

# The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage 861-880

Chu26-33 minutes 11/10/2024

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The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage Chapter 861-However, as soon as Lily started pleading to Eder, Kat snapped, "Stop it, Lily. I won't sing for a bunch of scum like them."

"But..." Lily watched anxiously as the bodyguards encircled Kat.

"Hahaha! Good, good!" Willy laughed. "I've really taken a shine to you now, girl —you're a real feisty one! Take her and bring her to my bed. I'm breaking this wild pony tonight."

Seeing that Willy was so despicable that he did not even care to pretend, Frank finally had enough and sprang to his feet even as Soren looked on in confusion.

"I'll tip ten million dollars," he said evenly, leaving the entire bar gasping.

"T-Ten million?!"

"Now that's a tycoon! Ten million. Not even A-list stars get that honor!"

Everyone, including Willy, turned toward Frank.

Willy was certainly upset and would see the face of the person who would disrespect him. though he also found that voice annoyingly familiar somehow.

"Eh?" He froze when he saw who it was, his eyes flaring in fury even as he was caught in disbelief.

"Hahaha." Mandy suddenly burst out in laughter beside Soren, drawing the attention from Frank.

Rearing her chin at him in contempt, she then snapped, "Honestly, I know you like being the hero. but this time, it's different."

Pausing, she continued, "I can admit that you can fight, even taking away Mr.

Darman's car. But don't you know what the situation is? If you want to stand up for those girls, show us the money! You have neither family connections or influence, so stop talking tough. Do you think you'd be able to conjure up ten million just because you say so?!"

Soren was certainly delighted with Mandy's mocking and chimed in sarcastically, "Oh, people don't know when to quit, acting rich like they aren't and not knowing time and place. Messing with Willy Sorano? He'd be lucky if he left a corpse!"

Everyone turned toward Frank after that, expecting an outburst.

Naturally, they were disappointed as Frank's expression remained neutral, even beckoning at Eder. "Come here."

"Haha. How can I help you, sir?" Eder flashed a fawning smile as he approached.

He naturally would not mess with anyone in his line of business—especially someone who could tip ten million dollars for a song.

Frank's tone remained flat as he said. "Here's my card. The PIN is 123456— then, have The Spades sing the song 'Bitch'. It's meant for a certain bitch who doesn't know his place."

Everyone was left astonished—everything he said was meant to insult Willy, calling him a bitch!

The man was suicidal!

Still, Eder was left in a dilemma. "Sir, actually..."

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 862-If Eder really made The Spades sing Bitch at Willy and made him angry, Willy would blame him too...

"What? You were the one who said the customer is always right, weren't you?"

Frank smiled faintly, returning to his seat and crossing his legs with a faint smile.

"What, is that tip too cheap for you?"

"Oh—no, of course not, sir." Eder wiped the sweat off his brow, feeling a little awkward.

Still, he gritted his teeth and steeled himself as he stared at the golden card between Frank's fingertips.

Ten million, and all tips to the band would be split fifty-fifty between the bar and the band!

That means he would have a five million dollar cut—his bar would be compensated for any losses!

Who dared would win. Moreover, he was in no place to meddle with some rich kids' dispute. All he had to do was be the tool he was.

"You heard him. He wants another song—are you going to sing or not?!"

As Eder turned coldly toward Kat, he was surprised by Kat's sweet smile and complete change in attitude.

She even returned on stage, picking up the bass guitar she threw on the floor.

"Bitch, was it?" she said, emphasizing the word and leaving Willy glowering.

"Don't worry—I'll do my best to sing it."

Lily remained worried, however. "Kat, your boyf—I mean, is Master Lawrence that rich? Isn't he just putting on airs?"

"Probably not," Kat said hesitantly, herself unsure.

"Frank Lawrence!" Willy sprang to his feet just then, pointing at Frank as he snapped, "What is the meaning of this?! You're messing with me, aren't you!"

"I mean nothing by it." Frank shrugged innocently.

Willy's eyes narrowed murderously. "You're suicidal, insulting me!"

"I'm just insulting a bitch for being one," Frank quipped. "If you're not one, then you wouldn't feel insulted by it. Why don't you sit down and enjoy it?"

His cheeky remark left many other guests stifling their laughter. They would not actually laugh out loud considering the influence Willy had and would suffer if they did.

"Son of a ..." Willy was left fuming.

If he kept arguing with Frank, he would be admitting to being a bitch.

But if he showed restraint, it would mean he was taking an insult lying down!

Waving to stop The Spades from playing, he stared daggers at Frank and snapped coldly, "Twenty million dollars! Suicidal!"

"Whoa?"

Everyone else watched interestedly as Willy and Frank continued to compete.

Whatever the case might be, The Spades would definitely get famous after today, what with being tipped twenty million dollars for one song!

And the onlooking crowd was not disappointed as Frank smiled faintly despite Willy's face already contorting from rage. "Are you alright? Anyway, I really insist we all listen to the song Bitch today. A hundred million dollars."

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 863-Frank's offer left the crowd in an uproar.

"A hundred million?!"

"Shit, where did he come from? Tipping a hundred million just to mess with Willy Sorano?!"

"What?" Kat was gaping at Frank from the stage too, asking in uncertainty, "Where would you get a hundred million dollars, Master Lawrence?"

"Don't bother. Just start singing," Frank replied.

Kat rolled her eyes, but she was still worried. "Just stop. You're overdoing it."

"I refuse." Frank smiled faintly.

"Hey!" Kat snapped.

"Kat... I think we should just go," Lily said nearby, her head aching.

She just wanted to sing and rise to stardom and help her family.

All she felt was pain, getting caught in this rich kids' dispute.

“I don’t think we’re going anywhere, Lily,” Rosa said, pointing at one of the 1.9 meter-tall bodyguards standing nearby.

Lily then realized that Eder was definitely not going to spare a golden goose like them—not when the tip was raised to one hundred million dollars!

On the other hand, the guests could hear what Frank and Kat were saying—and Soren certainly could, as he sat nearby.

Once he read into it, his eyes lit up and he sprang up, laughing coldly at Frank.

“Don’t raise so quickly. Do you even have that much money to win against Mr.

Sorano? What if you’re just talking tough?”

“Exactly.” Mandy sneered. “The way I see it, he can’t even afford ten million. He just wants to show off.”

“Hmm?” Willy did a double take, his eyes lingering on Soren as he asked flatly, “Aren’t you two together?”

“Of course not, Mr. Sorano.” Soren nodded politely at Willy with a fawning smile.

“Hell, I don’t like him—but I had to let him sit here since there’s nowhere else for him to sit.”

“I see.” Willy sneered as he turned back to Frank. “Well then—if you want to raise me, you’d better have the money like that boy said.”

Gesturing at Eder, he snapped, “Go—check if he actually has a hundred million dollars for that tip in his account.”

“Yes, Mr. Sorano,” Eder hurried away, but soon returned scowling, flinging the card at Frank as he snapped, “You only have five cents left in your account, sir!

You should know your limits sir!”

“Hahaha!!!” Soren guffawed, while Mandy was actually crying from laughter.

At the same time, everyone else turned toward Kat, who was so embarrassed that she could hide.

“Why did you have to talk tough if you don’t have the money?!” she muttered under her breath, blaming Frank.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 864-“Hahaha.” Willy was clapping and pointing at Frank as he laughed endlessly.

“Oh, and here I thought you’d actually pull something here. You’re just a liar and an idiot!”

“Oh, he’s killing me. Five cents in his account.”

“Well, he certainly has balls.”

“I mean, I’d never bullshit about having a hundred million dollars if five cents is all I have, and in front of Mr. Sorano at that!”

Frank was a new face, so the guests would not know him, and they laughed savagely at his face.

However, Frank was frowning after seeing the card Eder threw at him.

Throwing it on the floor, he calmly shook his head. “This isn’t my card.”

“What?” Eder was left puzzled.

Soren simply kept laughing and clapping Frank on the shoulder. “Haha! I know you want to save face, but don’t think you can get away from what you did. If I were you, I’d be running.”

“Did you forget, Soren?” Mandy scoffed. “He was trying to drink the wine you bought too—let him have a sip now. He probably drank something worth ten grand.”

“Tut, tut. Talk about thick-skinned. Still pretending at this point.”

“If it isn’t his card, whose is it? Is he saying that someone switched his card?”

“Haha. Who knows? Someone might really do it if he actually had a hundred million.”

Eder frowned despite the jeers and scoff and hurried away as he came to a realization.

Soon, he returned ashen-faced, stammering, “M-Mr. Lawrence, I’m so sorry, but you’re right. My front desk receptionist got the wrong card. This one’s yours.”

He trailed off before continuing, “She made a mistake and charged your card an extra zero.”

Eder naturally would not admit that his own employee pulled the old switcheroo.

She had given in to temptation when she saw the truckloads of money and sneakily wired Frank’s one billion dollars in the account away.

It was fortunate Eder noticed something was wrong and sent his men after her, chasing her down.

However, the money was frozen mid-transfer, so he had to lie about the accounting error.

“Huh.?”

Naturally, the bar was left silent at Eder’s words.

The ones who were jeering Frank were left freezing up, unable to say a word.

Soren, who was still laughing a moment ago, was suddenly gaping laughably in disbelief. “H-He actually had a billion dollars in his account...?”

“A-And he was carrying it around?”

Mandy froze up too, and her eyes soon rolled up as she blacked out.

“Fuck.”

At the same time, Willy hated Frank to the bone.

He certainly could have forked out a billion dollars on any other day—he was Emilio Sorano’s second son, and that amount of money did not matter to him.

However, the family was keeping him under watch amid the questionable circumstances of Zam Sorano’s death. They even kept him on a budget, and twenty million dollars was the most he could afford.

And twenty million was certainly nothing to Frank’s one billion—he would be forced to listen to Bitch!

It was an insult he would never suffer, and he snorted. “Let’s go!”

“Remember, Frank Lawrence! I’ll make you regret this!” he bellowed viciously even before he and his bodyguards cut a hasty escape.

Frank’s expression remained neutral as he nodded calmly. “Anytime.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 865-The bar kicked to life once Willy left.”Shit, that brother actually sent Willy Sorano packing! Don’t underestimate Frank Lawrence now!”“Any relation to the Lawrences, one of the Four Families of Morhen?”“He just might have!”“Damn, and I was laughing so loudly... He’s not going to hold a grudge, is he?!”As everyone spoke to each other all at once, Eder approached Frank respectfully, flashing an awkward fawning smile. “Sir, we’ve received your payment. I’ll inform the bank to return the remaining 900 million to your account.”“Good.” Frank nodded and said nothing else.Beside them, Soren was left speechless as Eder basically prostrated before Frank, sweating all over his brow as his heart thumped.He suddenly remembered something he had read online.’That’s all the money you have, but it’s no more than pocket change to me.’ In the end, Soren was the clown—all the wealth his father ever had would not even match Frank’s pocket change!After all, that was a billion dollars they were talking about!People would go a lifetime without ever making that much money—the zeros in that number alone would leave one fainting!Soren turned toward Frank again and rejoiced in realization that Frank never even looked his way.Thank goodness he did not push his luck too far. He could not afford to mess with Frank, or the man would leave him pulverized!And remembering his jealousy toward the man left him in wry amusement.Jealousy?! He was not even fit to lick Frank’s toes!At the same time, The Spades had started to sing Bitch, and he realized that it was referring to him as well.Thoroughly humiliated and exasperated, he hung his head as he fled, unable to stay another second longer, and leaving the blacked-out Mandy still laying in her seat.The Spades sang several other songs after Bitch.When it was over, everyone huddled around Frank, completely ignoring Mandy as they toasted each other.”I didn’t think you were that rich, Master Lawrence!” Kat exclaimed, her cheeks flushed after just a glass of beer. “Where did that money come from?”“Hmm... Some patient consultation fees, I guess.” Frank shrugged.He did not mention the royalties he received from Lane Holdings or Grande Pharma—not that he would understand the numbers anyway.”What?! You’d get paid so much from visiting patients?” Kat was shocked, already planning to give up martial arts to take up healing.Lily was staring at Frank as well and said tentatively, “Thank you so much for helping us out today, Mr. Lawrence. We will return your money soon.”“What? Why?” Kat refused right away, even snapping in righteous indignation, “We worked hard for that money!”“Kat.” Rosa sighed helplessly. “Can’t you see that Mr. Lawrence just wanted to bail us out? We don’t deserve a cent.”“Yeah.”The other members of The Spades nodded unhappily too—they were not greedy despite their reluctance to give up the money. If anything, escaping Willy’s



clutches was already amazing, and it was unreasonable to take Frank's money too."No, I won't give it back," Kat suddenly said stubbornly. "It's Master Lawrence's tip, and this is a fair trade. It's consensual, so why should we refund it?"

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 866—"Don't turn down the money now—Master Lawrence wouldn't care about the money anyway, right?" Kat said, raising a brow at Frank.

To her surprise, Frank was shaking his head at her. "No, I do care."

"What?!" Kat's eyes widened like oranges. "Why are you being so petty?! You have a billion dollars in your account, and you'd ask for our money back?!"

"No, not them," Frank said, glancing at the rest of the Spades before turning back to Kat. "I only want yours."

"What?!" Kat snapped indignantly. "That's so unfair! Did my singing suck? Didn't I do my best?"

"Urgh..."

Frank rubbed his temples and shook his head. "Think about it. What would your father think if he suddenly discovers ten million dollars in your account?"

Before they left Kat's cottage, Frank could already see that Nash Yego was worried Frank would put the moves on his daughter.

Frank certainly had no such intention, but it would still beg questions if ten million dollars suddenly showed up in Kat's account.

What could he tell Nash at that point?!

"Haha! I don't care! I'm not returning it!" Kat poked her tongue out at him, making a face and leaving Frank speechless.

"Lily." Yuri, the drummer, sighed just then. "I guess this is it for the band, huh?"

"Yeah," Lily nodded, even as the others turned silent.

"This is it? What?" Frank asked, puzzled.

“Can’t you see?” Kat shrugged in helpless disappointment. “We banded up to reach for the stars, debut as pros, and make money with our fame. But I guess reality is different from what we thought. Judging from Willy Sorano’s behavior, a little known band like ours has no choice but to hit the casting couch to get signed to a label. ”

“It’s for everyone’s sake.” Lily sighed.

They were just anonymous singers who traveled between bars, and they had encountered the heart of society’s darkness.

That’s why they had to disband—to avoid further troubles and worst still, revenge.

Moreover, it was clear that word of what had happened tonight had already spread. They already received offers from five other bars to have them sing there, but they were just students— they would not survive society’s darkness and pressure.

Frank could certainly discern the strong frustration and disappointment in their voice and see that they wanted to keep performing.

It was their dream—and more importantly, they were good at it.

Musing to himself for a moment, he asked, “If you’re interested, I actually own a showbiz company...”

“Huh?!” Kat turned toward him in shock. “You own a company?! I never knew!”

Frank could laugh right then. “Are we that closed that I’d have to report everything to you?!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 867-The Spades were left staring in disbelief when Frank told them he owned a showbiz company—and that it was Lycoris Entertainment at that!

Even students like them had heard about it since it was famous throughout the East Coast, and they had never expected to join a company of such grand scale!

Still, their delight was soon replaced by doubts.

Kat, who was always candid, even snapped bluntly, “Hold it, Master Lawrence!

Don't you think that's a tall tale?! I heard that the top actress Noel York herself works at Lycrois!"

"Hmm, you're right about that." Frank nodded. "I'll give her a call and have her hire you ladies."

With that, he whipped out his phone and did so, while Kat was folding her arms before her chest and snorting doubtfully. "Keep talking, why don't you? You, friends with Noel York?"

Soon, a crisp voice spoke from the other side of the phone. "Hello, Mr.

Lawrence? I was told you have an errand to run in Morhen. How did it go?"

The Spades were left gaping around Frank, with Kat pinching Lily on the cheek.

"I-I'm not dreaming, am I?!"

Lily winced in pain and held her reddened cheek miserably. "What's that for?!"

Pinch yourself if you want, Kat!"

"I thought I was dreaming! But it isn't!" Kat was hopping in excitement. "You really know Noel York, Mr. Lawrence! I'm her diehard fan! I've watched her moves, all of them!"

"Eh? Who's that speaking over there, Mr. Lawrence?" Noel asked in curiosity just then.

"Ahem..." Frank cleared his throat and spoke calmly, "Actually, I'd need a few more days before settling things over here. But I've scouted a nice girlband for you. Are you hiring?"

"Of course!" Noel was giggling even before Frank finished. "I'd never reject anyone you recommend, Mr. Lawrence. Though I must ask, do they have a name?"

"Uh." Frank turned to Kat.

"We're The Spades!" Kat exclaimed, shooting Frank an unhappy look as if to rebuke him for forgetting her band's name.

"The Spades? Hmm. Where have I heard of them before."

Noel mused to herself for a moment before exclaiming in delight, "Wait, are they a group of students who often sing at bars in South Morhen?"

What? You know them?” Frank raised a brow.

“Of course. They’re quite famous!” Noel laughed. “I even heard that the Soranos want them... I’m surprised you beat them to it!”

“Hey, did you hear that?! Noel York has heard of us!”

“Wow, that’s so cool!”

While The Spades could barely contain their delight, Frank shushed them with a gesture before asking, “So? Will Lycoris Entertainment take them in?”

As the girls sat on the edge of their seats nervously, Noel assured Frank determinedly, “Don’t worry. Let me have them for a few days, and they’ll be Draconia’s rising stars!”

The girls whooped in delight right then, sharing high fives as all the doom and gloom before vaporized!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 868-Frank nodded. “Well, that’s decided.”

“Wait...” Noel suddenly said hesitantly.

“Yes? Are there any issues like the Soranos?” Frank raised a brow and said confidently, “Don’t worry.

They aren’t a threat.”

“No, of course I’m not worried with you around, Mr. Lawrence.” Noel laughed.

“What concerns me is that they’ll be taking their entrance exams soon, right?”

“Oh.”

While the other Spades were not affected, Kat was grimacing guiltily—clearly the underachiever in the group.

After The Spades agreed to a deal with Lycoris Entertainment, everyone headed home.

And when Frank and Kat returned to the cottage, Kat immediately returned to her room this time, not bothering Frank throughout the night.

After a night of peace, Frank was training the next morning when he received a call from Ned Janko.

“Abel Loggins? Why would he be asking for me?”

It turned out that Abel was asking for Frank but had to contact him through the Jankos since he did not have Frank’s number.

Frank agreed to let him have it, and soon, Abel’s call arrived.

“Master Lawrence.”

Frank almost flinched from the man’s endlessly respectful tone. “Just Mr.

Lawrence is fine—you don’t have to be so formal.”

“Oh. Mr. Lawrence, can you come to Turnbull House right now?” Abel asked urgently. “There’s a situation here.”

Frank frowned, immediately nervous. “Turnbull House?! What happened there?!”

“It’s George Turnbull—the present head of the family Glen Turnbull’s father”

Abel replied. “He’s ill.”

Frank breathed a sigh of relief that it was not Vicky, his tone turning calm. “What about him?”

“He started feeling sick yesterday and coughed a mouthful of black blood this morning along with many tiny maggots,” Abel explained. “I can’t diagnose him at all. That’s why I’m consulting you.”

“Tiny maggots, black blood? Frank rubbed his chin and frowned. “That sounds like a bug from the South Sea... Only the vile elements would cultivate such arts. Who on earth did the Turnbolls mess with?” “You really are knowledgeable, Mr. Lawrence!” Abel could not help exclaiming over the phone, though his tone soon turned awkward again. “May I ask if you have a cure?”

“It’s difficult, but not impossible.” Frank nodded confidently, but he soon chuckled as he remembered something else. “If the Turnbulls want my help, have them come to my doorstep or I’m staying out of this.”

With that, he hung up.

“Huh? Mr. Lawrence? Mr. Lawrence?!” Abel exclaimed, but soon sighed exasperatedly as she stared at the screen, showing that their call had been disconnected.

He was suddenly left wondering if Frank had beef with the Turnbolls too.

The Turnbolls happened to be crowding around Abel, with the current family head Glen asking eagerly, “How did it go? Is your mentor going to come and treat my father?”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 869-“What?!”

The Turnbolls were bewildered after Abel passed Frank’s message.

Glen’s third brother, Zac Turnbull, appeared at a loss. “You said your mentor’s last name was Lawrence? But we don’t know any healer by that last name, let alone one residing in Morhen.”

“Either way, we must come up with something. Father’s illness is serious,” Glen said solemnly. “Ask around. Find out if anyone in the family knows a healer named Lawrence. By the way, Mr. Loggins, would you happen to know your mentor’s full name?”

“Frank Lawrence,” Abel answered truthfully.

“Alright, go ask around about Frank Lawrence—wait, Frank Lawrence?!” Glen caught himself in realization and turned in disbelief towards Abel. “Could he be a young man from Riverton?”

Abel nodded. “I don’t know if he’s from Riverton. but he is young.”

“What?! Are you talking about Frank Lawrence?!” Yonca Wells, who was seated beside Glen sprang to her feet as if stung. “Absolutely not! I won’t agree to this —if we asked his help, he’d definitely exploit us instead of actually treating Mr.

Turnbull!”

Glen sighed at her vehement protest.

“Well, it is troublesome if it’s the same man,” he told Abel. “He’s. a person who shouldn’t be around Turnbull House at this time. Vicky would change her mind if she sees him, given her temperament.”

“Then what? Are we supposed to just let father die?” Zac appeared despondent.

Not mentioning Frank’s name was an unspoken rule in Turnbull House at this point.

After all, it took much persuading to strongarm Vicky into picking up her engagement with Titus Lionheart again, which would be complete days later during their family’s annual dinner.

They certainly knew how things were between Vicky and Frank—they were not about to mess that up now!

“What happened when I told you to pay him off?” Glen turned toward Yonca just then.

She snorted and turned away grumpily, immediately infuriated by the memory.

“That brat doesn’t know his place! He tore up the check, even attacking and hurting our bodyguards. The way I see it, he’s just some savage from the boonies and no healer. He’s a nutjob through and through!”

Abel scowled at Yonca’s words—if his mentor was a nutjob, what did that make him?!

“So that’s why Mr. Lawrence doesn’t care about them.” Abel snorted in realization and turned to leave.

“If you can’t show my mentor any respect, there’s no point in me staying. Take care.”

Zac quickly stopped him. “Please, Mr. Loggins. Is there no other way to help my father? You don’t have to worry about money—”

“I told you,” Abel growled coolly, “I can’t even diagnose the problem, let alone help. You should do as my mentor said, and go to him if you want your father to live. Take care now.”

The Turnbuls were all left scowling as they watched Abel storm off.

Abel was the leading healer in Morhen, and that just might be the only way to save George.

Amid the silence, Glen sighed and stood up. “Oh, well.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 870-Glen said, “I’ll go to him. I just hope I can convince him to help Father and to give up on Vicky—if he does, we’ll make it worth his while.”

Yonca immediately snapped at his suggestion. “Absolutely not! You have no idea how pompous that brat gets. It’s impossible to make him give up on Vicky!”

If you prostrate yourself, forget being grateful— it would only make him even more conceited!”

“Glen.” Zac stood up as well. “I could get more men and bring him over by force.”

“Watch yourself!” Glen barked, bellowing spiritedly at his brother despite his ripe age of sixty. “Who on earth ever forces a healer to work against their will?! And

don’t worry—I’m prepared to reward him more than what he deserves. Anything is agreeable as long as Father lives.”

Stroking his beard and smiling, he added, “We won’t have to worry about him refusing us.”

“Let’s just hope the kid knows his place.” Zac sighed.

They were all certainly guilty toward Vicky—they all knew her from childhood, and to sacrifice her for a political marriage hurt their conscience.

However, the South Sea Crow was a bomb about to blow up in their faces at any moment, keeping them constantly on edge.

If anything, George’s weird sickness could well be her doing!

“Call Frida Blue,” Glen said quietly nonetheless. “Just the two of us will do it.

There’s no need for anyone else.”

“Don’t joke around!” Zac cried. “You could get killed if he suddenly attacks you!”

They all knew that Frank was a martial elite, with emphasis on elite.

Glen would be walking into the proverbial lion’s den if he went alone, as only Zac was the only one who passed for a martial artist in the family.

“No, I don’t think anyone Vicky takes a liking to is that vile,” Glen said, waving Zac off. “As long as I show that I can be reasonable, I’m sure he would be too.

Now stop trying to talk me out of it—I’ll meet Vicky’s beloved personally.”



“Okay.”

The other Turnbolls nodded reluctantly.

Half an hour later, a limited edition Bentley arrived outside Nash Yego’s cottage, and Glen alighted in his pinstripe suit, white shawl, and dragonhead cane.

“What...”

As he slowly strode into the cottage, Nash saw him and quickly bowed. “Mr.

Turnbull.”

“It’s alright. You don’t have to be so formal.” Glen smiled faintly, his tone mild.

His eyes had a blazing intensity and he carried himself with pomp, but he was not all that arrogant.

“Hmm. So the head of the family himself has come?” Frank asked from overhead, able to see Nash bowing when Glen came in from the second floor balcony.

Frida Blue stiffened herself even as she introduced them. “Mr. Lawrence, meet Mr. Glen Turnbull, the current head of the Turnbull family and Ms. Turnbull’s eldest uncle.”

“Heh.”

Frank sneered coolly, his reaction nonchalant as he leapt from the second floor.

“I don’t care who’s coming. All I want to know is if they can make me an offer I can’t refuse.”

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

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The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage Chapter 871-“Haha.”

Glen chuckled faintly and affably. “We are one of the Four Families of Morhen, after all. We’ll spare no expense.”

“Really? I don’t see it.” Frank sneered in turn.

“That’s Frank Lawrence?”

Another group barged in the front gates just then, and it was none other than Zac himself leading them.

“I told you not to come.” Glen frowned at him, then at Frida beside himself. “You told him about this place, didn’t you?”

“I.”

Frida wanted to argue, but bigwigs like them were not that easily tricked.

She hung her head, admitting to her fault in silence.

On the other hand, Zac glanced at Frank. “Hah! So that’s the mentor Abel Loggins spoke of? He’s so young.”

Turning suspiciously toward Frida, he asked, “You’re not lying to us, are you?”

“I’m not.” Frida shook her head gingerly. “Mr. Lawrence. is unmatched in medicine.”

“Hmph. Kid.” Zac strode up at Frank, escorted by a large group of Turnbull family bodyguards with one Ascendant rank among them. “I don’t care what your schtick is—you’re coming with us to treat my father, and I’ll cripple you if you fail!”

Glen snapped at him as soon as he finished. “Watch your mouth, Zac! Is this how you speak to a healer?!”

Zac clicked his tongue—being only in his forties, he was clearly more selfimportant than his brother.

Pointing at Frank and snorting doubtfully, he argued, “We don’t even know if he can help Father yet. And he’ll think less of us if we don’t show him who’s boss.”

“Exactly!” Yonca exclaimed as she strode in, clearly having followed Zac here.

A pompous rich wife as ever, she was glaring coldly at Frank. “We haven’t even punished you for hurting our bodyguards yet! Now come quietly and help Mr.

Turnbull, and we just might forget your indiscretion and reward you for it. But if you fail.”

Yonca trailed off, but the threat in her glare was clear.

However, Glen could see Frank glower visibly. He promptly wheeled on Zac and the others as he bellowed, “Am I not the head of the family, or do none of you care?! Get the hell out of here and don’t come back!” “D-Did you just snap at me?! For that insolent wretch?!” Yonca shrieked in shock. “I-I told Zac to come because I was worried! All I do is for you, and you snapped at me?!”

Glen ignored her as he kept glaring at Zac. “Get out, and bring that fishwife with you!”

“But...”

“Out!!!” Glen bellowed again.

“Okay,” Zac replied tentatively, knowing that his brother was furious when he saw the nerve bulging over his forehead.

Shooting Yonca an accusing glare, he led his men and stormed off—he would not have disobeyed his brother if not for that woman’s endless pestering.

And he certainly was prejudiced against Frank by the time he arrived, as Yonca badmouthed the man endlessly.

On the other hand, Glen watched as everyone else left Nash’s cottage before turning back to Frank nervously. “Mr. Lawrence, please listen to me.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 872-Even before Glen could finish, Frank was laughing icily.

“Nice performance—the usual good cop, bad cop routine? Get out,” Frank said with a snort, waving Glen off nonchalantly. “Your father’s death is his just deserts, what with the way his children behave. Don’t waste your breath and get out.”

Even as he returned inside the cottage, he paused and glared sideways at Glen, adding coolly, “That reminds me—I’ll be attending your family’s annual dinner. If I find out that Vicky isn’t willingly marrying Titus Lionheart... Hmph!”

With that, he slammed the door shut, leaving Glen and Nash standing there.

“Mr. Turnbull.” Nash was at a loss for words.

Caught between Glen and Frank, he could not do anything and did not know what to say since he could not afford to mess with either man.

Glen was clenching his fist as various expressions alternated over his face.

However, just before he could flip, Frida strode up. "Mr. Turnbull, let me speak with Mr. Lawrence."

"You?" Glen did a double take. "Are you sure about this?"

"No." Frida shook her head, flashing a pained smile. "But it beats doing nothing."

Glen nodded gratefully. "I'm counting on you."

Ahem.

Frida walked up to the door and cleared her throat, but Frank spoke up before she could. "Do I owe you anything, Frida?"

A cold sensation unfurled in Frida's gut at his cool words, and she hung her head guiltily. "No. I will always remember my life debt to you."

"Then keep your mouth shut," Frank snapped, his tone cold as ice. "I won't listen to anyone unless Vicky comes to me personally. We don't owe each other anything now that you've gone out of your way to bring me here, so leave and take the Turnbells with you. Don't be an eyesore."

Frida felt like her heart was cut in two, and she remembered Frank saving her twice in her most desperate moment, even restoring her meridian nexus.

It was a debt she would never make up for, and yet she repeatedly browbeat and harassed Frank because the Turnbells asked.

She could really faint right then.

"I-I know," she growled through her teeth and returned to Glen.

"How did it go?" Glen could see there was no hope when he saw Frida's pale look but asked anyway to keep the last bit of hope he had.

Frida shook her head. “He won’t do anything until he sees Ms. Turnbull.”

Glen sighed loudly at that.

While he was surprised Frank was more obsessed with Vicky than he thought, it was a request neither he nor his family could fulfill.

In fact, Glen himself had to get down on his knees and beg Vicky just so that she would agree to marry Titus.

She and Frank were clearly made for each other, but Glen had to split them up for the sake of his family.

He would rather not do it, as he hoped for Vicky to follow her heart and marry someone she loved, but reality never goes as one would expect.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 873-When Zac saw Glen step out the front gates, he hurried to him and asked, “How did it go?”

“Why bother? That brat clearly said no.” Yonca snorted beside him right then.

“That’s what I’ve been saying all along—we were going about it the wrong way.

We should have asked the Lionhearts to send their elites to tie him up and take him to Mr. Turnbull. If he still refuses, just take his arms off!”

“Just stop it already!” Zac snapped at her in annoyance, seeing the dark look on his brother’s face.

Things certainly could have gone better if she had not been so insistent on coming!

“What, did I say anything wrong?!” Yonca snapped, standing akimbo. “We have to resort to violence at this point—what would others think of our family if we leave empty-handed?!”

Smack!

Even as Yonca frowned and spat as she ranted, Glen finally had enough and slapped her across the face audibly.

“Argh!” Yonca yelped even as she dropped to the ground.

Clutching her cheek, she glared at Glen in disbelief and pointed at him as she snapped, “H- Have you gone crazy?! Forget snapping at me... You’re hitting me for some savage?!”

“Hit you?! I’ll kill you!” Glen bellowed, clearly furious as he raised his dragonhead cane over Yonca, ready to hit her.

Even as Yonca screamed in terror, Zac hurried to stop Glen.

“Calm down!” he cried and gestured pointedly at the people around them. “The neighbors are watching! This can wait until we get home!”

Glen calmed down at his brother’s reasoning and snorted as he straightened his suit.

He shot Yonca a cool glare right then, even as she stayed on the ground.

He was usually the most rational and composed, qualities he embodied as the head of the Turnbull family—if anything, and outburst like this was a rarity.

On the other hand, Yonca was at first panicking but soon scrambled to get up and pointed at herself. “Don’t stop him, Zac! Come on, Glen! Kill me! You were so impressive and all that, weren’t you?!”

She even leapt up wildly and started grabbing Glen’s cane, to which he snorted.

“Unbelievable.”

With that, he got in his car with his men and left, allowing Yonca to keep shouting on the street.

Zac was not used to being the mediator, but sighed at the crazed Yonca anyway. “That’s enough. Be more understanding—Glen lost it because of Father’s situation, and I think we shouldn’t have come like he told us to.”

“We shouldn’t have come?!”

Yonca did a double take and promptly trained her fury on Zac, poking his chest as she snapped, “When did you become another Glen?! We Turnbuls are one of the Four Families of Morhen, and Draconia’s veins for economic growth is in our hands! And we can’t even deal with some bumpkin?!”

Rolling her eyes, she kept ranting, “You’re the only martial artist in the family...

What was it, you completed Birthright rank, didn’t you? You said there aren’t many who can beat you in Morhen, didn’t you?! Since you’re that terrific, get in there and grab that son of a bitch, and take him to Mr. Turnbull! It’s that simple— or would you rather your family be laughed at?!”

Zac looked around to find many of Nash’s neighbors down the street pointing and gesturing at them, and he felt at once embarrassed.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 874-Zac took a deep breath, his expression turning cold. “Since Glen’s coaxing couldn’t work... I guess I’ll just have to do it the hard way!”

“Exactly!” Yonca exclaimed in delight. “If push comes to shove, find out where he lives and get some hostages. I doubt he wouldn’t cave at that point! The Turnbull family has no reason to waste time on the likes of him!”

Zac nodded and strode into Nash’s cottage with his men again, standing at the courtyard as he shouted, “Frank Lawrence! My brother was being reasonable, only for you to scorn him! Do you think we’re pushovers?! You’d better come with us and help my father, or I’ll send my people over to Riverton to get us some hostages!”

Frank heard him and was instantly incensed.

For him, those around him were untouchable—if the Turnbolls really dared to lay a finger on Helen and the others, he would not mind rooting out the entire family like weeds.

Not even Vicky would stop him at that point!

Bang!

The door was pulverized resoundingly as Frank stormed out, snarling murderously at Zac, “You’ve really done it now!”

Zac froze up, stupefied and immobile as if some ancient horror was glaring at him, terror creeping into his very bones.

He gritted his teeth, and when he finally regained control over his body, he braced himself as he bellowed at Frank, “Know your place! Come quietly and help my father, and you’ll be an honored guest of my family—you’ll have all the money you can spend for the rest of your life!”

“Pfft.”

Frank laughed despite himself, seeing that Zac was still stubborn at this point.

He grinned coolly even as he slowly walked toward Zac. “Really? Show me what gave you the bravado to talk to me like that. I guess you’re ready to declare war on me, aren’t you?!”

He bellowed the last two words, kicking up a violent gust that sent Zac stumbling backward.

“What?!?”

Zac realized right away that Frank was more than what he seemed and clearly outranked him in martial prowess.

And to command such strength at his young age. Was he backed by some faction or sect? Could he be from the Martial Alliance?

However, there was no turning back for Zac now.

Nodding at the Ascendant rank his family hired, he turned back toward Frank and bellowed, “We came in peace, and your so-called war is only one waged between factions and families! Do you think you have what it takes to war with us?! Stop being stubborn!”

“Hahaha!!!”

Frank reared his head as he roared with laughter. “Came in peace, you say?!”

That cheek of yours! I actually feel embarrassed for you!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 875-Narrowing his eyes, Frank bellowed, “I’m giving you one last chance for Vicky’s sake. Get out of my sight, or you’ll all die here!”

Zac scowled and yelled back, “You are out of line! Did you think you could stand alone against the entire Turnbull family?!”

Seeing that Zac was still intent on threatening him, Frank sighed and suddenly looked up. “I gave you a chance, but you asked for this!”

Suddenly, he disappeared with a bursting gale.

“What?!” Zac exclaimed, as Frank was on top of him before he realized it.



His index finger outstretched, Frank's eyes were narrowed as he breathed quietly, "Point Break."

"Mr. Turnbull!" The Ascendant rank Turnbull retainer promptly pushed him out of the way.

Bang!

A burst of pure vigor erupted out of Frank's fingertip with mirages of dragons.

The Ascendant rank Turnbull retainer, unable to dodge in time, was reduced to a viscous pool of blood, splashing all over the wall behind him.

Nothing was left of him, and one would think that he had vanished into thin air if it was not for all that blood.

He was alive and kicking a moment ago, and he did not even have time to scream!

"W-What?!" Zac was dumbfounded when he turned and saw the horror of the war.

It had never crossed his mind that Frank was so powerful he could kill an Ascendant rank in an instant... and with nothing left of the man!

"Oh, so someone died for you. Well, you're not going to be that lucky now,"

Frank growled as he withdrew his blood-dyed finger and stared downward at Zac.

There was endless murderous intent in his eyes.

"H-How dare you! You tried to kill me!" Zac mumbled in disbelief even as he dropped limply to the floor.

He never felt this way before—like a wretched maggot.

Even as he felt endlessly embarrassed, Frank slowly approached him, his eyes flashing as he folded his arms before his chest.

"Heh..." He chuckled. "But I gave you a chance. You didn't take it and even tried to pressure me with your bullshit family."

Seized with terror right then, Zac begged with a quivering voice, "C-Can't you let me go for Vicky's sake?"

He was truly terrified as he realized that he was fastened to a guillotine—Frank was so strong he was basically a monster, caring not for consequences, let alone Zac's family!

"No." Frank sneered. "But I'll make it quick."

Zac's heart grew cold right then, as the fear of death and endless regret seized him.

In the end, his brother was right—he really should not have listened to Yonca.

The first time he listened to her, his brother's attempts to request Frank's help failed even before it started.

As for the second time... He was now going to die.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 876—"Damn you, Yonca. So that's why Glen was so furious..." Zac closed his eyes in endless regret.

"Protect Mr. Turnbull!"

The Turnbull family bodyguards came to their senses just then and rushed toward Frank fearlessly.

However, Frank simply kicked his leg into the air, launching a horrific burst of pure vigor around him and sending them flying and screaming.

When Zac turned, he saw that each bodyguard was sprawled in pools of their own blood, their legs in pieces even as they screamed.

"It's over. This is it." He closed his eyes in despair.

"Mr. Lawrence! P-Please stop!" a voice suddenly called out.

"Eh? Frida?" Zac turned in surprise to find Frida running straight toward Frank, smartphone in hand even as she ignored the Turnbull family bodyguards laying around screaming in pain.

"No, Frida!" Zac shouted. "Tell Glen to."

He trailed off, unable to say the words 'avenge me' because he realized a horrible truth.

His family would never win against Frank.

And if his brother confronted Frank unprepared, Glen would suffer the same fate he did now.

He was clenching his fist, even as he clawed on their last hope. “We need the Lionhearts. Volsung Sect.”

However, contrary to his expectations, Frida did not attack Frank—she was simply running towards Frank, phone in hand and completely defenseless.

“Frida Blue,” Frank growled coolly. “Did you forget what I just said? I won’t hold back if you insist on siding with the Turnbells.”

“That’s not what I mean to do,” Frida cried even as she raised her phone. “I owe you, Mr. Lawrence. So please just take this call.”

“Take the call?”

Frank eyed the phone but did not reach out for it, though he soon did a double take when he heard the familiar voice laughing on the other end.

“Oh, my. Whoever upset my darling? Come now. Stop for a moment, and take deep breaths.”

Frank snatched the phone right then, taking a deep breath before speaking.

“Vicky, are you being held against your will? Just speak up if you are, and I’ll—”

“Whoa, slow down for a moment...”

Vicky giggled as she always did, sounding calm and composed and clearly not under duress. “I’m not important—you are. I’d rather find out who messed with my darling, since that’s not a particularly easy task.”

Frank paused to let his rage subside before speaking quietly, “Your dear uncle Zac came to me, asking me to save your grandfather. I refused, so he threatened to take hostages from Riverton.”

“Bastard!” Vicky snapped, suddenly hyperventilating.

Frank actually heard someone else trying to calm her down right then. “Please, Ms. Turnbull. You’re an heiress from an important family, and such foul language is beneath you—”

“Beneath my ass!” Vicky snapped at whoever it was before telling Frank, “Hah! I thought I could help Uncle Zac, but now. Hah! Forget it! Can you hear me, Uncle Zac?!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 877-Zac replied, “I-I can hear you...”

“Hah!” Vicky snapped right then. “Did you forget what I’ve said? I told you not to threaten Frank with his family, but I guess none of you were listening! Even if I’d like to see Helen Lane served to me on a platter. Do it, darling! I won’t blame you even if you kill Uncle Zac!”

Zac paled at Vicky’s words.

He opened his mouth to speak but eventually hung his head in silence.

Frank was silent too—if Vicky directly spoke on Zac’s behalf, he might actually refuse her.

But Vicky was smart.

Knowing that Frank was not one who followed orders, she chose to side with him instead to disarm him.

If Frank actually killed Zac after that, he would actually be the petty one.

“It’s alright.”

Vicky sighed after a brief silence, pouting over the phone. “Just let him go, darling. This one time, alright? He’s still my uncle, and just killing him like that would make things complicated, y’know?”

Frank sighed and shook his head. “Since you put it that way, I’m really not in the mood for death.”

Shooting Zac a look, he snorted. “Fine. I’ll let it slide once. And don’t you think you should explain yourself too, Vicky?”

“Explain? What for?” Vicky asked, using her signature playfulness to play dumb.

“Don’t try to play this down,” Frank growled, frowning. “You were out of touch for so long that I couldn’t even tell if you were safe. Don’t you know how difficult that is for me?”

“Oh, so you do care about me!”

“Don’t change the subject!” Frank snapped sternly. “Are the Lionhearts coercing you?! If that’s the case, tell me! I’ll protect you from whoever it is, be it the Lionhearts or the rest of Draconia, and I’ll do it without hesitation.”

Vicky sniffled at his words, her laughter quivering even as she tried to be cute.

“Haha. I’m not. Why don’t you come over to Turnbull House to see me? I-I missed you.”

Her voice turned quiet towards the end, and Frank was not about to hesitate at that. “Alright. I’ll be right there.”

However, before he could hang up, Vicky quickly said, “Wait, darling. Would you mind helping my grandfather since you’re coming anyway? I know it’s too much to ask, but I’d rather not lose him. So, please?”

“Got it,” Frank said after a brief silence, and hung up.

“I’ll take you to Turnbull House, Mr. Lawrence,” Frida said without further ado, heading straight for the car since she was there for the whole conversation.

Frank glanced at Zac and growled coolly, “You’re lucky this time. Now remember —threaten me with my family again, and there won’t be a next time!”

“Yes...” Zac trembled even as he sat limply on the floor.

It was long after Frank left that one of the Turnbull family bodyguards helped him to his feet.

He looked around at the other Turnbull family bodyguards who were still laying and groaning on the ground and flashed a pained smile.

Gesturing at them, he said, “Send someone to clean up this mess, and.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 878-Staring at the blood splatter and remains sticking to the wall, Zac sighed. “Build a cenotaph for Mr.

Ziege. It’s only thanks to him that I’m alive.”

“Mr. Turnbull...” The Turnbull family bodyguards watched as Frank left and whispered into Zac’s ear, “Are we just going to let him go to Turnbull House? Your brother gave express

orders not to let him get in touch with Ms. Turnbull, not even through phone calls. Ms. Blue is clearly going against that, so shouldn't we punish her per family law?"

"Family law?" Zac shook his head, chuckling ironically. "We'd all be dead if not for Frida Blue. If there's anyone who needs to be punished."

Yonca's lofty face appeared in Zac's mind right then.

Soon, Frank arrived at Turnbull House in Frida's car.

As expected of one of the Four Families of Morhen, they certainly lived differently—somehow, their furnishings and houses were a class above the Jankos.

Marble statues, artistic works, and expensive vases lined the courtyard and hallways, each of them worth a fortune.

Not every family could be that extravagant.

Frida drove the luxury car over the red carpet-lined road, stopping outside a massive reception hall.

"Mr. Turnbull is waiting for you inside, Mr. Lawrence. Do go in," Frida said after opening the door for him, pointing at the majestic building sitting atop the towering stairs.

"Shouldn't I be checking on George Turnbull first?" Frank said, just wanting to get it over with and see Vicky instead of continuing to tussle with the Turnbull family.

Frida's mouth hung open. "It's Mr. Turnbull's orders. I."

"Got it." Frank sighed.

He knew it was pointless to pester Frida, and she had done her best in helping him contact Vicky.

He strode up the stairs, and two servants in tailcoats opened the door for him.

Having nothing to fear, Frank straightened his collar and held his head high as he entered the gigantic parlor.

It was very spacious, filled with every variety of artistic works. Even a novice like Frank could see how valuable they were, and he actually thought for a moment that he had left Draconia and was visiting a foreign museum.

“You’re here, Mr. Lawrence.” Glen was waiting ahead, and enthusiastically offered a handshake—he was friendly to Frank, at least.

Frank, however, did not play along.

“Where’s your father?” he asked quietly. “Don’t waste my time.”

“Huh...”

While Glen was left feeling awkward since Frank did not shake his hand, what he was about to say would make things even more awkward.

“Well. Mr. Lawrence,” he said. “I’m afraid I have to apologize. Titus Lionheart has sent in the best doctor from abroad to treat my father.”

“So I’m not needed?”

Frank pursed his lips and shrugged. “Well, where’s Vicky? Take me to her.”

Seeing that Frank had not given up, Glen’s cheek stiffened and he smiled apologetically. “Well, since you’re not helping my father, then the deal between you and my niece is moot, don’t you agree?”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 879-“Agree, my ass!”

Frank snapped at Glen even as the Turnbull family bodyguards watched. “When did I make a deal with Vicky? She called me to see her, and helping your father is a matter of convenience. I get to decide, so don’t think you Turnbuls can ride on Vicky’s request!”

Anyone being snapped at like that would never react well, and that certainly applied to Glen Turnbull, the head of one of the Four Families of Morhen.

The only one who did that last time was his own father. Barring that man, every outsider had been reverent to him, even directly kowtowing.

Even the head of the Lionheart family and the Sorano family had to show him due respect.

And Frank was snapping at him in his house? Who did he think he was?!

“Watch your mouth! I dare you to speak in that manner with Mr. Turnbull again!”

The Turnbull retainers strode up at Frank just then, each of them Ascendant rank and hired with a king’s ransom.

They even had an elder from the Martial Alliance among their ranks.

“Really?”

Frank cast a sweeping glance at them, and then at the scowling Glen as he asked quietly, “So you Turnbuls are not going to honor your agreement?”

“The Turnbuls are generations of businessmen, and honoring our agreement is our tenet,” Glen said coolly, his smile faded. “But your agreement with Vicky was just a verbal agreement that came without my agreement. Don’t you think you need permission to visit her in my house?”

“Really? That means a grown adult like Vicky has no personal freedom in this house?” Frank narrowed his eyes hostilely.

“Watch your tone, whippersnapper!” an elderly retainer snapped. “This is Turnbull House! You don’t get to strut!”

“Speak like that again, and we will show you.” An Ascendant rank hag narrowed her eyes threateningly.

“Hahaha!” Frank laughed instead of getting upset with their threat. “So these people are what gave you your confidence, Glen? You’d better make up your mind quickly.”

As Frank strode forward, his vigor bursting away menacingly, Glen’s expression turned cold. “No, they simply had enough of your insolence, and I never intended for this to be a discussion. So how about this? I’ll pay you a billion dollars, and you vanish from Vicky’s life forever. You’re both from different worlds anyway—she will be Mrs. Lionheart, while you...”

Glen trailed off, shaking his head. “You have an ex-wife in Riverton, don’t you?”

Don’t get too greedy now, Mr. Lawrence.”



“What if I refuse?” Frank narrowed his eyes coolly.

“Then we have to go down a path neither of us would like,” Glen retorted flatly.

“We’d have to make you forget about Vicky.”

“Hmph. I’d like to see you try.” Frank snorted, giving up on pretension right then, charging Five-Peat Archaeus from head to toe and unleashing a horrible pressure.

Glen snorted in turn and stepped back, while five Ascendant ranks surrounded Frank.

The hag earlier laughed eerily. “You are the first person who dares to strut in Turnbull House, kiddo.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 880-An elderly retainer remained impassive as he growled, “Why waste your breath?

Just kill him and be done with him.”

“I agree.” Another retainer in his fifties nodded in agreement. “Don’t blame us, brat. Blame your tactlessness and refusing the olive branch Mr. Turnbull extended!”

However, just as they were ready to attack, the doors to the reception hall opened.

“Eh?”

Frank, Glen and his retainers all turned to find a man with short hair striding in, his eyes flashing murderously.

And it was none other than Titus Lionheart himself.

“I warned you never to show up in Morhen, didn’t I?” He smiled. “Well, now that you’re here... prepare to die.”

He was escorted by several Ascendant rank elites, one of whom had reached peak Ascendant rank.

In an instant, the pressure was suddenly on Frank and he was caught on the backfoot.

“W-Where’s the patient? I’m busy,” someone spoke in inarticulate Draconian just then.

A middle-aged balding foreigner with blonde hair and blue eyes strode in just then. He was carrying a large briefcase and seemed so pompous that he was oblivious to the murderous vibe in the hall.

“Hmph.” Titus did not appear deterred that his impulse for payback was thwarted.

Turning toward Glen, he smiled faintly. “Mr. Turnbull, this is Professor Roberts, who works at a famous university abroad. He’s the global leading authority in virology and infectious diseases—he can deal with any conditions, no matter how difficult it might be.”

“Great!”

Glen exclaimed in delight when he heard Mr. Roberts’ credentials, giving Titus a thumbs up. “There is no need to worry when the Lionhearts step up! Don’t worry, Mr. Lionheart—I’ll visit your family personally to convey my thanks if my father is saved.”

“Heh. You’re being too humble now, Mr. Turnbull.” Titus smiled before turning toward Frank. “So, Mr. Turnbull told me you’re here to treat his father too?”

“As a matter of convenience, yes,” Frank replied, impassive. “Because Vicky asked.

“Hmph.”

Titus snorted and scowled when Frank mentioned Vicky.

Still, his eyes soon flashed with disdain as he came up with an idea and turned toward Glen. “Mr. Turnbull, why don’t we let Frank join us to check on your father? We could let him give a demonstration of Draconian traditional medicine for Mr. Roberts.”

“What?”

Professor Roberts clearly overheard Titus and chuckled in amusement.

“Draconian traditional medicine? It’s all a sham. They can’t even name the ingredients they put in a bottle, and they follow neither procedure nor scientific principles. Snake oil salesmen, all of them.”

Frank had no intention to get involved and play to Titus’ tune, but he narrowed his eyes when he heard the foreigner insulting Draconian traditional medicine.

“Really?” He asked. “Are you sure you’ve seen real Draconian traditional medicine?”

“Of course.” Professor Roberts scoffed, patting his chest audibly. “I’ve seen it and even put the soup they cooked for patients through lab tests. Nothing inside can cure illnesses in any form, which only proves my point—snake oil salesmen, conmen. Insignificant