

Chapter 290

Misunderstanding

Frederick had been staying in his house, as Glen had been keeping a very close eye on him for the past few days.

He furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at the time. "How much time does Tyrion need? It's been days and there's still no news from him."

Anxiety was surfacing in his heart. If Tyrion hadn't been contacting him at all for the past few days, it meant that he hadn't succeeded yet. After all, based on Tyrion's personality, if he did already succeed, Frederick would've known by then.

Helen was preparing a meal in the kitchen when Glen came rushing in.

Seeing that Glen was back, she asked, "Glen? Why do you have time to come back for lunch today?"

"Lunch? Something bad happened!" Glen looked worried. "I came back to get some stuff."

"What happened?" Helen walked out of the kitchen.

"Leyton from the Scott family has been killed, but that's not the important part. The important part is that Tyrion from the Whitaker family had his leg broken by someone and is still in the hospital. His family won't let this go so easily!" Glen's eyebrows were intensely furrowed. The Whitaker family had vast influences in the political and business world. There was no way they would keep quiet about the fact that their son had been injured in Horington.

"Why is the son of the Whitaker family doing here in Horington? Who has the gall to hurt him?" It came as a shock to Helen as well.

Frederick, who had heard all that as well, was shaking in his boots, his face pale.

"Don't ask me any more questions. I can't tell you!" Glen waved his hand.

He knew Jared was the one responsible. However, he owed a life debt to him, thus he didn't want to sell Jared out. His first plan was to see if it was possible to deal with the situation peacefully.

"Okay, I won't ask any further. Just be careful. Don't do everything by yourself. If someone has the nerve to hurt a member of the Whitaker family, then they're capable of doing anything!" Helen reminded.

She was certain that if someone could hurt the Whitaker family, then that person must be someone who wasn't afraid of death.

Clang!

The moment she finished, the sound of glass breaking rang out.

The cup in Frederick's hand had fallen to the ground as his body shook violently.

"What's wrong, Fred?" Helen quickly stepped forward and touched his forehead upon noticing his expression. "Why do you look so awful? Are you sick?"

"It's n-nothing! I'm fine! I'm going back upstairs." Frederick pushed her hand away and prepared to head back upstairs.

Glen knitted his eyebrows as he stared at Frederick.

Suddenly, the front door was pushed open and Jared strode in.

There was a thick smell of blood and killing intent around him. When he saw Frederick, he narrowed his eyes at him.

"Mr. Chance..." Glen was confused by Jared's appearance and the pungent stench of blood on him.

Frederick fell to the ground in shock and almost wet his pants when he saw Jared.

Seeing how terrified his son was, Glen immediately understood what was going on.

"Answer me. Did you ask Tyrion to kidnap Josephine?" Jared ignored Glen and walked straight to Frederick.

"What? Tyrion kidnapped Josephine?" Frederick widened his eyes. He didn't expect Tyrion to do something like that. He quickly shook his head. "I didn't tell him to kidnap Josephine! I swear!"

"Is this perhaps a misunderstanding, Mr. Chance?" Helen piped up, her heart aching for her son.

"Shut up!" Glen roared at his wife before glaring viciously at Frederick. "Tyrion came to Horington because of you, didn't he?"