

Chapter 85 Mr. Fowler, You Look Fantastic!

Waylen had just finished having fun with Rena in bed when he received the call from the police chief.

Rena was exhausted, but Waylen was not. He still wrapped his arms around her waist and teased her with his lips.

Rena couldn't stand it. She bit her lip and grumbled, "Enough, Waylen! I need to take a bath."

Only then did Waylen finally stop.

"Let me run the bath for you," he whispered in her ear.

Looking at her cheeks turn red as tomatoes, Waylen found her so cute that he couldn't help but kiss her earlobe.

Rena pulled up the quilt to cover her face in protest, preventing him from teasing her further.

"What's wrong? Just a minute ago, you were moaning for me to keep going..." Waylen pulled the quilt down and wrapped his arms around her tightly.

Just as he was leaning close to kiss her again, Rena whimpered softly.

"Please, Waylen. I'm not feeling well. Let me take a bath first,

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"Please, Waylen. I'm not feeling well. Let me take a bath first, okay?"

Waylen chuckled. "Why are you so afraid?" He gently tucked her long hair behind her ear and kissed her smooth forehead. Then he lifted the quilt and got out of bed.

Waylen had a nice figure, but Rena was too shy to look at his

Soon, the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

And around 5 minutes later, Waylen returned to the bedroom to carry Rena to the bathroom. Rena, however, refused him.

"I can go to the bathroom by myself, thank you very much."

Waylen shrugged. He didn't want to force her.

While she soaked in the tub, he took a quick shower in the other bathroom.

When he climbed back into bed, Waylen rested his head against the headboard, lit a cigarette, and took a long, slow drag. Since the case he newly took was almost concluded, he was quite relaxed.

Just then, his phone rang, interrupting this moment of tranquility.

Waylen frowned. Who on earth would call him at this hour?

Clamping the cigarette between his lips, he reached out and pressed the answer key. "This is Waylen."

It turned out that the caller was none other than Frederic Debenham, the police chief.

Frederic greeted him warmly. "Mr. Fowler, I'm sorry to disturb you so late at night. There was a dispute earlier tonight that involved your future brother-in-law. Can you come over and bail him out?"

Harold?

Waylen slowly exhaled a ring of smoke.

After a while, he replied coldly, "Since you know that it's already so late in the night, why are you still asking me to go all the way to the station? I'm not Harold's guardian!"

Frederic chose his next words very carefully. "Mr. Moore got into another brawl over a woman in the club. If you don't come now, we'll have no choice but to ask Miss Fowler to bail him out."

Waylen snorted, but he didn't say anything more.

Instead, he continued to smoke slowly until his cigarette was finished.

Frederic held his breath, wondering if Waylen would come or not.

He didn't dare to urge Waylen, so he just stayed silent.

After a long while, Waylen suddenly chuckled. "Was Harold the one who asked for me specifically?"

Frederic was stunned.

How did Waylen know?

But it was inappropriate for him to interfere in their private family affairs, so he just gave a perfunctory response.

"Whatever. I'll be there soon."

After putting the phone down, Waylen got up and get dressed. He went and knocked on the glass door of the

bathroom, saying, "Something came up and I'm heading out. Go to bed first. Don't wait up for me."

Rena couldn't help but feel a little disappointed.

How could he leave tonight right after they got intimate?

Waylen guessed what she was thinking, so he entered the bathroom and stood over the bathtub. Without warning, he squatted down and reached under the water... Rena blushed and grabbed his arm to stop him.

"I'm sorry, but it's important. I'll be back soon." His voice was very hoarse as his eyes roamed over her naked body.

And Rena clearly didn't want him to leave.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply.

Waylen kissed her back for a while. When he finally pulled away, he whispered, "I just changed my clothes, but you got them wet again..."

Rena looked down at his clothes. Sure enough, there was a big wet stain on his shirt, which made her blush in embarrassment.

But Waylen was in a good mood, fortunately. He simply changed his clothes again and then headed out.

He went straight to the police station.

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
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disturbed you in the middle of the night."

When he noticed that Waylen didn't look sleepy at all, he winked at him and said, "It's two o'clock in the morning, yet you still look fantastic!"

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