

THE GIRL BOSS BEGS FOR REMARRIAGE

CHAPTER 1

“Sign this to finalize your divorce if you have no further questions,” the woman in a flowery dress said as she pushed a sheet of paper toward Frank Lawrence.

They were seated at Lane Manor, and Frank’s sharp brows furrowed as he stared at the divorce agreement before turning to the woman who was his mother in law, Gina Zonda. “What’s this?”

Gina folded her arms across her chest and said flatly, “Lane Holdings has just gone public—that means the gap between you and Helen are growing ever further apart. Since you’re no help to her in her career, all you would do is tie her down, and it’s therefore ideal for you to divorce her sooner.”

Frank smiled bitterly. “Is this what Helen thinks, or is that what you think?”

Gina glowered. “This is what every member of my family thinks. Henry may have arranged this marriage between you and Helen, but we’ve been kind to you as you freeloaded from us over the last three years. Sign this if you know what’s good for you.”

Frank inhaled deeply.

For three years, he utilized every connection and resources he had, helping Lane Holdings develop from a small business to a public company.

And yet, the Lanes only considered him a freeloading husband... how ironic!

Nonetheless, he said, “I can agree to the divorce, but let me see Helen first.”

“My daughter doesn’t have time for you,” Gina snapped coolly.

“Really?” Frank chuckled. “She asked for a divorce but has no time for me?”

“Hmph.” Gina snorted. “So you’re still in denial about the gap between you and my daughter. You’d never understand her burden when you don’t even have a proper job.”

“No, I don’t.” Frank nodded in agreement. “But I won’t sign this if I don’t see her today.”

Bang!

Gina slammed her hand on the table and glared at him savagely. “Know your place, Mr. Lawrence! I’m here talking to you to spare your dignity, so sign it already!”

“Haha! Spare my dignity?” Frank reared his head in laughter before suddenly narrowing his eyes at Gina. “Lane Holdings hadn’t grown all that much in three years, but you’ve already learned how to strut.”

“What—” Gina was left stumped.

“That’s enough,” a voice spoke from upstairs, stopping Gina before she went on another rant.

Frank turned to find Helen dressed in a black business suit as she strode down stairs toward them. With her devilish figure, fair skin, and ravishing beauty, she was a rare marvel of a woman.

“You wanted to see me?” she said as she walked up to Frank. “Now, say what you want to say.”

The coldness in Frank’s eyes faded as he looked at his wife. “Tell me why you want a divorce.”

When they walked down the aisle three years ago, the Lanes had nothing, but he and Helen had each other’s backs and were sweet on each other. Frank in turn swore he would make her family the greatest dynasty in Riverton.

However, as Lane Holdings grew their business with each passing day, Helen spent more time at the office, leading to their marriage cooling off. Even so, Frank felt both pleased and sympathetic that the young, naive maiden grew to become a strong, independent woman.

Back at the present, Helen simply avoided the question and slid a debit card toward Frank. “I understand that you have your grievance, Frank, and I’ve done you wrong in this matter. There’s ten million in here, and you can have the downtown villa—consider it your alimony.”

Frank sighed. “Even now, you’re still convinced money solves everything?”

“Of course.” Helen nodded. “If it’s not solved, that just means you haven’t thrown enough money at it.”

Frank shook his head in disappointment. “Lane Holdings is worth 200 million, and that’s not enough for you?”

Helen spread her arms and looked pointedly around them. “You’ve gotten too comfortable for too long, Frank—you’re shallow and content with pocket change, which is why this manor will be where it ends. But for me, this is just the start.”

“Indeed... I am shallow, but who is insightful, then?”

Frank asked, shrugging. “Is it you, or perhaps it’s Sean Wesley?”

Helen was taken aback, surprised that Frank knew about Sean despite being a shut-in.

While she had grown close with Sean as of late, she only wanted to build a connection with him to further develop Lane Holdings.

She was just about to explain that to Frank, but she stopped herself and sighed instead. “Yes, he is the heir to an elite family here in Riverton, and he has great foresight. With their wealth and influence, there is no harm in an alliance with them—only profit.”

Frank nodded in agreement, knowing that nothing he could say would change her mind.

His wife has changed, and there was no going back for them.

“In that case, I wish you the best of luck,” Frank said.

Helen had already signed the divorce agreement, and Frank put his signature to it as well.

Then, his gaze cooled as he pushed the debit card back toward the mother and daughter duo. “You can keep this. From now on, all ties between us are cut.”

“You’re just putting on airs.” Gina snorted and rolled her eyes, but she quickly retrieved the debit card.

On the other hand, Helen felt her eyes welling up with tears as she watched Frank leave. There was no sense of relief—only one of hollowness, as if she had lost something important.

“Mom...” Helen murmured. “I think I’m regretting this a little.”

“What’s there to regret? Just remember to hang out with Mr. King more,” Gina rebuked her sternly. “Just you wait—our family will squeeze our way into the ranks of Riverton’s elite soon enough!”

CHAPTER 2

As Frank strode out of Lane Manor, he turned to look at the place he lived at for three years.

He had come here all alone and now left empty-handed.

Just then, a Rolls-Royce sped toward him from a distance, stopping just beside him.

The door opened, and a middle-aged man dressed sharply in a suit alighted, grinning broadly as he jogged up to Frank. “Mr. Lawrence...” “What are you doing here?” Frank asked as he stared at the man—he was Trevor Zurich, the CEO of Trevor International.

“I’ve recently partnered with your wife for a development project in West City, and I’ve come to discuss the details with her,” Trevor admitted.

Frank nodded but said, “There’s no need for a discussion—Helen now has the Wesley family’s backing and doesn’t need ours, and she’s no longer my wife.” “What?!” Trevor exclaimed, flabbergasted. “What’s going on?” “Helen and I got divorced,” Frank admitted. “From now on, there’s no connection between myself and the Lanes.” Then, turning toward Trevor and gently clapping him on the shoulder, Frank said, “Thanks for your help over the last three years, brother.” While Trevor’s business was mostly based abroad, he was asked to return to support the Lanes and basically earned zero profit over that period of time.

Even so, Trevor promptly bowed his head and said, “No, Mr. Lawrence—it’s my honor to work in your service... that said, why would Ms. Lane suddenly divorce you? Is the Wesley boy responsible for this?” Frowning, Trevor clapped himself on the chest and declared, “In that case, I’ll personally visit Ms. Lane and talk things out with her.” Over the last three years, the only reason he partnered with Lane Holdings was because Frank asked. The Lanes were so far beneath him that they did not even deserve to lick his boots, let alone his partnership!

How shortsighted Helen was, divorcing Lawrence just because her company went public!

Nonetheless, Frank shook his head. “Forget it. Helen and I are divorced—we have nothing to do with each other now. You can go if there’s nothing else.” Trevor smacked himself on the forehead as he remembered. “Actually, there’s something I need to tell you. Remember the wonderroot you asked me to find?

Well, I've found it, but..." Frank wheeled on him right then, asking, "But what?" "But it's a family heirloom of the Turnbells. There's no way they're selling it," Trevor replied, though his tone soon changed sharply. "However, I've also caught wind that Walter Turnbull's only daughter was afflicted with a terrible illness five years ago, and she doesn't have long to live. The good news is that she's here in Riverton, and if you help her, Mr. Lawrence, the wonderroot would definitely be yours." Frank narrowed his eyes—he really needed the wonderroot, especially after that fight at South Sea three years ago.

With his strength greatly diminished, the only way to restore himself to peak condition was through Mother Nature's greatest treasures.

As such, there was no way he could miss out on the wonderroot!

His gaze flashing sharply, Frank asked, "I take it that you've discussed the matter with the Turnbells?"

Trevor gulped, sweat appearing over his forehead as he said, "Of course—I'd never try to deceive you. Walter Turnbull himself promised the wonderroot should his daughter be treated, along with any other condition you care to state." Frank clasped his hands behind his back and did not press the issue. "In that case, let's pay the Turnbells a visit." Delighted, Trevor opened the door for Frank and was just about to get in himself when a BMW sped toward them and parked in front of Lane Manor.

Peter Lane—Helen's younger brother—promptly alighted and hurried toward Trevor.

"Have you finished your discussion with my sister, Mr. Zurich?" Peter asked.

"Why don't you stay a while longer?" "Hmph." Trevor shot him a look and snorted in disdain.

He quickly got in his Rolls-Royce and left—there was no need to play nice with the Lanes now that Frank and Helen were divorced.

Naturally, his reaction left Peter, who was left wondering how he had upset Trevor, dumbfounded. He had not done a thing!

Then, he was left gaping as Trevor's Rolls-Royce sped past him, unable to believe what he had just seen.

What was Frank doing in Trevor's car?! What the hell was going on?!

– Meanwhile, Helen was sitting in her study, glancing at her watch from time to time.

Trevor said he would be visiting just this morning, but it was already past noon!

Gina was worried too and urged her, "Maybe you should call Mr. Zurich and ask." "No," Helen replied. "He never specified a time, so we should wait." "But the West City project is so important," Gina complained. "You need to be more proactive here—just call him!" While Helen frowned in thought, Gina was losing her mind. "I'll call him if you won't." "Fine, I'll do it." Helen sighed, worried that her mother would make a mess of things.

Though she was hesitant, she made the call, and Trevor soon answered.

Even though she was talking on the phone, her expression was mild and her tone polite. "Hello, Mr. Zurich. I was just wondering what time you are coming by? I would like to be on hand to receive you." "Actually, Ms. Lane, I'm afraid that I'm withdrawing from our partnership," Trevor replied coolly.

“Huh? What... Why?” The sudden bombshell left Helen in a daze.

“You see, I believed you to be loyal, but it seems that I’ve misjudged you.” Trevor scoffed. “I really wouldn’t dare keep characters like you around myself, so consider our partnership annulled.” And with that, he hung up, leaving Helen dumbfounded and utterly confused.

What was going on?! She had always shown Trevor due respect and never offended him. What on earth was wrong with her character?

“So? What did Mr. Zurich say?” Gina quickly asked just then.

“He’s calling off our partnership,” Helen murmured.

“What?!” Gina exclaimed. “Why?” “I don’t know!” Helen retorted, rubbing between her brows.

Peter rushed into the room just then, and seeing both his mother and sister, he asked, “Helen, did you finish your discussion with Mr. Zurich?” “Discussion?! He never came at all!” Gina snapped angrily. “And he just annulled our partnership!” Peter was left gaping. “What?! But I just saw him outside!” “What did you say?!” Helen exclaimed in disbelief—if Trevor actually came, did that not mean that he left without coming inside the manor?! Why?!

Peter suddenly gasped as he smacked himself on the thigh. “It was Frank. That bstrd must have been talking to Mr. Zurich... I mean, I just saw him get into Mr. Zurich’s car myself!” “Urgh, that must be it,” Gina groaned as she realized with a start. “That goodfor-nothing usually looks down-to-earth, but he turns out to be so vile, messing with us before he left!” Helen frowned but waved them off. “No. He’s not the type who runs his mouth.” She more or less knew Frank after being married to him for three years, and she never once found him badmouthing anyone.

“Come on, Helen. You can never tell what lurks beneath a friendly face!” Peter exclaimed indignantly. “He’s been staying under our roof for three years and knows everything about us. He would have no trouble slandering us!” “Peter’s right,” Gina agreed adamantly. “Why would Mr. Zurich suddenly leave when he’s already at our doorstep?” “Yeah. He must have talked.” Helen, who had been pacing around, found that her mother’s words made sense—there was no explaining Trevor’s strange behavior otherwise!

Her knuckles clenched right then.

How could Frank do this?! She never mistreated him!

CHAPTER 3

-Frank was napping in Trevor’s car when his phone rang, waking him up.

Seeing that it was Helen, he answered and promptly heard her asking coldly, “Frank, are you with Mr. Zurich right now?” Frank glanced at Trevor, who was sitting beside him. “Yeah.” Helen took a deep breath to calm her rising blood pressure—it seemed that Peter was not lying!

“You disappoint me, Frank,” she growled. “If you’re upset, you can tell it to my face—why backstab my family?” Frank rubbed his temple as he replied, “Would you believe it if I told you that I didn’t?” “Then why would Mr. Zurich leave right after arriving at my doorstep?!” Helen demanded. “He also annulled our partnership!” “Trevor’s decision is his own and has nothing

to do with me.” Convinced that Frank was a coward and would not admit to it, Helen was left seething and growling at every word. “You really disappoint me.” Frank’s voice suddenly turned cool as well. “It seems all you care about is what you want to believe and not the actual truth. I have no idea what Peter told you nor am I willing to explain myself—just don’t bother me with stuff like this ever again.” And with those words, he hung up, the veins on the back of his hand throbbing as his eyes flashed coolly.

To think that Helen never trusted him even after three years of marriage, pinning the blame on him just over mere speculation.

Perhaps she really believed that he was a freeloading shut-in too!

Beside him, Trevor could certainly tell the call was from the Lanes. He asked tentatively, “Shall I straighten them out, Mr. Lawrence?” Frank sighed and waved him off. “Forget it. Let’s just distance ourselves from them from now on.” He could not bring himself to destroy them just yet, so they could rot for all he cared.

– Soon, Trevor’s Rolls-Royce slowly entered the Turnbulls’ hilltop villa.

Seemingly having been informed of their arrival, a servant was on hand to receive them, leading them to the drawing room.

After bringing them tea, he said, “Please rest your legs for a moment, gentlemen. I shall inform Mr. Turnbull of your arrival.” After the servant turned and headed upstairs, Frank looked around and muttered quietly, “There really aren’t many servants around here, are there?” “You shouldn’t underestimate them, Mr. Lawrence,” Trevor told him. “Walter is merely the Turnbulls’ figurehead in Riverton, while the majority of their influence remains in Morhen.” “Their heiress Vicky is herself extraordinary, establishing a transnational trading conglomerate single-handedly five years ago and accumulating billions in wealth. She’s also an apprentice to Riverton’s governor and a prodigy of martial arts—she would be an elite among Riverton’s youth if not for her illness.” Frank took a sip of his tea and chuckled. “You really think highly of her! How does she compare to Helen?” “Haha!” Trevor laughed, not holding back since Frank and Helen were divorced anyway. “That’s like comparing a wolf to a mere sheep.” Inspiration struck just then, and Trevor grinned. “By the way, Mr. Lawrence, you’re a gentleman with dignity, wisdom, and compassion, while Ms. Turnbull is a ravishing beauty with wit to boot. Should you two tie the knot, it shall certainly be a profound marriage—and I, Trevor Zurich, am all too willing to be your guarantor.” “Bleurgh!” Frank almost choked on his tea and shot Trevor a glare. “Worry about yourself, not me.” Trevor scratched his head awkwardly, surprised that Frank was completely uninterested.

Just then, he heard rushed footsteps and promptly got up to greet the man approaching them. “Mr. Turnbull.” Walter held his hand in turn and asked excitedly, “Trevor, old friend... Where’s this miracle healer you’ve spoken of?” Trevor promptly made the introduction. “This is him—Frank Lawrence. He has been training in seclusion at the south pole, and his abilities as a healer are extraordinary.” Walter’s smile stiffened when he saw how young Frank looked. “Are you joking, Trevor? He’s so young!” “I’d never lie to you, Mr. Turnbull,” Trevor told him solemnly. “If Frank fails to heal your daughter too, then no one can.” While Walter was absolutely skeptical about Frank, he had no choice but to try, especially when Trevor was vouching for him.

“In that case, please come with me, Mr. Lawrence.” “Lead the way, sir,” Frank said flatly, and he and Trevor followed Walter to a room on the second floor.

Inside, Frank found a young woman lying in bed.

She was exactly the ravishing beauty Trevor had described, with flawless fair skin, a clear dewy gaze, and a captivating face.

Even if she appeared sickly skinny, there was no hiding her haughty presence—it actually added to her beauty.

A woman in a black suit stood beside her bed, appearing to be her bodyguard.

Walter hurried to his daughter just then, assuring her, “Vicky, Trevor just got you a healer. He’ll definitely help you this time.” “Thank you so much, Mr. Zurich.” Vicky forced a smile, but she knew her condition best.

After all, she had countless consultations with other healers over the last five years... and none of them helped.

Naturally, she did not pin her hopes on Frank either. If anything, her gratitude was merely a formality.

“You’re exaggerating, Ms. Turnbull.” Trevor smiled and turned toward Frank.

“She’s in your hands now, Mr. Lawrence.” Frank nodded, perfectly comfortable as he walked up to hold Vicky’s wrist.

Vicky did a double take, surprised that he was so young, and watched as Frank’s brow wrinkled and eased intermittently.

After a while, he asked, “Do you frequently engage in martial arts, Ms.

Turnbull?” “I’ve trained a little with my mentor, mostly for my health,” Vicky replied softly.

“To what extent?” Vicky frowned slightly. “Initiate—why are you asking about that instead of my condition?” Frank smiled conditionally in turn. “Because your martial arts training caused your condition.” “What?!” Everyone exclaimed in shock—martial arts could lead to such an illness?!

“Bullshit!” Yara Quill—the black-clad bodyguard standing beside Vicky’s bed—snapped right then. “Vicky was learning the Boltsmacker, a technique passed down in my clan for generations! If that caused her illness, why would my father be fine?” “Not everyone is attuned to martial arts,” Frank said flatly. “The technique you speak of is conditioned for men and incompatible for women. Vicky’s Ki would stagnate, causing vein and nerve blockage—moreover, she has already reached Initiate. While it is an accomplishment, she is lucky to only be bedridden. In serious cases, her physique would crumble as she loses all her Ki, while her veins would rupture and potentially kill her.” Turning around to look at Yara just then, he added, “You should stop too. You’d be paralyzed in three years, give or take, if you continue.” “Shut up!” Yara swung a palm at Frank’s face right then!

Vicky was like a sister to her—they trained under her father together, and she was constantly by Vicky’s side ever since Vicky got sick.

Yara was certainly convinced that Frank was driving a wedge between them and obviously telling her that her clan’s technique was a sham.

She must straighten him out to quell the spite she felt!

“Stop!” Trevor exclaimed as he paled in shock—he had never expected Vicky’s bodyguard to actually attack Frank!

However, it was not as if he was worried about Frank. Instead, he was just concerned for the ignorant brat

CHAPTER 4

Pow! Pow! Pow!

The air in the room cracked.

Yara struck with power and determination, exchanging over a dozen blows with Frank in no time at all.

The latter had no intention to hurt, however, merely doing enough to defend himself.

Even if he was not in peak condition, Yara was never going to best him.

“Stop it, Yara,” Vicky snapped from the bed just then.

Yara did as she was told, though she was also giving Vicky a wounded look.

“That brat...” “That’s enough,” Vicky said flatly. “Show some manners—Mr. Lawrence is here to help me.” In reality, Vicky was upset with Frank as well, since Yara’s father was her mentor.

However, as the heiress to her family legacy and herself a martial arts prodigy, she should stay calm at all times.

Moreover, she could immediately tell that Frank’s abilities were outstanding when he exchanged blows with Yara, and that he was clearly holding back.

That was why she told Yara to stop—Yara would definitely lose if he went all out.

Naturally, Yara would not disobey Vicky, and she quietly backed away.

Vicky then turned toward Frank and asked, “Since you’ve stated the cause of my condition, Mr. Lawrence, what treatment are you suggesting?” Walter and Trevor turned as well, only to find Frank lowering his head, stroking his chin in thought and frowning.

“Mr. Lawrence, could there be some difficulty?” Trevor asked gingerly.

“No, it’s a minor condition that can be treated quickly,” Franks replied as he slowly looked up and turned to Vicky. “I didn’t expect the technique you learned to be so rubbish. You can walk again, but all your progress would be lost... That said, I’ve already perfected that technique, so just train in the way I instruct you to and you’ll be in peak form within the year.” Yara’s knuckles clenched as she glared at Frank. “Even if it’s rubbish, you were powerless against my clan’s technique.” Even Trevor was left feeling awkward—Frank was being too frank! He could at least spare the heiress of Boltsmacker some dignity because she was standing right there!

Nonetheless, Frank turned toward Yara and said bluntly, “I’m only showing this once. Watch closely.” As he directed his Ki with both hands, his clothes began to flap loudly.

Boom.

Frank took a step forward and suddenly shot toward Yara like a bullet!

Yara smiled—he was the one attacking. She never forced him!

She charged her palm with Bolstmacker, meeting Frank’s attack instantly!

“Don’t hurt him, Yara!” Walter cried.

“Please hold back, Mr. Lawrence!” Trevor exclaimed at the same time.

At the same time, Vicky was staring fixedly at Frank, her mouth hanging wide open. “I-Is that Bolstmacker?!” There was no mistaking it when she practiced it for over a decade. Frank actually used a secret technique of the Quills—but when did he learn it?!

And as she observed him, she could see that he was clearly wielding it over a thousand times more effectively than Yara!

Pow.

On the other hand, Yara’s face fell as she felt the agony in her arm when she caught Frank’s palm.

It was like a tidal wave with the crushing force of a mountain, and it seemed endless—Yara was sent flying and crashing into the wall behind!

Bang!

Her cheeks left flushed as her Ki flared, while she almost vomited her guts out.

Walter was left turning slowly toward Trevor with a look that seemed to ask what on earth Frank was.

Trevor certainly noted Walter’s confusion, but he had no idea what to say in reply either.

Still, he wiped the sweat from his brow and heaved a long sigh of relief, thankful that Frank held back. If he actually hurt Yara, there was definitely going to be a serious grudge after!

As Yara leaned against the wall with a look of shock and confusion, she snapped, “W-When did you steal my clan’s technique?” “When you used it just now,” Frank replied nonchalantly.

Vicky was left gasping—all it took was one look?

And he improved it in no time at all!

That acumen for martial arts was exponentially above hers!

On the other hand, Yara could almost black out.

It took Vicky a year, and herself five years to learn the Bolstmacker, only for this brat to learn it in an instant?!

Talk about frustrating!

“Hahaha!” Walter suddenly laughed.

He was no martial artist, but even he could see how easily Frank bested Yara.

And seeing that Frank was no average Joe, he was no longer holding contempt like he did when Frank first arrived.

“You’re as amazing a healer as you are a martial artist, Mr. Lawrence! See, Yara? You never know a man until you’ve exchanged blows, but that can wait for now... Is Vicky’s condition treatable right now, Mr. Lawrence?” “I would need acupuncture needles to clear Ms. Turnbull’s veins,” Frank replied.

“Not a problem—we have every medical equipment possibly needed.” Walter smiled and promptly told a servant to fetch it.

After Frank got the box, he said, “Now please undress, Ms. Turnbull.” “What?” Vicky’s expression stiffened in shock.

“H-Hold on,” Walter quickly butted in as well. “Why? Is this necessary?” “I need to reanimate Ms. Turnbull’s Ki with at least forty-nine needles,” Frank explained. “That can’t be done with her clothes on.” Walter frowned. “Is there no other way?” “I can extract her stagnated Ki, but it won’t disperse with her clothes on,” Frank replied, shaking his head. “It might ultimately flow back into her body, making the entire treatment pointless.” “Walter, Mr. Lawrence is helping Ms. Turnbull here,” Trevor reasoned. “As a healer, he won’t do anything out of line.” “Yes.” Walter agreed but remained hesitant nonetheless. “But Vicky’s engaged...” “That’s enough,” Vicky snapped, frowning. “Treatment has nothing to do with engagements.” She especially hated it when her father mentioned the engagement, and she had been working hard to free herself from that. If anything, her family and her father’s attempts to indoctrinate her about the boons of a strategic marriage only made her even more resistant.

And right now, she wanted to recover as soon as possible instead of staying bedridden or allowing someone else to dictate her life.

“I’m counting on you, Mr. Lawrence,” she said and turned to Yara. “Help me get changed.” Walter did not press the issue, knowing that she was upset. Sighing, he quietly led Trevor out of the room.

Yara walked up to Vicky in turn, slowly lifting her blanket—Vicky’s thin white silk pajamas barely hid her perfect figure.

After Yara undressed her and Vicky lay naked before Frank, his pupils dilated.

He could not help being impressed by her perfect body, and even if he had seen plenty himself, he could not help ogling

CHAPTER 5

-“Are you done staring?” Yara could not help snapping at Frank, certainly able to see that he was staring fixedly at Vicky.

Even if Frank proved his martial arts prowess, she suspected that he was taking advantage of Vicky, claiming that undressing her was for treatment.

Frank smiled, showing no sign of embarrassment as he said earnestly, “I couldn’t help staring just then. Ms. Turnbull is just that mesmerizing.” “Haha.” Vicky laughed. “Honest, aren’t you?” She was actually surprised that Frank would admit to it so boldly, unlike self-proclaimed gentlemen who would never admit to their actions.

Suddenly flashing a vague smile at Frank, she added, “You can look as much as you want if you heal me.” “You don’t have to. Beautiful things are unforgettable from the very first gaze,” Frank said, shaking his head.

Taking out a needle, his fingers brushed over the smooth skin on her chest, feeling a cool sensation just then.

Vicky gasped and shuddered as he inserted the needle just above her nape.

Then, he took out another needle, brushing past her belly and inserting it beneath her navel.

This continued over the next thirty or so needles, each leaving Vicky reeling with agony.

Her fingers clenched on the sheets as she sweated bullets over her forehead, her chest heaving as her breathing turned ragged.

Frank certainly noticed that through the corner of his eye.

Even though he was married to Helen for three years and lived together, they never consummated.

Moreover, he was in his prime, so he could not help being restless seeing such a ravishing beauty lying naked before him.

Biting his tongue, he dispelled those thoughts with the pain and kept working.

Beside them, Yara kept wiping Vicky’s sweat with a towel.

After a long while, Vicky finally asked through gritted teeth, “How much longer?” “This is the last one.” Vicky breathed a sigh of relief—the pain was finally going to be over. “In that case, please hurry.” Frank nodded and used his fingers to measure the distance to a spot beneath her navel... Noticing that something was out of place, Vicky quickly asked, “Where will the last needle be inserted?” “Five inches beneath the navel.” Vicky froze, her fair cheeks flushing just then. Five inches beneath the navel, was that not...?!

Though she had been educated with the teachings of multiple cultures, she was conservative in nature—if anything, she was at her limit when Frank asked her to undress to be treated.

She was certainly embarrassed that a needle would be inserted on her crotch!

On the other hand, Frank did not care—he had seen everything, so there was nothing out of line now.

In fact, he inserted the needle before Vicky realized it, and she felt a burst of agony extending across her body. She clenched her teeth and closed her eyes, stiffening like a bowstring as all her internal energies faded right then.

She withstood the pain using her embarrassment and stopped herself from making a sound.

Frank was actually surprised to find her showing such incredible endurance—it would hurt when one’s Ki was broken up. She was definitely a martial arts prodigy, able to stop herself from making a sound.

Nearby, Yara was beside herself with worry, seeing her face contorting. “Are you alright, Vicky?” “Urgh... I’m fine,” Vicky breathed vapors as the pain faded.

Even if the physique she honed over a decade had been lost, she felt like all her veins were cleared and finally felt her limbs again.

And with Frank's improved version of the Boltsmacker, she would have no trouble regaining her peak form in a year!

Yara looked on as Vicky raised her hands, exclaiming excitedly, "Do you feel better, Ms. Turnbull?" "Yeah," Vicky replied, her eyes warm with excitement.

It felt amazing to take back control over her own body!

She slowly turned toward Frank. "Your abilities as a healer are extraordinary, Mr.

Lawrence." "I too marvel at your endurance," Frank replied.

Vicky smiled but asked hesitantly, "Actually... Do you mind leaving the room?" Frank finally remembered that Vicky was still naked, and he had no reason to stay now that she was better.

He turned and left, heading to the drawing room.

Walter and Trevor, who were waiting for a while, were delighted to see him.

"How's Ms. Turnbull?" Trevor quickly asked.

"She's fine now," Frank replied.

"Really?" Walter asked in disbelief.

That was when Vicky arrived downstairs after changing into fresh clothes.

Seeing that she was no longer bedridden, Walter's eyes went red, and he promptly gathered her in his arms.

"You've really recovered, Vicky... Thank goodness!" he cried. "This is wonderful!" "Dad, I'm fine—don't worry." Vicky smiled. "All thanks to Mr. Lawrence." "Haha!" Walter laughed heartily as he turned toward Frank. "Don't worry, Mr.

Lawrence—Trevor told me about the wonderroot. I've already asked for it to be delivered from the capital, and you'll have it in three days." Frank frowned, but before he could say anything, Trevor walked up to him and whispered under his breath, "Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence. I promise with my life that the Turnbolls would not renege on their promise." Noting his confidence, Frank's frown eased. "Since Trevor here vouches for you, I shall take your word for it. Since your daughter has made a full recovery, we shan't impose." With that, he turned to leave, leaving Vicky surprised.

An accomplished martial artist and an outstanding healer?! They should definitely be keeping him!

"Please wait, Mr. Lawrence. Allow me to walk with you and thank you properly," she said and promptly gave chase with Yara in tow.

Beside them, Trevor was grinning—she certainly had a keen eye as one would expect of the heiress apparent of the Turnbolls.

"So, Walter. What do you think of Mr. Lawrence?" he asked.

Walter nodded and exclaimed in awe, “He’s gifted in both martial arts and medicine... Those two talents alone would set him apart even from the many bigwigs in the capital.” Trevor chuckled. “I won’t lie to you—that’s not all of his talents. There won’t be a handful who would compare to him even across the country, just as there are hardly any ladies who deserve him. Still, I’m sure your daughter would be one of them.” Walter smiled as he realized what Trevor was saying. “You flatter me, but my daughter is engaged.” “Haha!” Trevor simply laughed. “But she still isn’t wed yet. You still have time to reconsider, and do keep Mr. Lawrence in mind when you do.” Walter suddenly frowned and turned toward Trevor. “I’m actually curious... you used to work abroad. Why have you been lingering in Riverton for years now?

And you seemed to defer to Mr. Lawrence a whole lot...” In the end, any strategic marriage ought to be set between two important families.

Even if Frank was an extraordinary individual, he has no clans backing him and therefore would not mean much to the Turnbells.

Trevor should know as he was the heir of the Zurichs, and it was actually weird that he would vouch for Frank so enthusiastically.

“Haha. I’m afraid I can’t comment on that, Walter.” Trevor shrugged. “But you should really think about what I said. Also, I shall get going now that our business here is done. Please hurry and bring Mr. Lawrence the wonderroot.” Walter was left mulling Trevor’s words after he left, and he promptly called in his secretary to do a background check on Frank.

CHAPTER 6

A Rolls-Royce stopped beside Frank just as he stepped outside the Turnbells’ villa.

Vicky alighted, asking, “Where are you staying, Mr. Lawrence? May I offer you a ride?” Frank thought about it and sighed. “I was just planning to stay at a hotel.” He did not own any house in Riverton, and he could not return to Lane Manor after his divorce with Helen.

“Oh...” Vicky did a double take but did not press the issue. “Then you’re in luck—we have over fifty hotels in Riverton. Allow me to arrange for a suite, so I can deliver you the wonderroot when it arrives.” Frank thought about it and nodded. “Sure.” He got into the backseat with Vicky while Yara drove, though she stopped at the gates.

“What’s wrong?” Vicky asked.

“There’s a car stopped ahead, and I don’t know what for,” Yara complained.

Frank peered out of the car window and noticed a man wearing a suit standing by the security booth.

“Please inform Mr. Turnbull of my arrival. Tell him that it’s Sean Wesley—my family owns a major business in Riverton.” With those words, he whipped out a stack of hundred dollar bills and handed it to the security guard.

The security guard promptly nodded gratefully. “Yes, please wait a moment. I’ll inform Mr. Turnbull right away.” Frank narrowed his eyes when he heard Sean’s name and studied the man just as Yara said, “It seems he’s here to see Mr. Turnbull.” “Ignore them,” Vicky said flatly.

Outside, Sean was soon back in his car—the security guard allowed him to drive inside, as Walter clearly gave his permission.

There was a pretty face riding shotgun in his car—it was Helen.

“Don’t worry,” Sean assured her confidently. “I heard that Walter Turnbull’s daughter is bedridden, and I brought along a 100 year-old panacea cap for her.

With something so divine, he’ll definitely help you secure that development project at the west side of the city.” Helen breathed a sigh of relief, overwhelmed with gratitude toward Sean.

“Thank you so much for this, Mr. Wesley.” She had been depressed after Trevor called off their partnership and was naturally surprised that Sean was willing to help her build another with the Turnbells.

He even bought a panacea cap along, so she could present it as her gift—he was certainly a great help!

“Oh, it’s nothing, Helen,” Sean said smugly. “We’re friends, aren’t we? We have each other’s backs.” Helen was tearing up from emotion—Sean was certainly proving himself to be a real friend with all his prowess, especially with the way he always came to her aid whenever she needed help.

In contrast, her ex-husband certainly dulled in comparison. Perhaps letting her mother force Frank to divorce her was a smart choice.

Meanwhile, Sean did not waste time hurrying inside the villa, though Helen glanced outside just as their car passed another.

She did a double take, since the man sitting at the backseat looked so much like Frank!

“What?” Sean promptly asked.

“I think that was Frank in that car just now,” Helen said quietly.

“Hahaha!” Sean guffawed. “This is Balmung Hill’s mansion zone, and everyone living here is either rich or powerful. What would your useless ex-husband be doing here?” Helen peered outside the car again, but she totally agreed with Sean.

Moreover, she only looked outside and did not see the man’s face clearly.

Maybe it was just a slight resemblance... – Meanwhile, Yara drove straight toward Verdant Hotel, which was the grandest hotel in Riverton.

There were eighteen floors spanning over 2,000 square meters, and two lion statues grandly adorned the front entrance.

Vicky personally opened the door for Frank and led him to the front desk, booking the penthouse suite for him for a year.

“That’s too much,” Frank exclaimed in surprise. “I’ll just be staying a few days.” Vicky waved him off nonchalantly. “No worries, Mr. Lawrence. It’s exclusively for friends, and you can drop by whenever you like even if you find other places to stay. The hotel can cater to your needs as well—food, entertainment, even sports.” Frank nodded. He could see that he could have anything he wanted here the instant he stepped inside, what with the spacious lobby decorated with such stateliness.

After Vicky got him a room, she handed him the room card along with a gold card.

“This is a gold card, applicable to all Turnbull businesses. You can make any purchases you desire with this.” “Is that exclusively for friends too?” Frank smiled as he stared at it.

Vicky smiled as well. “No, it’s for important associates of my family.” “You really give me too much credit.” Frank chuckled self-deprecatingly.

Oh, the irony... Helen never gave him a thing in their three-year marriage.

On the other hand, it had barely been a day since he met Vicky, but she had already given him a gold card.

“Not really. I simply consider you a friend.” Vicky grinned. “And I hope you’d consider me a friend in turn.” Her eyes narrowed as she smiled, and certainly no one could read the thoughts behind it.

Frank slipped the card into his pocket in turn, wordlessly approving her request.

Before he could speak, however, someone yelled at him, “Frank Lawrence! You bstrd!” Frank turned to find Peter Lane standing there with a woman wearing thick makeup.

Peter was planning to ‘take a break’ with his new girlfriend at the hotel, but he was furious to see Frank the instant he stepped inside.

Ignoring the stares from the others around them, he strode up to Frank, pointing his finger at Frank’s nose as he snapped, “You were badmouthing my sister, weren’t you?! You told Mr. Zurich to call off her partnership with my sister!” Frank shot him a cool look. “Trevor simply saw your family’s true nature.” “Shut up! I’m beating you to a pulp right now!” Peter screamed.

Before he could move, however, Vicky moved to stand between them, her brow furrowed as she said sternly, “You are in the Verdant Hotel, sir. Please be mindful of your behavior.” She had no idea what the grudge between the two men were, but she was staunchly on Frank’s side.

As for Peter, he appeared taken aback as he studied Vicky, completely bewitched by her beauty.

He had been philandering a lot ever since his family struck it rich.

Even so, this was the first time he saw a woman as beautiful as her!

Still, just because Vicky came in a hurry and was dressed in a business suit, he presumed her to be the lobby manager and possibly a woman who slept her way to the top.

He promptly whipped out a few hundred dollar bills and stuffed them into Vicky's hand, whispering, "This has nothing to do with you. Also, I'll talk to you later." Vicky pursed his lips—that was totally disrespectful of him!

She flung the money back at his face and snapped, "Mr. Lawrence is my friend, so take your money and leave right now. We don't accept boneheads like you." However, her outburst only left Peter further convinced that she was the lobby manager.

His gaze darting between Vicky and Peter, he then realized something with a start!

"Well done, Frank! So you got yourself a b*tch on the side already," he snapped, his eyes flashing viciously as he pointed between the both of them. "That's why you agreed to divorcing my sister so easily!" Frank's eyes narrowed as he growled coolly, "Watch your words, Peter. I won't hold this against you, seeing that you're Helen's brother. Now, leave."

CHAPTER 7

-Peter was not afraid at all and poised a fist as he snapped, "A good-for-nothing like you talking back to me?! I'll straighten you out for my sister's sake right now!" That was when Frank suddenly kicked him in the gut, sending him flying like a bullet.

"Argh!" Peter's girlfriend turned pale in panic and scrambled to his side. "Are you alright, darling?!" Nearby, Vicky was smiling coolly.

Trying to lay a finger on Frank? The brat certainly was brave.

That being said, she was more curious about the 'Helen' Frank mentioned.

"Damn you..." Peter's face contorted from the agony in his stomach—it felt like his guts would spill out!

Glaring darkly at Frank, he growled, "H-How dare you hit me!" Frank remained calm and composed. "I won't press the issue for your sister's sake. But now that I've cut ties with your family, I'll kill you the next time you mess with me." Peter actually flinched from the murderous intent in Frank's eyes and swallowed all the obscenities at the tip of his tongue.

Instead, he wheeled on Vicky and snapped, "What are you doing?! I'm a guest here, and that man hit me! Aren't you the lobby manager?! Do something!" Vicky did a double take and soon shook her head exasperatedly.

So she looked like a lobby manager to him?

In that case, she could play that game one time.

Beckoning at the security guards, she said, "Get him out of here." "What are you doing?! Let me go! I'm from the Lane family!" Peter screamed hysterically. "This isn't over yet! Just you wait!" "The Lane family? Hadn't heard. Even your grandpa would have to be watching his manners around my presence," Vicky scoffed in disdain. "And you're certainly nothing to me. Throw him out." With that, the two security guards promptly threw Peter out of the entrance like he was a bag of rubbish, leaving him falling flat on his face.

“If he comes to cause trouble again, you have my permission to get physical,” Vicky told the staff before turning to Frank. “Apologies, Mr. Lawrence. You have my word that this will never happen again.” Frank shook his head. “No, this wasn’t your fault.” Vicky smiled and nodded. “Shall we go to your room?” She led him to the elevator and escorted him to his penthouse suite, and she left with Yara after getting his contact details.

Frank went to stand before the glass wall overlooking Riverton.

While he did not expect to divorce Helen after three years, he had accomplished his mentor’s bidding.

And now, it was time to fulfill his own plans.

Just then, Frank’s phone started ringing, and he whipped it out to see that it was a call from Henry Lane, the head of the Lane family.

He hesitated to answer, unsure if Henry was aware of his divorce with Helen.

He eventually answered, however—regardless of how the other Lanes would belittle him, Henry still considered him his grandson-in-law.

“Hello, Gramps. How’s it going?” Frank asked.

“Hey, Frankie!” Henry exclaimed cheerfully from the other end. “Where are you right now?” “Me...? I’m out running an errand at the moment. Is something the matter?” Frank asked in return.

He could tell from Henry’s tone that he did not know about the divorce, so he did not mention it.

“I see... You and Helen should come by my place this evening. I have good news!” Henry said excitedly.

Frank’s heart skipped a beat. “Actually, Helen’s really busy lately,” he said gingerly. “How about another day?” “Oh, she’s never busy,” Henry laughed. “I’ll call her myself later. I doubt she’d say no—just come by when you’re done with your errand.” Frank took a deep breath and nodded. “Yeah. I’ll be there when I’m done.” He would tell Henry tonight when Helen arrived!

– Meanwhile, Helen and Sean finally got to meet Walter, with Sean promptly fawning all over the man in the drawing room.

As soon as he thought he set the right mood, he explained the purpose of his visit, “Mr. Turnbull... You see, a friend of mine has told me that your daughter had been stricken with a terrible condition, and I therefore spent a fortune to buy a 100-year old panacea cap to treat her.” Catching her cue, Helen promptly took out the velvet box and placed it solemnly before Walter.

She slowly opened it, and the fragrant aroma from the panacea cap promptly spilled out.

Even the luster and texture made it clear that it was not your average herb.

Be that as it may, Walter merely nodded calmly.

He would have been beside himself with joy before, but now that his daughter had recovered, the panacea cap was inconsequential.

Moreover, it was clear that Sean had a reason to visit him and bring that woman with him.

Naturally, Sean stiffened from his reaction as he noticed that Walter was not particularly interested in the panacea cap!

On the other hand, Helen was too nervous to talk at all—she was just too scared to mess up in the presence of one of Riverton’s bigwigs.

Still, Walter refused to keep wasting his time with them and asked bluntly, “Thank you for your concern, Ms. Lane. How shall I repay you, I wonder?” Helen promptly threw up her hands. “I only wish to help. I’d never ask for anything in return.” Walter smiled. “Please, don’t be shy. You may speak freely.” Sean chuckled heartily right then. “Thank you for your understanding, Mr.

Turnbull. You see, Helen learned that your family will be leading a development project west of the city, and Lane Holdings is just hoping to secure a partnership.” Walter was inwardly disdainful—he had not even heard of Lane Holdings!

Did they even have what it took to take up that project?

Still, he remained neutral as he said, “Does Lane Holdings have the experience for the project?” Helen appeared delighted at the question. “Of course. Our company has been working with Zurich International for three years now.” Walter was actually astounded—the woman’s company had a partnership with Trevor’s?

Who on earth was she? One of Trevor’s people, perhaps?!

It was only natural for Walter to show some respect at this point—his daughter would still be bedridden if not for Trevor.

After some thought, he said, “Why don’t we discuss this further tomorrow?”

There will be a banquet at Verdant Hotel and I’d be happy if you could attend as well, Ms. Lane.” “Thank you, Mr. Turnbull.” Helen was beside herself with joy—Walter was clearly approving of her!

With that, the three made some small talk, and it was evening by the time Helen and Sean left Turnbull Villa.

Helen could hardly hide her excitement, however, and was thanking Sean profusely. “Thank you so much, Mr. Wesley. I don’t think Mr. Turnbull would have been interested in Lane Holdings at all if you hadn’t bought that panacea cap.” “You’re exaggerating, Helen. Mr. Turnbull appreciates you because you showed grit,” Sean replied humbly without really meaning it. “It’s late now, and I’ve booked a place for us at Riverton Tower. How does dinner and a movie sound?” Helen was immediately hesitant.

Dinner and a movie? And just the two of them?

That was pretty much a date!

She had just divorced Frank and was not planning to start a relationship just yet... That was when her phone started ringing, and Helen promptly answered.

“Hello, Grandpa... Oh? Sure, okay.” Helen was a little happy even as she hung up. “I’m sorry, Mr. Wesley, but my grandfather is asking for me tonight—he said it’s important, so I should go. I’ll take a rain check on that dinner.”

CHAPTER 8

Frank took a taxi to Laneville in the evening and was surprised to find Gina waiting for a while at the door.

Seeing him arrive, she promptly strode up to him and warned, "I take it you know what to say and what not to when you see the old man later." Frank chuckled. "You really should chase me away instead if you're that worried." "What?!" Gina glared at him, shocked that he would speak in that tone with her.

Nonetheless, Frank ignored her and strode inside.

After all, he had no reason to play nice with the rest of the Lane family now that he and Helen were divorced!

As soon as he entered, he found Henry standing there with an apron, having cooked up a storm.

"What's the occasion, sir? That's a lot of food," he said.

Henry was smiling when he saw Frank and walked up to grasp his hand. "Oh, you're here, Frankie—you'll find out soon enough." As the pair sat down and made pleasant small talk, Gina stared fixedly at Frank, fearful that he would say what he should not.

Helen arrived soon enough and saw Frank as she had expected.

Henry was the one who arranged her marriage with Frank, so he naturally valued it greatly.

It was precisely why Helen did not tell him about her divorce.

Walking right up to Frank, she asked, "Where have you been this afternoon?" Frank shrugged. "I have no reason to tell you, do I?" Helen snorted, greatly upset by his attitude. "Fine, keep your secrets. I'm not bothered." Turning toward Henry, he asked, "What's so important, Grandpa?" Seeing that everyone was there, Henry chuckled heartily. "I just met an old comrade, and he told me that his granddaughter is working at Flora Hall. I thought it's the perfect timing to arrange for a job for Frank, and she agreed to it!" "No," Gina snapped as soon as Henry was finished.

Frank was no longer family—why should they get him a job?

That good-for-nothing could die for all she cared!

"What?" Henry was left perplexed. "But Frank's jobless. He can't just stick to cooking and doing the laundry for Helen, can he?" "Actually, Grandpa," Helen said just then, "I can just arrange a job for Frank at the company. You don't have to worry." Still, Gina frowned as she pointed out, "Peter doesn't have a job either. You should worry about him more." "Hah! I would if he doesn't goof off every other day." Henry snorted. "All he does is embarrass me... And where is he now? Why isn't he back yet?" "Oh, he'll be here soon," Gina shrugged noncommittally. "What's the hurry?" Bang!

The front door slammed open loudly, and they all saw Peter storming in furiously.

Seeing that Frank was there as well, he bellowed, "You bstrd! How dare you show your face here?! I'll kill you!" Peter picked up a chair, ready to swing it at Frank's head!

Helen was left utterly bewildered—what had gotten into him?!

"Stop!" Henry bellowed at Peter as he promptly sprang to his feet, "You wretch!

How dare you try to hit your brother-in-law?! Show some respect!" "Brother-in-law?! Him?!" Peter snapped in disdain. "I saw him at Verdant Hotel, about to check in with some whore. I tried to stop him and he kicked me! My stomach still hurts even now!" "What?!" Everyone was stunned, with Gina promptly leaping up to snap at Frank, "Amazing! And here I thought you had it together, but you actually had a woman on the side!" "I-Is that even possible?" Henry was left staring at Frank in disbelief—he knew Frank well enough to know that he was not the type who messed around!

"Why not? I saw that myself," Peter bellowed, his veins bulging over his neck.

Helen frowned and turned to level a cool glare at Frank. "Is that true?" Frank simply smiled. "So you'd rather believe him than find out for yourself?" He was certainly disappointed—she could deny his loyalty to her over the last three years just because of what Peter said.

He would not have felt that hurt if she had gone to the hotel to ask who that woman was or at least doubted Peter!

"I'm asking you a question," Helen coolly replied.

"Fine," Frank replied calmly. "I kicked your brother, and I was with a woman at the time." Helen inhaled sharply—she never thought that Frank would be with another woman!

Even if they were divorced, she did not expect him to get on the rebound so soon.

He must have had an affair for a while now.

"Frank, you really disappoint me." "Really? I do?" Frank smiled bitterly. "Then what about you and Sean Wesley?"

At least I'm innocent compared to you two." When he was her husband, she kept going out with Sean frequently—had she ever considered his feelings?

"I never did anything with Sean!" Helen screamed on top of her lungs. "You're the one who went to a hotel with another woman!" "Enough!" Henry suddenly bellowed, and everyone quieted down.

He certainly understood that there was now a rift between Helen and Frank, and he had to do something or their marriage would be ruined.

Looking between them, he said, "If you still consider me your grandfather, both of you must stop getting involved with such affairs and move in here with me." Helen simply shrugged. "That's unnecessary, Grandfather. We're already divorced." "What?!" Henry froze as if thunderstruck before turning toward Frank. "Is that true?" Frank nodded quietly—he did not want Henry to find out, but it was clearly pointless hiding it now.

"Oh..." Henry groaned and shook his head in clear disappointment.

"Please take care of yourself, Gramps. I'll visit when I can," Frank said and turned to leave—there was no point in pretending now that the truth was out.

“Did I say you can leave?!” Peter yelled—he had yet to settle the grudge of being kicked!

Smack!

Henry suddenly slapped Peter across the face and snapped, “Just leave already.” “Why did you hit me, Grandpa?!” Peter cried unhappily.

However, Henry completely ignored him and ran up to Frank, holding his arm and pleading, “Please, Frank. Give Helen another chance—give my family another chance!” “What are you doing, Grandpa?” Helen was certainly puzzled.

Beside her, Gina folded his arms and snorted. “Gotten senile already?” Without Frank, their family would only rise to new heights

CHAPTER 9

Henry’s miserable reaction was not lost on Frank.

However, even if Henry was willing to accept him, his family was not.

It was as if his marriage with Helen was a family affair and not between just the two of them!

“No, Gramps. I think this is it,” he said, and left without looking back.

Henry wobbled and almost fell.

Helen reacted quickly and hurried forward to catch him, and she found that his eyes were unfocused as he muttered repeatedly, “It’s over... It’s all over... It’s the end for my family...” Helen was left miffed by his words. “What are you talking about, Grandpa? To tell the truth, Sean went out of his way to help me build a partnership with the Turnbolls earlier today. Our family would rise to stand among the elites in Riverton.” “Hah!” Henry scoffed coldly. “That Sean Wesley whom Frank was talking about?” “Exactly,” Helen replied.

“He’s not even worth a fart compared to Frank,” Henry growled as he stormed back to his room, having no mood for dinner anymore.

Helen sighed as she looked on. “What delusions did Frank feed him, honestly?” “Who cares?” Peter chuckled. “This suits us just fine—we don’t have to hide your divorce from him now.” He was certainly feeling gleeful—without the old man’s protection, there was nothing stopping him from getting back at Frank!

Helen shot him a look, and asked, “Who’s that woman with Frank? The one you mentioned.” “I don’t know,” Peter replied, scratching his head. “But she’s seriously beautiful, like one in a billion...” Helen frowned. “More beautiful than me?” Peter’s words left her insecurity gnawing.

She definitely did not hope for Frank to have another woman at his side, especially one who was more beautiful than she was!

“H-How do I put it...,” Peter was suddenly stuttering. “You’re a natural beauty, while hers is attained through technology, I guess” Despite what he said, Vicky’s face was stuck in his mind constantly—her beauty was far beyond comparison, especially with those ladies at the nightclub he frequented!

The thought left him fuming, however, as a good-for-nothing like Frank did not deserve the company of such beauty!

On the other hand, Helen was clearly satisfied by what Peter told her.

– It was very late when Frank returned to Verdant Hotel.

When he did, he found a Rolls-Royce parked outside the entrance with a woman wearing a windbreaker leaning against it.

Upon a closer look, it turned out to be Yara, Vicky’s bestie cum bodyguard.

Noticing Frank just then, she hurried toward him. “Mr. Lawrence...” “Hello, Ms. Quill. Is something the matter?” Frank asked as he studied her.

She had a small round face, and her eyes were a bright blackness. Her dark hair was left disheveled in the wind, as she had clearly been waiting for him for some time.

She was a few inches over five feet, though she still appeared dainty in front of Frank.

Her fingers were interlocked and she kept fiddling with her thumbs, and she kept her head lowered, stammering for a long while but unable to say anything.

Frank chuckled. “You may speak frankly.” Yara looked up awkwardly then. “O-Okay... Can you teach me the technique you taught Vicky?” After all, Yara herself had personally experienced the power of Frank’s improved version of the Boltsmacker. He also treated Vicky, thus proving that there were shortfalls in the traditional version of the Boltsmacker.

Naturally, Yara wanted to learn the improved version as well, but unlike Vicky, she was no prodigy who could learn a new technique with a single look.

“Oh, that.” Frank smiled.

Yara promptly whipped out a debit card. “I will make it worth your while, Mr.

Lawrence. There’s 500,000 in here—the PIN is six zeros. It’s all yours.” Frank simply clasped his hands behind his back, remaining calm as he replied, “Money’s nothing to me.” Yara was left a little flustered. “Then... What do you want?” “Do you have natural relics or other precious herbs?” Yara shook her head. “No.” “Enchanted weapons?” Yara was left further dejected. “No.” “Well, I’ll have to say no...” Yara hung her head and turned, ready to leave... Suddenly, Frank called out to her, “Hold on. Is it true that your father is Riverton’s governor?” “Yes, he is! Is there something I can help you with?” Yara exclaimed, blinking hopefully.

“I can teach you the improved Boltsmacker, but you need to find someone for me,” Frank replied.

“Really?” Yara exclaimed excitedly. “That’s easy. Just tell me who it is, and I’ll definitely find her!” “Her name is Winter Lawrence.” Yara stayed still as she waited for the next part... But that was all Frank said.

“Wait, is that all you have for me?” she asked.

Frank nodded. "Yeah. All I have is her name. No other information." She was the only daughter of his mentor.

When his mentor lay dying after the battle over the south sea three years ago, he told her to find his daughter who lived at Riverton. Though all he gave Frank was a name and nothing else, Frank traveled to Riverton and stayed for three years after his marriage. He kept searching for clues on Winter, but found nothing.

Back at the present, Yara was left biting her lip.

There were so many citizens in Riverton who shared last names and first names —finding one person with just her name was impossible.

However, she agreed to it immediately for the sake of learning the improved Boltsmacker. "Alright. I'll do my best to find her... But may I ask when you'll teach me?" Frank suddenly started to give directions, and she promptly did as she instructed.

As she directed her Ki's flow, Frank moved as quick as a lightning bolt, directing her Ki's flow from her navel up to intersecting nodes, converging Ki from other veins.

Yara promptly felt her body gushing and swirling rapidly with Ki, sending overflowing energy across her veins and canals.

She committed to memory every path her Ki traveled, and she could feel a tremendous force as she moved her palm, countless times more powerful than the Boltsmacker she practiced before!

"That's how you direct your Ki to release my improved version of Boltstmacker," Frank said. "Can you remember it?" "Yes, Mr. Lawrence," Yara said, grinning ear-to-ear as she saluted him. "Thank you for your teaching... by the way, may I teach this to the other apprentices of my clan?" In fact, if everyone in her clan would learn this, their influence as a faction would rise above and beyond!

However, Frank shook his head. "This improved version is only conditioned for women. If men train in it for long periods, they'd fall sick like Ms. Turnbull did." "I see. Thank you for your advice, Mr. Lawrence." Yara nodded humbly.

Frank nodded in turn. "I shall be going now. Please don't forget what I've asked." "Don't worry, sir. I won't," Yara assured him, though she suddenly paused as something came to mind. "By the way, there's something else that I'm hesitant to mention..." "What is it?" "It would be better if you kept your distance from Vicky, Mr. Lawrence." Frank was puzzled. "Why?" "She's from an important family and boasts both beauty and talent," Yara said, cautioning him out of kindness. "That has earned her countless suitors, and someone might get jealous if you get too close."

CHAPTER 10

Frank chuckled. “Why would they be jealous? I’m not a fellow suitor.” “That’s true.” Yara conceded and sighed. “But Vicky has a fiancee too. Are you sure he won’t get the wrong idea? Moreover, he’s the heir to the Lionhearts, an important family in Morhen—that man is known to be ruthless, made evident with certain suitors for Vicky disappearing under mysterious circumstances.” Being Vicky’s bodyguard, Yara was naturally privy to certain secrets.

She would rather not see an amazing martial artist like Frank get himself killed.

That was why she was being nice and warned him—there were others in Riverton who could destroy Frank aside from the Lionhearts.

“Hmph.” Frank snorted with a look of disdain. “I’m fine as long as they don’t provoke me. If they do, they’ll find themselves less lions than lambs.” Yara gulped.

That was certainly a bold claim, though she wondered if Frank could remain so when the Lionhearts really came for him.

Either way, she had nothing to add after saying that much.

– Early next morning, Helen had just woken up when she got a call from Sean.

“Good news! Mr. Turnbull’s daughter fully recovered yesterday!” he exclaimed.

“She did?!” Helen was immediately excited.

“Yeah, I didn’t expect the panacea cap to be so effective.” Sean laughed. “You are now the savior of the Turnbulls’ heiress, Helen!” Helen was certainly thrilled—Lane Holdings had nothing to worry about now that the Turnbulls owed them a favor!

Breathing out lengthily to quickly calm herself, she said, “Thank you so much for this, Mr. Wesley.” “Oh, you’re exaggerating,” Sean replied with feigned modesty. “It’s what I ought to do—by the way, remember to properly prepare for the banquet tonight at Verdant Hotel, and the project will definitely be yours.” “Yes. I’m counting on you, Mr. Wesley,” Helen said, and hung up.

She could hardly hide her excitement and almost started skipping around on her bed.

She knew it. The time for Lane Holdings to prosper had arrived!

– Meanwhile, at the penthouse suite of Verdant Hotel, Frank had woken up early to meditate when someone knocked on his door.

He answered it to find that it was Vicky, dressed in a leather jacket and a pair of jeans, giving her a sharp appearance thanks to her slender figure.

Taking off her shades, she smiled. “You’re quite the early bird, Mr. Lawrence!” “I could say the same about you. What’s the matter?” “My family is having a banquet here tonight. I’ll get you a tux—I mean, you’re not attending it in your tracksuit, are you?” “I’ll pass.” Frank was about to close the door when Vicky caught it, “Please, Mr. Lawrence.

It’s my father’s invitation, and you can at least show your face since you saved my life!” Frank frowned. Even if he was reluctant to attend a pointless social event, he could not say no since it was Mr. Turnbull’s invitation.

Nodding, he said, "In that case, let's go." They headed down to the parking lot, and Vicky opened the car door for him.

Before he got in, however, he stopped as he noticed a trio of men hurrying toward him.

"What's wrong?" Vicky asked in curiosity, noticing his pause.

"Trouble." Vicky noticed the trio too and frowned.

Though she thought it was a rival of her family, the burly bald man at the center strode up while glaring at Frank furiously. "Are you Frank Lawrence?" "Yes." Frank replied coolly.

Vicky snapped, "Who are you people? Do you know where you are?" The bald man did a double take and started to regard Vicky lecherously. "Huh.

I'm surprised you're that lucky with women! Anyway, your boy's going to be crippled soon enough. You should come hang with me instead—Barney Streisand will make it worth your while." Vicky laughed despite herself, turning to glance at Frank for a moment and then at the trio. "Wait, is this everyone you brought? You really think you stand a chance against Frank?" One of Barney's thugs snorted. "Hey, the chick's mocking us, Barney." Barney narrowed his eyes in turn. "Don't hurt her now. We'll show her how good we are later." "Haha!" The two thugs guffawed—they were certainly in luck! They would get a taste of the good stuff all thanks to Barney!

Nonetheless, Frank asked quietly, "Who sent you? Tell me right now and I'll hold back." "Pfft. Keep talking—beat him up already, boys!" Barney barked, perfectly confident since it was three against one.

As his lackeys leapt forward, Vicky tactfully took a step back and felt a sudden gust behind her right then!

Frank had charged forward at the speed of light!

Thud!

Thud!

With two dull thuds, both lackeys were sent flying.

"What the—" Barney himself had barely walked two steps forward with his baseball club and was already left gaping.

What the hell was he?!

He did not even see Frank move—the man just suddenly turned into a blur, and Barney's lackeys were promptly sent flying!

'Run!' That was the only thought Barney had just then, and he cursed his rotten luck for taking up this job!

However, Frank was already behind him when he turned and caught his throat with a vice-like grip!

"Oof..." Barney's face quickly turned purple from lack of oxygen.

Frank's expression was ice-cold. "I'm asking one last time. Who sent you?" The murder in his eyes left Barney sweating buckets and a chill jolting down his spine.

This was no joke—he could feel that Frank would really kill him if he did not tell the truth!

"P-Peter Lane! He was the one who sent me and told me to break your hand!

It's the truth, man... I'm just a street thug trying to make a living! Please don't kill me!" Frank took a deep breath.

He had no grudge against Peter, but Peter wanted to break his arm just because he kicked Peter?

"You want to live? Fine—you have to break Peter's arm," Frank said.

Seeing that he was given a way out, Barney promptly nodded. "Yes, yes, of course! I'll get it done, I promise!" Then, Frank leaned in and whispered into his ear, "If Peter's unscathed the next time I see him, I'll have your head." Barney shuddered. "Yes, yes, I'll do it." "Good. Now get out of here," Frank snapped, and kicked him away.

Barney promptly scrambled out of the parking lot, fearful to linger for another second!

Beside Frank, Vicky was narrowing her eyes at him.

Frank might have exchanged blows with Yara yesterday, but it only amounted to sparring.

Today, she truly saw the depth of Frank's power and understood that she would be dwarfed even in her prime!

Who was he?