

## Chapter 86 Harold Was Beaten By Waylen

With a reserved smile, Waylen asked, "Where is Harold?"

Frederic raised his chin and replied, "Don't worry. He's fine."

Waylen strode in.

The detention room was very lively, and there were several different people inside.

The rich man was happily eating instant noodles.

The manager and Lillian were sitting there in silence. Lillian had on someone's suit jacket over her black dress, and she was trembling all over. She heard the footsteps. When she raised her head and looked, she was stunned.

She had never seen such a handsome and noble man before.

Waylen's temperament made Lillian blush with shyness. She felt as if a woman like her didn't deserve to be in the presence of someone like him.

Waylen glanced at her.

Lillian's face resembled Rena's. Waylen immediately guessed what had happened.

He sneered at Harold.

Harold's and Waylen's gazes met. There was a hint of provocation in Harold's eyes, which was imperceptible to others but not to Waylen.

Scoffing, Waylen didn't take Harold seriously.

"Frederic." Waylen asked, "What procedure should I go through?"

Frederic had already prepared the papers.

"You just need to sign your name here and pay the bail."

Waylen darted his eyes at Lillian and the other two men and said indifferently, "I'll bail them out, too. Besides, what happened tonight..."

Frederic instantly understood what Waylen meant.

Members of rich families were afraid of getting involved in scandals. Frederic immediately smiled and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Fowler. I won't tell anyone about this."

Waylen went through the formalities swiftly and smoothly.

The rich man shouted, "I don't need him to bail me out! I don't want to owe him a favor!"

Frederic was about to scold the man.

But Waylen raised his hand, took out his phone, and said casually, "Sure, I'll just call your father right now. I'll let him know what his son does every day."

The rich man's face turned red.

Waylen knew his father?!

Seeing that the rich man didn't say anything more, Waylen decided not to make things difficult for him and walked out of the police station.

Frederic kissed the check and waved enthusiastically, "See you next time, Mr. Fowler."

Waylen ignored him.

He got in the car, lit a cigarette, and took a long drag.

Harold came over.

Waylen said flatly, "Get in the car."

Harold seemed to have guessed this. He smiled, opened the door, and hopped in.

As soon as he got in the car, Waylen gunned the engine and started driving. The expensive car had great performance and had no problem accelerating from zero to break-neck speed. Because he'd had too much to drink, Harold felt sick. He suspected that Waylen drove like a maniac on purpose.

He was already flying the damn car.

No one spoke the entire trip.

About half an hour later, Waylen pulled over at the seaside. It was very tranquil around. The only sound was the crashing of waves on the shore.

"Get out of the car," Waylen hissed.

Harold sneered and followed Waylen out of the car.

Then, Waylen took off his jacket, undid several of his shirt's buttons, and punched Harold straight in the jaw.

Not expecting the hit, Harold staggered back.

He managed to stay on his feet and steady himself. Afterward, he wiped the blood from his mouth with the back of his hand.

Waylen kicked him and said, "Do you look down upon our Fowler family, Harold? You didn't like Cecilia, so you shouldn't have been with her in the first place. She loved you so much that she committed suicide for you. You must feel complacent."

Waylen kicked Harold down until Harold was on the ground. Harold rolled on his side and covered his belly. He was in pain, but he was still able to force a smile.

"Yes, I was jerk. I didn't deserve her.

But what about you? You knew the kind of person I was, didn't you? Why didn't you stop her from being engaged to me? You are no better than me.

You know that Rena is my ex-girlfriend. Why are you with her?

"

Harold's eyes turned red as he began seething with rage.