

## Chapter 252

### Asking For Help

Glen returned home looking pale and wretched.

“What happened, Glen? You don’t look so good,” Helen remarked with a concerned look when she saw him in that state.

“Stop asking questions! You’d better keep a close eye on that rascal. He’s not allowed to step foot out of this house. If I find out that he dares to go out and cause more trouble for Jared, I’ll break both his legs!” he snapped while waving his hand dismissively, not knowing how to explain everything to her.

With that said, he stormed into the bedroom and lay fuming in bed for a long time.

Momentarily stunned, Helen quickly returned to her senses and hurried upstairs. I have to remind Frederick not to leave the house. Otherwise, Glen’s going to make good his threat.

At that moment, Frederick was upstairs in his room, talking on the phone.

He was infuriated that Jared had the guts to tell tales after breaking his wrist.

“Why did you suddenly call me? This isn’t like you at all...” the person on the other end of the line said in an amused tone.

“Stop trying to be funny, Tyrion Whitaker. We need to team up and vanquish our enemy!” Frederick replied angrily.

“What do you mean?” Tyrion asked.

“Josephine has found herself a guy! And to add insult to injury, he’s an ex-convict! That makes my hackles rise!” Frederick growled, gnashing his teeth.

“What?” Tyrion demanded, raising his voice. “She’s with an ex-convict? Has she lost her mind? How could she choose an ex-convict over the both of us? But come to think of it, is there anyone in Horington who’d dare to steal your woman? Why don’t you get someone to beat him up?”

“Don’t even bring that up. That jerk seems to be quite skilled in martial arts. He’s the one who broke my wrist! Besides, you know how my father is. He’s so pedantic that he’s locked me up at home and won’t let me seek revenge. That’s why I’m calling you,” Frederick explained.

Tyrion guffawed. “You, the great and mighty Frederick Lowe, want my help? We’re love rivals, so why should I help you? Have you forgotten how you used your identity as the son of Horington’s mayor to lord it over me previously?”

“If you scratch my back, I’ll scratch yours. As long as you deal with that jerk, you can have Josephine. I won’t fight with you for her. Oh, and that new branch your family is thinking of building in Horington? I’ll think of a way to make it happen.”

Frederick’s eyes glinted coldly. I’m not going to let this slide. If I don’t get my revenge, I’ll never be able to rest easy!

“Are you serious?” Tyrion asked eagerly, tempted by the offer.

“Of course. You can even record what I just said,” Frederick responded nonchalantly.

“Deal. Send me the details on that jerk. I’ll teach him a lesson for daring to make advances to my woman!” Tyrion vowed vehemently before hanging up.

Tyrion was the eldest son of the Whitaker family, and he was schoolmates with Josephine and Frederick. When they were in school, both he and Frederick liked Josephine. However, she was not interested in the two playboys.

After their graduation, Frederick seized the advantage of living in the same city as Josephine and pursued her relentlessly. Although Tyrion visited Horington a few times to try and win her over, he was helpless against the son of Horington’s mayor and was constantly chased away by Frederick.

Frederick had requested Tyrion's help because his father's influence did not extend until Summerbank. If Frederick were to find someone in Horington to beat Jared up, Glen would surely get wind of it in the blink of an eye. However, it would be a different story if someone from Summerbank came over.

Tyrion had also been in the military for a few years and was quite skilled at combat, so it probably would not be too difficult for him to deal with Jared.

As soon as the call ended, Helen opened the door to Frederick's bedroom.

"Does your hand still hurt?" she asked worriedly. The sight of his bandaged wrist pained her.

Frederick turned his back toward her immediately. "That's none of your business. Just leave me to endure the torturous pain on my own. I'm beginning to wonder whether I'm your biological son or not. Someone broke my wrist, yet my own parents still want to apologize to the culprit! It drives me crazy!"