

Chapter 370 The Groans From The Washroom

Aline withdrew.

Vera was the first to speak. "What is she doing here?"

Aline had a mediocre family background. Normally, average people couldn't afford admission to this club.

So Vera suspected that Aline was a mistress of one of the male riffraff that frequented the establishment.

Vera and Aline were classmates, and Vera didn't really like Aline. But Vera was unwilling to witness Aline's depravity.

A feeling of discomfort settled within Joseph.

He wanted to offer a few vague remarks, but Roscoe said lightly, "Aline? She looks pretty. Don't take the wrong path. Joseph, how about you seize this opportunity and be the hero to save the beauty?"

Joseph wasn't pleased by his suggestion.

He knew that Roscoe liked Vera. Did he make that inappropriate comment on purpose?

When Joseph was about to refuse, a crisp, clicking sound suddenly filled the room. Waylen was toying with his lighter.

He stared intently at the small flame.

The expression on his handsome face was unfathomable, and the orange glow from the lighter's tiny tongue of fire accentuated it.

Seeing this eerie scene, Joseph shivered and had a strange feeling. He suddenly felt that Waylen had become much more enigmatic than before, even though Waylen was only one year older than him.

His aura was different than before.

Waylen muttered, "Go check on Aline, Joseph. After all, she's Vera's classmate. It won't be good if something happens to her."

The truth was, Joseph also wanted to go see Aline and asked her why she was here.

As soon as he stood up, Vera asked him, "Would you like me to accompany you?"

Joseph replied with a smile, "No, it's okay. You just stay here and have fun. I'll be right back."

Then, he walked out of the room.

Standing in the corridor, Joseph took out his phone and dialed Aline's number. "Where are you?"

On the other end of the line, Aline was in a fury.

It was Joseph who invited her here, but Vera was also here. Joseph was obviously making fun of her.

She retorted unhappily, "It's none of your business."

Joseph said in a low voice, "Meet me in the washroom."

He thought it was high time for him to sever connections with Aline.

Considering what happened today, he knew he shouldn't keep Aline by his side any longer. No matter her coming was because of the manipulation of others or her desire of ruining his relationship with Vera, he was certain that the one he cared was Vera and he would marry her in the future.

In the washroom, Joseph leaned against the wall and smoked.

Five minutes later, Aline showed up.

She had dressed up especially today, exuding a captivating allure. Although she was angry with Joseph, she still leaned on his shoulder and said coquettishly, "When will you ever take me to a dinner party as your real girlfriend?"

Joseph stubbed out his cigarette.

He took out a card from his wallet and extended it to Aline. "Let's end our relationship. There's \$500,000 in this card. That should be enough compensation for all the time you spent with me."

Aline was taken aback by his casual cruelty.

He couldn't wait to dump her just because of an accidental encounter?

She was good at acting and even better at seducing.

Without taking the card, Aline asked, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave me? Have you forgotten how happy I make you when we have sex?"

As she spoke, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

She kissed the side of his neck and then nibbled on his earlobe.

In the past few days, because of Vera's period, Joseph hadn't been able to satisfy his sexual needs. Aline's kiss and small nibble were enough to hurl him off the edge. He crashed his lips onto hers, stuck his tongue down her throat and then took her into one of the cubicles.

Before long, moans and groans of pleasure and lust were bouncing off the walls of the washroom.

In the private room, Vera patiently waited for Joseph who hadn't

returned.

She had begun staring into space.

Roscoe tried to comfort her.

Waylen remarked, "Roscoe, how about you take Vera and go look for Joseph?"

Roscoe wondered when Waylen became so accommodating.

But he was willing to take Vera to search for Joseph.

And so, they left the private room together. Vera called Joseph several times, but Joseph didn't answer. She was beginning to get a little anxious. "Did he have a conflict with someone in another room?"

Roscoe just smiled in response.

He searched every room, but there was no Joseph.

When he was about to give up, he heard groans coming from the washroom, which sounded like a man and a woman having sex. Roscoe frowned at first, and then he coughed to disguise his embarrassment. "Wait here, Vera. I'll go check the washroom."

Vera heard it, too.

Her face went crimson. Who were doing it in the washroom?

But the man's gasps were so familiar.

Realizing that, Vera froze. She hurriedly reached out and tightly grabbed Roscoe's arm. She begged in a trembling voice, "Don't go, Roscoe."

Roscoe looked down at her.

Vera's thin fingers had lost their usual color.

After a long silence, Roscoe asked cautiously, "Are you sure you

don't want to find out? He might have betrayed you, and the other woman might be someone you know. You don't have to endure his betrayal, you know?"

Vera loved Joseph very much.

But she had some self-respect.

Finally, she let go of Roscoe's arm and took a deep, steadying breath. She said, "Go find out for me, please. If it's him and Aline, you don't need to take pictures of them or hit him. I'll let him keep his dignity."

Roscoe's eyes reflected profound contemplation.

After hesitating for a few heartbeats, he raised his hand and gently stroked Vera's hair.

Vera looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

He nodded at her.

When Roscoe kicked open the cubicle door, he found Joseph and Aline at the climax of their forbidden congress. They were both panting and sweating profusely.

The door swung open with a resounding slam.

Joseph was almost scared to death.

Roscoe leaned against the doorway, bowed his head, and lit a cigarette. He took a drag and sneered, "Vera said that if I found you and Aline in here, I shouldn't take photos of you or hit you. She's still willing to let you save face, Joseph, but you don't deserve it."

Joseph's face turned pale.

He pulled up his pants and fastened his belt. He was about to rush out, but Roscoe stood in his way.

"Now you're in a hurry, huh? Don't you want to finish in here?"

You did sound like you were about to reach completion. Go on."

Joseph was so anxious that his ears turned red. "Let me out, Roscoe! I want to explain to Vera!"

Roscoe's eyes blazed with fury.

He dropped his cigarette and put it out under his heel. Then, he jeered, "Explain what to Vera? That you love her so much but you just couldn't resist fucking one of her classmates in a public restroom? How could you betray her like this? You make me sick, Joseph!"

"This is none of your business! Get the hell out of my way!" Joseph bellowed, going red with fury and embarrassment. He punched Roscoe right in the jaw.

Of course, Roscoe wasn't afraid of him.

Feeling wronged for Vera, he struck Joseph with equal rage.

Soon, they were wrestling with each other.

Meanwhile, the blush on Aline's face still lingered. She put her underwear back on and then tidied up her dress. She wanted to leave, but on second thought, she decided to stay.

This was her chance to become Joseph's real girlfriend.

Vera wouldn't want Joseph anymore. As long as she kept a low profile, Joseph would accept her sooner or later.

After watching Joseph and Roscoe fight it out in the washroom for a while, Aline finally walked out.

Vera was still standing outside. Her face was pale, and her eyes were a little red.

She had just sent a message to Rena. "Joseph and Aline are having sex right now."

On her way out, Aline bumped into Vera.

The two women looked at each other. Even though Vera didn't like Aline, she still sympathized with her and her parents, so she always helped Aline secretly.

But Aline engaged in a dalliance with Joseph.

Vera inquired in a quivering voice. "When did your relationship with him start?"

Aline flashed her a faint smile.

"More than half a year ago. He treats me very well, you know? He pays for my tuition and living expenses. Even my underwear."

Vera felt like throwing up.

She had always thought that her relationship with Joseph was admirable, but there was a rotten reality lurking just beneath the surface.

There was the other woman in their relationship.

The gloomy light was in sharp contrast to Vera's ashen complexion.

She knew Aline's contemplation. Aline wanted to be Joseph's real girlfriend, but Vera didn't care or fight for that designation.

So Vera ignored Aline and entered the washroom.

"Let's go, Roscoe."

As soon as she opened her mouth, Joseph whipped his head in her direction. Roscoe took the chance to land another punch.

Regardless of his now extensive facial injuries, Joseph climbed to his feet, hobbled over, and grabbed Vera by the shoulders. He began, "Vera, listen to me."

Vera pushed him away.

She said calmly, "No. There's nothing to explain. We're done." Then, she turned around and left.

Roscoe followed her.

Unwilling to give up, Joseph grabbed her arm and exclaimed, "You will regret this, Vera! If you leave me, do you think you'll ever find another boyfriend like me?"

Vera shook off his hand.

Despite her trembling lips, she said in a stern voice, "Joseph, do you think that I'm only with you because I'm interested in your money? Well, let me tell you something—I don't give a damn about your money!"

With that, she took off her watch.

It matched Joseph's, and it was worth millions of dollars.

She threw the diamond watch on the floor and it broke into pieces.

However, Vera seemed to have exhausted all her strength. She said in a low voice, "We are over, Joseph. I will never forgive you."

"Because of him?" Joseph retorted.

He pointed at Roscoe and continued, "You're brave enough to break up with me now because my replacement's already on deck? Well, congratulations then! You've found yourself a new boyfriend! I'm sure you're rushing to dump me now because you just can't wait to crawl under the sheets with him tonight."

Vera slapped him hard across the face.

She seethed with rage, and every muscle in her body shook. She said through clenched teeth, "Not everyone is as shameless as you, Joseph!"

Joseph wanted to say something more.

Roscoe took off his coat, wrapped it around Vera's body, and said softly, "Let's go. You need to get some rest."

Vera's composure had been shattered.

Fortunately, at this time, Rena showed up.

Still clad in pajamas, she miraculously avoided the scrutiny of the club's security staff. As soon as she saw Vera, she held her up and said, "Let's go to my house. I'll ask Eloise to make some soup for you."

It was so late, and Vera felt drained.

At this moment, Waylen came out of the private room. His face softened when he caught sight of Rena.

He tossed his car keys to her and said, "Wait for me in the car."

Rena looked up at him.

Waylen was different tonight. He was more playful than usual, but she didn't smell alcohol or women's perfume on him. She was satisfied.

He stroked her head.