

## Chapter 146 Have You Ever Missed Me

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Rena's gaze fixated on Vera, her eyes filled with a mix of shock and anger.

A wave of guilt washed over Vera, consuming her.

She never anticipated the sudden appearance of Waylen, especially considering his disdain for Joseph.

Driven by remorse, Vera took it upon herself to ensure Rena was distanced from Waylen.

However, just as Rena settled down, removing her coat and preparing to relax, Waylen approached, his presence commanding attention.

Observing this, those around Rena tactfully made space, subtly acknowledging the unspoken dynamics between Waylen and Rena.

Without hesitation, Waylen took a seat directly beside Rena, his actions conveying a nonchalant confidence.

The occupants of the private room were all aware of the previous connection shared between Waylen and Rena, leading to a collective silence that

permeated the atmosphere.

Yet, Waylen appeared unfazed, his demeanor relaxed as he reclined on the sofa, casually initiating a conversation with Rena, his words laced with ease. "How have things been going for you lately?"

Rena's gaze remained fixed on the LCD screen, attempting to respond in a calm and composed manner, desperate to avoid any indication of lingering emotions. She did not want to give him the impression that her feelings still lingered.

"I'm doing well," she uttered, her words concise yet carrying an undertone of restraint.

A faint smile graced Waylen's lips.

His response was measured. "That's good. It seems our decision to part ways was a wise one."

Rena chose silence as her reply.

The remnants of her affection for Waylen had rekindled upon seeing him again.

Anxious not to engage in prolonged conversation, Rena refrained from divulging too much, fearing that he would uncover her hidden sentiments.

Soon, the gathering transitioned into playing games and Waylen eagerly joined in, while Rena remained seated, engrossed in her phone. Faintly, she overheard the group engaging in a game of Truth or Dare, wherein a courageous woman boldly professed

her love for Waylen.

Yet, her proclamation was met with rejection from Waylen.

A sense of boredom enveloped Rena, exacerbated by her proximity to Waylen, intensifying her discomfort.

Just as she contemplated excusing herself to visit the restroom, Joseph's phone suddenly rang, breaking the monotony of the moment.

It was Aline persistently calling, ceaseless until Joseph eventually answered the call.

In such a predicament, Vera refrained from losing her composure.

Rena was aware of Vera's persistent desire to reside with Joseph. A deep sigh escaped her lips, and she beckoned Vera to accompany her to the restroom.

Side by side, they stood, attending to the task of washing their hands.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Rena softly inquired, "Do they maintain constant communication with each other?"

Vera's eyes were filled with redness and turmoil. From her bag, she extracted a cigarette, which she ignited with trembling hands.

Taking a long, trembling drag, she fixed her gaze

upon Rena.

"Joseph is utterly repulsive. He purchased an apartment and provided support to Aline. Upon inspecting the bills, I discovered that he lavishes two to three million on that wretched woman every month."

Rena found herself at a loss for words, uncertain of how to respond.

Vera nonchalantly wore a smile upon her face.

"Joseph and I have kind of reached an agreement! I refrain from engaging him in arguments about this matter and we actually coexist harmoniously. He shows more generosity towards me. Rena, you however, do not settle for a despicable man. You deserve to be with someone who loves you dearly."

Gently patting Vera's shoulder, Rena offered, "If you ever require assistance, just let me know."

"Alright."

Vera smiled, her countenance brightening.

In that very moment, Joseph approached with an unnatural expression adorning his face, clutching his phone tightly.

Vera sneered, her voice dripping with disdain, "Joseph, today marks the anniversary of our wedding. Yet, you still wish to spend time with her? Is she truly that significant? You have no idea how she

flirted shamelessly with Harold before."

Joseph locked his gaze upon Vera.

Vera was undeniably beautiful but she carried an air of preciousness.

Although they had been married for two years, Vera adamantly refused to conceive a child, fearing it would tarnish her figure.

Aline, on the other hand, possessed a different perspective. She willingly embraced the idea of bearing a child for Joseph.

She expressed her pregnancy cravings for sour food. Joseph envisioned himself as the father of her child.

Consequently, he found himself obliged to accompany her in the present moment.

Fearful of revealing the truth, he conjured up a fabricated excuse, uttering, "There is an urgent matter that demands my attention at the company. I shall return promptly."

Naturally, Vera harbored skepticism towards such a rationale.

Nonetheless, she was unable to retain him. On their wedding anniversary, he persisted in his desire to depart, leaving Vera feeling utterly forlorn.

She fixed her gaze upon him.

Eventually, she inquired, her voice laden with

emotion, "Joseph, do you genuinely wish to leave?"

Joseph, burdened with guilt, nodded in affirmation.

Suddenly, Vera's countenance transformed into a smile as she delicately tossed her lustrous locks, saying, "Very well! You may go!"

Upon hearing this, Joseph swiftly hastened towards the awaiting elevator.

Once he had departed, Vera's lips began to quiver and her entire body trembled uncontrollably.

"Rena, how did he become this way?" she asked, her voice filled with anguish.

Rena tenderly responded, "Would you like to pursue a divorce?"

With tear-filled eyes, Vera shook her head in response.

She retrieved her phone and dialed a number.

"Roscoe... I find myself at the club! I have indulged in excessive drinking. Could you kindly escort me home? Joseph has found someone else to accompany. I am left alone..."

Rena stood in stunned silence.

She tightly grasped Vera's arm, inquiring, "What are you doing?"

Vera gently shook off Rena's grip, her beautiful pale face expressing a resolute determination.

"Rena, I am fully aware of my actions! Roscoe holds

affection for me. He pursued me relentlessly during our college days."

"But the two of you cannot be together."

"I am aware. Yet, I can derive happiness from him."

Rena found herself at a loss for words.

Soon thereafter, Roscoe arrived. Vera nestled herself in his embrace, exuding an enchanting allure.

However, Rena discerned that Vera's happiness was merely an illusion.

Vera did not conceal her emotions from anyone.

She reentered their private room in the company of Rena, retrieving her coat before departing alongside Roscoe.

A hush descended upon the private room, enveloping it in tranquility.

It was evident to all present that Vera had relinquished her hope in Joseph.

Feeling a strong desire to depart, Rena swiftly gathered her bag, poised to make her exit.

Suddenly, her hand was seized by an unexpected force.

With a raspy voice, Waylen said, "Stay awhile and engage in amusement."

Rena, still harboring sorrow for Vera, uttered in a slightly constricted tone, "I yearn to return."

In one hand, Waylen clutched a cigarette, while with the other, he assertively guided Rena to sit beside him.

A voice chimed in, proclaiming, "Behold, the truth! Waylen may ask anyone three questions."

Rena's uneasiness grew palpable.

Fixated upon Rena, Waylen declared, "I desire to pose inquiries to you."

Rena refused, stating, "I have not joined this game."

Waylen took a drag from his cigarette and expounded, "I possess the liberty to query any occupant of this private domain thrice."

Though slightly incensed, Rena did not wish to mar the ambiance.

She pursed her lips, silently yielding her initial refusal.

Waylen directed an unwavering gaze at her, his words gradually escaping in a hoarse whisper, "First question: do you currently have a boyfriend?"

"No!"

"Second question: do you have feelings for anyone currently?"

Rena adamantly refused to answer.

Mockingly, a voice interjected, "Rena, play by the rules."

Rena clenched her lips, seething with fury.



Her gaze locked onto Waylen.

To her astonishment, he sported a meaningful smile, abandoning his customary guise of reserve.

Reluctantly, Rena confessed, "Yes."

Once more, the private room descended into silence.

Waylen fixated upon her exquisite countenance, his voice assuming a gentler tone. "Final question... During these nights after our break up, have you ever missed me?"

Rena's anger surged uncontrollably. "Waylen, you have overstepped your bounds."

Waylen emitted a lighthearted chuckle.

He positioned himself against the comfortable sofa, his voice adopting a gentle tone as he remarked, "Indulging in anger can be beneficial. It's better than crying."

Rena's astonishment was palpable.

Waylen maintained his grasp on her hand, his voice assuming a lower register as he implored, "Just stay a while longer."

Rena found herself engulfed in a state of bewilderment.

With a release of her hand, Waylen casually reached for his glass, and nonchalantly uttered, "Joseph shall make his return."