

## Chapter 291

### Make Horington Pay

Glen's contorted face had Frederick tremble in fear, and the latter eventually nodded.

"You b\*stard! I kept you in the house just so you would reflect on your actions and yet you didn't learn a thing! I'm going to kill you..." Glen raised a chair and violently smashed it onto Frederick's body, shattering the furniture upon impact.

Jared was slightly taken aback. He didn't expect Glen to punish his own son in that manner.

"Stop it, Glen! You're going to kill him!" Helen desperately did her best to stop her husband.

However, Glen didn't care at all. He continued to beat Frederick to a pulp, causing him to cry out in pain.

"I'll take responsibility for the matter, Mr. Chance. I'll find some way to shield you from the Whitaker family!" the older man promised.

"I'll take care of the Whitaker family myself. There's no need for you to worry, Mr. Lowe." Jared glanced at the bloody sight of Frederick. "Your punishment for your son is enough for him to remember this lesson."

He was initially quite furious, but most of it vanished when he saw how Glen had acted. Frederick has good parents.

After leaving Glen's place, he made his way back to the Sullivan residence, as he was certain Josephine would need some comforting words.

At Horington Hospital during the night, upon receiving the news, the head of the family, Kane Whitaker, had brought ten experts with him.

All ten of them looked mighty impressive, and one of them was the best of the best.

Kane's expression darkened when he stared at his son, who was lying on the bed. It was appalling that someone in Horington had the guts to injure his son that badly.

"You're finally here, Dad. Look at my leg! I'm a cripple now!" Tyrion began to cry when he saw Kane.

"Be a man and stop crying!" Kane glared at his son. "Do you think you're invincible? Why did you kidnap a member of the Sullivan family?" It appeared that he had known about everything.

Tyrion was shocked speechless, having been scolded. Seconds later, a look of pain flashed across Kane's eyes. His only son was the apple of his eye.

"Get me the director of the hospital!" Kane ordered.

One of his subordinates, who was wearing glasses, promptly brought a doctor to the room.

"You're the director?" Kane asked coldly.

"Yes, Mr. Whitaker. I'm the director." The director's legs were trembling.

"How is my son's leg?"

“His leg was crushed by an external force. There’s no way to fix his bone. He’ll have to use a cane for the rest of his life,” the director explained carefully.

“Useless!” Kane slapped the director’s face. “I don’t care what you need to do to fix my son’s leg. If you can’t, I’ll kill your entire family!”

Thump!

The director kneeled on the ground and begged, “Our hospital really doesn’t have the equipment or the doctors to fix his legs! You can send your son to a big hospital or overseas to fix his legs. Even if you kill me, my hospital still can’t help your son!”

Noting the director’s genuine look, Glen knew there was no hope in this hospital. Therefore, he stopped giving the director a difficult time and ordered, “Prepare the car and send my son back to Summerbank for treatment!”

It wasn’t long before Tyrion was taken away. Kane stared at Horington’s night scene and muttered coldly, “I’m going to make Horington pay for what happened to my son!”