

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good #Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 136 - Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 136

After taking a few steps, Becky suddenly realized that Devin was holding her hand. She quickly withdrew her hand and stepped back.

“What’s wrong?” Devin stopped in his tracks to look at her questioningly.

When she met his clear, steady gaze, Becky suddenly found it difficult to tell him that she felt uncomfortable. “Nothing. Let’s go back.”

“Do you feel sick?”

Devin raised his eyebrows as though he had understood something. “You can be honest with me. There’s no need to beat yourself up.”

As he spoke, he bent down and scooped her up into his arms without warning.

Devin had moved so quickly that Becky didn’t have the time to react.

Becky wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively and looked up at him in a daze. After two seconds, she came to her senses and frowned. “Put me down, Devin.”

“There’s nothing to be shy about.”

Devin deflected Becky’s request.

Becky’s mind was a complete mess. She wanted to argue with him, but she soon realized that no matter what she said, he’d have a way to deal with her.

Although it was time for a lunch break, there were still many patients waiting in line in the hall for their medicines.

Becky was one of them. Devin carried her past the crowd, drawing everyone’s attention.

“If you feel embarrassed, just bury your head in my arms. No one will be able to see your face. I’m the one who’ll be judged.”

His logic rendered Becky speechless.

That was something only a fool would do!

Becky didn't dare to look around at the people staring at her and buried herself in Devin's arms.

This was the first time she had gotten so close to Devin physically. She couldn't tell if she was imagining things, but somehow, his scent was familiar.

She couldn't understand why, but his scent was inexplicably comforting and had an almost hypnotic effect on her.

Becky hadn't moved in a long time, so Devin lowered his head and called her. "Becky?"

Only then did he realize that the woman in his arms had fallen asleep.

The screen in front of him flashed Becky's name, indicating that it was her turn to get her medicine. Devin, however, had his hands full.

But it was not a big deal for him.

He looked around at the crowd and caught a glimpse of two girls who kept glancing at them from time to time. "Hello, ladies. My girlfriend is asleep. Could I ask you a favor?"

The two girls had secretly been observing them since they showed up. Just now, they were giggling over how sweet the couple were, so they agreed to Devin's request without hesitation.

The girl brought Becky's medicine back from the counter and couldn't help but steal a look at Becky, whose head was buried in Devin's arms.

Only Becky's side profile was exposed, but it could be seen that she was very pretty.

"You two are so sweet. She's one lucky girl! To be honest, sir, we snapped a few photos of you two. Can we post them online?"

Devin's eyebrows shot up as he looked at the two girls curiously. Finally, he said, "My girlfriend prefers to keep a low profile. You'd better not. Thank you for asking me first. Anyway, she's not feeling well. I'll take her home."

Although the two girls felt a little regretful, they weren't unreasonable. "Okay, sir."

Devin smiled and then left the hospital with Becky in his arms.

As soon as they arrived at the gate of the hospital, they ran into Rory, who was also holding a woman in his arms.

What a wild coincidence!

The woman in Rory's arms was Raina.

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Rory didn't expect to run into Devin here, let alone see him holding Becky in his arms.

Becky was asleep, and only her side profile was exposed.

Noticing that Rory was staring at the woman in his arms, Devin carefully adjusted Becky's position so that she wouldn't see Rory.

Standing next to Rory was Babette. When she saw the sleeping Becky in Devin's arms, she was stunned for a moment and then rushed to him. She yanked at Becky's arm and demanded, "What did you say to Raina?"

Becky was instantly awakened from the violent yank.

She opened her eyes and blinked at the bright sunshine. Babette's hysterical inquiry sent her into a daze and she simply frowned, unable to answer.

Only then did she realize that Devin was still carrying her. She was struggling to free herself when a familiar masculine voice sounded. "Enough! We need to get Raina to the hospital!"

After Rory barked at Babette impatiently, he glanced at Becky and briskly entered the hospital with Raina in his arms, followed by Babette, who was still crying hysterically.

Turning her head to see the two people go, Becky's eyes were drawn to Raina's drooping wrist, which was wrapped in a red silk scarf.

Upon a closer look, Becky realized that it wasn't a red silk scarf, but a scarf stained with blood.

Did Raina slash her wrist?

Interesting...

But it wouldn't be interesting if Becky was involved.

Seeing the group of reporters outside the gate of the hospital, Becky nudged Devin and ordered, "Put me down."

Devin didn't expect that there would be a crowd of paparazzi waiting outside. He frowned and put Becky down, but made sure to hold her arm in case she couldn't stand on her own.

"Miss Ramos, what do you think of Raina Morgan's suicide attempt?"

"Miss Ramos, what did Babette Morgan mean by what she said just now? Does her sister's suicide have anything to do with you?"

The reporters' questions were sharp, but someone also noticed another pressing issue. "Miss Ramos, you were carried out of the hospital by Mr. Stanley just now. Are you two a couple now?"

"Mr. Stanley, have you won Miss Ramos' heart already?"

The news about Becky being sarcastic at Rory last night hadn't gone down, and today, one thing after another happened that greatly fed the media's stomach. Any of them could go viral.

Raina's suicide attempt, the intimacy between Becky and Devin, and the question that Babette had asked Becky just now...

The reporters kept bombarding Becky with questions, which gave the already unwell Becky a headache.

Just when she was about to lose her temper, Devin stood in front of her and blocked her from the cameras. "I'm in a good mood today, so I don't want to argue with any of you. But if you keep pestering us, I can't guarantee that you will still have an office to report to tomorrow."

It was well known that two years ago, in a fit of rage, Devin brought down several media outlets that had exposed his private life with a young model within a week.

Devin's threat was effective.

The reporters immediately fell silent.

Update of Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by Kesley Peht

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The reporters exchanged wary glances and finally stepped aside to make way for Devin.

Devin and Becky headed straight to the parking lot.

Some reporters were unwilling to give up and followed them, but immediately retreated upon meeting Devin's threatening gaze.

The car slowly drove out of the hospital. Eyeing the reporters from the rearview mirror, Becky sighed warily.

She had heard what Babette asked her just now.

Was Babette crazy?

Her simple question had effectively slandered Becky in front of all those reporters.

After all, Babette was there when Becky spoke to Raina last night. She heard everything that was said.

Noticing Becky's pensive silence, Devin turned to look at her with concern. "Are you unhappy?"

Becky glanced at him but said nothing.

Nodding slightly, Devin tapped his fingers on the steering wheel restlessly.

The traffic lights turned green. After taking one last look at Becky, he faced the road and started the car again.

Last night, Lowell had already silenced the news regarding Rory's true love. But now, what with the explosive news about Raina's suicide, even Lowell couldn't do anything to bring down the heat online.

What Babette said to Becky at the hospital only added fuel to the flames. She undoubtedly meant to tell everyone that Raina's suicide attempt had something to do with Becky.

Now, it was rumored that Becky hated Raina because her ex-husband had only loved the latter, which was why Raina was forced to slash her wrist.

As soon as Jessie caught wind of the news, she rushed back to Courtbush from her friend's concert.

After taking her medicine, Becky sank onto the sofa and glanced at Devin, who seemed to have no intention of leaving. "Well, I've taken the medicine. Thanks for your help."

Her implication was clear—Devin should leave now.

But the man in front of her couldn't seem to read between the lines. He glanced at her and said nonchalantly, "I won't disturb you. Go and get some sleep."

Becky's eyebrow shot up and she looked back at him incredulously.

Both of them fell silent for a while. Finally, Devin added, "You have a fever. Go back to your room to sleep first. When your fever lets up, I'll go."

After all, he was the one who had sent her to the hospital. It was tricky for her to reject him heartlessly.

At a loss, she pursed her lips and said, "Make yourself comfortable."

The medicine had made her extremely drowsy, and she didn't have the energy to argue with him.

Devin looked up at her with a smile.

Becky got up from the sofa and retreated to the room. She closed the door behind her, changed into pajamas, and sank into bed, falling asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Her troubles had to be set aside for now.

After getting off the train, Jessie hailed a taxi and went straight to Becky's apartment. Talia had told her over the phone that Becky was not feeling well today and did not come to work.

Thinking of the photos she saw on the Internet, Jessie's heart was racing with anxiety and she couldn't help but urge the driver to go faster.

She had the spare key to Becky's apartment. After she raced upstairs, Jessie didn't even bother to knock and unlocked the door.

The sun was setting by then. When the door was pushed open, she saw the apartment bathed in a warm glow. It was very quiet inside, and the fragrance of freshly-cooked porridge wafted over to her nose.

Jessie clicked her tongue, surprised that Becky was still in the mood to cook porridge for herself.

Sighing in relief, Jessie didn't hesitate to hang her bag on the coat rack and kicked off her shoes. However, as soon as she stood up, she saw Devin in an apron standing in front of her. He looked like he lived here.

"Jessie, long time no see."

Update of Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Announcement Divorce Has Never Felt This Good has updated Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 138 with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text,

sometimes the calm romance of the author Kesley Peht in Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 138 takes us to a new horizon. Let's read the Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 138 Divorce Has Never Felt This Good series here. Search keys: Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 138

By the time Becky woke up, it was already dark outside, and the room was so dim that she couldn't see anything.

She grabbed her phone, turned on the screen, and discovered that it was already past seven o'clock in the evening.

She had a good rest after coming back from the hospital, so she felt much more comfortable now.

The day's events gradually surfaced to her mind one by one, and when she thought about Devin, she suddenly felt a mild headache.

She was in a really bad state today. When Devin came over, she had a high fever and just wanted to sleep after taking the medicine. She hadn't been sober at all the entire day, which gave Devin the opportunity to stay at her place.

Her head ached at the thought of Devin waiting for her outside her room.

Becky had been chased by many boys ever since she was a child, but after her second year in junior high school, she was a school bully. Not only that, but her grades were always in the top three, making her popular among both good students and bad students alike.

In the second year of junior high school, she had many boys confessing to her. Most of the boys at that time were pretty timid, but there were also a few who were unwilling to give up even after being rejected. However, after discovering Becky's outstanding performance in her studies, they immediately backed off.

Later on, only very few people had the courage to woo Becky. Most of them just kept admiring her silently from afar.

As the years passed, she went to Courtbush University. There, her admirers were much more difficult to reject, but she always had her own ways to deal with them accordingly.

Money didn't move her heart in the slightest. There were good-looking guys, but they couldn't compare to her level of intelligence. On the other hand, the ones who were better than her in academics weren't as good-looking as her.

Whenever she encountered people who were pushy and aggressive with their advances, Becky would invite them to the boxing gym to practice her moves on them, and with that, they would immediately retreat.

However, Devin was different from them.

He wasn't the pushy type, but he was persistent.

Becky often felt like he could see right through her.

He knew when to stop, and he also knew when to make a move. Whenever she felt like he was crossing the line, he would immediately back away.

She really didn't know what to do with him.

He had told her back then that if she didn't want a relationship, then he wouldn't pursue her.

He indeed didn't continue to pursue her, but what he was doing didn't seem to be any different from pursuing her.

At that moment, the phone in Becky's hand vibrated, snapping her out of her thoughts. She then got up and left the bedroom.

"Oh, you're awake?"

Becky was startled to hear Jessie's voice.

She looked around and saw Jessie coming toward her with a glass of water in her hand. "Are you looking for someone? Is it Devin?"

Becky took the glass from her and took a sip of water from it. "When did you come here?"

"About four o'clock in the afternoon. By the way, are you hungry? Before Devin left, he reminded me multiple times that you should have some porridge first the moment you wake up since you haven't eaten anything at all the entire day."

Jessie then added in a meaningful tone, "Devin even cooked the porridge himself!"

Becky waved her hand dismissively, not believing Jessie's words. "Stop it, will you? Come on, help me get a bowl of porridge. I'm really hungry."

Jessie went to the kitchen, filled a bowl with the porridge, and then put it on the table. She sat opposite Becky and rested her chin on her hand. "I'm not joking. Devin cooked the porridge himself!"

To be honest, it had taken Jessie a long time to digest this fact even though she had seen it herself with her own eyes. When she entered the kitchen earlier in the afternoon, she was surprised to see Devin standing there, wearing an apron. Before she could react, he asked her to sit down first while he continued to cook the porridge.

Jessie obediently sat on the sofa in the living room, but she couldn't help sending glances towards the kitchen, wondering if she was just dreaming this scene or not.

When Devin came out after finishing with the porridge, his phone rang. After answering the call, he told her about Becky's condition before leaving.

Jessie had been sitting on the sofa by herself the entire afternoon. When she smelled the delicious porridge in the kitchen, she felt jealous somehow.

Becky was silent for a moment before asking, "What did he tell you?"

"Nothing. He just asked me to take good care of you. He also told me that you have a fever and haven't eaten anything the entire day. After that, he left."

When the words left Jessie's lips, she suddenly remembered the reason why she came here in the first place.

"By the way, what's going on? I saw the articles on the Internet. What does Raina cutting her wrist have to do with you?"

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“How does Raina slashing her wrist and killing herself have anything to do with me?” Becky asked Jessie, wiping the corners of her lips with a tissue. “What are the comments saying?”

She hadn't gone online to see what the comments were saying. But as per what Babette had said that afternoon, Becky knew that people were most likely accusing her.

A flood of anger swept over Jessie at Becky's words. “God damn it! People are now blaming you for driving Raina to suicide!”

“Wow! How cruel I am!” Becky said with a mocking smile. “So did you leave the concert and come here to read these comments?”

Jessie threw the phone aside and said, “Of course not! They're talking too harshly!”

“Let me see!” Becky's eyebrows shot up.

She was just reaching for her phone when Jessie snatched it and tried to mollify her by saying, “Forget it. I'm afraid that you'll feel worse if you see them.”

Becky smiled at Jessie. “Come on! Do you think I will take them to heart? Give me the phone.”

Jessie thought for a long moment before agreeing. “I think Raina paid these rumormongers to spread these rumors.”

Meanwhile, Becky tried to log in but couldn't get through. She looked at Jessie and said, “Twitter isn't working.”

“Then don't read the comments.”

Twitter was jammed, probably because people were trying to message Becky to blame her.

Becky took another sip of her porridge and said, “It doesn't matter. Learning how to make accusations is all well and good.”

Becky had a relaxed smile as she said this.

Jessie knew that it was not easy to destroy Becky and passed her the phone.

Becky looked at it with great interest for a while and found that the situation was not as bad as she had thought. "Look! There is someone speaking for me."

Jessie was surprised. "It's good that you are thinking this way." She wondered if she was worrying too much.

"But I'm still very angry. Look at the heated comments! Damn it! They are saying that you are too aggressive. That no wonder Rory doesn't like you and refuses to have sex with you. And they say that you deserve it," Jessie said, fuming.

Becky clicked her tongue. "They aren't saying anything wrong."

As she caught the smile on Becky's face, Jessie asked in disbelief, "Aren't you angry?"

"Of course I'm angry, but I won't let them slander me like this."

Becky would make Raina and Babette pay the price for all the scheming they had done against her.

"Of course. How can we let it go? They are taking Raina and Babette's side and accusing you. We should do something about it and make sure the two sisters experience the same thing."

Becky returned the phone to Jessie and said, "I don't care if they accuse me. I just don't like the two sisters scheming against me again and again."

Jessie became excited at Becky's expression. "What are you going to do?"

"An eye for an eye," Becky said.

"Meaning?" Jessie said, puzzled.

"I want to know how people can be so sure that I was the one to drive Raina to suicide."

Jessie knew something about this. "A friend of Babette's sent a screenshot of their conversation, indicating that you refused Raina's apology and told her to go to hell."

"Oh, really?"

Fact was that Becky had been sleeping all morning.

Then, she remembered she had answered a phone call. She had thought that it was an important call from Talia.

She had been quite sleepy and recorded the call, intending to listen to it carefully after she had woken up.

That was why she had a record of that phone call.

Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 140

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