

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 91 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 91

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Trevor watched as Jermain left, and he asked, “Mr. Lawrence, the Chandlers actually have influence in Middleton. Should we prepare for them?”

Frank shook his head. “Unnecessary. What can they do anyway? They’re not our enemy—just watch out for any moves they might make.”

Trevor nodded—Frank was far above the Chandlers, and he really did not need to worry about them.

“Do you need a ride back to the hotel, Mr. Lawrence?” Trevor asked.

“No, I’ll be going to Flora Hall.”

“Flora Hall? Why?” Trevor asked in curiosity.

“I need to make a new one to treat Helen’s face.”

“I see.” Trevor nodded and sent Frank to Flora Hall before leaving.

There was a pungent scent of medicinal herbs as Frank stepped in, and many customers were there to make purchases or consult the healers.

Frank whipped out his phone to call Dan Zimmer. novelbin

However, the man did not answer for a long while, so he had no choice but to approach an assistant at the front desk. “Hi. I’d like to speak with the owner, Dan Zimmer.”

The assistant glanced at him briefly and pointed at the registration counter, “Take a number. You only get to see Mr. Zimmer if our specialists can’t resolve your issue.

Frank glanced at the long queue waiting at the counter and said, “Then I’ll be making purchases.”

“What are you buying?”

Frank picked up a pen and wrote down a list on the paper, along with the weight and other specifications.

The assistant picked up the list and soon frowned.

After waiting a while, Frank asked, “Is there an issue?”

“We have everything you need, but there’s one ingredient we don’t sell.”

Frank laughed. “What do you mean? Don’t you sell it here?”

“It’s

very rare and therefore labeled as a not-for-sale item.”

Frank was at once frustrated. “Are you messing with me?”

The assistant frowned. “What do you mean, young man? You can’t afford it even if we have it.

The Skyfresh Vine that Frank wanted might be a Flora Hall exclusive, but it was worth millions.

To the assistant, it was obvious from Frank’s appearance that he could not afford that.

Moreover, it was troublesome—the assistant had to report this to his higher-ups and write an application. In contrast, chasing Frank away was much more ideal.

Frank frowned in turn, surprised that a mere assistant would belittle him.

Reaching out and grabbing the assistant by the collar right then, Frank growled, “Doesn’t matter if I can afford it. Just give it to me.”

“Hey! What are you doing?! Let go of me!” the assistant cried out in shock before yelling loudly, “Help! Help! He’s making a scene!”

The security guards rushed toward them in response, and so did the other patrons.

Flora Hall was the leading apothecary in Riverton, but the man was actually making a scene instead of staying in line?!

“Let him go!” a burly security officer barked just then.

“Call the owner,” Frank replied flatly.

“Who do you think you are to demand to see him?!” The security guard whipped out his baton since Frank was not giving up and charged at him!

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Frank did not even look the security guard’s way as he stretched out his palm, slapping him across.

the face!

The man felt like his face had been hit by a truck, and his entire six foot two frame tumbled to the

floor with a loud thud!

“Oof...” Everyone gasped—the kid was quite strong!

“Shit...” The burly security guard was in a daze but soon scrambled to his feet and glared at Frank.”

Get him!”

The other bodyguards started to charge at Frank, when someone behind them shouted, “What is going on here?!”

Frank turned to see a woman over five feet tall, wearing a white coat and a pair of gold rimmed glasses striding toward them.

Her skin was fair, her figure even—she was no world—class beauty, but a rare one nonetheless.

It was none other than Janet Zimmer, Dan’s granddaughter.

The assistant from before hurried to her when he saw her. “Ms. Zimmer, someone was causing a scene.”

Janet turned toward Frank suspiciously and demanded, “Who are you?”

“I’m Frank Lawrence,” he replied, seeing that management had arrived. “I would like to meet Dan Zimmer—please help me call for him.”

“You’re Frank Lawrence?” Janet exclaimed in surprise.

“You know me?” Frank was puzzled—was he really that famous in Riverton?

“Of course,” Janet replied. “A Mr. Henry Lane arranged for a job for you. You never came, so I thought you found work.”

Frank realized with a start—that was the work Henry mentioned before.

So Dan was an old comrade of Henry’s, although Henry had never told him.

“Let’s talk at the back,” Janet told him..

Frank nodded while shooting the assistant a look.

The assistant was now completely humbled, taken by shock that Frank actually knew Janet.

The man could have mentioned that before!

Frank finally released him and headed to the tearoom at the back with Janet, who asked in curiosity, “So, have you made up your mind to start work here in Flora Hall?”

Frank shook his head. “No, you misunderstand—I came to get some medicinal ingredients, including the Skyfresh Vine. It’s very important, so I’d like you to sell it to me

Janet was taken aback but soon smiled. “I’m afraid I can’t decide on that matter, Mr. Lawrence. Skyfresh Vines are worth dozens of millions, and they have long since been taken off the shelf. If it’s urgent, you could ask my grandfather directly.”

“Yes, Where is he at the moment?” Frank asked.

He had come looking for Dan in the first place anyway and would not have gotten caught in the mess at the lobby if not for that.

“He’s on a house call,” Janet replied. “He’ll probably be back soon. Why don’t you wait here for a

while?”

Frank nodded exasperatedly. “Sure, I will.”

Just then, a nurse rushed into the tea room, informing Janet urgently, “Ms. Zimmer, Patient Twelve’s condition is getting worse. You should take a look.”

“What?! Wasn’t he just cleared?” Janet was shocked and quickly turned toward Frank, “Please wait here, Mr. Lawrence. I have something urgent to attend to.”

“Sure. Go ahead.”

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Frank was sitting in the tearoom, nonchalantly drinking his tea and wondering when Dan would

return.

Soon, he strolled out to find the nurses were all very busy in various rooms.

Just then, shouting echoed down the hallway.

Frank headed over in curiosity to find a burly man pointing at Janet as he snapped, “Do you know what you’re doing?! If anything happens to my boss, I will burn this place to the ground!”

Janet was wiping the sweat off her brow as she growled through her teeth, “Just calm down. I’m trying to help him here.”

Frank glanced at the patient on the bed, whose face had already turned blue and was clearly on the brink.

Just then, Janet told the nurse beside her, "Lindsay, get a vigor pill from the pharmacy."

The nurse nodded repeatedly at her words, but Frank was frowning in turn and interrupted them. "That won't work. The patient's issue is not his vigor."

Everyone turned toward Frank at his words, but he ignored them and walked straight to the patient.

As he took the patient's wrist to feel his pulse, the burly man glared at him and demanded, "Who the hell are you?!"

"The one who will save your boss," Frank replied flatly.

"You can? Then do it!" The burly man did not care who did it, even if it were a tramp, as long as his

boss was cured!

Beside Frank, Janet told him under her breath, "No, Mr. Lawrence. The patient's condition is

outlandish. You should leave!"

She expected him to know a thing or two about medicine since her own grandfather's friend recommended him. However, she was not convinced that Frank was better than her, since her

grandfather was the best healer in Riverton while she was second best.

Nonetheless, Frank said bluntly, "He might really die if you feed him a vigor pill. Bring a set of silver needles instead—he's been poisoned."

"What? Are you serious?" Janet exclaimed, looking at him in disbelief and thinking it was a joke.

The man had shown no signs of poisoning when she checked him just now!

Moreover, the patient was East City's kingpin—if Frank messed up and got him killed, Flora Hill would be a casualty! novelbin

Even so, Frank said flatly, "His pulse is weakening and he appears to be losing vigor. However, he's

been poisoned with Stellar Wormwood—that explains his body’s weakened state. If you give him a vigor pill, his veins would burst, and he’d die.”

Janet was herself learned in medicine and understood Frank’s diagnosis immediately.

Still, she soon paled. “But isn’t Stellar Wormwood extinct? How could he be poisoned with it?”

Frank shook his head. “I don’t know about that. But it definitely isn’t extinct...”

He had seen that poisonous herb himself three years before and was almost a victim himself.

He was certainly surprised to encounter it again three years later....

“Well, do you have a solution, Mr. Lawrence?” Janet asked, looking at him hopefully.

She had no idea how to get rid of this form of poison, and her grandfather was away... but if Frank knew what to do, there was probably hope!

To her delight, Frank nodded. “Just bring me a set of needles.”

Janet did not hesitate to do so.

Beside them, the burly man had been watching them discuss endlessly, and he urged angrily, “Can you really do it?”

“Shut it,” Frank snapped angrily, shooting him a glare. “Another word from you, and you’ll follow your boss to hell.”

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Frank really despised oblivious people who kept running their mouths while he was trying to save one.

It:

was certainly not helpful for the ice–cold mind a healer needed.

The burly man would retort, but Frank's icy glare left him flinching, with a chill running down his spine.

He promptly withdrew the words on the tip of his tongue as well, even though he was a veteran member of the reigning gang of East City. novelbin

He just

had the feeling that Frank was not bluffing—if he really breathed another word, Frank would really kill him.

Meanwhile, since the burly man stopped talking, Frank turned and drew out the silver needles brought to him.

He ran the first into the center spot on top of the patient's head before inserting over twenty across the rest of the patient's body, making him look like a porcupine.

Then, Frank pressed his entire palm over the man's navel, reversing the flow of vigor, jolting the man awake, and making him cough up a mouthful of clotted blood!

"Woah..." Janet was left gaping, impressed that Frank saved a dying man within minutes.

His medicinal prowess would not pale in comparison to her grandfather's!

"Boss... Are you okay? How are you feeling?" The burly man hurried to the patient's side, his jaw hanging open and his earlier angsty expression gone.

The patient a middle-aged man named Kurt Stinson—waved him off, gesturing that he was fine.

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He slowly looked up and nodded at Janet when he saw her. "You really are Dan Zimmer's granddaughter... I would've died if not for you."

Janet smiled and shook her head—she was not the one who saved Kurt, and she was not about to claim credit for that accomplishment.

Pointing at Frank, she said, “You misunderstand, Mr. Stinson. That gentleman was the one who saved you, not me. To be honest, I failed to diagnose you correctly in the first place, but Mr. Lawrence was wise and found the precise cause. It was also his treatment that saved you.”

Kurt did a double take and turned toward Frank, studying him for a while.

He was certainly surprised to find that Frank was so young—he had never heard of a young man with such profound medicinal skills after reigning in Riverton for so long.

“May I have the honor of your name, sir?” he asked.

“Frank Lawrence.”

“What’s with that attitude, kiddo?!” The burly man from before was immediately annoyed.

Kurt promptly shot him a look. “Be quiet, Bravo,”

Bravo promptly behaved, while Kurt smiled as he took out a check from his pocket and wrote down a number.

“This is a little token of my gratitude for saving me, Mr. Lawrence. Please take it,” Kurt said, stuffing the check into Frank’s hand and clearly not permitting refusal.

Frank looked closely and saw that it was a million dollars!

“In that case, I will accept it,” he said.

“It’s only right, Mr. Lawrence.” Kurt smiled. “Also, may I ask what caused my condition?”

“Stellar Wormwood,” Frank replied bluntly. “It’s a poisonous herb.”

Kurt was taken aback. “Does that mean I was poisoned?”

Frank nodded confidently. “That would be the case, unless you ate it for fun.”

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Kurt smiled awkwardly in turn and slowly got up. "Thanks again for saving me, Mr. Lawrence. I still have business to see to, so I shall be going—also, should you and Ms. Zimmer ever come to my establishments, everything will be on the house."

Then, turning to the burly man beside him, he added, "Bravo. Pay Flora Hall double for any costs."

"Yes, Mr. Stinson," Bravo promptly replied.

Janet wanted to refuse, but she had no chance as they paid cash.

With that, Kurt left with Bravo in tow.

After they got in their car, Bravo was staring at Kurt, appearing hesitant to speak.

Seeing that, Kurt asked bluntly, "Out with it already. Why are you hesitating?"

Since Kurt put it that way, Bravo quickly said, "I think there's something strange about Mr. Lawrence, boss."

"What is it?"

"I think he has killed people before."

"He killed people...?"

Bravo nodded—even now, he did not forget the glare Frank shot him.

The killing intent he had was more fearsome than Kurt's!

Kurt narrowed his eyes in turn. It was certainly strange that he had never heard of Frank even now, especially since he was that amazing...

"Should we look into him, sir?" Bravo asked just then.

Kurt promptly waved him off. "Absolutely not. We don't even know if he's friend or foe—don't provoke him in any case. Let's make friends since he's not hostile at the moment, and remember to tell the boys to show respect when he visits our joint."

"Yes, boss." Bravo nodded repeatedly.

Back at Flora Hall, Janet breathed a long sigh of relief after seeing off Kurt and Bravo.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence,” she told Frank.

“It’s nothing. Dan and I are more or less friends,” Frank said nonchalantly.
novelbin

He would not let some thugs start a mess in Flora Hall since Dan was friends with Henry Lane, thought Henry had never mentioned it himself. In fact, he still would not have known if he did not meet Janet today.

As they returned to the tearoom for a break, Dan had returned to Flora Hall as well.

He was at once surprised and delighted after his granddaughter recounted what happened and could kowtow to Frank right then!

“Oh, I don’t know how to thank you, Mr. Lawrence,” he exclaimed emotionally. “You’ve really saved Flora Hall! If you must know, Kurt Stinson is the kingpin of East City. He’s even more powerful than Leo Grayson!”

Frank threw his hands up. “It’s nothing, Mr. Zimmer. If you really want to thank me, you just have to give me some medicinal ingredients.”

“Of course! Just tell me what you need, Mr. Lawrence. It would be no issue as long as we have it here in Flora Hall.”

sjusta

Dan was actually beside himself with joy—he his brains on how to get in Frank’s good graces!

“I need a tuft of Skyfresh Vine to make a pill,” Frank said. “I was told you have some, but it’s not for sale. Is that true?”

Dan was laughing as he stroked his beard. “We certainly do—it’s thirty–six inches in length, and you can have it if you want, Mr. Lawrence.”

Then, turning toward Janet, he said, “Run along now. Fetch that vine for Mr. Lawrence.”

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Janet was left gaping as she listened to their conversation.

Her grandfather had always treated the Skyfresh Vine as a treasure, but he was now giving it to Frank for free? Was he not giving the kid too much credit here?

Still, afraid to say a thing, she turned to leave, hurrying off to bring Frank the vine.

Frank smiled as he nodded at Dan, surprised that he would get the Skyfresh Vine so easily. "Thank you very much, Mr. Zimmer."

Puzzled, Dan asked, "I'm curious, Mr. Lawrence... What medicine would you make with the Skyfresh Vine?"

As a healer, he was certainly aware of the Skyfresh Vine's properties.

"My ex-wife has a facial scar that I will treat with the Skyfresh Vine," Frank explained.

"Wait, it can help with that?"

"Not the herb in itself, but it would work once it has been refined into medicine."

"Oh!" Dan exclaimed in awe. "Your wisdom with medicine is truly inspiring."

Frank then remembered something else and asked abruptly, "Mr. Zimmer, are you a friend of Henry Lane's?"

Dan paused for a moment at the mention of Henry's name and sighed. "We were comrades."

"I see," Frank said. "Actually, Helen is Henry's granddaughter."

"What? I see..." Dan was certainly shocked.

That left Frank a little curious. "Were you at odds with Henry?"

“Well, there was a little argument, but that’s in the past,” Dan said, shaking his head and not elaborating on the issue.

Frank could tell as much, so he did not ask—it was also not surprising that Henry did not ask for Dan even though he was sick.

Still, Frank remembered that Henry had asked Dan to get him a job despite their differences, and he felt more grateful to Henry for that.

Soon, Janet returned with the Skyfresh Vine.

Once Janet opened the box, Frank saw that it was a genuine treasure—the entire herb was flawlessly

clean.

Nodding in satisfaction, he said, “Thank you, Mr. Zimmer. Should you need assistance, just ask—I will do my best to help.”

That sent Dan on cloud nine. “You’re too generous, Mr. Lawrence. It’s an honor to make the acquaintance of a medicine man such as you.”

After some small talk, Frank quickly excused himself, since he still had a medicine to make.

Meanwhile, the air in Helen’s ward was gloomy as she kept herself hidden under her blankets, refusing to see anyone.

It hurt Gina to see that not only was she worried that her daughter would develop mental issues, but she was also concerned that Lane Holdings would go leaderless.

Sean had come to visit a few times but never returned after seeing Helen’s face.

It was certainly stressful that Gina’s dream for her daughter to become Mrs. Wesley was not crushed, and she went to the stairway for a cigarette.

“Got a light, babe?” A rich voice spoke from behind her just then.

Gina passed the person her lighter without looking, when the man exclaimed in surprise, “Gina?!”

Gina turned, her eyes widening in surprise. novelbin

The middle-aged man before her had a split mustache, square jaw and wore a suit—all of which accentuated his maturity.

“Greg?” Gina exclaimed—she was all too familiar with the man.

It was Greg Marsh, her high school classmate!

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They were both delighted to see a familiar face after so many years, and Gina quickly asked, “What are you doing here?”

“Oh, Mr. Yates just caught a cold and was admitted.” Greg smiled. “I came to visit him.”

“Mr. Yates?” Gina asked in curiosity.

“Riverton commerce guild’s chief, Timmy Yates,” Greg replied. novelbin

Gina was surprised. “You know him? What’s the connection there?”

“Partners, I guess,” Greg chuckled. “I started a pharmaceutical company two years ago and made

bank, and I’ve just recently started talks with Mr. Yates in hopes of a partnership. It’s only natural that I visit since he’s sick.”

“Oh!” Gina exclaimed. “You’ve done well for yourself, partnering with a bigwig in just a few years since I last saw you.”

“I was just lucky,” Greg replied humbly. “So what brings you here, Gina?”

Gina sighed and started rambling about her troubles seeing that Greg was her old classmate. “My daughter was admitted. She had the bad luck to cross paths with Leo Grayson, and his boss Finn Chandler cut her face, leaving a scar. She’s been depressed every day, and I’m getting depressed over that too.”

Greg frowned. “What? Poor Helen...”

Gina started sobbing, her voice choking with tears as she continued, "What will she do from now on? There's no one managing the company, and she's not willing to go outside. It's over for the family if this goes on..."

Something occurred to Greg just then, and he clapped Gina on the shoulder reassuringly. "Your daughter's name is Helen, isn't it?"

"Yes..." Gina sobbed.

Greg nodded emotionally. "You've really raised her well, Gina."

Helen was certainly a rising star in Riverton after securing that project with the Turnbolls.

"So what? I'd rather she was the way before, even if we lose a little money," Gina cried and leaned on Greg's shoulder as she started to bawl.

Greg stroked his chin with one hand while holding Gina with the other. "Don't worry, Gina. I just happened to be acquainted with Dan Zimmer. Who knows, he might be able to help."

Gina looked up right then. "R—Really? You can contact Mr. Zimmer? Can he really help?"

"Don't worry," Greg said confidently. "He's the best healer in Riverton—a small scar isn't much. I'll

call him and ask."

Gina's eyes were filled with hope right then. "T—That's wonderful!"

Greg whipped out his phone to call Dan, who soon answered. "Hello, who's this?"

Greg said politely, "Mr. Zimmer? It's me, Greg Marsh, from Handrock Corp."

"Oh, Mr. Marsh. What can I do for you?" Dan asked, somewhat remembering the name.

"So my friend's daughter has a facial scar—I wonder if you can help treat her?" Greg quickly asked. "Money is not a problem as long as you can treat her."

Dan did a double take—another woman with a facial scar?

Frank had just left, too!

“What’s her name?” Dan asked in curiosity.

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Greg said, “Helen Lane. She’s the owner of Lane Holdings and recently secured a partnership with the

Turnbulls.”

Dan realized with a start and chuckled, “Oh, you don’t have to worry about that—someone will be taking care of that. She’ll soon make a full recovery.

After all, Dan knew he did not have to do a thing since Frank was going to help Helen. In fact, if Frank could not help, Dan himself might not be able to do it.

“Uhh...” Greg had more to say, but Dan had already hung up.

“Grey? What did Mr. Zimmer say?” Gina quickly asked in turn.

“Oh...” Greg hesitated for a moment before telling her, “Don’t worry. Mr. Zimmer has agreed to help your daughter, but it will be a while before he does. It will be fine, I promise.”

Gina was beside herself with joy. “Oh, thank you so much, Greg! Really, I didn’t expect to rely on you again when it matters—you’re as successful as you were before, acing grades and gym. You’re the only one in our class who made it to college.

Greg was absolutely reveling in Gina’s worshipful gaze, his vanity absolutely satisfied. “Oh, that’s in the past and not worth mentioning. You were the prettiest girl in the class too, and so many boys were wooing you.

Gina flashed a chagrined smile. “Funny you should say that. You never seemed interested in ma

“Oh, I was just obsessed with studying at the time,” Greg chuckled, his eyes studying Gina—he had to admit that even if she was forty, she would still make a good mistress.

As such, he asked, "It's rare that we run into each other. Why don't we have dinner tonight?" novelbin

Gina was hesitant, since she had stayed single since her husband's passing to help out with the family

business.

However, Helen was now an adult and able to hold her own, not to mention that there was that night of indulgence she had with that bellboy at Verdant Hotel...

If anything, she was looking forward to having a man in her life, since staying celibate for too long

did hurt a little.

Moreover, Greg had been the stud of their class himself, and she would not mind if some spark ignited between them despite their age.

Nodding shyly, she said, "I'll check if I'm free tonight."

Seeing that he had a chance, Greg promptly laughed. "I'll pick you up tonight."

With that, he strode out of the stairway, not allowing Gina time to refuse.

Still, Gina was delighted as she fantasized about the date tonight.

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Meanwhile, Frank had returned to Verdant Hotel and focused all his efforts on refining a medicine.

He poured every ingredient into a cauldron, and as the fire burned, every punch of medicinal value was extracted.

Frank was fully concentrated as he adjusted and refined the extract, and it was five hours later when he finally refined it into a 100ml ointment.

Helen's scar would definitely be removed with this. He then promptly whipped out his phone to call Helen to tell her the good news.

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Helen was sitting quietly on her bed, her phone put aside in silent mode.

The screen suddenly lit up, and she promptly recognized the caller's number as Frank's since she had memorized it.

She hung up without hesitation, thinking herself now a cripple and afraid to suffer Frank's ridicule.

Frank called twice more after that, but she kept hanging up on him before blocking him.

Just then, Gina entered with Greg, and she promptly asked, "Look who's here, Helen!"

Helen, who was still depressed, promptly scowled. "Get out."

"It's alright Helen. He's here to help..."

Greg had already walked up to Helen before Gina finished, and he was certainly impressed inwardly with Helen's pretty face. To think that Gina's daughter boasted such natural beauty...

What a shame that the facial scar ruined it, leaving her looking gruesome instead.

"Who are you? Get out!" Helen snapped angrily and picked up a pillow to throw at Greg.

"You probably won't remember me, but I used to carry you around when you were a baby," Greg replied nonchalantly. "Also, I came with good news—Mr. Zimmer has agreed to treat you. You won't have that scar soon enough."

Dan did tell Greg that someone was going to help Helen, and he just had to play it off as his own

contribution.

Helen did a double take right then, since the hospital chief himself said that he could not help with that. "Mr. Zimmer is going to help?"

Greg smiled. "Who in Riverton can do it, if not Dan Zimmer?"

Helen was stunned. "But why would Mr. Zimmer help?"

"It's all thanks to Greg here," Gina said. "He's now a partner of Timmy Yates, and Mr. Zimmer has agreed to his request with just a call." novelbin

Helen turned hesitantly toward Greg, surprised that her mother's former classmate was such a

successful man.

Gina said proudly just then, "Helen, shouldn't you thank Mr. Marsh?"

"T-Thank you, Mr. Marsh..." Helen stammered.

Right now, what she wanted most was for her face to recover. She would certainly be grateful if Greg could do that much.

"Don't worry," Greg assured her confidently. "Just rest and get better. Your face will soon be cured,

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and you'll still be Riverton's most beautiful woman."

Gina wrapped her hands around Greg's arm without knowing it. "Peter will take care of you tonight. I'll be busy..."

Helen certainly noticed the strangeness and frowned. "Why don't you stay here with me tonight,

Mom?"

Gina shot her a glare. "You're an adult. Do you still need me around?"

Helen was speechless, but she already could guess what Gina was up to tonight.

She would never stop her mother from pursuing her own happiness, but was this not a little too fast?

Meanwhile, Frank gave up after calling Helen a few times—it was clear that she was not going to

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Frank stepped out of Verdant Hotel, heading eastward to a restaurant.

It was a nice place with not many people, and he preferred such a quiet spot.

He ordered some of the restaurant's speciality and was just enjoying it when a commotion could soon be heard. novelbin

Frank looked up to find Gina with a man he had never seen before.

Gina looked around, and was nodding in admiration. "You have a really good eye, Greg. This is a good place."

"Haha," Greg chuckled. "The owner used to be a vendor outside our school, and he's made it big now. You will enjoy this."

Gina was sighing emotionally. "Yeah... You've really brought me back to our high school days, now that you've mentioned it."

"Come, let's take a seat by the window. The view here

s good," Greg said as he walked to the table

next to Frank's, pulling out a chair in a gentlemanly manner for Gina.

Gina nodded repeatedly, but her smile faded when she saw Frank. "What are you doing here?"

Frank shrugged. "To eat. What else?"

Gina snorted in disdain. "Of all the places to run into a jinx like you.

Frank rolled his eyes, but told her, "I called Helen earlier, but she never answered. Here's an ointment I made that could cure her scar. Pass it to her."

As Frank took it out, however, Gina was completely unconcerned and slapped it out of his hand!

“What...” Frank was furious as he quickly picked it up.

Thankfully, it did not spill out.

Glaring at Gina, he snapped, “Do you know how valuable this ointment is?”

He had spent hours making this, and the ingredients were worth a king’s ransom

Gina, however, snorted in contempt—even if Greg did not ask Dan to help, she would never let her daughter use Frank’s medicine!

Pointing at his nose, she snapped, “A lowlife like you making medicine? Why don’t you show me your license? From where I’m standing, you obviously want to hurt Helen further!”

Seeing that Gina was really upset, Greg rushed up to ask, “Who is he, Gina??”

Gina placed her hands on her hips as she snapped through gritted teeth, “He’s Helen’s ex–husband. It’s his fault for upsetting Leo, which is why Helen was disfigured, in the first place!”

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Greg quickly understood why Gina loathed the man.

Meanwhile, Frank quietly picked up the ointment and sighed exasperatedly. “Ignorant.”

Not bothered to respond to Gina at that point, he returned to his seat to keep eating... when Greg walked up to him.

“Is there a problem?” Frank asked coolly.

Greg glowered at him and growled, “You’re not welcomed here. Get out.”

He thought that since Frank was a lowlife anyway, he could use this moment to properly flex himself in front of Gina.