

Chapter 51

Who knew that Margaret who was hanging her head, would suddenly burst into tears?

She put on a pitiful look. Without saying a word, she looked every bit the part of a victim.

"Apologize!" Tyrone grabbed Helen's wrist and demanded again.

Helen looked up at him defiantly. "I didn't do anything wrong. Why should I apologize?"

Margaret tugged at Tyrone's sleeve. "Tyrone, let it be. Perhaps she didn't do it on purpose."

"No. Helen, I'm giving you one last chance. Apologize."

Helen kept a stern face, remaining silent.

Tyrone ran out of patience and shouted, "Helen!"

Helen took a deep breath, "I said, I did nothing wrong. Why should I apologize?"

At that moment, Margaret sneezed, and Tyrone was immediately protective of her. "I'll take you to get a change of clothes"

Margaret hummed in response and let Tyrone guide her towards the house. Before leaving, Tyrone looked back at Helen with a warning glare.

"You better come and apologize to Margaret later."

"Hold it!" Helen was someone who couldn't stand being bullied. "Let's get to the bottom of this before you leave."

"Helen, what more do you want? Margaret's clothes are soaked. She needs to change out of them immediately," Tyrone said. He was clearly out of patience.

"Her clothes getting soaked is her fault. What does that have to do with me? I want justice," Helen stated firmly, not intending to back down.

"You want justice? Then let's go to Grandpa and settle this."

Though not loud, the commotion in the backyard attracted the attention of many guests. Especially since Tyrone was a celebrity, and was always the center of attention.

A crowd gradually gathered.

Feeling everyone's gaze, Margaret instinctively hid in Tyrone's arms. He wrapped his arm around her and tried to lead her away, but he was stopped by Helen again.

"I said, you can leave after you clarify what happened."

"What is going on?" Esmond walked over with a group of people in tow.

Margaret was the first to speak. Her voice was full of grievance as she called out, "Mr. Newton Senior!"

Esmond, seeing that she was drenched, asked in concern, "

What happened? Why are your clothes wet? Someone, get Ms. Leonard a clean set of clothes."

A servant hurried off to fetch the clothes.

Tyrone looked coldly at Helen and spoke to Esmond confidently, "Grandpa, it's Helen. She pushed Margaret into the pond. Fortunately, I arrived in time, or there could have been a disaster."

Tyrone's words stirred up a storm.

The crowd immediately began to buzz with conversation and turned their eyes toward Helen as they murmured among themselves.