

Chapter 84 Do You Want To Ask Mr. Fowler To Bail You...

Harold was so drunk that he staggered as he walked.

He happened to pass by the private room where Lillian was currently entertaining a client. The door was slightly ajar, so he could see what was going on inside.

Sitting on the lap of a polished man was Lillian. She obediently kissed the man, who seemed to be a good kisser, because Lillian trembled all over in his arms.

Lillian's side profile looked a lot like Rena's.

And Harold was drunk, so he mistook Lillian for Rena.

His eyes turned livid with rage.

He mistakenly thought that it was Rena that was kissing another man. Perhaps she'd even sleep with him later, right on that coach! Blinded with rage, he kicked the door open, and a scream came from inside.

Harold grabbed the man by the collar and punched him.

"How dare you kiss Rena like that?! Rena's mine! She's my wife!"

Of course, the man was furious after being punched for no

reason. He kicked at Harold and yelled, "Are you insane? Your wife is an escort? You're the one who made your wife entertain men to earn money! And now you just punch her patron? What the fuck is wrong with you guys?"

Annoyed, Harold punched him again.

Lillian was so scared that she burst into hysteric tears.

When he heard the commotion, the manager rushed over, but he was dumbfounded by the scene that met him.

He had tried to explain everything to Harold just now. Why wasn't the man using his damn brain? Harold was acting even crazier than earlier!

The manager tried to pull them apart but was inadvertently punched in the process.

Cradling his bleeding nose, he called security and had them stop Harold. The man Harold attacked just now wiped the blood from his mouth and roared, "I'll kill you!"

Harold sneered at him.

"Really? Let's see about that!"

They both broke free from the security guards and brawled again. The manager rubbed his temples and sighed helplessly.

In the end, he didn't try to stop them. He decided they could tire themselves out first before he tried to mediate.

The rich man had never been humiliated like this in his life.

He refused to let Harold go.

He looked at Harold with a sneer and declared, "I won't stop until you're behind bars, asshole! Aren't you ashamed to be jealous over an escort?!"

Despite the manager's attempt to mediate, the rich man still called the police.

Later that night,

Harold sat on a bench in the police station, where the chief knew him.

Sure enough, the chief recognized him at first glance. It was Waylen's future brother-in-law!

Harold had ended up at the station last time because he had fought for a woman. This time, he was here because he had fought for another woman. Sure enough, even though he had a fiancée, he wasn't loyal to her and still hooked up with other women.

Despite his displeasure with Harold's roguish behavior, the chief was still polite and even offered him a cigarette.

"Mr. Moore, this is your second time here," he mused.

Harold took a long drag from his cigarette and sobered up a little.

Then he looked at the rich man beside him in disdain.

He couldn't believe he had wasted his time and energy on a nobody.

The chief sat in front of them and said sincerely, "Mr. Moore, this man was just making friends with that woman. Why'd you get involved? If there were more hot-tempered people like you in our district, we wouldn't need to go out on patrol every day!"

They had done this once before, so Harold knew what the process was.

The chief asked kindly, "Do you want to call Mr. Fowler to bail you out?"

Harold was about to refuse, but when he suddenly remembered that Waylen was sleeping with Rena now, a thought occurred to him. If he asked Waylen to bail him out now, Waylen would be forced to leave Rena!

Harold exhaled a puff of smoke.

"Yes!"

The chief shook his head and smiled wryly. "Mr. Moore, as the future son-in-law of the Fowler family, you should be more careful about your reputation. You won't be forgiven every time you make a mistake, you know."

His reputation?

Harold fell into deep thought.

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He had always wanted power, and now, he was so close to getting it. Why did he lose his mind whenever it came to Rena? He even came so close to giving up everything for her! But the alcohol still had a hold on him, so he wasn't thinking straight.

He took another deep drag and said decisively, "Call Waylen!"

Only then did the rich man realize who Harold was. "Fuck you! Are you insane? You already have such a beautiful fiancée, yet here you are, going crazy over some escort. What the hell is wrong with you?"

Harold fell silent.

Because he didn't know the answer to that question either.

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