

# The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage 881-900

Chu26-33 minutes 11/10/2024

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The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 881-Frank scowled and barked, “I won’t say a word if you’re insulting me alone, but you are insulting Draconian tradition, and I must set the record straight.”

He learned medicine from Mystic Sky Sect, and it was the most orthodox and oldest discipline in Draconia.

And what were the medicine men from abroad doing while Draconia medicine was already saving lives? Their solution for clubfoot back then was amputation, and without anesthetic, leaving the patient’s up to fate! And now they were belittling Draconian tradition?

However, Frank’s reaction was exactly what Titus wanted.

He had certainly been humiliated in Riverton, and had not the guts to tell his family what happened.

But now that he ran into Frank in Morhen, he would properly show him.

He would return his humiliation at Frank’s hands by a hundredfold, and hurting his pride was just the first step.

As the heir of the Lionhearts, he had seen as many maladies as healers. Even Abel Loggins—the best healer in Morhen—only amounted to that much in Titus’ opinion, and certainly did not hold a candle to Professor Roberts.

Hence, in Titus’ mind, Frank would never surpass the limitations of Draconian traditional medicine no matter how good he was—even if he was better than Abel.

With that decided, he leveled a smile at Frank. “Don’t think you could throw a punch just because you put on boxing gloves. It’s not just Mr. Roberts—even I believe that Draconian traditional medicine is a sham. So how about this? If you can heal Mr. Turnbull before we do, you have my word that you will have safe passage.”

Titus's eyes then narrowed coldly as he sneered, "But if you fail, you will kowtow ten times loudly and break one of your arms. After that, you'll leave and never mention Vicky. That's really nice of me, don't you agree?"

Frank glanced at Titus' smug look and the unconcerned professor Roberts, and shook his head, snorting. "Your suggestion is really lacking, Mr. Lionheart. With Glen Turnbull here as my witness, I will take my own life should I fail."

Then, leveling a sharp look at Titus, he added quietly, "But if I succeed, Titus...

You'll leave Turnbull House with your people, and your engagement with Vicky is permanently annulled. How about that?"

"No!" Glen bellowed anxiously even before Titus reacted.

While it was good for everyone if Frank failed, what if he somehow succeeded by a fluke?

He would never allow the engagement between Titus and Vicky, just as they had no reason to take up such a risk.

Clearing his throat, Glen turned towards Frank and said, "How about this? If you can actually save my father, you have my special permission to meet Vicky. But if you fail, you will leave my house without another word and never meddle in my family's affair. Naturally, I will still compensate you accordingly."

There was an edge in Glen's voice, making it clear he was not to be refused.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 882-Frank was silent for a moment before nodding and agreeing to it.

This was obviously the Turnbells' bottomline, and they were ready to snap if he kept pressing his luck.

And he was certainly unlucky today, running into Titus Lionheart and his Ascendant rank retainers—he did not have the advantage if a fight started.

Still, meeting Vicky would have to be done for now, since he had questions for her anyway.

Glen was clearly relieved that Frank was playing along too.

The details from Zac suggested that Frank was actually Ascendant rank... Even peak Ascendant rank.

If they really drove him over the edge, things would really get out of hand.

“Where’s the patient. Can ‘t you hurry?” Professor Roberts snapped impatiently right then, clearly unaccustomed to the messy diplomacy of Draconia.

“The professor’s right. Come on, my father’s more important.” Glen nodded.

Having come to an agreement, Glen had his people get a car to take everyone to a building at the edge of the Turnbull Estate.

It was clearly George Turnbull’s residence, as they were led through long, winding hallways before finally arriving outside a grand room.

An old man with a darkened face lay on the twelve foot-wide bed, his body shriveled and skinny.

Naturally, it was George—Glen’s father and the highest authority figure in the family—in the flesh.

A tearful woman wearing a string of large pearls was wiping her eyes, delighted to see them come in. “Glen, has the healer you asked for arrived?”

“Yeah, don’t worry, Mom.” Glen nodded, snidely avoiding mentioning Frank.

“Titus Lionheart brought Professor Roberts. He’s a global leading authority— he’d definitely have no problems helping father.”

“Oh, that’s the heir of the Lionhearts for you. Bringing in the world’s best doctor.

Vicky’s really chosen a fine husband!” Kendra Malcolm exclaimed in delight before turning and frowning at Frank. “Who’s this?”

“Frank Lawrence,” Glen replied simply. “He’s here to help father too.”

“Him?!” Kendra snorted, studying Frank pointedly while snorting in disdain. “So the whippersnapper who bewitched Vicky is so unseemly. Just look at him and Titus. The difference goes without saying!”

Kendra could not be blamed for that—Titus in his tailored suit was the look of success, while Frank was dressed casually and without any branded goods either.

Even if he had the looks, their clothes made it clear they were from different classes.

Still, Frank had no intention to get petty, staying impassive as he asked, “Can I get to work now?”

“Sure,” Glen replied nonchalantly.

Both Titus and Professor Roberts simply watched in clear contempt.

The way they see it, Frank would never find the cause of George’s illness.

Frank simply strode past Kendra and sat down beside George.

However, just as he was about to lift George’s eyelid to examine him, Kendra suddenly lunged at him, smacking his hand away.

“Who do you think you are?! Don’t touch my husband with your filthy hands!”

she snapped and threw him a pair of rubber gloves. “Put these on!”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 883-“What...” Frank frowned. “Examination is vital in Draconian traditional medicine, and gloves aren’t a part of it. I need direct contact to examine the patient’s body temperature, skin texture, and other details to properly diagnose him—”

“Shut up!” Kendra clearly could not stand his long-winded explanation, almost spitting out her dentures. “Put those gloves on, or get out of here! We never asked for you! Some hillbilly like you doesn’t get to touch my husband—I care for hygiene even if you don’t!”

Frank almost snapped at Kendra’s outburst.

He had every intention to help George, but his family repeatedly harassed him, clearly having no intention to let him live!

“Hmph.”

He snorted, but decided to bear with it and put on the gloves for the sake of seeing Vicky.

“Now, now, Mr. Lawrence.” Titus chuckled even as he put on the gloves. “You don’t get to blame those gloves if you misdiagnose Mr. Turnbull.”

“Draconian traditional medicine doesn’t even observe proper hygiene. How scandalous.” Professor Roberts sighed, shaking his head.

Frank ignored them as he gently lifted George’s eyelid and immediately saw the black dot in his pupils.

“A bug?” he thought right then, but without touching George directly, he had no way of determining the actual bug.

Closing his eyes, he put his fingers and felt George’s pulse, and he scowled even as he slowly opened his eyes.

Turning to Glen, he asked, “Your father’s been sick for a while, hasn’t he?”

Glen did a double take but shook his head. “No, it’s recent—”

“He only fainted recently, didn’t he?” Frank sneered. “If my hunch is right, he’s been paralyzed and bedridden for half a year now.”

“Nonsense!” Kendra snapped. “He was alive and kicking just a week ago!”

“Heh.” Titus scoffed at Frank for his blunder right away. “Mysticism is really failing you, huh?”

“Hmph.”

Frank snorted, ignoring him and nodded. “Alright, I made a mistake there. I’m guessing Mr. Turnbull’s been taking supplements constantly.”

You think?!” Kendra snorted in annoyance.

The most important man of the Turnbull family certainly needed supplements as old age takes over— like any authority figure in respectable families would.

Even as everyone threw Frank looks of disdain, Professor Roberts was chuckling. “So this is the trick of charlatans here?”

It was certainly a common trick—charlatans and conmen always asked general questions to deduce specific details about their victims, which they then used against them.

“Uh-huh...” Frank nodded. “And Mr. Turnbull’s been eating hundred-year panaxes all this while?”

“Nonsense. It’s deer musk!” Kendra waved him off impatiently. “Just leave already. You’re obviously a charlatan, even less reliable than Abel Loggins before you.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 884-No rush.” Frank rubbed his chin as he continued, “If it’s deer musk, it’d be mixed with water, no?”

“Nothing you said was right!” Kendra lost all patience and strode up at Frank, pointing at him as she snapped, “Get out of here and stop wasting our time!”

“Why don’t you just give up already?” Titus Lionheart added gleefully.

“That’s right—you should leave,” Glen agreed, posturing himself as head of the Turnbells. “We won’t stop you, but you don’t get to mention Vicky ever again or set foot in our house, you hear?”

Frank narrowed his eyes but eventually nodded. “I have an idea of what Mr.

Turnbull has been infected with. The symptoms started a week ago, catalyzed

by deer musk which he consumed frequently, and not in solid form...”

Taking out the needles he always carried with him, he looked around at everyone and said, “I will now perform acupuncture. If the information you’ve given me is right, Mr. Turnbull will wake up soon.”

“Stop it!” Glen snapped, frowning. “Don’t bother forcing yourself. Let Professor Roberts work—you’re not leaving this house if you worsen my father’s condition!”

“Exactly!” Kendra spat. “I won’t let you hurt my husband! Glen, call in your men.

Get him out of here!”

“Wait!” Titus stopped them just as the bodyguards entered.

While he was defending Frank, he certainly did not want Frank to win, just as he did not feel any pressure to save George.

If anything, his top priority was to see Frank fail, yield, and fall to despondence.

That was why he was standing up for Frank—just to make him fail and be humiliated even more spectacularly.

“Just look at how confident Mr. Lawrence is,” he told Glen. “Why don’t we trust him one last time? Don’t worry—my men are waiting right outside. We will take him down if he dares to hurt your father!”

“Moreover.” He paused, turning toward Professor Roberts. “Whatever he does, Professor Roberts will be able to clean things up. There won’t be any problems, don’t worry!”

Titus’ suggestions left Glen in a dilemma.

But Titus was right—Professor Roberts was there to keep things under control.

Moreover, Frank would be discontented if they chased him away right now and would use the excuse of not being given a chance. And no matter what he did, he would never dare step out of line when they had numbers.

As such, reasonably speaking, his father was more or less safe.

After musing to himself for a while, Glen nodded and turned toward Frank. “I’m giving you one last chance because Titus asked.”

Kendra immediately snapped, “Glen! It’s obvious he’s not an upstanding man.

Are you sure—”

“Don’t worry—Dad will be fine with Professor Roberts,” Glen assured her. “We can handle anything that happens.”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 885-Glen then leaned in to speak into his mother’s ear, saying, “This is also our chance—we can pin blame on Frank so that Vicky hates him, and we have more reason to stand against him.”

Kendra’s frown eased right then, and she nodded. “Good. We will go with that!”

Frank could hear them whispering to each other and knew right away what they were intending.

Though he did not care, he was still frustrated nonetheless.

If Kendra had allowed him to touch her husband in the first place, he did not need to resort to tricks to get the details from them, and he would have been able to diagnose George more accurately.

Still, he had deduced that George was infected by an earwig from the South Sea.

It was not a particularly profound technique, but once the earwig's eggs were consumed, the eggs would hatch into larvae with certain medicine or martial techniques.

With that, the larvae would reproduce within the victim's innards, building hives and eventually devouring their insides clean.

At the moment, the eggs in George were still incubating, so he could still be saved.

And now that he was not held back, Frank whipped out over a dozen needles and breathed a puff over the needles.

He launched each of them into George's body with inch precision, his movement so smooth that Professor Roberts actually gasped and murmured to himself in surprise, "Draconian... martial arts?"

"Bring me some of the deer musk." Frank turned toward Kendra.

Kendra was certainly displeased with being ordered around, but she remembered George's plan and had a servant fetch the deer musk.

"Well, it's fine." Frank said after taking a sniff and picked up a pinch.

With his vigor, he melted it, and everyone in the room could smell the sweetness right then.

"Go," he snapped. He combined the melted deer musk he drew out into a paste and molded it into a pill. which he shoved right away into George's mouth.

"Hey!" Kendra was about to snap as Frank shoved the unknown green-black pill down her husband's throat.



Still, Glen held her back, and she panted a long while to calm herself while cursing her under her breath, “Whippersnapper. If you feed him some weirdness, I will skin you!”

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

His fingers charged with pure vigor, he struck George’s acupoints from a distance up to eight times before turning toward the others, relieved.

“Ten minutes. Mr. Turnbull will wake up by then,” he told them.

His confident assurance left Titus hesitant—could the bastard actually succeed?!

On the other hand, Professor Roberts shook his head, skeptical as ever.

“Draconian traditional medicine in treatment? Really?”

“Let’s just wait for ten minutes and see,” Glen said.

As time passed, Frank’s brow creased.

“What’s going on here?” He was puzzled—did he make a mistake, or perhaps his medicine was not strong enough?

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 886-Frank expected George to awaken in under five minutes with his treatment, with the scarab eggs in his gut purged.

He said ten minutes just so that he had time to spare—everyone’s constitution was different, and it was his style to be conservative.

However, it was soon ten minutes, but George was not showing signs of recovering, and his cheeks were still darkened.

Frank checked the pill he made and eventually came to a frustrating conclusion.

“Wait... Could they be lying to me?”

If they were lying, his diagnosis would be inaccurate and his solution incorrect.

If that was really the case, his treatment would be meaningless in a minor case, but George could get killed if it was serious.

But before Frank could ask anything, Glen raised his wrist pointedly to check his Patek Philippe and shook his head.

"It's been twelve minutes, Dr. Lawrence," he said, emphasizing 'doctor' to add insult to injury. "How much longer do we have to wait?"

"Hehe..." Professor Roberts chuckled but otherwise said nothing, his disdain all too clear.

"Why don't we keep waiting? What if it eventually works?" Titus winked at Frank sarcastically. "Right, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank glowered and glared fixedly at Kendra. "Mrs. Turnbull, were you really giving me the right information? Was your husband really still, and I quote, 'alive and kicking' last week?"

"What?" Kendra snapped back, but her gaze was evasive from guilt. Still, she was not about to yield to Frank.

"Why are you suspecting me? You have no right! No." she exclaimed but quickly switched gears. "Why should I tell you anything? Who do you think you are?!"

Frank almost snapped right then.

Healers hated two things the most—the first being patients who hid symptoms out of misplaced pride, and second, doctors who did not follow instructions.

And now, not only was Frank kept in the dark over George's actual condition, but Kendra also insisted on playing guessing games. How was he supposed to help?

"I remember asking you to give me the truth before I treated your husband," he told Kendra. "You should know that if you don't give me the right information, I can't properly diagnose him, let alone treat him! At that point, it'd be good if nothing happens, but there's every chance of his condition worsening!"

His rebuking tone sent Kendra flying into a rage, and she shrieked, "Enough!"

You're just a hillbilly, and you should be honored that you're even allowed to set foot in my house to treat my husband! Forget being a failure—you're even complaining?! Aren't you a

healer? Why would I need you if I told you everything? Get out if you can't do it, and stop yapping here or I'll have your arms hacked off!"

Her unreasonable outburst certainly left Frank furious.

It was clear that George was going to die because of these fools.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 887-Even so, Frank decided to put in one last effort and said quietly, "I'm a healer, but I'm not omnipotent. I can't diagnose a patient without touching him, or when you're lying to me about his symptoms! It's Mr. Turnbull's misfortune to have a wife like you!"

The last part was certainly a bombshell. Kendra leapt up to her feet instantly, leaping straight at Frank, ready to claw his face and eyes out.

"You vermin! Watch your mouth!" she screamed unreasonably. "I-I'll kill you!"

Glen, call in every man you have—I'll make him wish he was dead!"

Glen did not stop her and was actually glaring at Frank. "Do you know what you just said?! Say it again, I dare you!"

Frank met his angry glare, took a deep breath, and chuckled coolly. "You want to hear it again? Fine—I'll say it as many times as you want! Having people like you for family is why George Turnbull will die! You're all scum who would rather have your father and husband die!"

Everyone was left stunned by Frank's outburst, and Glen eventually raised a shaking finger, heaving as he pointed at Frank as snapped, "You... I've been giving you chances at every turn! Is that how you repay me?!"

"Hah! Give me a chance when you're hiding Mr. Turnbull's condition from me?!"

Frank could not care less just then, snapping back, "Why don't you just be honest—he's been bedridden for six months already!"

"Shut the fuck up!" Glen bellowed, finally giving up all pretense of civility. "My father was just fine! He was never bedridden, right, Mom?!"

That was what he believed because his mother had told him so—his father had been traveling abroad for six months.

“E-Exactly!” Kendra cried determinedly as well.

“Hmph. Still lying even now.” Frank snorted, plucking off his gloves to put his left hand on George’s throat.

Judging from the dried, shriveled skin, it was clear that he had not gotten out of bed for six months!

“In that case, no one can save him. Do whatever you like.” Frank snorted and stormed out.

That was when all four Turnbull Ascendant rank retainers waiting outside strode in.

Glen snorted right then, growling through his teeth at Frank, “I’ve been playing nice at every turn, but you’d disrespect me every chance you get, even insulting my mother! Did you think you could leave in one piece?!”

Really? So you’re going to war with me?” Frank stopped, turning to glare icily at Glen.

“War?! You and what army?!” Glen snapped, feeling confident as he sneaked a glance at Titus and his Ascendant rank retainers.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 888-As Glen reared his chin at Frank hostilely, Titus strode up.

“Wait, Mr. Turnbull.” He chuckled coolly. “Frank Lawrence can wait, now that Professor Roberts has seen how pointless Draconia traditional medicine is.

Time to show Mr. Lawrence what proper experts can do —it won’t be too late to kill him after.”

That was exactly what he wanted—to beat Frank physically and psychologically, just to wipe that smug grin off his face and make him kneel before him.

“Are you done talking?” Professor Roberts asked, already impatient.

“Yeah.” Glen nodded. “Please help my father.”

Kendra snorted coolly. “See? The professor isn’t making excuses for his failure, unlike that whippersnapper.”

At the same time, the Turnbolls and Lionhearts’ retainers encircled Frank and did nothing else, since Glen would not go against Titus when he wanted the Lionhearts’ help.

Having had his orders, Professor Roberts opened his briefcase. Pulling a green tube from a cold storage case, he inserted it into a syringe while saying, “Thanks to the medical records the hospital provided, I’ve prepared three syringes of antidote on my way here.”

He then injected the green fluid into a vein on the wrist. “If only I was allowed to work sooner, the patient would be spared much pain... This would take effect in a couple of minutes.”

Then, glancing at Frank, he shook his head and snorted. “Thank you, young man—you only proved that Draconian traditional medicine is a scam, and I should never believe any of you charlatans.”

His mockery left a vein bulging over Frank’s temples in frustration.

Titus laughed and joined in. “You have to admit, Mr. Lawrence—Draconian traditional medicine is all just cheap tricks to deceive fools. But the Four Families of Morhen? It just won’t fly.”

“Exactly,” Kendra glared at Frank in disgust. “Look in the mirror—who do you think you are to offer medical treatment to our illustrious family?”

Frank remained silent, his eyes fixed on George’s face.

Titus was satisfied, presuming that Frank had accepted defeat and would not say a word now.

Everyone waited for Professor Roberts’ serum to work, and George suddenly opened his eyes, actually waking up right then.

What they did not expect was for him to suddenly sit up and breathe a bloodcurdling scream, clawing at his own throat as he threw up a mouthful of pungent black blood!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 889-“What?! Impossible... Impossible...”

Professor Roberts was gaping, shaking his head and clearly not expecting that to happen to George.

Even as he quickly rummaged through his briefcase, Glen asked urgently, “Professor Roberts? What’s happening to my father?”

“I don’t know. It’s the latest serum our team developed, and it should kill the parasites, but not this.”

Professor Roberts panickedly shoved a yellow tube into the syringe and shouted, “Get over here! Hold him down!”

At Professor Roberts’s call, Glen quickly beckoned for the retainers encircling Frank to hold George down even as he convulsed.

“Keep him steady!” Professor Roberts shouted even as he wiped the sweat off his brow and injected the yellow serum into George.

“Urgh.” George finally turned still and stopped convulsing or foaming black blood from his mouth.

“Phew.”

Professor Roberts sighed, before wheeling on Frank, glaring as he bellowed, “It’s all his fault! He interfered with my treatment! Feeding a patient some unknown rubbish?! His body wouldn’t have rejected medication if not for that!”

Everyone turned toward Frank at Professor Roberts’ accusation, and Glen even glared at him spitefully.

However, before he could give the order for his retainers to take Frank, George started convulsing again, even more violently this time.

To make things worse, he was coughing out pieces of his own innards, and its pungent stink left everyone pinching their noses!

“Argh!!!”

Another blood-curdling scream resounded in the room as George clawed at his own chest, as if to kill himself just to spare himself the agony.

“What? Why.” Professor Roberts was left dumbstruck, at a loss for what to do.

“What are you doing?! Don’t just stand there!” Glen yelled. “Help him!”

“Get a grip!” Titus strode up to Professor Roberts as well, snapping under his breath. “Do something!”

But Professor Roberts was so stunned he kept muttering to himself, “But the yellow serum was supposed to counteract the antidote. Why is he getting even worse? Was the antidote the problem in the first place? Is the patient’s body rejecting it?!”

Everyone was left stumped at that point.

After all that drama, it turned out that Frank was innocent?

In fact, George was now suffering so much he would rather die was all because of Professor Roberts’ serum?!

“Move.” Frank strode up just then.

“What... What do you think you’re doing, Frank Lawrence?!”

“Get out! Stop bothering us!”

Both Glen and Kendra yelled at the same time.

Frank, however, ignored them as he made a beeline for George.

His needles that were hidden near his fingers were already on George’s chest vessels, piercing a tiny cavity with precision.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 890-Hup!” Frank barked as he smacked his palm on George’s chest, and a stream of green-black blood shot out like a geyser.

“Argh!!!”

George screamed but soon relaxed as more blood gushed out.

Frank then leveled an impassive look at Professor Roberts. “Your serum is an antibiotic. The earwig eggs inside reacted to it by hatching, and the larvae are now invading Mr. Turnbull’s internal organs.”

His blunt words yanked Professor Roberts out of his shock, and he turned in disbelief toward Frank. “How did you—”

“I do stay in touch with foreign medical developments,” Frank replied quietly. “I just don’t use them because they’re less effective.”

Eventually, the blood flowing out of George’s chest turned red, and Frank tapped his body twice to seal the bleeding artery.

“Hup!” he bellowed and slammed his palm on the old man’s chest.

“Bleurgh!” George coughed out a mouthful of viscous black blood.

“Frank Lawrence!”

“Whippersnapper!”

Everyone in the room had stopped moving since they believed Frank was there to help, not to mention that he was the only person who would do something despite the situation.

Moreover, color was returning to George’s cheeks... but Glen was worried once more as his father coughed black blood again.

However, Frank was done playing nice.

Leveling a cool glare between Glen and Kendra, he said icily, “Come on, stop me if you want Mr.

Turnbull to die.”

“What. Watch it!” Glen snapped, his expression furious.

However, there was nothing he could do—he pinned his hopes on Professor Roberts, but the man was too stunned to do anything.

And now, they could only put their hopes on Frank.

“It’s a rot earwig,” Frank muttered under his breath, nodding to himself just then.

The rot earwig had an additional word to its name, but common earwigs could not even hope to match the potency of a rot earwig’s venom.



While earwigs devoured a person from the inside out, rot earwigs infected a person starting from the innards. Every organ would rot and be reduced to pus, which they then absorbed.

Naturally, that meant a hundred times the pain of being infected by a normal earwig.

Incidentally, the serum Professor Roberts injected into George served as a catalyst that energized the eggs, hatching them en masse.

After that, the larva began their assault on the old man's innards.

"I really wouldn't be bothered to save you if not for Vicky's sake..."

Frank snorted even as he whipped out a new Ichor Pill and fed it to George, which would keep him alive.

Then, plunging his silver needles deep into George's body, he would stab into each rot earwig and burn them with his pure vigor.

The process continued for thirty minutes, and no one dared to speak at that time.

Even Professor Roberts, who had been observing intently throughout, was gaping and murmuring in awe constantly.

It was obvious that Frank's methods left him thoroughly shocked.

"Done!" Frank exclaimed as he pulled out a needle, tired after focusing so intensely.

He breathed a long sigh before turning toward the gaping Turnbells and a scowling Titus, saying quietly, "This time, you can see immediately if what I did works. Still, Mr. Turnbull would have been spared this pain if you didn't lie to me about his condition and allowed me to touch him directly."

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

Chu27-35 minutes 11/10/2024

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The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage Chapter 891-And soon after Frank spoke, George woke up, coughing violently while he looked blankly around himself.

“Father!”

“George!”

Both Glen Turnbull and were delighted to see him wake up.

On the other hand, Titus was left pursing his lips as his expression contorted.

“Hmph.”

Snorting, he said nothing else as he led his men out of the room.

“Titus, wait...”

Zac Turnbull had just come in and was left watching as Titus left, as Glen promptly snapped at him, “Go, Zac! Stop Titus—it’s all thanks to him bringing Professor Roberts, or our father would have been put through so much pain!”

Without a word, Zac looked past Frank to chase after Titus, asking him to stay with an awkward smile.

On the other hand, Professor Roberts did not leave with Titus.

In fact, he was staring in confusion at Glen and said, “What are you talking about, Mr. Turnubll? Mr. Lawrence was the one who saved your father, not me.”

“No, you did,” Glen said quietly, looking past Frank as well. “My father would still be unconscious if not for your serum. All Mr. Lawrence did was use some special method to catalyze your serum.”

“That’s a lie, isn’t it?” Professor Roberts demanded, disgruntled. “I know my serum better than anyone— Mr. Lawrence was the one who saved your father, not me. My serum only worsened his condition, and he’d be dead if not for Mr.

Lawrence.”

Even if he had disrespected Draconian traditional medicine before, Frank’s performance had left him humbled.

“Professor Roberts, what.” Glen frowned, while cursing inwardly at the professor’s bluntness and inability to read the room.

If Glen acknowledged that Frank was the one who saved his father, every mockery they threw at Frank before would now be a slap in their collective faces.

What would happen if word of this got out?

He was the head of the Turnbull family—he would not be maintaining his innocence if people knew he was humiliated by some little known brat, and with so many people watching!

And worst of all was the deal with Frank.

Glen had never intended to let Frank meet Vicky.

He knew his niece, and at this critical juncture, if Vicky changed her mind and ran away with that stinking brat, Glen was not going to weasel his way out of this one.

That was why Glen was bent on insisting that Frank at best assisted in saving his father, and that the one who did the heavy lifting was Professor Roberts.

No one would question that given Professor Roberts’ credentials.

As for Frank, they just had to fill his pockets and send him away—and without letting him see Vicky.

However, there was no way Frank could not anticipate what Glen was planning.

He was all too familiar with these bigwigs’ empty promises.

Even if he helped, there was no way he would not have a backup plan.

Striding forward, he said quietly, “Mr. Turnbull, I don’t care about accomplishments or fame...”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 892-Frank paused and finished, “All I want is for you to honor our agreement and let me see Vicky.” “No!” Both Glen and Kendra yelled at the same time. George, who was still in bed, had no idea what was going on. “Who’s this...?” he asked, turning toward Frank feebly as a servant helped him up. “That’s the man who saved your life.” Surprisingly, it was Professor Roberts who sided with Frank just then. He was even leveling a look of respect at him and nodding politely, speaking inarticulately but loudly. “I don’t

know what's wrong with you people, harassing Mr. Lawrence so much when he saved the patient without holding a grudge. He is as competent as he is mystical, showing his loyalty and reliability. You have certainly changed my opinion on Draconian traditional medicine—what you did was absolutely magical. Would you mind teaching me?" Frank had a better impression of Professor Roberts when he saw the look of genuine respect. It was likely that Professor Roberts simply prioritized rationality before all else at this stage of his career. Since he had never encountered real Draconian traditional medicine, he was willing to humble himself after seeing it in action, even asking Frank to teach him. It was certainly a stark contrast to the Turnbells' attitude—Glen was even scowling at Professor Roberts' overly blunt words. He took a deep breath and growled, "No, Professor Roberts. I've made up my mind—you saved my father, and you'll be rewarded accordingly. As for Frank Lawrence." With a look from Glen, the Turnbull family retainers strode up and surrounded Frank, even as Glen finished, "I'll reward you generously, but I'm sorry, you won't be seeing Vicky because you didn't save my father." "Why?!" Professor Roberts snapped, his fists clenching. "Unbelievable! Mr. Lawrence saved the patient, while I did nothing but made things worse! Do you hate him that much? If so, why did you bring him here at all?!" Professor Roberts left Glen grimacing uncomfortably, but he could not argue against that. As for Frank, he sighed and clapped Professor Roberts on the shoulders, shaking his head. "Thank you for your honesty, Professor Roberts," he said, "But there are elements in this case that you won't understand as a foreigner. They're stopping me from meeting my woman because they want her to marry someone else—it's really not your fault." He then passed Professor Roberts his business card with his contact number. "Your dedication and respect to medicine has my respect—call me anytime you need assistance. I can't do much, but I can offer some advice." "This won't do!" Professor Roberts bellowed, surprising Frank with his single-minded stubbornness. "Let's make this clear right now—you saved the patient, not me. You succeeded where I failed, and that's the truth!" Wheeling on Glen, he barked, "You people should come true on your promise and let Mr. Lawrence see his woman!"

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 893-"Enough!" Glen bellowed, getting angry for once.

He certainly had enough of the stubborn foreign professor who kept yapping endlessly, unable to read the room at all. "Mr. Hampton, get Professor Roberts out of here. Pay him accordingly and send him on his way!"

"Yes, Mr. Turnbull." A middle-aged Turnbull family retainer strode up and leveled a cool glare at Professor Roberts. "Come along, professor."

“T-This is wrong!” Professor Roberts kept bellowing. “You can’t do this, not to a healer who’s only proven his kindness and loyalty! I’ll sue!”

“Sue away.” Glen remained impassive, his tone cold and even a little contemptible.

He clearly did not worry about Professor Roberts’ threat to sue. It would make sense too, since the Turnbolls were one of the Four Families of Morhen and had reigned for a while in Draconia’s economical field. They definitely had cards to play, and some foreign professor would not be able to win a lawsuit no matter what he did.

Such was the cruelty of reality.

After Professor Roberts was sent away, Glen finally turned toward Frank and said quietly, “Name your price.”

Frank stood in the distance and met Glen’s gaze calmly, shaking his head. “I don’t need money. I just want to see Vicky.”

“No chance.” Glen refused without hesitation. “Give up already—you can see how much Titus loves Vicky, and it goes without saying his superiority in power and position over you. To be honest, I wouldn’t mind seeing Vicky marrying a man she loves if not for begging circumstances, but reality is always cruel. I can admit your skill and martial prowess, but can you beat the Lionhearts’ authority and connections no matter how good you get? From where I’m standing you don’t have an edge over Titus at all.”

Glen’s tone then turned mild, “Giving up on Vicky is giving yourself an opportunity. My family will be grateful, and you’ll have more money than you can spend this lifetime. How about ten billion dollars?”

“Ten billion dollars...” Frank lowered his head as he repeated the number.

Seeing that Frank was finally breathing something else, Glen pressed him eagerly. “Yes. You’ll be our friend—I mean, who wouldn’t want to be friends with us? But the condition is that you give up on your unrealistic ambitions. Hell, you can have fifteen billion, and I’ll make sure it’s transferred to your account by tomorrow once you agree to it. From a legitimate source that no auditors would dare touch, naturally. Just take the money and start a new life in Riverton, and you could even have some of our businesses. You’ll definitely become a king down there.”

“Pfft...” Frank snickered at Glen’s eagerness, shaking his head. “You Turnbolls really are one of the Four Families of Morhen. You’re even richer than I thought.”

“For sure.” Glen nodded proudly. “Our business extends throughout Draconia, and we’re involved in shipbuilding, tourism, and even the gem trade. Whatever you can think of, we’d be involved.”

“In other words...” Frank reared his head and leveled Glen a look of disdain.

“Vicky is only worth fifteen billion dollars to you?”

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 894-“In other words...” Frank reared his head and leveled Glen a look of disdain.

“Vicky is only worth fifteen billion dollars to you?”

“What, is that not enough for you?” Glen frowned in growing impatience—Frank really had an appetite!

“No.” Frank smiled, shaking his head. “In your world, money can buy everything.

But for me, it’s just scrap paper. I won’t give up on Vicky no matter how much you pay me, because she’s priceless to me.”

“Frank Lawrence!” Kendra flipped out right then, pointing at Frank as she snapped, “We’ve been playing nice, whippersnapper!”

“Be reasonable!” Glen bellowed at Frank too. “I’ve been extending enough olive branches endlessly, but if you keep being stubborn.”

“What?” Frank leveled a gloating look at Glen’s furious glare.

“Retainers! Take him—we’ll enforce our family’s law!” Glen bellowed, giving up on all pretense since Frank was not giving in.

He would kill Frank right here and now—they just had to make him vanish if he refused to give up on Vicky!

“Wait.” Frank suddenly held up a hand just as the Turnbull family retainers strode up, ready to charge at him.

“What else do you have to say?” Glen demanded, mustering his patience seeing that there was a chance Frank would come around.

“Mr. Turnbull,” he said, pointing at George on the bed and smiling. “I won’t lie to you—there are still five eggs I have yet to extract from your body, since I only have that much stamina. And if the rest aren’t extracted in time, the same thing that happened to you before will happen again. and in five days, your organs would be completely dissolved and devoured clean. But the agony you’d be put through before that? Hehe.”

Frank trailed off, but Glen’s face turned ashen while panic showed on George’s face.

The anguish earlier was still fresh in George’s memory, and he scrambled out of bed, begging Frank, “No. No, no! Please, you have to help me. I don’t want to go through that pain again.”

Kenda shrieked at the same time, “You monster! Threatening a patient with his life?! And you call yourself a healer?! Don’t you know the Hippocratic Oath?!”

Frank actually fumed at Kendra’s despicable insult, but he simply smiled and shook his head. “Oh, but I don’t care. Glen Turnbull over there insisted I wasn’t the one who saved your husband—it was Professor Roberts. With that being said, I shall bid you farewell. You can ask Professor Roberts for help. just pray that his serum would actually work.”

16:29 28/04/2024 Read The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage by Chu novel Chapter 894 With that, he started to turn and leave.

Just as he reached the door, Glen called out in clearly repressed rage, “W-Wait, Mr. Lawrence.”

“What?” Frank turned and grinned at him. “I wasn’t the one who saved your father anyway. Why would you stop me?”

“You little...” Glen almost snapped at Frank’s clear sarcasm.

He had certainly not suffered such humiliation as the leader of the Turnbolls!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 895-However, Glen could also see his father’s tearful, miserable look.

Eventually, he gritted his teeth and gave in. “I’ll let you see Vicky if you cure my father completely, alright?!”

"I don't believe you." Frank smiled and shook his head.

"What—" Glen blurted.

Frank raised a hand to stop him right then, his expression cool as he said, "I've already seen how you rose to prominence as a magnate—verbal agreements are clearly pointless since you won't honor them. Do you really think your words still hold sway over me? How cute."

Frank's ruthless unmasking of Glen's true nature almost gave Glen a stroke, but he mustered himself for his father's sake and asked Frank stiffly, "Then what are your demands?"

"I want to meet Vicky right now," Frank said calmly.

While Glen did not refuse him immediately, he shook his head and asked quietly, "Why should I trust you? What if you refuse to help my father after you meet Vicky?"

"Then it's pointless to discuss this." Frank waved him off. "Take care, Mr.

Turnbull."

"Stop..."

Glen glanced at his father's pleading look and stopped Frank again. "Alright, you have a deal. My people will take you to Vicky, but you must promise me not to touch her—"

"Do you still think you're in a position to negotiate?"

Frank wheeled on him, finally losing all patience as he growled coolly, "Glen Turnbull, you have two options now."

"One: you can take me to Vicky right now, and I just might save your father if I'm in a good mood.

"Two: refuse, and I'll leave right now! And you can be sure I'll be paying a visit during your family's annual dinner and come bearing gifts!"

"The choice is up to you. I'm counting down from three!"

Frank's pompousness certainly left Glen seething—thanks to his family's authority, he had always been the one threatening people, not the other way round!



Moreover, not only did it hurt to be threatened like this, but whichever options he chose meant humiliation at Frank's hands and yielding the advantage to him.

If Frank reneged and refused to save Glen's father after meeting Vicky, there was nothing Glen could do, and they would still be daring Titus Lionheart's wrath.

But if he refused to let Frank meet Vicky, that meant war against Frank, who had vowed to crash their family's annual dinner.

It was as radical as it was the worst decision, and that also meant a painful death for Glen's father.

Neither choice was ideal for Glen... and worst of all, Frank refused to give him a chance to think.

Narrowing his eyes, Frank bellowed, "Three!"

He did not pause and soon breathed, "Two!"

"One." He chuckled coolly as he finished his countdown and turned away as he said coolly, "It seems that you're still indecisive, Glen Turnbull, so allow me to assist you—see you in three days. Hopefully, your father will still be alive and kicking by then."

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 896-With those words, Frank laughed coolly and started to leave.

"Wait... Please wait!" George cried out in anguish, dropping out of bed with a thud as he crawled toward Frank. "Please, you have to help me! I don't want to die. Not like that!"

His cries left Kendra panicking. She rushed up and grabbed her son by the arm as she begged, "Oh, just let him meet Vicky! It's really no big deal!"

"It's not as simple as you'd like to think, Mother!"

Glen explained even as he struggled out of her grasp, his cheeks heating up like a kettle, "You know Vicky's temper—if he sees her and she decides to leave with him, do you think we can stop them? I had to go through great lengths just

to convince her to accept the family's arrangement. What if she regrets it once she sees him?"

Sighing, he added, “And don’t forget that Titus is still outside. Do you think we can hide this from him? What would he think of us if he finds out? It’s going to be a crisis!”

“B-But.”

Kendra was dumbstruck. “But we can’t let your father suffer and die in agony! Is there no other way?”

“Trust me, I’ve tried,” Glen replied, deflated. “The Lionhearts even brought in a foreign professor, and we know how that went. Who can we count on now?”

“The way I see it.”

Glen turned toward his father who crawled up to the doorway, his eyes flashing with determination. “Father will just have to take this one for the family!”

“Glen!!!” Kendra screamed—she could hear Glen’s determination, and her fingers clawed into his arm as she tried to stop him. “That’s your father you’re talking about! How could you just watch him die! No. This won’t do!”

Dashing towards the door in a frenzy, she shouted at Frank even as he strode off into the distance, “M- Mr. Lawrence. Please! I’ll let you meet Vicky, alright? I’ll let you meet her, as long as you save my husband!”

Frank stopped in his tracks and turned, watching Kendra and Glen quietly as the latter arrived at the doorway as well.

Seeing the look on the man’s face, he realized that Glen did not reach his current position by playing on familial sentiment but through cold determination.

He had clearly given up on his father.

However, Kendra obviously was not going to do the same... And Frank would not be meeting Vicky if not for her.

Ten minutes later, Frank arrived outside a lakeside cottage in one of the Turnbolls’ luxury cars.

There was fencing around the cottage, but the lawn inside was blossoming with flowers.

A beautiful woman in a sunhat and a bikini was sitting barefooted by the lake, and she turned in reflex when she heard the car arriving.

As Frank alighted, her face lit up with delight.

“Darling!” she cried, tossing her sunhat aside as she skipped excitedly toward the car, leaping onto Frank just like a child.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist—it was as improper as improper could be.

With her being dressed in only a bikini that accentuated her stunning figure to the last, Frank almost bled from excitement.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 897-Naturally, the woman was none other than Vicky.

She did not hesitate to lunge at Frank as soon as she saw him, and as they locked gazes for several beats, she jammed her lips on his with passion that would leave anyone blushing.

“Ahem...”

There was no telling how long had passed, and they finally pulled away when a servant cleared her throat.

“Madam Zims, could you cough elsewhere? I hate you!” Vicky rolled her eyes at the woman, staring daggers.

“Actually, Ms. Turnbull.” Madam Zims glanced pointedly nearby, and Vicky turned to find Titus himself standing there.

The sinister look on his face was palpable—forget Vicky lunging at Frank and kissing him enthusiastically, the fact that she had to be told that Titus was there made it clear Vicky really did not care about him.

“I think I should remind you that we’re getting married in three days, Vicky,” he said darkly.

“Hah! Who wants to marry you?! I’m taking it back! I’m leaving with my darling!”

Vicky snapped, her legs still wrapped around Frank’s waist.

Seeing that Titus was glaring at that hostilely, she deliberately gyrated her hips in a position that would send one's imagination running wild.

Titus could choke right then—his own fiancée, getting clingy with another man?!

This was not a slap in the face. It was an open rebellion!

“Frank Lawrance!” Titus glared at him, his face darkened as he bellowed. “Let go of her!”

“Why should I listen to you?” Frank shot back, wrapping his arms around Vicky as he did.

“Exactly! Why should we listen to you?” Vicky giggled in agreement.

Titus could blow up right then. He turned and punched the car beside him, leaving a dent but obviously repressing his rage.

“Don’t forget that upsetting my family will only hurt yours, Vicky!” he bellowed.

“You’d better make up your mind soon!”

“The Turnbull family? Hmph.”

Vicky finally let go of Frank at Titus’ threat, but even as her feet touched the ground, she stood beside Frank and showed no intention of going to Titus’ side.

Her expression hostile, she spoke bluntly, “I believe we agreed to annul our engagement, Mr. Lionheart. But somehow things are back the way they were…”

Are you going back on your word?”

“Going back on my word?”

Titus shook his head and sneered. “This engagement was never up to us. It’s your family who insisted that you marry me. Even if I refused, my family would not allow that either. That is a fact, so accept it and quit fantasizing already.”

To be honest, Titus was not particularly ugly—those chiseled facial features and his handsome face would draw stares from everyone down the street.

In fact, Frank would not have an advantage in comparison at first glance, but he somehow only got better looking the more one stared.

And with time, Titus would start to dull in comparison.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 898-Vicky was an authority on that subject.

However, she was not drawn to Frank just for his looks—it was his style, attitude, and measures which left Vicky profoundly enchanted.

If she never met him, he might really have gone with the family's arrangement to marry Titus.

But now that she had Frank, she could not care less about Titus.

Moreover, Titus' accomplishment and current position was something he gained by riding his family's coattails, whereas Frank relied on himself to get where he was today.

In time, he would outclass Titus by a mile—something which Vicky held in profound conviction.

Leveling a solemn glare at Titus, she said, "I never believe in bullshit like fate— I'll take my life in my own hands, so I'll tell you this now: I'll never marry you. I love Frank and adore him, and he's the only one I'll ever marry. That engagement of ours? Hah! Fuck off!"

"Please, Ms. Turnbull!" Madam Zims dropped to her knees audibly, kowtowing endlessly, "Please reconsider! Every life in our family is in your hands! The South Sea Crow will be delighted if you refuse to marry Mr. Lionheart... before she picks us off one by one!"

"The South Sea Crow?" Frank frowned, somehow familiar with that name.

Seeing that Madam Zims had spilled the beans, Vicky turned toward Frank in exasperation and explained, "The South Sea Crow is a terrible foe targeting our family for some reason. She's vowing to exact revenge upon us, which is why my family has been on edge constantly. She's the reason we've been losing our people every year, and it's only our alliance with the Lionhearts and their people that she was kept in check."

Frank frowned suspiciously. "What, you can't just kill her and be done with it?"

"Kill her?" Titus chuckled in the distance, shooting him a look of disdain. "She's peak Ascendant rank, and she moves around like a ghost and has an arsenal of sinister devilry at her disposal. Even Volsung Sect failed to take her down even after cornering her on several occasions. Hell, my father can't do anything either, and he's Transcendent rank. And you think you'd be able to take her down just because you say it?"

“That’s right.” Vicky sighed helplessly, not arguing with Titus for once. “The South Sea Crow is just too much for my family, and we’re just a dynasty of magnates and lacking martial artists or talent. That’s why we really have no way to fend her off.”

“Without the Lionhearts, the Turnbolls would have been massacred already!”

Titus laughed loudly, folding his arms before his chest.

“I get it.” Frank nodded at that point. “So the problem is the South Sea Crow?

She’s the reason you were compelled by Glen to marry that one over there?”

Vicky nodded exasperatedly, but soon pouted and snapped, “Yes, but I don’t care anymore. I’m leaving with my darling, and no one can stop me!”

“Oh, Ms. Turnbull...” Madam Zims sighed feebly nearby.

Glen was certainly right—Vicky changed her mind as soon as she met Frank, and even Titus’ presence was pointless.

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 899-Titus could see that he was achieving nothing too and got into his car.

Before he left, he wound down his window and said quietly, “Vicky, it’s all up to you—whether you’re choosing my family’s protection, or to let the South Sea Crow wipe out your family. I won’t tell you what to do.

“Make up your mind in three days—during your family’s annual dinner, an envoy from my family will send for you. If you refuse, consider the alliance between our families severed... at that point, you can really do whatever you like.”

With that, he reclined against his seat as he told his chauffeur to drive away.

Vicky was left standing there, scowling.

She was not stupid—if anything, she was quite smart. One did not become the most famous independent woman in Riverton by being a simpleton.

In fact, she had already spotted Titus as soon as she saw Frank.

That was why she instantly made up her mind to greet Frank so intimately while giving Titus the cold shoulder. It was her way of telling Titus that she would not marry him—that she hoped that he gave up.

Regrettably, Titus simply made it clear that the choice was out of his hands, insisting that it was an agreement between both families.

Naturally, he was also pointing out that Vicky should be going along with it.

In other words, the indirect confrontation between them came to a stalemate.

Vicky sighed—things were worse than she thought.

While Frank would not refuse if she gave up on everything and ran away with him, her family would be abandoned by the Lionhearts.

The consequences were naturally unimaginable, as it was the perfect opportunity for the South Sea Crow to wipe out the Turnbull family. If anything, she would be fine if it was just the main family in Morhen—but the South Sea Crow vowed to wipe out everyone, meaning that Vicky's parents would not be getting away even if they stayed in Riverton.

At worst, she would get Frank caught in her mess.

It was exactly what she did not want to see—the more she loved him, the less she wanted to see him being in danger.

After a long silence, Vicky sighed and spoke despite the agony in her heart.

“Darling. I think this is it for us.”

Frank felt stung by her seriousness. “Why? You just said—”

“Yeah, that’s what I said,” Vicky flashed a pained smile even as she caressed his face. “But without the Lionhearts’ protection, my family won’t survive.

Eventually, you, and even Helen and Winter will get caught in my mess. And I really don’t want Helen mocking me.”

She had her pride too!

Nonetheless, Frank frowned. “That’s the only reason you’re marrying Titus Lionheart?”

“Yes.” Vicky nodded. “I hope you’ll understand—my heart will always be yours, but I have to do this for you and my family.”

Suddenly, she giggled, “Of course, that’s not to say that I won’t cheat.”

Frank was left speechless by Vicky’s signature dark jokes, while Madam Zims was wiping the sweat off her brow.

This heiress really had the gall to joke like that?!

If she cheated and got caught... Madam Zims could not imagine how things would end well for her!

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage Chapter 900-“Oh, right...”

Vicky turned toward Frank, frowning as she remembered something. “Darling.

Did Uncle Glen let you see me just because you asked? That’s really not his style.”

“Oh, don’t get me started.”

Frank was about to promise Vicky that he would deal with the South Sea Crow, only for him to change the subject.

As such, he had no choice but to tell her about the ‘trials’ he had to pass just to meet her.

Vicky was stamping her feet in frustration just as he was halfway done. “I told him not to upset you whatever he did or threaten you with your family. He just wouldn’t listen. And Uncle Zac too! Who on earth asks for a favor like that?!”

“Heh. Hold your horses—I haven’t reached the fun part.” Frank chuckled.

Shaking his head, he told Vicky about the wager with Titus and Glen, the pain he went through with Professor Roberts just to treat George, and everything else.

Vicky pursed her lips, almost cursing out loud. “Uncle Glen doesn’t even care if Grandpa dies?! And it’s your success, but he’s insisting that it’s some other foreigner’s accomplishment. That’s a businessman for you. It’s all technicalities with him!”



Taking a moment to calm down, Vicky pressed, “So? How did you get him to agree to let you meet me?”

Frank smiled, speechless for a moment.

Still, he told her about coercing Glen with his father’s health. Surprisingly, Vicky was not angry and actually flashed a pained smile in turn.

Taking a moment to choose her words, she said quietly, “Darling. I hope you can understand Uncle Glen. He’s not actually that bad—he’s really worried that I’d elope with you in the heat of a moment. He’s the head of the family, and the family is his responsibility. There are many things that are beyond his control.”

“I understand,” Frank said, in agreement after remembering his conflict with that man.

An awkward silence ensued between Vicky and Frank at that before she sighed and asked, “How’s Helen doing?”

Frank felt a warm sensation unfurling inside him.

Even if Vicky constantly messed with Helen and they squabble constantly, there was a sense of camaraderie between both women. They were neither friends nor rivals, but there was just this bizarre connection that bound them, with said connection being Frank himself.

Smiling, Frank shook his head. “Funny. Helen asked me the same thing too, but I couldn’t tell her anything since I had nothing.”

“Oh. Weird that she’d actually let you come find me,” Vicky said, stretching her back just to flaunt her stunning figure.

Catching Frank peeking just then, she winked playfully and asked, “Why don’t we do it right now?”

“No, Ms. Turnbull!”

The ever watchful Madam Zims’ face fell at Vicky’s suggestion, running toward them. “If the Lionhearts finds out that you’re unchaste, they’d—”

“They’d what, kill me?” Vicky pouted in displeasure. “Also, you’re an adult, so quit being a third wheel while I’m flirting!”

“What...”

Madam Zims was left exasperated.

She did not want to do this either, but how could she disobey Glen’s orders?