’d know better than anyone. If any of you are

present, I will not hold back. This is an attempt on my brother’s life, and it entails a summary execution!”

Paula’s fingers twitched at Lothar’s threat, her expression unnatural as she sneaked a look at Yed.

Yed nodded at her in turn, assuring her to stay calm since they would never be exposed.

After all, they knew better than anyone that Ciril had been poisoned with the Taut Snow Tree.

The Taut Snow Tree sounded like a tree, but it was anything but—it was the one of most potent poisons that Hundred Bane Sect had in their disposal. It was meant for use against Ascendant ranks and named for the symptoms the victims exhibited.

If the poison was not cleared in a day, the ice-type poison would permeate their body, disabling their ability to regulate their body temperature.

At that point, they would die frozen stiff, like a tree in the snow.

There was actually a simple cure to it—one just had to cover themselves in the golden sands of the northwest and charge oneself with pure vigor to clear out the poison.

However, two factors worked against that. The first was that the poison acted quickly and confounded the mind.

The second was that even if martial elites recognized the poison, golden sand was not easily available.

In other words, there was just no stopping the Taut Snow Tree in time, and one could only watch as the victim became a ‘snow tree’ themselves.

Soon, Abel Loggins rushed to the scene, led inside by the men Lothar sent.

Abel’s hair and beard was white, and he stood aside as he studied Ciril for a long while.

Eventually, he shook his head and sighed. “It’s too late...!”

Lothar hurried to him and asked, “What’s the problem, Mr. Loggins? What has my brother been poisoned with? Can’t it be treated?”

Abel shook his head helplessly. “This poison is called the Taut Snow Tree. It’s a poison that Hundred Bane Sect wields—virtually undetectable, it’s almost too late when it’s finally discovered. It’s ice-type, and only the golden sand of the northwest is needed to treat it in a day... judging the time since the poison took effect, it’s been almost a day now. You should arrange for his funeral matters.”

Abel sighed again and started to leave.

“Wait, what?!” Lothar hurried to stop him, pleading, “Please, Mr. Loggins! You have to do something. My brother has led a grand life, and he really doesn’t deserve such a horrible death! Just help him. I’ll agree to anything you might ask!”

Nearby, Ned could see the sincerity in Lothar’s gaze and sighed lengthily.

As biological brothers, the bond between Lothar and Ned’s father Ciril was genuinely fire forged.

In contrast, Yed was ready to frame him or even kill him just to succeed their father as head of the family.

Talk about lamentable.

That was when Ned suddenly touched his pocket and found a yellow pill, and he did a double take.

“Ice-type poison. Right!” He abruptly remembered the pill that Frank passed to him at the bar, calling it a Yellow Shrive or something, that would temporarily stop the poison and buy time.

With that in mind, he quickly took the pill out of his pocket.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 825-However, Yed saw Ned walking toward their father and taking out a yellow pill, and he promptly bellowed, “What do you think you’re doing?!”

Before Ned realized what was happening, Yed had leapt up, knocking the pill out of his hand and stamping it into pieces.

Naturally, his overreaction caught Abel and Lothar’s attention. “What? What’s going on here?”

“Uncle Lothar!” Yed bellowed as he pointed at the remains of the yellow pill.

“That bastard was going to feed father some poisoned pill, but I noticed in time and destroyed it!”

“It’s not poison!” Ned retorted loudly to clear the suspicion against him despite his doubts. “It’s a pill given to me by Mr. Lawrence! It can stop the poison and keep father alive for another few days!”

“Mr. Lawrence who?!” Paula chimed in, shrieking. “The way I see it, you’re worried that Mr. Loggins can save Ciril now that he’s here, and you want to poison him dead! You’re despicable!”

“I’m not!” Ned bellowed, wheezing.

“The proof is right here, and you’re still trying to lie your way out of this?!” Yed bellowed, grabbing him the wrist and squeezing.

Even as Ned dropped to his knees, sweating buckets in pain, Yed growled, “I guess this Mr. Lawrence who sold you the poison must be from Hundred Bane Sect! Do you really think that you can run after we saw what you did with our eyes?! Die!”

“Stop!” someone shouted before Yed could kill Ned.

Surprisingly, it was not Lothar but Abel.

He had hurried over and dropped to a crouch, brushing his finger over the remains of the pill and tasting it.

“What? Impossible!” he soon exclaimed in shock.

“What? Isn’t that poison, Mr. Loggins?” Lothar came over, frowning in worry.

“No... No! Far from it!” Abel shook his head repeatedly, his expression excited.

“It’s just... There’s hope for Mr. Janko yet!”

“What?!”

While everyone gaped in shock, Abel turned eagerly to Ned. “Young man, where did you get this pill?”

“Ah.” Ned was still stunned, surprised that a pill that Frank threw him so nonchalantly left a man with Abel’s reputation so enthusiastic.

He refrained from telling the whole story, frowning instead as he said, “My friend, Mr. Lawrence, gave it to me. He said it will work against ice-type poisons.”

“Exactly!” Abel nodded repeatedly as he pressed keenly, “Do you have more?”

“No, just the one...” Ned muttered blankly.

“Oh...” Abel appeared disappointed but turned towards Lothar urgently since that was not the point.

“Go! Gather what remains of the pill, mix it with water and feed it to your brother!”

“What?!” Lothar did a double take, surprised that the pill Ned took out would send Abel into such a frenzy.

Beside him, Yed asked in disbelief, “Are you sure, Mr. Loggins? That pill. Will it really save my father?”

“Why would I lie to you?” Abel snapped impatiently. “I remember reading it in an old medical text. It’s called the yellow something.”

“My friend called it the Yellow Shrive,” Ned suggested with perfect timing.

“Yes, that’s it!” Abel exclaimed

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 826-Abel was clicking his tongue, impressed. “The recipe for the Yellow Shrive should have been lost in time, only for me to encounter one here, today... The sun has yet to set on traditional Draconia medicine!”

“Traditional Draconia medicine?” Yed scoffed in obvious contempt.

Abel snorted in turn. “Boy, don’t think that traditional Draconia medicine loses out to foreign medicine. The only issue is that most of our discipline has been lost in time—otherwise, foreign medicine cannot even hope to catch up to our pride!”

“No, Mr. Loggins. I’m just curious,” Yed groaned. “From the way you said it before, my father’s condition was beyond saving, and now you’re saying that a

simple pill can bring him back to life?”

“Yes!” Abel exclaimed confidently.

With that, they watched as a servant picked up the powdered remains of the Yellow Shrive carefully.

However, just as he mixed it with water and was about to feed it to Ciril, Hal whipped out a pebble out of nowhere and threw it squarely at his face!

The servant fell with the bowl he was holding, its contents spilling everywhere— there was no recovering anything this time!

As everyone stared in shock and the air in the room turned stiff, Hal was laughing loudly and pointing at the servant. “Dad, just look at his face! Hahaha.

It’s killing me.”

Abel, fuming and bristling, bellowed, “It seems that the boy is too spoiled, and there’s no chance of saving Mr. Janko now. In that case, I have no reason to stay. Farewell!”

As Abel turned to leave, Hal was laughing even more loudly. “Oh, geezer! Why are you leaving? Aren’t you going to save Grandpa?”

“Bastard!” Lothar could kill Hal right then, but he had priorities and rushed to Abel, pleading, “Please, just wait. Mr. Loggins.”

Their voices faded into the distance, but Lothar eventually returned, scowling.

“Lothar? What did he say?” Paula asked tentatively Lothar merely shook his head, too frustrated to speak.

Meanwhile, the servant earlier was bawling in fear and slapping himself endlessly. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Janko! I-I deserve to die.”

“You mook! You can’t even hold a bowl steady!” Yed bellowed furiously. “What do I even keep you around for?! Someone get in here, and cut him into tiny pieces!”

“Hold it!”

Ned suddenly bellowed as he strode up, bracing himself against Yed’s glare.

He was suddenly no longer his usual stammering, cowering self as he demanded coolly, “What did he do wrong? Shouldn’t we be punishing a certain brat instead?!”

“What?!” Yed’s brow furrowed at his words, bellowing, “What the fuck did you just say, Ned?! I’ll kill you!”

“Funny, that’s what I was going to say!” Ned bellowed, pointing at Yed’s nose and scolding him back.

“Y-You... How dare you!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 827-Yed never expected Ned to fight back, and a death aura spilled out of him right there.

Paula joined in right then. “Watch your tongue, Ned! That’s your brother you’re talking to!”

“Eunuch!” Hal snapped too. “How dare you snap at my daddy! Die!”

The boy leapt forward, ready to hit Ned, when he suddenly bellowed, “Enough!”

Then, seizing Hal by the collar, Ned slapped Hal so heavily the boy was bleeding from the mouth, and immediately bawling in terror. “Daddy! Help me^”

Yed’s eyes went red as he bellowed, “Let him go! That’s an order, or I’m killing you right now!”

“Are you showing your true colors now?!” Paula shrieked as well.

“Fuck off! I’ve had enough of either of you!” Ned bellowed and turned toward Lothar. “You saw what happened, Uncle Lothar! You can see who’s not so keen to save, don’t you?!”

Lothar’s eyes flashed darkly in turn.

In a split second, he snatched Hal out of Ned’s grasp, and...

Smack!

Smack!

With two resounding slaps, the spoiled brat was knocked out.

“Uncle Lothar?!” Yed’s heart could break at the sight of Lothar’s violent punishment. “He’s just a child. He doesn’t know anything! How could you do this?!”

“It’s all your fault!” Ned bellowed in rage. “You spoiled him to no end, and now he ended up killing Father! If the worst happens, I swear you’ll be buried too!”

“Insolence! It seems I’ve been playing nice for too long!” Yed bellowed, his pure vigor bursting as he leapt up, ready to kill Ned.

However, Ned had been seething too—not longer holding back, he charged his vigor and met Yed’s oncoming blow!

Pow!

Knuckles collided, and Ned was sent stumbling backward and hitting a wall.

However, Yed was stunned too. “What.”

“Surprised, brother?!” Ned coolly spat out a mouthful of bloody spit as he straightened himself. “I’m Birthright rank too!”

“Enough!” Lothar strode up just then, standing between the brothers and snapping coolly, “How unseemly—your father is dying, and you boys are still bickering?!”

Once he ensured that both men were keeping a distance, Lothar turned to Ned.

“Where did your friend get that pill? Maybe you can contact him—ask if he has more. You can have a blank check as long as it saves your father.”

That was when Paula chimed in, “Did you forget, Lothar? The boy is still being suspected of poisoning Ciril. We should think about this.”

“Shut up!” Lothar wheeled on Paula right then, bellowing icily, “Do you have any ideas other than this? Or maybe you’re just not keen to save Ciril?!”

“I.”

Paula kept quiet right then, knowing that she should not press her luck.

Ned whipped out his phone in turn. “I’ll call Mr. Lawrence now, Uncle Lothar, but I’m unsure if he has more Yellow Shrives with him.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 828-Frank was taking Kat out on a joyride in his Maserati.

They had covered a lap around the outer reaches of Morhen and were returning to the cottage when he received Ned's call.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawrence, but I would like to ask for a favor..." Ned asked right away.

He certainly understood the true depth of Frank's abilities, now that even a famed healer like Abel Loggins was swooning over some traditional pill Frank took out so nonchalantly.

Knowing that Frank was far more than what he seemed, Ned kept his tone as humble as possible.

"Ah, Mr. Ned Janko." Frank nodded on the other end. "What's the issue?

Perhaps something unexpected happened, and my pill didn't work?"

Beside Frank, Kat exclaimed in surprise, "Ned Janko? As in the second son of Ciril Janko, who's rumored to be gay?!"

Smiling, she leaned away from Frank, as if deliberately keeping her distance.

"So that's how it is," she muttered under her breath. "That's why you're not interested in me. You're gay!"

"Shove it." Frank scowled at her.

At the same time, Ned said from the other end, "No, Mr. Lawrence. It's not the pill. It's just that things are a little complicated here. Do you have more of those pills?"

"Oh, uh." Frank was about to say that he did but soon had an idea. "That was the last one."

"What?!" Ned was taken aback and groaned despondently. "Well, I guess it's just not meant to be. I'm hanging up now, Mr. Lawrence."

"Wait!" Lothar cried anxiously before Ned could hang up. "Are you stupid, Ned?

If that gentleman could make such a pill, he just might be able to save your father!"

Snatching Ned's phone, Lothar then asked urgently but politely, "Sir. Mr.

Lawrence, I'm Lothar Janko. Would you mind coming over to our residence to treat my brother? Don't worry—I will pay you whether you succeed, as long as you come over. How about that?"

"Oh, just give it a rest." Paula rolled her eyes nearby, muttering under her breath. "You expect a piece of shit like Ned could actually make friends with anyone important? Sounds more like a conman to me."

"Exactly," Yed agreed. "Do you really think he can save Father, Uncle Lothar?"

That'd make him better than Abel Loggins, and I've never heard of such a person in Morhen. Stepmother is right—it has to be a conman."

Shut up, both of you!" Lothar barked, his eyes flashing murderously and silencing both men.

That was when Frank chuckled from the other end. "Heh. It sounds really lively on your end... Did someone just call me a conman?"

Embarrassed, Lothar replied humbly, "Oh, it's just some impudent whippersnappers running their mouths. Don't worry—we will pay you ten million dollars as long as you come, whatever happens!"

"What?! Ten million?!" Paula exclaimed in clear discontent.

She then wheeled on Ned, still doubtful the brat would know anyone important.

On the other end, Frank was grinning in amusement. "Actually, I don't mind helping, and I'm confident I can succeed—but my fee is one hundred million.

Also, it has to be the person who called me a conman who pays me. How about that?"

"Wha... a hundred million?!" Kat gaped beside Frank, even scratching her ears and wondering if she was hearing things.

"Who is this conman?" Yed glowered in turn. "He has the audacity to demand a hundred million?!"

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 829-Lothar turned toward Yed, asking coolly, "What's the problem, Yed? Is your father's life not worth a hundred million? Or maybe you never wanted him to be saved?!"

“W-What are you saying?!” Yed was sweating from his uncle’s icy glare and chuckling awkwardly. “Of course I want my dad to get better. I’m just worried that the conman would mess up and make things worse...”

“Hmm?” Frank murmured over the line just then. “It seems you’re not keen for my help. In that case, there’s nothing to discuss.”

“Wait!” Lothar cried before Frank could hang up. “Alright, a hundred million is it.

Yed agrees to it.”

Then, turning toward Yed with a murderous glare, he barked, “Say it!”

“Fine. a hundred million it is,” Yed replied, cursing Lothar inwardly.

If not for his uncle’s interference, he would have eliminated Ned by now and become the Jankos’ sole heir.

“Tut, tut. You sound so reluctant.” Frank chuckled, steering the car even as Kat gaped at him. “I’ve changed my mind now—I want 200 million.”

“What?!” Yed flew into a rage, grabbing the phone from Lothar and bellowing at Frank, “How dare you raise the price?! I’ll kill you! No one gets to mess with us Jankos in Morhen and live to tell the tale!”

Frank did not bother to threaten Frank in turn, instead saying slowly and nonchalantly, “400 million.”

“Son of a—”

“Eight hundred million.”

“Stop!” Yed was huffing even as he braced himself against Lothar’s murderous glare, crying, “Fine! Eight hundred million, that’s the deal! I’ll pay you if you save my father, alright?!”

Frank laughed. “Now that’s a good boy. Send me the address.”

Yed certainly felt humiliated, though he was also celebrating inwardly.

Eight hundred million? So what? He would never get paid once he came within Janko Gardens.

At that point, he was the one who called the shot!

Yed's mind steeled with savagery at the very thought!

Woah." Kat was gasping as Frank's Maserati sterned inside Janko Gardens soon enough.

She had never seen anything like this. The gardens seemed to stretch on forever, and it was in Morhen where every acre of land was worth its weight in gold!

In fact, Frank had to drive for another ten minutes after passing the front gates before reaching an actual building.

"So this is how Morhen's upper class live? It's just... Urgh." Kat was left at a loss for words, looking everywhere in curiosity.

She appeared even more of a bumpkin than Frank, even though Frank was the one who came from elsewhere.

Eventually, they arrived at a white mansion, where Ned and his family were on hand to receive him.

Frank could guess the relationship implied almost in an instant.

"Hmph. I knew he was a conman. He looks so young." Paula was sneering nearby.

Yed certainly agreed, and even Lothar could not help frowning.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 830-Everyone was scowling harder especially when they saw Kat—a brat looking around, curious about everything around her.

On the other hand, Ned did not hesitate and approached Frank right away.

"Welcome, Mr. Lawrence," Ned greeted Frank, while adding under his breath, "My answer to your proposal before... Please, you have to save my father."

"Yeah." Frank flashed an assuring smile at him and clapped him on the shoulder.

Kat smiled awkwardly when she saw that, and Frank shot her a sideways glare, knowing what was on her mind.

Lothar chuckled heartily and greeted Frank as well. "So you must be the Mr.

Lawrence that Ned has been talking about? May I have the honor of your name?"

Frank nodded and replied neutrally, "Frank Lawrence."

"Frank Lawrence.?" Lothar was disappointed inwardly since he had never heard of the name, but he hid it well.

After Frank entered the mansion with both men, Abel returned.

Yed had sent for him—he was keen to see if Ned's friend would actually walk his talk.

And if the brat was lying, Yed knew that Abel would be able to tell immediately.

With that, he would be able blame Ned and the brat for everything and send the family returns to take them down!

On the other hand, Abel was not plotting.

As soon as he arrived, he approached Frank, greeting him politely and asking, "Mr. Lawrence, may I ask if you were the one who refined that Yellow Shrive pill?"

"Yes." Frank nodded.

"Oh." Abel nodded but was already skeptical.

He had presumed that it was Frank's mentor or someone senior who cooked the Yellow Shrive, and he was now dead sure that Frank was just bluffing.

"If I may be frank, wasn't the Yellow Shrive a lost recipe in traditional Draconia medicine?" he asked vaguely. "You're so young—"

"Oh, so you're doubting me, sir?" Frank turned toward him with an enigmatic smile.

"No, of course not. I'm just curious." Abel smiled and sighed. "I can see that the pill was refined masterfully, and not the work of youth—"

“Nothing’s impossible.” Frank waved him off impatiently. “I was asked here to treat a patient, not to be doubted. And since none of you trust me, I shall make myself scarce.”

Nodding, he started to leave, but Ned quickly stopped him with an apologetic smile. “Please calm down, Mr. Lawrence. They’re just wary since you’re very young—it’s only normal.”

Lothar agreed. “Ned’s right. Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence—I have no intention of doubting you. Come this way.”

On the other hand, Yed waited and as Frank and the others headed to Ciril’s bedroom before catching Abel by the arm and asking under his breath, “What do you think about the boy, Mr. Loggins?”

“I can’t say...” Abel frowned, shaking his head. “The way I see it, he’s most likely not a proper healer since he didn’t bring a single medical tool. There’s a good chance he wasn’t the one who refined that Yellow Shrive too.”

“So, you’re saying.” Yed trailed off, delight already showing on his face.

“Yeah.” Abel nodded. “He’s most likely a conman. He must have gotten that pill from elsewhere and is hoping to cozy up to your brother.”

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage [On-Going]

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The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage Chapter 831-That certainly made sense—a piece of shit like Ned would never encounter someone more impressive than Abel.

If that young man was really as impressive as he bragged, why was he not famous?

With that in mind, Yed stared at Frank from the back, sneering coldly.

Eight million? More like poetic justice!

If Frank never insulted him, Yed would have been content with giving the conman beating and throwing him out of his mansion.

However, Frank's pompous attitude had thoroughly left Yed incensed—and no one insulted the Jankos and got away with it!

- Soon, the Jankos were once again gathered in Ciril's bedroom.

Frank strode up to Ciril, and with just a single look, shook his head and said, "Taut Snow Tree—one of Hundred Bane Sect's finest. The Yellow Shrive would only have kept Mr. Janko alive for a few days instead of clearing it completely."

Abel frowned right then—could he have been mistaken?

The way the kid identified the poison right away and without closer inspection...

It was simply outrageous!

Perhaps he was really as good as he bragged too?

That was when Yed chuckled coolly. "Mr. Loggins has already identified the poison. I'm sure Ned told you—quit being dramatic already."

"I see." Abel nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

After all, he would really be humiliated if some youth diagnosed Ciril quicker than he did.

That was when Ned began, "I never told—"

Frank raised a hand, stopping him. "It's fine. It's not important."

Sweeping his gaze over everyone, he said nonchalantly, "I can treat this poison, but I will need five silver needles—one thick and four thin. And boil a bucket of hot water. Do it right now."

"You heard the man! Go!" Lothar barked at the servants right then.

He was sweating all over his brow, feeling cornered just then.

If anything, he was the one in the room who was most reluctant to let Ciril die.

Their fire-forged brother aside, if Ciril really died, an upheaval would ensue for the Jankos.

With Ciril's leadership as an Ascendant rank gone, the family's retainers would quickly disband and leave, while the rest of them would be reduced to a succulent chunk of meat that the other families would drool over.

At that point, forget their pursuit to rise as one of the Four Families of Morhen— their survival in Morhen would actually be called into question.

That was why Lothar was hoping that something was better than nothing.

Even if Frank was bragging endlessly and he had his misgivings about the boy, he did as told.

If Abel Loggins—Morhen's most famous healer—was helpless, whatever could he do?

As the servants brought everything Frank asked for, he said, "Everyone, keep your distance."

Without hesitation, he pinched one of the thin needles and projected his pure vigor, directing it to spiral around the tip of the needle.

"What..?"

Lothar's eyes widened in disbelief at the sight of Frank's technique.

Only Birthright ranks were capable of purifying vigor and projecting it.

The fact that this youth could do it meant he was one at his young age, which set him on the same level as the other heirs of the Four Families of Morhen!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 832-Moreover, there was mastery in the way Frank directed his pure vigor—even the average Birthright rank would never accomplish that!

"Could he have completed Birthright rank?" Lothar murmured.

While his own hunch shocked him, his heart was also suddenly welling up with hope.

The kid just might be able to save his brother's life!

"Bastard."

On the other hand, Yed's pupils dilated as he watched Frank perform acupuncture.

The brat was Birthright rank too? Did that mean he was actually capable of saving Ciril?!

The thought left him anxious right then!

Beside him, Abel's doubt toward Frank was completely dispelled even as he watched him and murmured, "The Five Plum Spiritus technique...?!"

It took one to know one, and Abel's face paled as he watched Frank work on Ciril.

He was suddenly remorseful, since he had been rude to the boy!

He was still stubborn about asking Frank the identity of his mentor, or where he had gotten the Yellow Shrive from.

But now, it was obvious that Frank was telling the truth, and that he was the one who refined the Yellow Shrive!

After all, the Five Plum Spiritus acupuncture technique was one of the most sublime disciplines in traditional Draconia medicine, but it had been lost for over a century.

Abel himself had read about it from some yellowed, shriveled text but could never master it. It was not until much later that he realized that it required the complement of pure vigor.

Martial arts and traditional Draconia medicine was inseparable, they used to say.

Now, Abel more or less understood why such a profound tradition would be lost in time—most of the medical techniques required one to be a martial artist!

Individuals who could master medicine and martial arts at the same time were assuredly a rarity. but there was one now, standing right before Abel!

He was thoroughly disappointed in himself right then—if only he had shown Frank more respect earlier!

"Here, and here."

Meanwhile, Frank was busy inserting the thin needles across Ciril's chest before thrusting the thickest at the center in the shape of a plum.

Then, pulling Ciril up so that he was sitting up, Frank moved behind him and struck him rapidly, repeatedly and audibly with two fingers.

While everyone looked on in shock, Abel could see what Frank was doing.

His legs almost buckled and he almost dropped to his knees.

“The Pathos Seal? Yet another lost technique!” he cried. “So it really exists... not just in texts! Heavens, who is this boy?!”

Abel’s reaction left Yed on edge right then—it was clear that Frank was skilled, but he was not about to let him save that geezer!

Yed gritted his molars and narrowed at his own son Hal.

Soon, Frank stopped after striking Ciril’s back one last time, causing him to vomit a pool of black, clotted blood.

Then, turning toward Ned, he snapped, “Splash the hot water on his face now!”

Ned did not hesitate to carry out his orders, but Yed stopped him even as he raised the bucket.

“What do you think you’re doing?!” Yed bellowed. “That water was just boiled!

Don’t you know what happens if you splash it on your father’s face?!”

“Buzz off!” Ned shoved him away, not interested in playing along with Yed’s whims any longer.

He splashed the bucket of boiling water on Ciril’s face, and Ciril suddenly screamed, “Argh!!!”

The room was left in an uproar as steam swirled in the air.

“See what you’ve done?!” Yed seized Ned by the collar right then. “That settles it. You were definitely trying to kill our father!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 833-See what you’ve done?!” Yed seized Ned by the collar right then. “That settles it. You were definitely trying to kill our father!”

However, Lothar exclaimed in surprise before Yed could hit Ned. “Stop! Look!”

Everyone looked where Lothar pointed.

Then, they saw that Ciril's face was shedding black ice shards all over the floor where the boiling water had made contact.

"What? How..." Yed was stunned.

Ned freed himself from his grasp, sneering. "It seems that you're the one who doesn't want Father saved, Yed!"

"What." Yed was left speechless.

"Watch your mouth, Ned!" Paula promptly leapt to Yed's defense. "He's worried about your father. Why would he try to hurt your father?"

"Exactly!" Yed nodded despite his gnawing guilt.

On the other hand, seeing that his work was done, Frank breathed a soft sigh and lowered Ciril, allowing him to lay in bed.

A healthy red had returned to Ciril's cheeks too—a far cry from the purple complexion earlier. Although he was still unconscious, it was clear that he was normal again.

"Alright, my work is done," Frank said as he took a towel from a servant to wipe his hands.

Looking around at the Jankos, he pointed at Ciril and said, "Mr. Janko will wake up in half an hour. Make sure not to touch him at that time, or the collision of animus would lead to unforeseen consequences."

Abel hurried to Ciril's side just then, carefully inspecting Ciril's breathing and complexion.

Then, as everyone looked on in shock, the most famous healer of Morhen dropped to his knees in front of Frank!

"Mr. Lawrence." He apologized earnestly, "I have been ignorant and insulted you before. Please, forgive me!"

Lothar was speechless. "Mr. Loggins, what."

“Don’t worry.” Abel nodded at him. “Your brother is fine—as Mr. Lawrence has said, he’ll be up in half an hour.”

Then, turning back to Frank, he kowtowed at his feet and said, “I, Abel Loggins, have spent my life pursuing traditional Draconia medicine... To meet you today is more than what I could ever hope for! Please take me as your apprentice!”

Seeing a man in his eighties kowtowing humbly to a twentyish year old youth certainly left the Jankos dumbfounded, but Frank appeared nonchalant, as if he was used to it.

In fact, he was even waving off Abel. “Forget. You’re too old and your talent is mediocre. You’re beneath my tutelage.”

“What?!”

Frank’s words left the crowd petrified.

Abel Loggins, the most famous, and undisputed best healer of Morhen, was just labeled mediocre?!

What was more, Frank had told Abel that he was beneath his tutelage!

No matter how one looked at it, Frank’s arrogance was too much!

However, Abel was the only one in the room who understood what Frank really meant—he was accomplished in medicine, but he was also completely inept in martial arts.

And being as old as he was, he was certainly not qualified.

“Oh, that’s not what I mean, Mr. Lawrence,” Abel said politely nonetheless. “I’m not so greedy that I’d want to learn your marital techniques—I’d just like to learn some traditional medicine, such as pill refinement.”

“Don’t you feel embarrassed, as an old man kneeling to a kid?”

Frank smiled vaguely as he stared downward at Abel, who was still on his knees.

“Seniority doesn’t matter when it comes to knowledge.” Abel simply shrugged. “I may be old, but I’m no more than an ignorant child in your presence, Mr.

Lawrence. What's embarrassing about that?"

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 834-Abel then finished, "All I ask is for some pointers from you, Mr. Lawrence, and me and my family shall always be indebted to your generous favor."

"Your family?" Frank became interested just then.

Ned hurried to him, explaining, "Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Loggins' family is a dynasty of doctors and healers. They are the top family in Morhen when it comes to the medical field, owning hospitals and apothecaries."

"I see..." Frank stroked his chin, more or less hatching an idea.

He would probably fail if he stood against the Lionhearts and the Turnbolls on his own. But that might not be the case with Ned and his family's help.

As for the Loggins, they seemed to hold considerable influence in Morhen as a family of doctors, and Frank would certainly like to make their acquaintance should there be an opportunity.

With that in mind, he nodded. "I can see that you're very sincere—just leave me your address. I'll visit some time when I'm free."

"Wonderful!"

Abel's beard was bristling from his excitement, and he promptly whipped out his business card and passed it to Frank. "My family resides in Inner West Morhen.

You can visit me at Loggins Apothecary if you'd like to meet me. No one will stop you if you show this business card."

"Got it." Frank nodded and accepted the business card.

"In that case, I shall bid my leave," Abel said and bowed to Frank again before hurrying away.

It was clear that he was an important and busy man, but his smile to Frank was not fake at all. It was his lifelong ambition to study traditional Draconia medicine, and he could not wait to tell his family about this chance encounter now that his wish was fulfilled.

Frank then turned toward the scowling Yed. “What are you spacing out for?”

Having read the body language and general behavior of everyone in the room, Frank had already seen through Yed’s intentions. As such, he was not about to give up on an opportunity to help Ned to succeed his father.

“What?” Yed spaced out for a moment when he realized that Frank was looking at him.

“Where’s the agreed reward?” Frank leveled him a look of glee. “Eight hundred million dollars. No more, no less.”

Oh, right. I’ll have someone bring it right away, Mr. Lawrence.” Lothar quickly said.

Having seen how Abel reacted to Frank, he was not about to be glib with the man, just as he had no reason to spare expense now that his brother would hopefully make a full recovery.

And for any family big enough to reach prominence in Morhen? Eight hundred million dollars was really nothing.

However, Frank waved Lothar off and pointed straight at Yed. “Did you forget? I asked him to pay.”

“What...” Yed almost flew to a rage as Frank was leveling a provoking glare at him.

Being the heir apparent of the Jankos, he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth—no one had ever insulted him or pointed at him like that!

And judging from Frank’s behavior, it was clear that the kid meant to insult him!

Still, he took a deep breath and merely growled hostilely, “M-Mr. Lawrence, my father is still unconscious, and you’re asking for the money already?”

“What is this, Yed?!” Lothar snapped in displeasure. “Are you doubting Abel Loggins?”

“No,” Yed retorted coolly. “I trust Mr. Loggins, but I don’t trust some brat who came out of nowhere. What are we supposed to do if he takes the money and runs before father actually makes a full recovery?”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 835-Yed’s concern was actually reasonable, and Lothar paused in thought.

“The way I see it, he must be in league with Abel Loggins.” Paula laughed coolly just then. “He must be using some misdirection trick on the laymen like us. I think Ciril was never cured at all!”

“Exactly. I think so too.” Yed sneered.

“So you’re not going to pay me?” Frank’s tone became threatening, taking a step forward.

“And what are you going to do about it? You’re in my house!” Yed snapped back and beckoned.

Several Janko retainers loyal to Yed strode out, their death aura spilling.

Frank turned to Lothar right then. “Mr. Janko, is this how your family treats guests? And the man who saved the head of the family at that?”

Lothar did a double take but quickly reasoned, “Please calm down, Mr.

Lawrence. I can see that you’ve cured my brother, and there was no mistaking it. And I’ve also promised that you’d be paid whether you succeed, as long as you come over.”

Wheeling on Yed with a vicious glare right then, he barked, “Yed!”

Unable to refuse, Yed could only snort and push off the retainers flanking him.

“Come here.” He beckoned at Frank. “Uncle Lothar had spoken—I’ll get you your money.”

“I’m coming with you,” Ned said, walking toward them.

“Do whatever you like.” Yed snorted, able to see that Ned was wary of him.

He subtly whipped out his phone and texted someone before leading Ned and Frank to a limousine waiting to take them to another mansion.

Once they stopped outside the five-story mansion, Yed said coolly, “Wait here.

I’ll get a check.”

He entered the mansion and soon returned, throwing the check at Frank.

“Take it. Now, piss off.” Yed snorted haughtily, as if he was giving alms.

Frank picked up the check to see that it was just a million and scowled as he looked up at Yed. “What’s the meaning of this?”

“It’s exactly what it looks like.” Yed shrugged. “A mongrel like you deserves that much. Go on, refuse to take it—see what happens.” “Yed!” Ned strode up, glaring at Yed furiously. “You agreed to pay Mr. Lawrence 800 million! Don’t you dare go back on your word.”

“Eight hundred million?!” Yed laughed coldly. “Would he even have the balls to take it?! This is my house—what I say goes! And there’s no telling if father actually gets better, so why should I pay him?! You can pay him if you want!”

“You little...” Ned was frustrated.

Any business or property he had were constantly stolen by Yed, and he would never afford that 800 million even if he did have some savings.

He turned toward Frank, helpless as he sighed, “I’m really sorry, Mr. Lawrence. I only have around 500 million. But don’t worry, I will get you your money.”

Frank shook his head, however, and smiled at Yed instead. “I said 800 million, no more, no less. And you’re the one paying me. I won’t take any money from Ned.”

Yed narrowed his eyes dangerously right then. “How dare you speak to me like that in my house?! You’ll pay for your insolence!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 836-As the retainers and bodyguards loyal to Yed encircled Ned and Frank menacingly, Ned snapped at Yed, “What is the meaning of this?!”

“What, you ask? Haha!” Yed laughed loudly and coldly. “I won’t hide it from you now, dear brother—yes, I was the one who poisoned our father! It’s his fault for choosing you as his successor! He’s asking for it! Also, it’s not just me. Paula is in this too! She’s the one who personally did it!”

“What...” Ned blurted, looking around as Yed’s men closed in on him in shock and rage. “Have you forgotten Uncle Lothar?! If he finds out about this—”

“Oh, don’t worry. That fool would never know.” Yed sneered savagely. “Still, he did mess up my plans a little, wasting so much of my time. I would’ve turned on

him right away if he didn’t bring those retainers with him!”

“But that’s fine—I made a deal with Sif Lionheart, and she’ll soon be here with the Lionhearts’ best men. Once they killed Lothar, I’ll succeed Father as the next head of the Janko family! I did not want to do this. You all made me do this!”

Ned was left dumbstruck by the extent of Yed’s treachery.

“The Lionhearts?!” he bellowed. “When?! Have you forgotten Father’s teachings?!”

“You can shove your teachings up your ass!” Yed shot back in disdain. “Might make right—since father refused to appoint me as his successor, I just have to take it! He should have known this would happen when he chose you instead!”

“Yed. You traitor!” Ned yelled furiously.

“Hah! You’re the only traitor—you can rot in a grave like the queer you really are!” Yed laughed and turned toward his men. “Go! Kill them both!”

At his orders, the thirtyish bodyguards and three Birthright rank Janko retainers charged toward Ned and Frank.

“I’m so sorry for dragging you into this, Mr. Lawrence,” Ned apologized, even as he unleashed a burst of pure vigor that covered himself. “Don’t worry. I’ll clear a path so you can run!”

“So this is the Jankos’ technique?”

Frank paused when he saw the yellow projection in the shape of a tortoise around Ned but soon chuckled. “Actually, Mr. Janko, I won’t let you die yet. I’m still counting on your family’s assistance soon. And don’t worry, they can’t do anything to you as long as I’m here!”

“Still talking tough?! Go!” Yed barked from a distance.

An ashen-haired man aged around forty—one of the Birthright rank Janko retainers—leapt up into the air right then, charging pure vigor beneath his soles that spiraled into a miniature vortex.

“Hillstepper!” he bellowed as he launched a kick at Frank’s face, the air cracking as he tore toward him.

“Watch out!” Ned cried out on top of his lungs.

“Paltry tricks... Hah!” Frank bellowed as he suddenly lifted the limousine nearby and flung it at the oncoming retainer!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 837-“What?!”

“What is that brute strength?!”

The Janko bodyguards could feel their hearts clenching when they saw the sheer power Frank fought with.

Even Ned was left stunned for half a beat as he stood right beside Frank!

On the other hand, the Birthright rank Janko retainers were unfazed—they were no pushovers.

After all, they were the backbone of the Jankos’ strength as they rose as one of the Four Families of Morhen, replacing the mysterious Lawrence family.

As everyone watched, the ashen-haired retainer stayed on course, kicking the limousine thrown at him in two.

As he landed and looked around for Frank, he abruptly felt a cold burst of air on his cheek.

“Huh?”

Before he could turn, Frank’s foot was on his check, launching him into the air, spinning violently as he coughed liters of blood.

“What?!”

Yed, who had been watching all along, did not even notice when Frank appeared mid-air.

“He’s so fast”

The two remaining Birthright rank Janko retainers did, however. They more or less saw Frank vaulting into the air right behind the limousine after he threw it and were left stunned!

“What are you spacing out for?! Go!” Yed bellowed at the retainers when he saw them hesitate.

“Hah!” the white-haired elderly retainer barked as his palms moved rapidly, blurring in motion as he streaked toward where Frank was landing.

The other retainer clenched his fingers like claws, aiming them at Frank’s eyes as he followed his comrade.

“Weak and insignificant!” Frank bellowed as he descended from above, putting his psalm together.

“Boltsmacker!”

Two purple lightning bolts shout out despite the bright blue sky, and there was a resounding clap of thunder as Frank released both palms!

“What was that?!”

Lothar Janko, who was staying by his brother’s bed, noticed the lightning bolts.

The rumbling thunder soon resounded not too far from the main Janko mansion.

“Was that... an Ascendant rank fighting?!” Lothar murmured in shock, his fingers clawing into the bedpost.

The elderly Janko retainer with him shook his head solemnly. “No. That’s no mere Ascendant rank. The martial technique he used employs the world’s energies. He’s closing in on Transcendent rank!”

“What? Who other than Ciril could’ve gone that far?!” Lothar exclaimed, but he was suddenly furious when he saw where the lightning bolts landed. “Isn’t that Yed’s mansion? Is he fighting Mr. Lawrence?!”

However, while Lothar and the Janko retainers were distracted, they did not notice the child sneaking up to Ciril’s bed.

Then, jumping on top of Ciril’s body, he started laughing as he hopped repeatedly on top of Ciril!

“Blargh!”

It was not until Ciril coughed a large volume of blood that everyone turned and saw Hal Janko, covered in blood and sitting on top of Ciril in confusion.

“You wretch!” Lothar’s eyes widened in sheer rage as he lunged toward Ciril’s bed, seizing Hal by the neck and ready to strangle him!

“Lothar!” At the same time, the elderly retainer from earlier cried out in shock as he leapt toward Lothar, pushing him out of the way.

Bang!

The elderly retainer caught the full brunt of a palm strike in his chest right then and was sent crashing through the bedroom wall, screaming.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 838-“Brother!” Lothar cried, unable to keep strangling Hal as he dropped to the floor.

When he looked up, he saw that Ciril was suddenly on his feet. However, his hair and beard were standing on ends and his eyes were thoroughly red, his veins throbbing like a raging beast.

“He’s gone amok...?!”

Even as the word came to mind, Lothar was left watching as Ciril launched a punch at him on the floor.

“Move!”

Lothar threw Hal aside as he barrel rolled out of the way, dodging Ciril’s punch by inches. which left a meter-deep crater on the floor.

“Brother, it’s me, Lothar! Get a hold of yourself!” Lothar cried out anxiously.

His words did not seem to reach Ciril, however.

If anything, it made Ciril even more violent.

He bellowed again and kept attacking Lothar.

“Go. Get Mr. Lawrence!” Lothar shouted to the retainers nearby even as he parried Cyril’s assault. “T-Tell him that Hal ruined his treatment. Cyril has gone amok!”

Meanwhile, Frank was slowly rising off the ground in front of Yed’s mansion.

Beside him lay the two pompous Birthright rank Janko retainers, their bodies charred and themselves unconscious, barely breathing.

“Anyone else? Come on, then,” Frank challenged, looking around pointedly at the bodyguards around him.

They were all mostly vigor wielders and were naturally trading glances, none of them daring to take a step forward to challenge Frank.

Just look at the three Birthright rank Janko retainers—two were on the ground, charred after being struck by lightning bolts.

And the other one? He was sent flying somewhere, his fate unknown.

Having seen the depth of Frank’s power, none of the bodyguards dared to mess about since none of them were suicidal!

In the distance, Yed was even more shocked than they were.

He knew that Frank was strong and possibly a Birthright rank. Naturally, he was confident he could handle Frank with his three loyal Birthright rank retainers— and including himself, that would pit Frank against four.

He just did not expect Frank to destroy the three retainers in an instant, and he could still see the moment Frank unleashed the wrath of the skies against them.

He realized right then that Frank could well be Ascendant rank... Which meant that small fries like them would stand a chance!

“He was just faking?!” He swore under his breath, his legs shaking uncontrollably. “I shouldn’t have sent the other retainers away!”

He had kept only retainers loyal to him in Janko Gardens, sending everyone else away for misdirection, so that they thought they were facing an enemy from the outside. Moreover, the ones who stayed were Birthright rank and should have been enough to handle any problems.

But Frank had to show up out of nowhere, not only bringing Ciril back from the dead, but also proving himself a formidable Ascendant rank!

What a blunder!

Yed's spite for Frank was ablaze—if not for him, his plan would have succeeded!

"I guess your boys are scared." Frank gloated as he looked around at the bodyguards who kept withdrawing and turned toward Yed with a sneer. "So, Mr.

Janko. Time to pay up. or perhaps you have more retainers up your sleeve?"

As Frank strode toward Yed, the bodyguards in the way backed off, clearing a path for Frank straight toward Yed

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 839—"Frank Lawrence."

Yed did not run.

He was a martial artist too, though he also knew that he would never escape an Ascendant rank, which Frank was.

Composing himself, he growled through his teeth despite his reluctance, "I'll pay you your 800 million. But you have to promise that you'll leave my house right away and never meddle in my family's business!"

"Mr. Lawrence..." Ned was left flustered—he would be killed if Frank really left for that money!

To his dismay, Frank stopped and leveled an impassive look at Yed. "Really?"

"Of course," Yed said. "I'm the next head of the Janko family, and my word is golden."

In Yed's mind, overflowing glee was quickly replacing his panic as he realized Frank was just a fool who got involved for money.

Losing 800 million dollars while he turned the tables against everyone and became the next head of the Janko family? That was no loss at all!

In fact, once his succession was complete, he could repay Frank with this humiliation!

This time, Yed even had a servant fetch a checkbook to avoid suspicion and personally wrote it himself before handing it to Frank. “Here’s 800 million—don’t lose it.”

Frank took the check, nodded, and slid it into his pocket.

Yed laughed coldly, turning toward Ned, whose cheeks paled in despair.

“So, isn’t it time you leave?” he then asked Frank.

“Why should I leave?” Frank suddenly said.

Yed did a double take, and soon, his sense of danger seized him. “We agreed that I’ll pay you 800 million, and you won’t meddle in my family’s business!”

“Have I ever agreed to that?” Frank asked and turned towards a confused Ned, adding, “Have I ever agreed to anything he said earlier?”

Ned’s eyes lit up, his courage flaring even as he was awash with gratitude.

Now, he had truly realized Frank was worth depending on—he did not turn his back on him for money!

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “You never promised him anything, Mr.

Lawrence.”

“Exactly,” Frank said quietly, turning back to the dumbstruck Yed. “That’s my consultation fee—it’s what I deserve.” “Also…” he added, pulling out the million-dollar check from earlier and sliding it into Yed’s coat pocket before clapping him on the shoulder, “I’m a man of my word. You overpaid me, so I’m returning it to you now.

“You bastard.” Yed finally realized that Frank was messing with him all along.

“You’ve really done it now, Frank Lawrence! Do you know what will happen if you upset me?!”

“To be honest?” Frank shook his head. “I don’t.”

“Hah! You’ll see when the Lionhearts arrive!” Yed growled through gritted teeth, like a wolf ready to strike.

“Oh, don’t bother.” Frank shook his head, grinning at Yed. “I don’t know what you’re up to—all I know is that you’re in deep shit.”

“What—”

Before Yed could finish, Frank had punched him in the gut, shattering his meridian nexus into tiny pieces.

“Blargh!” Yed coughed out a mouthful of dark-red blood.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 840-“Blargh!”

Yed coughed out a mouthful of dark-red blood as he dropped on his rear, glaring at Frank in disbelief even as he shook with rage. “Y-You crippled my cultivation!

H-How dare...”

“You talk too much.”

Frank shook his head and slapped him across the face right then, sending several bleeding teeth flying. “You’re traitorous scum who conspired to kill your own father. Nah, you’re actually an insult to scum.”

Yed would never have dreamed that Frank would actually hit him. He screamed hysterically despite his missing teeth, “Y-You hit me! I’ll kill you! I’m the next

head of the Janko family! This is my house. You’re dead!”

“Whatever.”

Frank turned, shaking his head as he walked up to Ned and clapped him on the shoulder. “Go on, Mr. Janko. I’m sure you need to vent.”

“Yeah.” Ned nodded.

He had certainly had enough of this brother who bullied and humiliated him ever since a child. Even though he had gone the extra mile to make sure he did not upset Yed, handing over any family estate or business he was given under coercion, even going public that he was gay to avoid leaving a progeny to elude his brother’s wariness, Yed kept abusing him anyway.

And Ned had been holding back those grievances for twenty years!

Walking up to his brother, Ned breathed a deep sigh. “Yed.”

“Don’t you dare.” Yed still snapped at Ned despite everything. “If you lay a finger on me now, I swear I’ll cut your balls off! You could only wish you were dead!”

“Uh-huh.”

Ned allowed Yed to finish threatening him, even nodding along.

Eventually, he asked quietly, “Are you done?”

“Huh.?” Yed felt a pang of terror as he stared at Ned.

Suddenly, all of Ned’s cowardly demeanor was gone, and Yed was reminded of that conversation he had with their father.

- Ciril was sitting behind his desk, speaking quietly. “Yed, I’m going to appoint Ned as my successor.”

His words caught Yed off guard.

“That eunuch?! Why?! How am I not better?! Do you really hold so much grievance against me?!”

Why?! Why?! Would their father choose a loser like Ned for his successor?!

“Because he shows more potential, and he understands patience and the big picture—” Yed could not remember the rest.

At that very moment, his heart was consumed by jealousy, rage, confusion, and madness.

All he knew was that he shall rise as the next head of the Janko family, no matter what it took!

Pow!

“Argh!!!”

Yed’s mind was yanked back to the present even as he felt the agony between his legs.

He was then left staring at his loser brother, who had kicked him wildly in the groin, breaking his family jewels!

The sheer agony left Yed blacking out.

When he came to his senses again and saw him bleeding from his pants, his eyes flashed with madness and hatred. “Fuck you, Ned—”

Pow!

Ned kicked him squarely in the nuts again, this time completely cutting off any chance for Yed to procreate.

Even as Yed could die from the pain, Ned seized him by the hair, lifting him to eye level as he spoke so icily Yed could feel chills.

“How about that, Yed? Who’s the eunuch now?”