

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu

Chapter 22

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Sean certainly could not help smiling as he reveled inside. ‘What a perfect damsel–in–distress plot! I guess someone up there really likes me... This will definitely seal the deal!’

On the other hand, Blondie was clutching his chest.

Knowing that he could not beat Sean, he pointed at him and snapped, “You prick! Don’t you dare leave town! My boss will come soon and beat you to a pulp!”

Sean simply put his hands on his hips charismatically. “Sure, I’ll wait right here. Try to grow a pair if you don’t come back.”

Blondie was surprised that Sean was still talking tough and hurried to get help.

“Hmph.” Sean snorted in disdain before turning toward Helen with a look of concern. “Are you alright?”

Helen nodded stiffly, her eyes fixed on Frank nearby.

She was convinced that Frank would step up to save her when it mattered, but in the end, he merely stood there, unmoved.

She was certainly disappointed, but perhaps he really did not care about her anymore.

Sean followed her gaze and found Frank, his tender gaze turning dark right then. “What are you doing here?”

“What’s it to you?” Frank replied in annoyance.

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Gina saw him too, and her face fell even as she scoffed, “Hmph! How useless can you be, hiding like a coward when Helen’s in danger?!”

Sean chuckled smugly in turn. “Can’t put your hopes on a good–for–nothing, ma’am.”

“Definitely,” Gina promptly fawned over Sean. “I have nothing to worry about with you by Helen’s side now.”

“Stop it, Mom,” Helen snapped, tugging at her mom.

“What, am I wrong? What is he good for?” Gina appeared annoyed right then, even rolling her eyes at Frank. “You did the right thing by divorcing him.”

“That’s enough. I’m bringing Peter’s medicine to him.” Helen promptly turned to leave since Gina was not going to stop.

Gina quickly followed but never stopped fawning over Sean while she did.

Sean in turn strode up to Frank with a gleeful smile. “Don’t think you’re getting anywhere just because you became Vicky’s gigolo. You’re still useless even to the Lanes.”

Frank’s eyes flashed murderously. “Get out of my face.”

“Screw you. Keep putting on airs while you can—I’m going to mess you up soon enough.”

Sean merely shook his head and turned to leave, even though his gaze was murderous.

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After all, he knew that rushing things would ruin things—Helen clearly still had feelings for Frank, and making a move against Frank now would only upset her.

Meanwhile, the pharmacists finally finished packing Frank’s order. “Sir, your order.”

Frank made payment and left the hospital, and saw several Mercedes G-class SUVs bounding down the street, stopping at the curb.

The door alighted, and a young man with a buzz cut leapt out.

Blondie, who was left in tears after Sean’s beating, promptly went up to him. “Boss...”

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Robin Grayson—the young man—frowned. “What’s going on here? Where’s Helen?”

Blondie clutched his chest in pain and moaned, “There’s this dude who could really put up a fight with him. I can’t beat him...”

“Really? Guess I’ll take his leg,” Robin scoffed and beckoned at the vehicles. Over twenty thugs promptly leapt out, and Blondie led them into the hospital, striding menacingly.

Frank frowned.

He wanted to leave, but seeing that those thugs were carrying knives, he hesitated for a moment before returning to the hospital as well.