

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage 841-860

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The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage Chapter 841-“Ned... I’ll kill you... You—”

Ned punched Yed in the face even before Yed could finish threatening him, sending Yed slamming into the ground.

Yed’s bodyguards rushed forward, ready to save him, only to see Frank shifting his weight between his legs.

“You can keep coming if you don’t mind dying.”

The bodyguards all paused right then in fear, caught in a dilemma as they watched Frank fold his arms before his chest.

That was when a mini tram bounded down the cobblestone path and a Janko retainer leapt out.

“M-Mr. Lawrence!” he cried. “Ciril Janko has gone amok—please, you have to help him!”

“Amok?” Frank frowned, his expression suddenly cool. “I was very clear about not touching him. Did you not follow my instructions?”

“W-We did.” the retainer paused awkwardly. “But we were distracted for a moment, and Hal climbed on top of Ciril, and.”

“Save it.” Frank waved him off. “I get the idea. It was planned ahead anyway.”

Frank then turned toward Yed, whom Ned had clobbered into a pulp and was barely breathing. “Even the brat’s shenanigans were probably deliberate—Yed here had most likely put him up to it.”

“Yed put him up to it.? Oh!” It was only then that the retainer saw Yed, held by the collar by Ned. “W- What’s the meaning of this, Ned?”

“It’s exactly as you can see!” Ned bellowed.

He was just feeling spirited from immense catharsis, his chest feeling light never before.

Turning toward the retainer, he flashed a cool smile and said, “Yed here has already confessed to poisoning our father. but that’s not all. He was ready to kill both myself and Mr. Lawrence here and would have succeeded if not for Mr.

Lawrence. Father would have died with the truth eternally buried!”

Then, turning to Yed’s bodyguards, he bellowed with strength and authority that he long kept concealed, “I’m now asking all of you as the next head of the Janko family: Was there a single lie in my words? Confess!”

His pressure overwhelmed Yed’s bodyguards right then, and all of them dropped to their knees.

“Y-Yes.”

“Yed Janko has admitted that he poisoned Master Janko.”

Seeing that they were not confessing under coercion and instead out of guilt, the Janko retainer turned in disbelief toward Yed. “What on earth... How could you do this, Yed?! He’s your father! He treasured you so much—how could you be so heinous?!” “That’s enough,” Frank said, stopping them. “I’m leaving to check on Mr. Janko now. And Ned, don’t kill your brother yet—we still need his confession. And from what I can see, even your stepmother was involved.”

Ned did a double take, his expression troubled by Frank’s instructions.

Though Yed remained silent throughout, Ned kicked him as hard as he could once again.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 842-Ned spat, “Guess you’re lucky this time!”

“Oof—”

Yed coughed blood as he collapsed, unconscious.

Frank and the Janko retainer then hurried into the mini tram that the latter came on and returned to the main Janko mansion.

“Whoa...” Frank was actually surprised to see only half the mansion was left standing.

At the same time, Ciril's wild rampage was still continuing, and most of the Janko retainers Lothar brought were either dead or maimed.

Even if Ciril was saved, the damage to his family was already done.

"Is Mr. Lawrence here yet?!" Lothar shouted when he saw the mini tram return, wiping the blood off his lips and appearing guilty when he saw Frank.

If only he had known that Hal would ruin everything. He should have just killed that brat from the start and be done with it!

"Please, Mr. Lawrence," he cried. "You have to help us! Save my brother!"

"Ciril." Frank appeared shocked even as he watched Ciril Janko from afar.

The man's skin was beet red as he fought several Ascendant rank Janko retainers at the same time.

One would expect nothing less from the Jankos—one of Morhen's most illustrious families—just as Ciril's place as their leader was undisputed.

The sheer depth of his strength—even in the absence of a rational mind, or the boost of pure vigor—was quickly wearing down the Ascendant rank Janko retainers.

Lothar could certainly see that Frank was impressed and promptly pleaded, "That's my brother for you. That's why he's one of the high elders in the Martial Alliance and one of their best fighters. If he falls, our family could well fall apart."

"That's why I'm begging you, Mr. Lawrence. Help him. Just get him back to normal, and I'll pay you another 800 million. No, even eight billion is not out of the question!"

"Pfft. Don't tell me that the check is going to bounce too, just like Yed's?"

Somehow, Frank found it appropriate to chuckle and joke despite the situation.

On the other hand, Lothar was gaping. "What?! That brat didn't pay you?!"

"He eventually did. I had to work for it, though." Frank smiled and nodded.

Rising to his feet, he looked out into the distance with a somber gaze, watching as Ciril wheezed one moment and growled like a wild beast the next.

“Peak Ascendant rank, huh?”

Frank certainly knew that he was no match for the man. To even stand a chance against that man, he needed sufficient time to charge his pure vigor or some miraculous natural wonder that could bolster his cultivation.

While he would be unrivaled against anyone below Transcendent rank if he reached Ascendant rank, Frank still had to admit that he could not win outright here and now.

“Restrain him,” he said. “Buy me five seconds.”

“Five seconds?! Alright!”

Lothar gritted his teeth as he strode out from behind a collapsed pillar, looking at the remaining Janko retainers around him as he bellowed, “You heard Mr.

Lawrence! He’ll save Ciril, but we first need to restrain Ciril and buy him time!

Together now!”

“Alright!”

Ten retainers leapt toward the rampaging Ciril at Lothar’s orders.

At the same time, Frank slid into a corner. He chanted a mantra as he unleashed the Five-Peat Archaeus, his pure vigor equal in strength with each of the Janko Retainers.

Lothar glanced at Frank unwittingly just then, shock showing on his face.

“I-Is that the true depth of his power? He’s just completed Birthright-rank, but his pure vigor is so condensed... Is there anyone in Draconia who could rival him if he reaches Ascendant rank?!”

“Argh!!!”

That was when a red-eyed Ciril clawed into the concrete floor with a single bare hand.

Then, pulling out a boulder larger than the size of a man, he threw it straight at Lothar!

“Terrapin Remittance!” Lothar suddenly bellowed, and headbutted the boulder, shattering it into pieces!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 843-Frank glanced at Lothar, inwardly impressed. “Such immaculate defense technique.”

While Mystic Sky Sect apprentices were instructed in secret techniques taught since time immemorial, there were plenty of other secret techniques passed down among other clans and sects. Naturally, each of such techniques had something that made them special, but Frank had the advantage of the Five-Peat Archaeus.

It was just a basic technique that the chief of Mystic Sky Sect had personally taught him back in the day. However, as long as a technique adhered to the rules of the five basic elements, Frank could use the Five-Peat Archaeus to observe, emulate, and even improve on it.

That was how he could copy anyone else’s technique so freely from the start!

“Basilisk Remittance!” Frank bellowed as he cast the technique Lothar just used. Focusing the projection of yellow pure vigor around his feet, he shattered a boulder flying at him with a kick!

Pow!

At the same time, an elderly man in white garb whose beard was dyed with blood rushed to Ciril’s side, catching and restraining his left arm. “Sorry about this, Mr. Janko!”

“Save your manners for later!” another middle-aged Ascendant rank Janko retainer shouted as he leapt to Ciril as well, locking his shoulders and forcing him to the ground.

“Skyshaker!” A fat lady bellowed as she descended from above, aiming her immense buttocks on Lothar’s waist and pinning him down!

“Argh!!!”

Even as Ciril struggled violently, Lothar reached them as well and grabbed one of his legs.

“Just bear with us, brother! It will be over soon!” he shouted. “Now, Mr.

Lawrence!”

Frank certainly did not hesitate—he could well see that the four Ascendant ranks were barely holding Ciril.

Appearing beside them even before the retainers could see him move, he called out, “Hold him steady!”

Then, whipping out a silver needle, he thrust it with perfect precision into Ciril’s chest.

“Have a Serenity Pill on top of that...” Frank added as he shoved the pill down Ciril’s throat, and tapped him in the dead center of his ribs.

“Halt!” he bellowed.

Abruptly, Ciril’s whole body stiffened, and he was suddenly lying prone on the ground as if losing all strength.

Seeing that he was finally stopping, the four Ascendant ranks restraining Ciril all breathed a collective sigh of relief.

Even Frank thought Ciril was subdued as well, when Ciril suddenly looked up, his eyes flashing with a scarlet more intense than before!

“Huh?!”

“What?!”

The Ascendant ranks restraining themselves were certainly stunned, caught off guard when Ciril suddenly moved, sending them flying!

Only Frank was left standing in front of Ciril, and this time, Ciril was using his pure vigor!

“Move, Mr. Lawrence!”

“Argh!!! Terrapin Breaker!!!” Ciril bellowed in madness as he launched his fist at Frank’s head, yellow pure vigor cracking around it even as it left the ground around them rumbling.

Everything aside from Frank was already sent flying—it went without saying what would have happened if Ciril’s fist had struck Frank in the head.

And everyone who could see it certainly knew.

“No! That’s my brother’s signature move! Run, Mr. Lawrence!” Lothar yelled on top of his lungs when he saw that.

Ned just happened to be alighting when he saw Ciril and Frank, panic immediately seizing him and leaving him at a loss.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 844-Yed, who was thrown to the ground, could see ahead with his one good eye, which soon lit up with excitement and delight.

“Hahaha!” He laughed raspily and shrilly. “That’s what you deserve... Hahaha!!!”

It was not just him—everyone could see it too, the moment when Frank’s head would blow up like a watermelon.

Ned’s fingers clenched on the car door and closed his eyes in anguish!

“Hmm.”

On the other hand, Frank was simply watching as Ciril’s fist streaked toward him thunderously.

At this moment, he genuinely understood that the Jankos truly had the disposition to replace the Lawrences as one of the Four Families of Morhen.

Even in a stupor, Ciril could wreak such devastation upon all around him. In all certainty, he could prove to be a match for Fenton, Frank’s father’s valet!

However, there was no way Frank would fall here.

“Death Eater,” he murmured, and a burst of red pure vigor unfurled away from Frank like a raging storm.

As everyone was left stupefied, the death aura released caused the temperature around them to fall by over a dozen celsius!

“T-That’s the Death Eater.. The signature move of the Lord of the Southern Woods, which he used to carve a path of carnage into Talnam...”

Lothar immediately recognized the technique Frank used. Being an insider himself, he quickly realized who Frank really was.

After all, the Death Eater would only be taught to heirs of direct lineage, and no one else.

In other words, Frank was the son of the Lord of the Southern Woods!

“Could he be the only missing apprentice of the Mystic Sky Sect, Donn Lawrence?!”

Even as the thought struck Lothar, Frank moved.

“Terrapin. Breaker!!!”

Within a single split second, Frank replicated Ciril’s technique and launched it at Ciril.

Fist met fist, although Frank’s knuckle was shrouded with streaks of blood-red bolts that flared brighter than Ciril’s pure vigor.

Bang!!!

A horrific explosion erupted around Ciril right then, and a blinding flash soon ensued, stunning everyone around them for an instant.

Then, a surging heat wave unfurled, blowing apart what remains of the main Janko mansion.

The luxury cars that were parked outside were all sent flying, rolling as they crashed into the distance.

Hal, who had been hiding in a corner throughout, screamed as the heat wave sent him soaring into the air, before landing square on the rebar his father was holding on to for dear life.

Shunk!

Yed had never seen his own son’s chest being pierced by the rebar and was even pulling him down as hard as he could to block the debris flying towards him.

When the storm finally subsided, the Janko retainer closest to Ciril finally dared to open their tear-filled eyes.

And when he did, he was frozen stiff, shock showing his face when he saw what was before him.

“Bleurgh...”

Lothar had to cough out a mouthful of dust and wipe his face as hard as he could, before turning with considerable effort toward the epicenter.

Then, he too was left stunned.

He had imagined many outcomes. but not this!

When Ned regained his vision and scrambled to his feet to look as well, he was equally stunned.

Soon, everyone else saw it—Frank's shirt was torn into pieces, but he stood his ground, his expression impassive while the death aura around him was gone.

On the other hand, Ciril—head of the Janko family and a man who had reached the peak of Ascendant rank—was topless.

And he was on his knees, staying motionless in front of Frank.

Clearly, Frank won the collision of fists between them.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 845—"Alright, quit spacing out now."

Frank's calm call brought every Janko to their senses. "I've pacified Mr. Janko now—his left arm is broken, but he just needs bed rest for a period and he'll be fine."

Walking up to Ned, he clapped him on the shoulder, leaving him stunned and confused. "Huh? Wha...?"

"Go," Frank frowned, clearly hinting that he should clean up the mess and earn his keep as the next head of the Janko family.

When Ned finally understood, he forced a smile at Frank and nodded repeatedly.

Striding forward, he instructed the terrified servants to carry Ciril to another mansion to rest.

After that, he beckoned at the bodyguards.

Yed, who was still staring blankly at his son's corpse, was dragged to the middle of what remained of the main mansion.

"Speak!" Lothar bellowed at him. "Did you or did you not poison your father?!"

With Ned, the family retainers and Lothar encircling him, Yed became well aware that it was all over for him.

His heart only sank further when he saw that his son was dead.

He hung his head lifelessly, admitting to his crime wordlessly.

“Insolent scum!”

“You bastard!”

“To think that I was ready to pledge my service after you succeed Ciril!!!!”

“You’re worse than vermin!”

The Janko retainers were screaming at Yed upon his confusion, almost sent over the edge by his attempt to kill his own father.

They had always known Yed was ambitious, but they had never dreamed that he would attempt patricide!

And every single retainer present had been fighting alongside Ciril as he built his dynasty, and their loyalty to the man was unshakeable.

It was no wonder why they were incensed when they saw the extent of Yed’s treachery!

That was when an ashen-faced Paula ran out of nowhere, throwing her arms defensively around Yed as she howled, “Stop yelling at him! I was the one who poisoned Ciril! I did it—kill me if you want!”

“What?!” Lothar’s cheek was clenched when he saw how protective Paula was toward Yed.

They were no mother-and son, and they were both in their thirties—everyone just needed a little imagination to know what their relationship really was.

“Scum... Both of you are scum!” Lothar was shaking with rage, pointing at them as he bellowed, “Such deceit, betraying my brother’s trust! Die like the vermin you are!”

Swish!

Lothar turned as he drew a machete from a bodyguard's grasp, ready to cut Paula and Yed into pieces!

"Uncle Lothar!" Ned cried as he suddenly strode in front of Paula, stopping him.

"What?! Are you really taking their side, Ned?!" Lothar was barely coherent in sheer rage, jumping to conclusions right away.

"No way. I'd never take their side." Ned shook his head. "I'm just thinking that Father should be the one who punishes them for their heinous actions. Don't you agree?"

His usual cowardly demeanor gone, Ned's tone was firm, even carrying a hint of cool authority

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 846-Lothar did a double take before laughing heartily in realization. "You're right, boy... Well, that's decided!"

And seeing no protests from the retainers, Ned issued orders. "Lock them up.

Once my father recovers, he'll be informed about everything, and he'll punish them as he sees fit."

Then, walking up to Frank, he began, "By the way, wasn't Yed saying he was conspiring with—"

The cool voice of a woman interrupted before he could finish. "Hmm? It seems that things have gotten lively here. Did I make it in time?"

Lothar and the Janko retainers all turned toward the voice and frowned when they saw who it was.

Ned strode forward, glowering as he demanded, "Who let you in here, Sif Lionheart?!"

The woman in question was dressed in a leather skirt, a military jacket, and a black Draconian beret, escorted by over a dozen bodyguards as she alighted.

She casted a brief glance of disdain at Ned before looking around and asking, "Where's Yed? Why isn't he here to see me?"

"Answer my question!" Ned bellowed at Sif, not cowed by her haughtiness.

“Who let you in here?! This is Janko family property, and you Lionhearts have barged in here uninvited. What is the meaning of this?!”

“Hah!” Sif snorted as she glared at Ned’s sideways and laughed coolly. “Since when does my presence need your approval, eunuch? Who do you think you are? I’m here for Yed—where is he? Bring him here!”

Seeing that she was full of herself, Lothar strode up as well, glowering. “May I ask why you’re here, and without informing us at all? Or have the Lionhearts become this impudent, convinced you can walk all over the Janko family?”

“Could you shut up?” Sif snorted. “I’m here for Yed. This has nothing to do with rejects like you.”

Both Ned and Lothar glowered at Sif as she kept insulting them even after barging into their home. as if they were inconsequential!”

That was when the lifeless Yed, who was being dragged away, suddenly came to his senses.

“M-Ms. Lionheart! I’m here! I’m right here!”

He bawled and howled, even as he suddenly freed himself from the bodyguards’ restraint with a burst of strength that came out of nowhere, and ran straight toward Sif.

“What?”

Sif frowned at the sight of his downtrodden state, her tone icy. “What is the meaning of this? Who did this to you?”

“That’s none of your business, is it?” Ned snapped at her bluntly. “This is Janko family business—it’s not up to the Lionhearts.”

“Is that so?” Sif narrowed her eyes coolly at Ned, sneering. “It’s been a while, Ned Janko, but you’ve really grown a pair. I have no intention to argue despite your earlier insults, but now? Are you really going to defy me? You’re asking for it!”

Seeing Sif’s eyes flash murderously while her bodyguards strode up, Ned laughed despite himself. “I’m sorry, Ms. Lionheart, but look around. This is Janko Gardens, not your home. You can go elsewhere to strut!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 847-Meanwhile, the Janko family bodyguards had chased down Yed and restrained him again.

Even as they dragged him off to the basement stockade, he screamed, "Please save me, Ms. Lionheart! They're going to kill me!"

"Ned Janko, I demand you release Yed this instant!" Sif bellowed at Ned loftily right then.

"No." Ned shook his head, his tone neutral. "I refuse. And what are you going to do about it? Attack me on my family's turf?"

"Better think about what you're doing," Sif growled impatiently in return.

Ned was always a loser whom everyone could bully—how did he become so authoritative in just a few days, even daring to stand up to her?!

"There's no need to think, Ms. Lionheart." Ned held her gaze in turn. "I'm now asking you to leave my house. We're not receiving guests at the moment."

"What if I refuse?" Sif asked quietly.

"Then I will have to remove you by force!" Ned bellowed. "Uncle Lothar!

Retainers! Escort them out of here?!"

"Come on if you dare!" Sif bellowed in turn as she strode forward. "Ciril Janko's death is assured, and disrespect me again, and I'll make sure everyone hears about it! Every enemy you've ever made will soon be at your doorstep... I'm sure I don't need to elaborate further?"

"And how do you know about Ciril?!" Lothar barked, shaking with rage.

Ned snorted in turn. "Hah! Yed was gloating all about it, Uncle Lothar—he sold us all out to the Lionhearts! Ms. Lionheart is here to eliminate you and the loyal retainers, and they would have won if not for Mr. Lawrence's interference!"

Lothar was positively apoplectic upon hearing Ned's words.

Still, he stifled his impulse to kill Yed right then and there, and turned to Sif as he growled coolly, "I'm afraid the Lionhearts have failed today, Ms. Lionheart. My brother is alive—and kicking, I might add!"

“Hah! Quit being stubborn already,” Sif snorted, folding her arms before her chest.

Lothar shrugged, sneering as he pointed at Frank, “This is Mr. Lawrence. He saved my brother from the brink of death, and it was him who exposed Yed’s wretched conspiracy. Ask him all you want if you doubt us.”

“Mr. Lawrence? Never heard of.”

Sif trailed off when she turned and saw Frank standing there, impassive. “You?!”

Ned noticed Sif’s agitation right then and quickly asked, “What, you’ve met before, Mr. Lawrence?”

“Yep, once.” Frank nodded.

“Once, you say?!” Sif could blow up from sheer rage when she heard Frank’s nonchalant tone!

Her elders had been lecturing and criticizing her endlessly ever since she returned from Norsedam.

Spending billions to buy an underage Hyperion Root?

It was fortunate they had Hundred Bane Sect’s help to hasten its growth, or she would have lost even more money in terms of value!

Sif certainly did not expect to see him here in Janko Gardens in the middle of Morhen.

She could barely stay sane even as her fury flared.

But not only did the bastard refuse to apologize, he was even pointing at her accusingly. “I’m sure Yed Janko got the poison he used on his father from you, didn’t he... Ms. Lionheart?”

“So what if I did?!” Sif bellowed.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 848-Sif immediately realized what she had actually said right after she said it.

She could well have admitted to aiding Yed in assassinating Cyril!

Not only would that lead to a diplomatic crisis between the Lionhearts and the Jankos, but her actions and her family would also be quickly condemned far and wide if word spread.

Also, there was no doubt that the Lionhearts were as influential as they were powerful enough to not fear the Jankos. But if they really pushed the Jankos too far, they would definitely retaliate and perhaps succeed in taking their two pounds of flesh from the Lionhearts before they went down.

In short, it was completely unnecessary heat.

With that in mind, Sif quickly switched gears, her tone cool as she said, “I’m a close friend of Yed’s, and I won’t sit idly by when he’s being abused. I couldn’t care less about any family dispute that happened here.”

“Well, what happens in the family stays in the family,” Ned said pointedly. “And since I’m sure you weren’t conspiring with Yed, feel free to see yourself out, Ms.

Lionheart.”

Sif was stumped—at this point, defending Yed would only mean that he was in league with Yed, and that she had provided the poison and conspired against Ciril.

However, she refused to leave empty-handed!

Snorting, she wheeled on Frank and snapped coolly, “I’ll refrain from meddling against your rotten affair, but this man is my enemy. Or are the Jankos going to stop me from taking him with me, even if it means invoking the wrath of the Lionhearts?!”

“Huh?”

Ned turned to Frank in confusion, but he soon snorted as he turned back to Sif.

“Watch it! My family owes this man a debt. If you insist on taking him, we will declare war on you!”

“Who do you think you are?!” Sif bellowed, staring straight at Ned with a look of contempt. “You were next in line to succeed Ciril Janko, but you’re still a loser and a eunuch? And you think you speak for the Jankos now?! Don’t make me laugh!”

That was when a rich voice boomed, saying, “Ned doesn’t speak for the family, you say? Then what about me?!”

Both Ned and Lothar were immediately overjoyed when they heard the voice, whereas Frank appeared nonchalant, as if he had expected this.

And it was no exaggeration to say that Sif was the most shocked person in the room, as everyone watched Ciril himself appear before them in golden robes!

The man had a lion-like appearance, and his rich voice was just as resounding as a lion’s roar!

“What?!” Sif blurted. “Didn’t Yed say they poisoned him already?! How is he still —”

Even as she was left shocked and uncertain, Ciril slowly strode toward her, asking quietly, “What’s the matter, Ms. Lionheart? It seems you’re really surprised that I’m appearing before you alive and well.”

“N-No...” Sif replied stiffly, even as she cursed Yed inwardly for his incompetence.

“Hmph!”

Ciril snorted, his voice booming like a bolt from the blue and almost knocking Sif off his feet. “Mr. Lawrence here is an important guest of the Janko family, and a man whom we’re indebted to—his enemies are my enemies! Remember that!”

“Y-Yes, Mr. Janko...” Sif replied sheepishly, afraid to speak too loudly in the presence of a peak Ascendant rank.

Moreover, Ciril was infamous for his fiery temper—give him enough reason, and he would really cut her down right here and now.

Even the Lionhearts would not be able to argue against that, since the fault was completely theirs.

Poisoning the head of a family?! If the Jankos went all out on finding the truth, even the Lionhearts would not be able to hide their dirty laundry flawlessly— something, somewhere would be exposed and traced back to them!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 849—Once word got out that the Lionhearts were conspiring to assassinate the head of one of the Four Families of Morhen, their reputation would be dealt a serious blow. It went without saying that it would be much worse than Sif's troubles at Norsedam!

As such, Sif was now afraid to breathe a peep.

If she somehow exposed herself now, forget Ciril—even her own family elders would skin her for the sheer vileness of her plot!

Soon, Morhen would be left in chaos as it was every man for himself, while even the Lionhearts would find themselves desperate.

“N-No, sir,” Sif quickly said humbly. “I came here to deliver an invitation—my brother Titus will be marrying Vicky Turnbull in a few days, and your family is cordially invited to attend the ceremony.”

“Hmph. Yet another arranged marriage?” Ciril chuckled coolly and waved her off. “I understand. You may go now.”

“Ah... yes, of course. By your leave, Mr. Janko.” Sif bowed slightly, ready to flee with her men right then.

Still, she stayed long enough to shoot Frank a vicious glare, as if to tell him that he was lucky this time!

Before she could disappear, however, Ciril suddenly called out to her. “Wait!”

“Yes, Mr. Janko?” Sif asked, turning around reluctantly.

“Please send my thanks to Simon for his generous hospitality.” Ciril smiled darkly. “I will always be grateful, and I solemnly vow to return the favor eventually.”

Sif pursed her lips, and this time, she went straight to her car with her bodyguards without pausing as they fled.

When they were all gone from sight, Ciril suddenly coughed a mouthful of blood and dropped on one knee.

Naturally, he was just putting on a strong front earlier.

“Father!”

“Brother!”

Ned and Lothar hurried to his side to help him, but he raised a hand to stop them.

“I’m fine,” he said, before looking up at Ned with a contented smile, clapping him on the shoulder. “You’ve done well, Ned. I was right about you—I’m satisfied with what you’ve done, to say the least.” “Father.” Ned shook his head guiltily and sighed. “Yed is right. I’m useless. If it wasn’t for Mr. Lawrence’s help, I’d be —”

“Don’t take away credit from yourself now!” Ciril laughed heartily. “You understand how important it is to rely on others, to have faith and gamble— that’s wisdom in its own right! Just look at me and your Uncle Lothar. We both started out with nothing... But now, even the Lionhearts are tiptoeing around us!”

“Yeah.” Ned smiled and nodded, his face lighting up with confidence again.

“Haha! Good. Now help me up!”

As Ned and Lothar helped Ciril up to his feet, holding one arm each, Ciril turned toward Frank with yet another hearty laugh. “Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence.

I heard you’re both a formidable fighter and a skilled healer.”

Beside Ciril, Lothar could tell what his brother was going to say and quickly whispered into his ear, “Hold on, brother. The boy is Donn Lawrence in the flesh —I’m sure of it.”

“Huh?”

Ciril’s pupils dilated, and he paused, clearing his throat.

Suddenly, he was looking at Frank as if Frank was an equal. “Mr. Lawrence, you’ve saved my life and the legacy I’ve built. I hence announce that my family shall now pull out from the race to become one of the Four Families of Morhen

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 850-“What?”

“Why?” Most of the Janko retainers and bodyguards were trading glances, puzzled by Ciril’s sudden announcement.

Only the stronger retainers were frowning as they pondered on Frank Lawrence's name, more or less getting the idea.

"Could he be a member of the Lawrence family, formerly one of the Four Families of Morhen?!"

"Is he the heir to the Lord of the Southern Woods?!"

While everyone was left uncertain, Ciril coughed loudly twice and laughed heartily, "Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence. I have been around for a while—and I despise ingrates the most. If you have any requests, feel free to voice them! I understand that money is nothing to you... As long as it's within our power to grant it, we'll do our utmost!"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence! Don't hold back on us now!"

"Ask away, Mr. Lawrence!"

Seeing how enthusiastic the Jankos were, Frank mused to himself for a moment before glancing at the invitation Ned was holding.

"In that case, I do have a favor to ask," he said quietly.

"Ask away!" Ciril said heartily.

"During the Lionhearts' wedding ceremony in a few days, and depending on the situation. I'm going to need your help."

Frank refrained from giving details—he might have just saved the Jankos singlehandedly, but it was still a pipe dream to ask them to go to war against the Lionhearts.

To no surprise, Ciril frowned at his words, musing to himself before asking, "Do you bear grievances against the Lionhearts, Mr. Lawrence? If it's Sif Lionheart, I could well have her brought back here this instant. But I can see you have been through enough to not get petty over mere squables and to challenge the Lionhearts for it?"

Yed and Lothar both nodded—they agreed with that whole-heartedly.

"No." Frank shook his head, his eyes flashing coolly. "I suspect that the Lionhearts and Turnbolls are conspiring to force this wedding to happen. And the bride-to-be. she's my woman."

All the Jankos gasped right then, and even the usually dauntless Lothar was gaping. “A-Are you saying that you’re going to crash a wedding, in front of the Turnbolls, the Lionhearts, and every illustrious family in Morhen?!”

Frank nodded solemnly. “If it’s necessary. But like I said, it depends on how things turn out.”

“Haha... Hahaha!!!” Ned was laughing out loud even as Ciril and Lothar were left hesitant. “And here I thought what it was going to be. And that’s all?”

Nodding at Frank and putting a hand on his chest, Ned’s gaze flashed with determination. “No worries, Mr. Lawrence—should you ask, you have my support even if it means my death! I owe you my life, and you didn’t abandon me when I needed you! That’s why I’d never abandon you either!”

Ciril grinned in approval at Ned’s attitude and shared a smile with Lothar too— the brothers were certainly reminded of their good old days!

“Alright!” Ciril laughed cheerfully, spreading his hands, “In a few days, Lothar and Ned shall be attending the Lionhearts’ banquet. If a fight starts, we won’t hold back—we’ll support you to the end, Mr. Lawrence!

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage [On-Going]

Chu27-34 minutes 11/10/2024

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage Chapter 851-Kat was completely oblivious to the dramatic events that had transpired.

It was the first time she visited the grand abode of one of Morhen’s most illustrious families, and she was excitedly strolling everywhere under the supervision of the family butler.

She was not distracted at all, despite the bolts from the blue, or the shockwave ensuing when Frank and Ciril’s fists collided.

She was still jubilant even as she and Frank were heading back. “Once I get rich, I’m definitely living like that!”

In contrast, her cottage certainly stung the eye no matter how she looked at it now!

It was not until they almost returned to the cottage when Kat remembered Frank was visiting the Janko Gardens for business. “By the way, weren’t you going to treat Ciril Janko’s illness? Did it work?”

Not wanting her to ask for more details, Frank shook his head noncommittally.

“Ah, so it’s a dud?” Kat shook her head in disappointment. “I mean, 800 million dollars... Tut, tut! Shame you missed out, huh?”

Naturally, she had no idea that the check Yed wrote was right inside Frank’s pocket.

On the other hand, Nash breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that both Frank and Kat returned safely. He obviously had questions for Frank but could only scratch his head awkwardly in silence.

Frank turned toward him. “Just say what’s on your mind.”

“Hmph.” Kat, however, was immediately in a bad mood when she saw her own father frowning and headed straight for her room.

And for once, Nash did not lecture her—he simply watched as she left.

Then, after hesitating for a while, he finally began awkwardly, “Mr. Lawrence.

See, Kat is still young. I mean, she has just become an adult, and.”

“Huh?” Frank stared at him, perplexed.

“I mean.” Nash remained flustered, unable to find his words even as he tried to shoot Frank looks that would make him understand.

However, Frank remained utterly mystified.

“Mr. Lawrence.” Nash eventually gritted his teeth and sighed. “Kat is still too young to get a boyfriend or spend the night outside. So.”

“Oh.”

As Frank nodded in understanding, Nash smiled in relief, but only to stiffen when Frank rubbed his chin and explained politely, “Well, it’s normal for kids to start dating young these days, but not to worry—I’ll do my best to keep her away from the unseemly sort.”

“Uh...” Nash was left blinking blankly—he was actually worried that Frank was the one who would get it on with his daughter!

He was an important guest of the Turnbull family. and it would really be troubling if his daughter and Frank really started dating.

“Well, it’s late. I’m going to bed now.” Frank nodded, not paying attention to the look on Nash’s face as he returned to his room without a care.

“Urgh...” Nash could only sigh lengthily—Frank had no idea what he was saying at all!

The stars were sparse that night.

Frank was crossing his legs as he lay in bed, reading a book.

Soon, he narrowed his eyes when he heard someone tiptoeing along the second floor hallway.

He put the book away at lightspeed and pretended to sleep, all while praying, “Stay away, stay away, stay away.”

Naturally, it was pointless—his door was unlocked with the right key as a figure sneaked up to his bed.

Kat breathed a puff of air into Frank’s ear.

Frank’s brow twitched, but he kept pretending to be asleep, unbudging.

“Eh?” Kat appeared surprised.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 853-“Danger’s not the question. It’s...uh...”

Nash sighed, unable to continue.

“Don’t you get sick of doing the same thing over and over again?!” Kat snapped impatiently right then.

“I just want to go out, and there’s a martial elite in Mr. Lawrence escorting me.

What’s going to happen? Do you really want me to go friendless?!”

“Of course not. I just want you to make friends with normal—”

“The way I see it, you’re the freak here!” Kat bellowed at Nash before storming off.

Nash sighed again. “Oh, that child…”

Frank nodded at him. “Don’t worry, Nash. She’ll be fine as long as I’m around.”

Nash stared at him in turn—Frank was exactly what he was worried about.

However, he could not say it.

Sighing, he handed Frank a small box and left without a word, his back slumped.

Frank was left starting in confusion as he left, and he stiffened when he took a closer look at the box.

“Nash.”

He called out, ready to explain himself when he realized what was going on, Kat had returned and started dragging him out by the arm. “Let’s go already! Why are you worried about that fossil!”

“There’s been a misunderstanding—”

“You can deal with that when you’re back!” Kat snapped, not accepting explanations as she kept dragging him away.

Soon, they arrived at a basement bar in West Morhen.

A group of Kat’s friends already reserved a booth seat before Kat and Frank reached the bar, and a girl came up to greet Kat after she called her.

“Over here, Kat!” The girl had wavy black hair and a mild smile, with two adorable dimples on his cheeks.

Kat smiled as she hurried over, and they hugged and giggled before Kat turned to Frank. "Ahem—Mr. Lawrence, this is Lily York. She's my best friend and the lead singer of our band, The Spades!"

Frank nodded, seeing that Kat was quite serious about it. "Hello.

"Lily, this is my mentor, Frank Lawrence! You can just call him Mr. Lawrence."

"Oh hello, Mr. Lawrence. Nice to meet you." Lily nodded politely, already showing that she was more well behaved than Kat.

"Lily, what's taking you so long?" A youth in a suit came just then, his face falling and turning hostile as soon as he saw Frank.

Naturally, it was none other than Soren Lionheart himself.

"Oh, Soren," Lily said. "Kat was just introducing her mentor to me. This is Mr.

Lawrence—"

"Save it." Soren raised a hand, stopping her impatiently. "I know."

While Lily stared at them in confusion, Soren wheeled on Kat, frowning as he demanded jealously, "Why did you bring him here?"

Kat frowned in turn, not caring for his jealous tone.

While she somewhat had a good impression of and even admired Soren, she became repulsed after the other girls told her about what had happened just before Hux Darman slapped Soren in the face.

And Soren certainly did not hold a candle to Frank!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 852-Kat appeared surprised but soon poked a finger on Frank's cheek, breathing softly, "Master Lawrence?"

Frank kept pretending to sleep.

"You're pretending to be asleep, aren't you?" Kat snapped impatiently as she stood by his bed.

Frank still did not move.

“Heh. In that case, this ain’t my fault...”

She quietly took off her shoes, dangling it in front of Frank’s nose.

Frank’s brow wrinkled right then, and he sat up and snapped in annoyance, “That’s enough!”

He saw beneath the moonlight that Kat had once again caked her cheeks with makeup and put on that white wig as well.

“You’re a girl,” Frank growled irritatedly. “Why do you have to keep sneaking into my room like we’re actually up to something? What if your father sees us? What would he think of me?!”

“Hehe... I knew you were faking it,” Kat giggled mischievously, before saying mysteriously, “I have a favor to ask, okay?”

“You’ve been asking for plenty of favors, don’t you think?” Frank snorted, laying back down in bed while waving her off impatiently as if chasing off a housefly.

“Come on, be nice!” Kat groaned. “A pretty girl like me is asking. Shouldn’t a man like you. Y’know?”

“A girl?” Frank chuckled coolly. “Does that grant you special privileges? The way I see it, everyone is created equal.”

“Oh, could you stop being so stubborn?” Kat huffed and grabbed Frank by the arm, tugging as hard as she could. “Just help me out one last time! It’s the last time, I promise!”

“Fine. What is it?” Frank asked, sitting up as she was really a pain.

“Hehe. Sneak me out of here.” Kat winked and smiled, sticking out her tongue.

“My dad will definitely stop me from going out this late, but that won’t be the case if you side with me. And I promise this will be the last time I ask for a favor.

I won’t ever bother you after this, so pretty please!”

Frank sighed—the kid was really an enigma.

Getting out of bed, he growled. "You said it yourself. It's the last time."

"Yes! The last!" Kat nodded repeatedly.

However, even as they stepped outside, they found Nash standing in the middle of the hallway even before they could come up with an excuse to sneak out.

"Where are you going this time, Kat?" Nash sighed, feeling tired and pained.

"Oh, I'm not planning to go out. Mr. Lawrence is, and I'm just tagging along."

Frank was speechless.

Meeting Nash's gaze, he braced himself and said, "I have an errand."

His words left Nash stumped, since he had no excuse to stop Frank.

Turning back to Kat, he asked, "Why are you going with Mr. Lawrence? It's the middle of the night. It's very dangerous!"

Kat scowled in annoyance. "Well, I have Master Lawrence with me, and I just need a breath of fresh air. Don't bother."

"Mr. Lawrence..."

"Don't worry." Frank nodded at Nash. "It's just a business discussion. Nothing too dangerous."

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 854-Not only was Soren a liar, but he was also unreasonable, jealous, and a braggart.

The man was simply incorrigible, and Kat wondered why she had not noticed that before.

Composing herself, Kat stood akimbo as she glared at Soren. "I don't remember inviting you."

"Lily did," Soren retorted, even more hostile toward Frank since he could notice Kat treating him differently.

Lily quickly tried to calm things down. "Alright—we still have to get a show on the road here. It's our turn soon, Kat... Are you ready?"

“Hmph. For sure,” Kat clapped a hand on her chest and leveled a smug look at Frank, like a child keen to show off.

Frank sighed tiredly. “In that case, I won’t impose. I’ll come back to take you home when you’re done.”

“No!” Kat scowled right then. “This is why I had you come along. You’re watching us on stage, and you’re going to cheer for me!”

“Come on, Kat,” Soren chimed in, shooting Frank a look. “Don’t get pushy when he’s already refused you. Who knows, he might hate your music.”

Kat glowered at Soren’s clear provocation. “No one would think you mute just because you don’t speak.”

“What.”

Soren almost snapped at Kat’s harshness, but he took a deep breath and chuckled coolly. “Fine. Do whatever you want.”

With that, he returned to the booth seating without looking back.

“What’s wrong, Kat?” Lily asked, puzzled—Kat used to admire Soren, so why the dramatic change in attitude?

“Things happen,” Kat replied grumpily while staring at Frank. “He’s just not my type.”

“Oh.” Lily glanced between Kat and Frank thoughtfully.

“Anyway, you’re going to take a seat like a good boy.” Kat scowled at Frank.

“That’s why I brought you here. Do you understand?”

“Nope.” Frank shook his head.

“Hey!” Kat almost exploded, but she took a deep breath and quickly put on her sweetest smile. “Pretty please, Master Lawrence? This is the last time. Okay?”

Frank’s expression darkened. “You said that before we came. How many last times does this make?”

Beside them, Lily was flabbergasted.

Kat had never made a face like that to any other man—she certainly saw Kat in a new light now!

And among all the students from the middle schools in South Morhen, Kat was unanimously chosen as the most beautiful!

At that very moment, Lily became dead sure that there was a story here!

And seeing Frank frown unhappily, Lily cleared her throat and smiled. “Allow me.”

Stepping in front of Kat, she said, “Apologies, Mr. Lawrence, but Kat, myself, and three other friends have formed a band called The Spades. We’ve been hitting different bars, putting on live shows to earn some money on the side.”

“Uh-huh.” Kat nodded repeatedly.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 856-Frank frowned but did not argue with Mandy, and instead reached for the jug of water, pouring himself a glass.

Mandy snorted. “Can’t even afford to buy himself a drink, and trying to freeload off Soren. Despicable.” Frank used the dim light and deafening beats to pretend not to hear Mandy, not even looking her way. It took a while until Dragondawn finished, and everyone in the bar including Tilda applauded.

She turned toward Frank, her cheeks flushed as she smiled and asked, “What do you think? Don’t you think they’re just so cool?”

“I don’t know much about music,” Frank admitted. “But I thought they were a little noisy.”

“Hah! You really are a bumpkin.” Mandy promptly jumped in to mock him. “You can’t even understand new age rock. Honestly, what are you doing here?”

At that point, Frank realized that Mandy was on Soren’s side.

She could see that Soren hated Frank and therefore repeatedly insulted Frank to curry Soren’s favor.

Her hard work clearly paid off too, as Soren smiled faintly and shrugged. “Don’t say that, Mandy. The arts are just too advanced for backwater folks—it’s normal if they don’t understand it.”

He was clearly referring to Frank, but Frank was not upset at all.

Frank had no cause to get petty with students, and they could say whatever they wanted to as long as it pleased them.

Naturally, Soren was grimacing when he saw that Frank was unfazed, realizing immediately that Frank was completely ignoring him as if he were just an angry ant.

No matter how an ant flailed around, insulted, or harassed an elephant, the elephant would not even bother to look its way.

It only left Soren exponentially humiliated.

He just happened to follow Frank’s gaze just then and realized Frank was staring at a man in the front row.

Narrowing his eyes, Soren soon recognized the man—he was Willy Sorano, Emilio Sorano’s second son. Frank was frowning in turn. “Did Willy’s company invite The Spades to put on a live show for them?” He knew Willy’s style all too well—the casting couch was inevitable for Kat and the others if they joined Willy’s company.

Considering that even a nation’s top actress like Noel York was not spared and was coerced by the Soranos in every way, mere students like Kat and the others would not stand a chance!

Frank felt stung when he remembered Lily’s naive smile, and he was suddenly restless.

And through sheer coincidence, it was The Spades’ turn to take the stage.

“Hehe.” Kat was even grinning smugly at Frank.

He now saw why she had dressed up like that before leaving home—she was the bassist, handily plucking the strings to a low hum.

Lily was holding a guitar, standing at the forefront since she was the lead singer.

There was another guitarist, along with a drummer and the keyboardist.

They matched each other perfectly in turn and could communicate with just a glance.

They started tuning for a moment, and soon, Lily cleared her throat before she began to sing.

Her voice was strong and permeating, and the bar quickly turned quiet as everyone listened.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 855-Lily smiled again, flashing her dimples. “As we kept putting on shows and got more popular, an entertainment company made us an offer—we’ll be putting on a show for them. They’ll hire us if our performance meets their standard, and we’ll debut as pros. That’s why Kat brought you here, hoping that you’d cheer for us.”

“Of course,” she then added with a pained smile, “if you’re not interested in band music, we won’t force you to anything... Just stay here and wait until Kat is done.”

Frank turned to Kat in surprise after hearing what Lily had to say.

Nash was clearly not rich, but Kat would not have wanted money with the Turnbolls supporting them— if anything, playing with the band must be her way to support her friends.

“So that’s why you’ve been sneaking out late at night.” Frank sighed in realization Since Lily had put it that way, he would be unreasonable if he was still dismissive.

As he nodded to show he would stay, Kat clapped him excitedly on the shoulder.

“Haha! Keep your eyes wide as you watch now, Master Lawrence!”

Frank smiled at her. “I don’t know much about music, but. do your best.”

“Yep!” Kat was jubilant, while Lily hid a smile as she watched.

• “Huh? What is he doing here?!”

Mandy Doncic, who was already at the booth seating, scowled as soon as she saw Frank come over.

Springing to her feet, she snapped bluntly, “Soren reserved this booth seat.

There’s no place for you!”

Frank paused and looked around, but the other seats in the entire bar were taken, and he could not sit elsewhere.

The other girls, however, were far more welcoming than Mandy.

“Oh, why are you so petty, Mandy?”

“Mr. Lawrence saved us before!”

“Exactly. Soren wouldn’t be so stingy, right?”

Tilda, one of the girls who warmed up to Frank before, smiled and patted the seat beside herself. “There’s a free spot here. Come sit here, handsome.”

Though it was the outermost seat, Frank nodded and did not refuse. “Thanks.

Soren, sitting in the center, scowled and snorted, but he was otherwise silent.

Frank could see that Soren was hostile to him. However, he did not care about the students anyway and was even less interested in Soren.

He was not bothered by Soren’s jealousy either and would keep his distance unless provoked.

“Hmph. Talk about brazen.” Mandy folded her arms before chest, utterly annoyed as she sat down.

“Let’s give a warm welcome to the next band, Dragondawn! They’ll rock your world!”

The lights overhead flashed as a group of uniquely dressed youths strode upstage and started playing.

Soren and the others were soon nodding along, engrossed.

Frank, however, thought they were noisy and ignored them as he reached for a bottle of red wine.

That did not escape Mandy’s notice, and she promptly snatched it out of his grasp. “Soren paid for that! Buy your own drinks!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 857-Frank was actually surprised—in the beginning, Lily’s tone was mundane, but the accompaniment seemed to lift her voice, allowing her song to engulf the person.

Her performance left the basement bar silent, too. Men and women were all left staring at the girl who was dressed modestly, whose voice would not lose to top singers.

Even someone as oblivious to music as Frank knew that she sang well.

Then, as Kat joined in the chorus, their voices seemed to resound across the bar, leaving the crowd silent and enthralled.

Tilda, the girl beside Frank, was sighing.

Frank nodded without knowing it.

On the other hand, Mandy was glaring jealously at the girls. – When Lily eventually finished the last song, the crowd spaced out for a beat before applauding thunderously.

Even Willy was on his feet at the front row, praising endlessly, “Impressive! The Spades are really as talented as they’re said to be!”

“Encore! Encore!” the guests around the bar chanted, providing a much more enthusiastic reception than the one the Dragondawn received.

Lily smiled and bowed. “Well, what shall we sing next? Any suggestions?”

“I’ll pay you five grand for a request!” A pudgy man rose to his feet, his arms still around a pretty lady as he called out heartily, “My Heart Will Go On!”

“Booo...”

Everyone appeared repulsed by the suggestion—talk about old-fashioned!

Eder, the bar owner strode forward just then and leveled an earnest look at Lily.

“Come on, girls. The man is paying five grand for a request, and we’re splitting it fifty-fifty.”

“Sure.” Lily nodded, and the rest of The Spades were about to start playing when someone else stood up.

“Five grand for a request? And such an old song?! I’ll pay you ten grand, ladies —my request is Don’t Stop Me Now!” “What?!” The pudgy man earlier frowned at the younger man who spoke. “Shit, your taste is older than mine!”

Everyone jeered again too.

“So what? It’s what I like!” The younger man crossed his legs smugly.

“Well, alright then...” Lily said, a little exasperated.

What was the problem with the guests today? Sure, it was nice to have paid requests, but each of their requests were more old-fashioned than the next!

But there was no helping it since the customers were alright, and she could only sing it with her band.

That was when Soren sprang up and shouted, “Wait!”

Then, as everyone in the bar looked on, he chuckled and said, “Queen, in this day and age? Aren’t you people embarrassed? My request is just for a love ballad, and I’ll tip a hundred grand.”

“What?!”

“A hundred grand?!”

Soren’s extravagant request certainly caught everyone’s attention, which stroked his vanity instantly.

However, Kat was frowning on stage. “I don’t want to sing a love ballad, Lily.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 858-Kat could clearly feel that Soren was after her with that request for a love ballad, and it really irked her.

Eder, the bar owner, scowled right then. “What, are you refusing a customer’s request? Are you trying to ruin my bar’s reputation?!”

“No, no, of course not.” Lily quickly smiled apologetically. “We’ll sing.”

As she spoke, she turned to Kat with a pleading look. “Please...”

Kat frowned in annoyance but sighed. "Fine. Whatever."

"Wait!" the pudgy man from earlier bellowed as he stood up. "Two hundred grand for My Heart Will Go On!"

"Two hundred grand?!" Everyone in the bar gasped.

That amount of money for a single request was just ridiculous!

"Hah!" The pudgy man looked around smugly, still holding on to his pretty companion. "Who else wants to make a bid?"

"Five hundred grand," Soren stood up again as he raised, shooting the pudgy man a look of disdain.

"Five hundred grand? Shit, the guy's crazy," the pudgy man grumbled as he sat down in shock.

While it was utterly crazy that anyone would make a single song request by paying 500 grand, no one challenged Soren just then.

"A love ballad it is. I'll just pretend I'm singing to Master Lawrence," Kat grumbled under her breath on stage.

Lily heard it and smiled exasperatedly.

"Wait."

They were just starting when Willy finally spoke from the front row, beckoning nonchalantly, "My request is I Wanna Be Your Slave."

"Huh.?"

"What?!"

Willy's song request left everyone in the bar speechless.

However, he was sneering as he held up a finger, silencing the crowd as he said, "My tip will be one million."

"Shit, who's the man throwing in a mil?!"

“A million bucks for one song? Am I hearing him right?”

“You heard right, and I Wanna Be Your Slave at that... Heh.”

“Having a girl band sing it too—that’s just sick.”

As the crowd below the stage started to whisper among themselves, Kat strode past Lily on stage.

Straightforward as ever, she glared at the grinning Willy as she snapped, “I Wanna Be Your Slave?! I don’t know a single word! Go to some seedy joint if you like that song so much!”

“Is that how you speak to the guests?!”

Eder, the bar owner, strode out and bellowed at Kat right in the face. “He’s rewarding you with a million dollars! You’d better think about it—a million! You’d be getting over a hundred grand each even if you have to split it! So what if the lyrics are a little cheeky? It’s no skin off your back—or are you so keen to see my business fall apart?!”

Eder’s threat left The Spades trading glances awkwardly.

“I-I don’t know the song.” Lily stepped forward with a chagrined smile. “Would you mind naming another song, sir?”

She could already see that the young man was the person in charge of the media company coming to assess them and refrained from being too rude.

“You don’t know the song? Well, I can teach you.”

Willy did not seem upset at all, even grinning as he beckoned to her. “Come here. Let’s have a drink together before I give you my instruction. Once I’m done, you’ll sing amazingly.”

The Spades were left scowling—they certainly understood what Willy was getting at.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 859 -Tilda, the girl sitting beside Frank, was anxious too.

She turned to Soren, pleading, “Can’t you do something, Soren?! We have to help Kat!”

However, Soren could only scratch his head awkwardly.

He had followed Frank's gaze and realized the man in the front row was Emilio Sorano's second son, Willy Sorano.

They were one of the Four Families of Morhen, and Soren certainly could not afford to mess with them.

While he was a Lionheart, he was no more than a distant relative—a far cry from Willy, who was from a direct lineage.

Moreover, he had already spent all his pocket money of 500 grand and no more.

As such, Soren pursed his lips and explained under his breath, "Don't you see?

That's Willy Sorano! If he gets upset..."

He trailed off, but the others understood—Soren could not afford to mess with Willy.

"Are we just going to let him humiliate Kat and the other girls?!" Tilda groaned, on the verge of tears.

She and The Spades were good friends, and she was frustrated to see them placed in such an awkward situation.

"Are you crazy?!"

Mandy Doncic, who was sitting beside Soren, snapped at Tilda, "That's Willy Sorano, the second-in-line to the Sorano family! Are you trying to get Soren killed, upsetting him?! Know your place!"

"Exactly," Soren sighed. "I can't afford to mess with all the influence at his disposal."

Soren was certainly honest for once, since backing off against the Soranos' heir was nothing too embarrassing.

Even across all of Morhen, no more than a handful of his peers would dare to challenge Willy—even if Soren liked Kat, he was not suicidal enough to die for her.

At the same time, Willy gloated, "Come on, girls—each of you have a drink, and I'll teach you how to sing it. And then you can all join Sorano Media, on your way to become the most popular of Draconia. How about that?"

His gleeful look left the Spades troubled, but Kat strode forward, staring sternly at the others and snapped, “Don’t drink! Have you forgotten why we put together this band in the first place? We should just disband, and I definitely can’t take this insult!”

With those words, she slammed her bass on the floor.

“Oh, so you’re going to insult me? I’m Willy Sorano!” Willy glowered.

The other guests around him were all shocked.

“What?! That’s the second heir of the Soranos?!”

“Shit! Why would he show up at a modest bar like this?!”

“Well, he’s here either way. I guess the girls are just unlucky!”

The girls on stage appeared conflicted as the other bar guests leveled mixed looks at them.

“Are you crazy?” Eder was sweating bullets in frustration. “That’s Mr. Sorano asking! His family is one of the Four Families of Morhen! What would you have to worry about if you get on his good side? Do you still have to play at some bar like you do now? You’d become the best band in Draconia!”

The girls were actually swayed a little by Eder’s reasoning.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 860-Naturally, most of The Spades were wary of the Soranos’ influence.

Most of their families were modest—even poor—and basically helpless against the Soranos, They had no choice but to give in to a smugly grinning Willy.

“Kat...” Rosa, the keyboardist, leveled an awkward look at Kat.

“What...” Kat was shocked as she realized that her band members were staring at her unhappily.

“Not everyone leads a comfortable life like you.”

“Yeah. We’d all like to make a living for our family and realize our dreams.”

Kat was silent when she saw the guilty looks on their faces, and she eventually smiled and shook her head. “Heh... Then I’ll respect your decision.”

She started to leave, only for a glowering Eder to catch her. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“The band’s breaking up, and I’m going home,” Kat snapped icily.

Eder snorted right then. “Did you think you can do whatever you want in my bar and leave as you like?! Either please Mr. Sorano right now, or none of you are leaving in one piece!”

Several burly goons appeared backstage at Eder’s words, sending the girls’ hearts skipping a beat.

“Hahaha! I like her. I especially prefer feisty, stubborn ones—bring her over, she can have a drink with me.” Willy smiled evilly below the stage, and everyone could see that his intentions were sinister.

“K-Keep dreaming!” Kat snorted and strode down the stage anyway Two burly goons strode up at her right then, and she assumed a fighting pose.

“Buzz off!” she cried and unleashed the Skyrush Jab she learned from Frank.

“Hah, some scrawny kid like you is—Oof!”

Everyone was left staring at shock as Kat, whose height only reached the goon’s chest, leapt up and punched him in the chest. And somehow, her tiny wrist and miniscule knuckle sent the giant flying, even though he must weigh over 200 pounds!

Bang!

The goon grunted in dull pain as he crashed into furniture, drawing a chorus of screams.

Willy and Eder were stunned as they stared at Kat, with Willy frowning. “What?

She’s a martial artist?!”

Even Kat was stunned, staring at her knuckle in disbelief.

She had merely used the technique she practiced through sheer instinct and punched with all her strength.

And she was certainly surprised how strong it turned out to be!

Before she could be pleased, however, Eder came to his senses and ordered over a dozen more burly goons to encircle Kat.

Even if Kat managed to catch the other goon off guard, she absolutely had no chance against this many.

“Kat!” Lily became flustered on stage and quickly pleaded to Eder, “Please, sir!

Just give us a chance— we will learn to sing right now!”