

Doris turned around all of a sudden, picking up the plate on the table and hurling it at Norman's face.

Norman's head was already bleeding from the wine bottle.

Just as he had returned to his senses from the impact, he got a plate to his face.

There was a crab on it, that splattered over his nose.

He yanked it off him in a panic. "Doris, listen! My dear sister, listen to me..."

"You shut your f*cking mouth! Who the f*ck are you calling your sister? You don't deserve to call me that!"

"Doris, at least listen to me for a second! Please..."

Norman was trying to twist things around, all while looking at the other lady pointedly to tell her to leave.

But the woman refused to do so. She'd wanted Jennie to know from the start, anyways.

Wasn't it better like this, now that things were out in the open?

Doris pointed at Norman, fuming. "Have you lost your f*cking mind? Doing this behind my sister's back? What the f*ck is wrong with you?"

The onlookers finally gained some amount of context.

This man was cheating on his wife, and his sister in law had caught him.

"This man's having an affair! He deserves to get

beaten up!"

"What's wrong with people nowadays? You could be anything, but you chose to be a homewrecker?"

Norman and his mistress were speechless.

"Norman Sinek!" Doris' eyes were bloodshot. "How are my sister and her two kids supposed to live after this?"

"Do you know how much you've hurt them? You piece of sh*t!"

"Do you know a woman's greatest fear is her husband cheating on her? She'll never forget the hurt you've caused her!"

Another plate was flung over.

Doris had practically lost her mind, wanting nothing more than to destroy this bastard of a man.

Norman ducked, clutching his head.

His mistress shouted, reaching out to hit Doris.

She was embarrassed, too. Being called a mistress like this was horrible.

"F*ck off!" Daniel rushed forward, shoving the woman to the side.

One of the women's heels gave way from the pressure, and she fell onto the floor littered with broken glass and porcelain.

"Ow! O*w!"

The woman shrieked her head off.

Some of the broken plates on the floor had probably stabbed her in the bottom.

The Fortune Tower security guards rushed over to control the situation.

Another two minutes later, the police showed up.

Norman and his mistress were sent to the hospital, whereas Doris and Daniel were sent to the police station.

The case was ruled as public violence and disorderly conduct.

Both Doris and Daniel were each fined five hundred dollars.

After paying, the only thing left to do was for them to

have a family member bail them out.

Daniel called his sister, Lily.

Doris held the phone in her hands. Family?

The only family she had aside from the two kids was her sister.

Her children were babies, they wouldn't be able to bail her out.

It wasn't like she could call her sister, either.

She hadn't thought about how to tell her sister about this.

What if her sister heard the news, and tried to harm herself?

But, who was going to bail her out then?

Doris thought about it, and called Waylor.

The two of them lived in the same house. Surely that would make them 'family', right?

Over on Waylor's end, everyone was busy wining and dining.

All of a sudden, his phone rang.

Waylor glanced at the screen.

Doris?

Waylor had no intention to pick up.

Wasn't she out with Daniel?

What was she doing calling him?

She probably got the wrong number, right?

What could she possibly need him for at a time like this?

But the phone continued to ring.

The first call wasn't picked up, and another call came in.

Emmeline looked up at Waylor. "What's the matter? Why aren't you picking up?"

"It's Doris," Waylor said calmly. "What could she possibly need?"

"Yeah, but what if something happened?" Emmeline said. "I'll pick up if you don't want to!"

Waylor handed the phone to her.

Doris was about to hang up disappointedly, when the call connected.

She hurriedly said, "Mr. Adelmar?"

"Doris, hey," Emmeline said. "It's me. What's up?"

"Uh..."

Doris was a little embarrassed to tell her. "I wanted to ask Mr. Adelmar for a favor, but I guess asking you is about the same thing."

"Well, what is it?" Emmeline could tell that Doris was in trouble.

"I'm at the police station," Doris said lowly. "Could..."

could Mr. Adelmar come and bail me out?"

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