

Chapter 147 Taste Of His Own Medicine

As Waylen had expected, Joseph eventually came back. While the latter wanted to have a son, he naturally also cared about his reputation.

He left to appease Aline, and roughly an hour later, he returned to the party.

"Where's Vera?" he demanded as soon as he scanned the room.

No one answered him, because everyone was on Vera's side this time. After all, Joseph had gone too far. How could he cheat on Vera with a woman like Aline? Joseph noticed the weird expression on everyone's faces and asked again, "Did she leave?"

After another moment of silence, Waylen cleared his throat and responded nonchalantly, "She left with Roscoe."

It was no secret that Roscoe was into Vera, and now that Vera was angry at Joseph and was alone with Roscoe now, it was very easy to guess what would happen!

Sure enough, Joseph's face turned livid as soon as

he connected the dots.

With a crazed look in his eye, he began to call Vera.

But Vera's phone was turned off.

Cursing, he then tried calling Roscoe. After a while, the call connected.

But Joseph could clearly hear the moans of pleasure in the background on the other end of the line.

Obviously, Vera and Roscoe were having hot, passionate sex!

Joseph clenched his fists. "Roscoe, get Vera on the phone now!"

Panting heavily, Roscoe grunted and then handed the phone to Vera. "It's Joseph," he said.

Vera groaned and whined, "Joseph, what's wrong?"

The people in the private room were very quiet, so everyone overheard their little exchange.

Joseph smashed his phone against the wall in a fit of anger!

The next second, he stormed out of the room, hell-bent on killing Roscoe.

Rena wanted to run after him, but Waylen stopped her. His tone was indifferent when he said, "Don't worry. Vera's with Roscoe. Joseph can't hurt her. Besides, Vera and Joseph will definitely divorce now. Aren't you happy?"

In the end, Rena could only look in the direction Joseph had run off.

Perhaps Waylen was right. It would be great if Vera and Joseph could divorce.

Despite not chasing after Joseph, Rena didn't stay there any longer. She grabbed her coat and bag and then left the private room.

This time, Waylen didn't stop her. Instead, he followed her out and intercepted her in the parking lot.

Rena was already sitting in her car by the time he approached.

Waylen lightly tapped on the car window.

Rolling the window down, Rena asked politely, "Did you forget something, Mr. Fowler?"

Waylen gazed at her with twinkling eyes. When his roaming gaze landed on her fair, slender legs, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

In a hoarse voice, he asked her, "Miss Gordon, would you like to have a drink with me?"

Rena didn't answer right away. She simply looked ahead and drummed her fingers on the steering wheel.

After a moment, she turned her head and smiled at him. "No, thanks. I don't want to drink with you. Goodnight, Mr. Fowler."

As she spoke, she rolled up the car window, leaving

Waylen out in the cold.

Then she slowly pulled away.

Waylen didn't insist on his way, nor did he have any intention of sleeping with her tonight. He just felt the urge to hold her when he saw her again today.

It was the same feeling he had when he first met her.

His attraction towards her hadn't diminished one bit.

Just now in the private room, when he asked Rena if she had missed him during the night, Rena didn't answer him.

But he knew that she must've missed him.

Because... He had also missed her. In fact, he even felt empty without her.

Rena drove straight home.

As soon as she parked the car, she called Vera, who had finally turned on her phone.

Vera sounded indifferent as she talked to Rena about what happened.

Unexpectedly, Joseph had tracked them down to a hotel. He then got into a fight with Roscoe and even threatened to kill him.

But the Figueroa family was powerful, so Joseph couldn't lay a finger on Roscoe.

Vera was in a good mood. "Rena, I'll never forget the look on Joseph's face when he saw us... Haha! It was so exciting!"

After a while, she sighed bitterly.

"I cheated on him, just like he cheated on me! And it turns out I have many pursuers!"

Although Vera pretended to be cheerful, Rena could tell that her friend was deeply hurting inside.

"Where are you?" Rena asked softly. "Let me pick you up."

A crack in Vera's voice betrayed her sadness as she said, "I'm at the police station."

Rena started the car again and went straight to the police station.

Joseph and Roscoe hated each other's guts, and they had ended up beating each other black and blue. Seeing this, Rena couldn't help but admire Roscoe's courage.

There was not a hint of joy on Joseph's face despite the fact that he was about to be a father.

On the contrary, his gloomy face was covered in bruises.

He looked at Vera, but in the end he didn't touch her.

And even until now, Roscoe was still provoking him. Joseph sneered. "Laugh all you want, Roscoe. Vera's

still my wife."

Upon hearing this, Rena's eyebrows shot up in surprise. Joseph still wanted to stay married to Vera?

She looked at Vera with concern.

Vera lit a cigarette, winked at Roscoe, and then said, "You go ahead first."

Roscoe understood what she meant.

They would have many opportunities to "get together" in the future.

Roscoe straightened his clothes, kissed her on the cheek, and then left.

Joseph's eyes turned bloodshot as Roscoe walked away. To Vera, he demanded, "We've been together for so many years. How dare you treat me like this?"

Vera looked at him indifferently.

She locked eyes with him and said word by word, "Joseph, I treated you the way you treated me. It's only fair, right?"

At this, Joseph fell silent.

After a long while, he suddenly said with renewed vigor, "Vera, let's start over."

Vera was stunned.

Then she smiled lightly. "You can do whatever you want, but don't expect me to love you like before. You forced me to do this. You betrayed me again and

again, so I had to give you a taste of your own medicine."

After a slight pause, she added with a provocative grin, "Besides, Roscoe is very good in bed."

Joseph nearly lost it.

He started smashing everything in sight at the police station. The officers had to subdue him, and consequently, he was detained for the night.

Vera got in the car with Rena.

Rena handed Vera a bottle of water and asked, "Are you okay?"

Just now, Vera looked very brave and confident. But now, in the car, she looked pale and shaken.

Vera only had sex with Roscoe to take revenge on Joseph. While she wasn't necessarily happy, but she had no regrets.

"There's no turning back at this point," Vera started to say, "but I won't ask for a divorce. I won't let Aline win."

This matter was by no means black and white, and it was too complicated for Rena to give any advice.

So instead, she asked gently, "What about Roscoe?"

At this, Vera's eyes welled up with tears.

"We can't be together. His family is rich and powerful. How can they let Roscoe marry a woman like me?"

Rena stretched out her hand and cupped Vera's cheek to comfort her.

"I think you're a great person! At least, you're great at fighting."

Vera couldn't help but let out a small giggle.

"Rena, I have to be honest. Roscoe is really amazing in bed. He made me cum so many times."

Hearing this, Rena quickly rolled up the car windows.

She couldn't let other people hear this!

But before she could roll up the windows completely, a gentle voice came from outside the car.

"Miss Gordon? Miss Byrd? I'm Robert, Roscoe's cousin."

Mortified, Rena looked at Vera.

Robert must've overheard what Vera said just now. Robert seemed over 30 years old and was quite the gentleman. He taught at a university and served as the vice dean.

He gazed at Rena with a slightly surprised look and said in a very gentle tone, "I heard you talking about Roscoe, so I wanted to ask you something."