

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

#Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 151 – 160

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Talia came upstairs, Carl in tow.

“Miss Ramos.”

Having worked for Elmore for more than twenty years, Carl spoke with pride, just like his employer.

“I’m flattered to see you here, Mr. Bryant,” Becky said with a snort.

Elmore used to look down upon Becky and so did Carl. However, even though Becky’s real identity was out in the open and she was no longer the girl from an ordinary family, their attitude towards her hadn’t changed much.

Becky had always respected Carl since he was Elmore’s secretary. This was the first time that she had spoken to him in such an indifferent manner.

Carl was annoyed. He reigned it in as he remembered Elmore’s order and said, “Mr. Casper wants to see you. Please come with me.”

Becky’s smile faded. “That’s rude. You come to my company and you ask me to come with you? I expected better from you.”

Carl was taken aback at these words. He hadn’t expected Becky to turn against him so suddenly. When he came to his senses, he said, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it that way. Mr. Casper wants to see you. I hope you will come with me.”

Becky looked at Talia, who was standing some way from them, and said, “Talia, could you please escort him out?”

Talia obliged. She came forward and said to Carl, “Mr. Bryant, this way, please.”

Carl’s face darkened at this treatment. “Mr. Casper asked me to bring you back.”

“Oh, so you know that Mr. Casper sent you?” Becky said with a smile, but it didn’t reach her eyes.

Carl was embarrassed at Becky’s words, his face turning scarlet. He had been working for Elmore for a long time, and there were many people willing to oblige him and save

his face. This was the first time that he had been humiliated like this. By Becky no less, a person who the entire Casper family used to look down upon.

Carl's expression hardened involuntarily. He made to berate Becky for being ungrateful, but one glance at the desk before her brought him back to his senses.

Becky was no longer the person she had been before. She was the daughter of Stevie, the richest man in Bluepond.

Carl seemed to want to say something, but Talia didn't give him the chance to speak. "Mr. Bryant, I don't think you want me to call the security guards, do you?"

Carl stilled at Talia's words.

He glanced at Becky, turned around, and walked out of her office, a sour expression on his face.

Carl was flustered as he made his way back. He hadn't achieved what he had set out to do.

Before Carl had come to Becky, Elmore had repeatedly told him to sincerely invite Becky and bring her to the Casper family. But he had failed to do that and had even offended her without meaning to.

His expression worsened at the thought of this.

The car soon stopped in front of the Casper family's residence. The driver looked around at him and said, "We're here, Mr. Bryant."

Carl looked out of the car window and said nothing. This was the first time he had made a mistake in all these years of working for Elmore.

It was also Becky's fault. The Casper family was used to pushing her around. And although he had never been the one to do that, he despised her as much as anyone else.

He had thought that there were many women in Courtbush who dreamed like Becky did.

But he didn't know what made Becky so special or how she had gotten lucky, for of the thousands of women, only her dreams had come true.

Carl sighed, opened the door, and got out of the car.

He had made a mistake and had no choice but to own up to it.

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Elmore had been taken to the hospital the previous night and returned home at eight that morning. The more he thought about it, the more he felt like something was wrong.

It was obvious that Becky had caused whatever had happened this time. But after careful consideration, he discounted this thought because it didn't bring her any substantial benefits.

Elmore was more than 80 years old, after all. It was possible that Raina and Babette were behind this, he guessed.

They were scheming women. After Amor had passed away, Elmore allowed Babette to remain as Mrs. Casper. This way, Amor would have a wife accompanying him after Babette died in the future.

But agreeing to Raina marrying into the Casper family was beyond impossible for Elmore.

Now, he believed that Becky and Rory were a perfect match.

The more Elmore thought about it, the more he felt that their remarriage wouldn't be that big a deal.

At this thought, he had sent Carl to extend an invitation to Becky so that he could talk to her.

The sound of a car engine reached him. Elmore got to his feet from the old rocking chair, knowing that it was Carl.

It was not long before a knock sounded on the door of his study.

The Casper family had already become a laughing stock among the upper class. The only thing that could save their reputation was Becky marrying into the family again.

"Come in," Elmore said.

Carl pushed the door open and walked into the study. Elmore looked at him eagerly as he entered. "How did it go? Where is Becky?"

Carl had worked for Elmore for more than twenty years. This was the first time that he had no idea how to answer Elmore's question.

Elmore sighed at Carl's silence and said, "I guess Becky hates us."

All Carl could reply was, "Sir, I did something wrong. Please punish me."

Elmore waved his hand as he said, "I didn't know what kind of a person Becky was. But I've seen everything I needed to see in the past few months. She has a temper. She is Stevie's daughter, after all. She did suffer a lot when she was part of our family. It's natural for her to hate us. I knew she might not come."

Carl froze for a moment before he recovered enough to say, "Mr. Casper, it's my fault. My attitude was not good when I invited her."

Elmore frowned. When he came to his senses, he was too angry to respond.

He gritted his teeth as his body trembled with anger.

"Please don't be angry, Mr. Casper. You just came out of the hospital. It's my fault. You can punish me as you like."

Elmore cherished his health very much. He had fainted last night because of high blood pressure. He still remembered what the doctor had told him and wanted to live a few more years.

He closed his eyes for a while and then looked at Carl again. "Where is Rory? Call him and ask him to come here. I need to talk to him!"

Carl would do anything Elmore asked him to, especially since he had made such a mistake. "I'll do that immediately, sir."

He then left the study, pulling out his phone to call Rory as he went.

Rory's meeting had just finished when he spotted Lowell standing at the door, looking at him carefully, as if trying to gauge his mood.

Rory's expression darkened.

"Speak up. What's wrong?"

"Carl just called. He says that your grandfather wants to meet you right now."

Rory glanced at Lowell before saying, "I see."

He then walked past Lowell and into the elevator.

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The novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good has been updated Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 152 with many unexpected details, removing many love knots for the male and female lead. In addition, the author Kesley Peht is very talented in making the situation extremely different. Let's follow the of the Divorce Has Never Felt This Good [HERE](#). Keywords are searched: Novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 152 Novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by Kesley Peht

Rory wasn't surprised when Elmore sent for him. But what Elmore said surprised him greatly.

"You want me to marry Becky again?"

"Raina is no good. Don't tell me you are going to choose her over Becky," Elmore said angrily.

Rory didn't want to marry Raina. But Becky was not an option either!

After all the drama that had transpired between him and Becky, Rory thought it unwise to go back to her. "I will not marry Becky."

Elmore growled. "How dare you! Are you blind? Can't you see that Becky still loves you? This is the only reason for her angry outbursts. Tender a sincere apology to her and say things that she would love to hear. Maybe coupled with Denise's apology, Becky will forgive us."

Rory said nothing. He knew that Elmore wouldn't hear him out no matter what he said. Rory had always known his grandfather to be a very stubborn man.

"Are you deaf?" Elmore demanded, lifting his walking stick and bringing it down on Rory's thigh. "Do you not hear me? Raina and her sister are both scheming women. No good will come out of marrying Raina. Becky, on the other hand, is from an influential background. She is more than enough for you, and most importantly, still loves you. This is why she will readily accept a sincere apology from you and marry you again."

"I will think about everything you have said. I have a lunch appointment. I won't be able to have lunch with you."

After saying that, Rory left. Elmore called after him several times, but he acted as if he didn't hear it.

Elmore knocked down an ornament in his anger. The sound caught Carl's attention. He had been standing outside the door and rushed inside at this moment.

Rory ignored the commotion and headed straight to his car.

He had driven here from the company and parked his car outside the villa.

Rory got in quickly, as if Elmore's spirit was hunting him. He could still hear his grandfather's angry voice ringing in his head. He didn't start the car immediately. Instead, he sat still for what seemed to be a long time, trying to catch his breath.

He was upset. No one had the right to impose Becky on him. He lit a cigarette and shoved it into his mouth.

Two gunshot-like raps sounded on the window, causing Rory to jump out of his skin. Denise! Rory puffed out smoke in her direction, wanting to make her realize that she was an unwanted intruder.

He wasn't ready for conversation with her. So, he started his engine.

But Denise hurried to stand in front of the car, confident that her brother would not run her over. "Rory! I found a sketch in the study. Becky made it!"

Rory's frown faded almost instantly at the mention of his ex-wife's name. His grip on the steering wheel loosened. "Why do you have it then?" he asked, sounding less upset than he was moments ago.

"Take a look for yourself," Denise said, dangling the sketch in front of Rory. Becky had made a sketch of Rory.

Rory's hand shook slightly. "Where did you find this?" he asked. He blinked, wanting to be sure that he was seeing right.

Denise lowered the sketch, fixing Rory with a smug smile. "I already told you. I found it in the study. A picture book caught my attention. I opened it and this sketch fell out."

Denise's gaze narrowed back to the sketch. "For her to have drawn you this well means that Becky's love for you is sincere. Look how handsome you are!"

"Give it to me." Rory said, stretching out his free hand while snuffing out his cigarette with the other.

"I found it!"

Rory's eyes sent shivers down her spine and Denise had to hand the sketch to him.

Denise pouted and mumbled, "I wanted to show it to Becky. That way, she wouldn't have been able to deny that she still has feelings for you."

Rory ignored her, dropped the sketch on the passenger's seat, and drove away.

About Divorce Has Never Felt This Good - Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 153

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good is the best current series of the author Kesley Peht. With the below content will make us lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other half, and then regret. late. Please read chapter Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 153 and update the next chapters of this series at novelebook.com

For Becky, Carl's arrival was just like another filler episode in her life.

Carl had come to deliver Elmore's message, but Becky didn't take his words seriously at all. She had been a part of the Casper family for three years, so she could practically guess Elmore's thought process by now.

However, she could care less about what Elmore was thinking. Right now, she was more concerned about the bidding plan for the land that was going to be bid on tomorrow.

Becky had rejected the plan that was proposed at the meeting just now, but Elvin didn't dare go against her like before.

Becky was the only daughter of Stevie, who owned the entire Fairway Group, so she was going to be the future owner of the group.

With this knowledge, nobody dared to go against Becky's decisions.

Since she rejected the proposal, the department immediately began to redo it.

Becky read some documents for a while, planning to wait for the revised bidding plan to be handed in before lunch.

However, Devin's call came faster than the bidding plan she was expecting.

Becky stared at her vibrating phone on the desk and hesitated for a moment, her mind going back to what happened yesterday. After a while, she decided to answer it. "This is Becky."

"I'm outside the Fairway Group building. Should we go have lunch together?"

It was as if Devin knew exactly what was on Becky's mind.

If it were in the past, Becky would've refused, but Devin did her a favor yesterday, and he was even waiting for her downstairs.

So, she knew she had to give respect where respect was due.

Becky glanced at Talia, who just entered the room. "I'll be down there in a few minutes," she told Devin.

After hanging up the phone, she asked Talia, "Is the bidding plan finished?"

Talia shook her head. "They expect it to be completed by 2 p.m."

Becky stood up and took the coat that was draped over the chair she just sat on. "I see. Make sure to put the revised version on my desk by that time. I'll be back soon."

"Okay, Miss Ramos."

Becky nodded and was about to walk past her to leave when a thought suddenly crossed her mind. She paused in her tracks. "By the way, would you like to have lunch together, Talia?"

Talia used to be Stevie's secretary; she was quite capable and intelligent. She recalled that before she entered the room, she overheard that Devin's car was downstairs, which meant that he must be intending on having lunch together with Becky.

Talia shook her head in response. "Thank you for your offer, Miss Ramos. However, I must decline since I haven't finished my work yet."

Becky raised an eyebrow. "It seems that you're being a little cautious, aren't you?"

She then smiled and patted Talia on the shoulder. "All right. I won't force you to come with me, but still, I'd like you to go have lunch first."

Guilt seeped into Talia's chest as she stared at the smile on Becky's face, but she managed to appear as calm as always. "Yes, Miss Ramos."

Becky didn't intend on prodding her further, so she simply walked towards the elevator and stepped inside when the doors opened.

Her cold wasn't completely healed yet, and her nose still felt a little clogged. There was a lingering scent of perfume in the air that irritated her nostrils and made her sneeze heavily.

Fortunately, the elevator quickly arrived on the first floor, and Becky took that opportunity to step out as fast as she could. When she exited through the doors, she spotted Devin waiting for her as he leisurely stood beside his car.

Devin usually drove flashy sports cars, but today, he was leaning against an inconspicuous-looking Mercedes-Benz. If she hadn't noticed him standing there, she would've taken a while to find him.

Devin spotted her approaching and graciously opened the car door for her. "You look a lot better now."

"Thank you," Becky said politely as she got inside the vehicle.

"I wonder if you will still be grateful to me after having lunch together."

Devin stared at her with a faint smile.

Becky felt a little uncomfortable at being stared at so intently. It was like he could see right through her somehow.

However, she simply kept quiet and averted her gaze.

Devin smiled and closed the car door before taking his place in the driver's seat.

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Rory hadn't lied to Elmore. He did indeed have a lunch appointment.

But he just showed up with Lowell. Then, he left the private room, leaving the whole thing to Lowell.

Tasty Delights had a layout that made sure that every private room was independent. A stone corridor connected these rooms. It was now spring, the trees and the blooming flowers outside the corridor making this entire scene all the more beautiful.

It was a great view, but Rory didn't have the time to appreciate it.

There was a small pavilion at the side of the corridor, a special smoking area. Rory spotted it, paused for a moment, and walked towards it.

It was a remote space, far away from the corridor. Employees passing by rarely noticed if anyone was inside it.

Ordinary people could not afford the private rooms on the first floor. Only the powerful and rich people had them within reach.

Two waitresses, who were on their breaks, were resting at the end of the corridor. They didn't notice Rory smoking in the pavilion.

There were only three private rooms in the whole yard, which were used only to receive special guests. Ordinary people couldn't get in. These two waitresses leaned against the wall and gossiped with each other.

"Well... Did you see that? Wasn't that Devin and Becky? The day before yesterday, the paparazzi snapped a photo of Devin carrying Becky in his arms at the hospital. People are guessing that they are now together."

"I rechecked before leaving. It was really Becky and Devin! They are a good-looking pair, honestly. I think they deserve each other. It's a good thing if they are together. There has been a lot of news of late on the Internet about Rory and his true love. Raina! He only married Becky to get rid of the other women his family was choosing for him. When Raina returned, he divorced Becky. I didn't like Becky at first, but she seems to have changed into a wholly different person after the divorce. She's so beautiful and cool. Have you seen the video of her playing the drums? God! I almost fell in love with her!"

"I have seen that video! Anyway, they look perfect together. But I've heard that Devin and Rory are deadly enemies. If Becky does get together with Devin, things could get interesting."

The yard was empty. The two waitresses' voices were at a low, steady pitch, but Rory could hear them clearly from where he was.

The waitresses became more and more excited as they chatted. "I'm very optimistic about this couple!" one of them said.

Rory stood there, the hand holding the cigarette jerking and his eyes darkening. He walked up to the ashtray, put the cigarette out, and walked into the corridor.

"Someone is coming!"

The waitresses were shocked at the sound of the footsteps. Their shock and guilt deepened when they turned around to see that Rory was coming their way. They hurriedly left, pushing the cart before them, their eyes fixed on the ground.

Rory watched them leave, their words coming back to him and filling him with depression and discomfort.

Their words seemed to bring back to him the memory of Devin emerging from the hospital with Becky in his arms.

It had only been a glance.

But when he thought back to that moment, he could clearly remember Becky leaning against Devin's arms and closing her eyes in a peaceful way that he had never seen before.

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In the private room, Becky looked at the food spread out before her and fell silent. She had to admit that Devin was a considerate man.

She hadn't fully recovered from the cold and as a result, neither had her appetite. She could eat, but didn't want to.

On their way to the restaurant, Devin hadn't asked her what she wanted to eat. Instead, he had taken her to Tasty Delights, where he had managed to book a private room, despite the difficulty in getting one. The food he had ordered was light and well-suited to her current condition.

Becky suddenly understood why none of Devin's ex-girlfriends had ever said anything bad about him.

He must be really nice to them when they were together.

"What are you thinking about?" Devin asked, taking her empty bowl and adding some more porridge for her to eat.

Becky smiled at him. "Were you this nice to all of your ex-girlfriends?"

Devin returned her smile. "Is it a problem if I was?"

Becky stirred the porridge in her bowl as she said, "I'm just curious."

Devin bent down, placing a hand on the back of her chair and the other on the table before her, half-circling her in his arms. "Does this mean you are interested in me now?" he asked, smiling casually.

He was so close that Becky could smell the faint scent of sandalwood on his body, causing her heart to beat faster.

She moved sideways, distancing herself from him. "I'm no longer curious."

It was true when they said that curiosity killed the cat.

Becky lowered her head and concentrated on eating her porridge.

Devin knew her well enough by now and was used to her silent resistance. He merely smiled and shrugged. He picked up the serving fork and served her some salad. "This is delicious."

"Thank you."

Seeing that Devin wasn't pursuing the topic, Becky glanced at him and heaved a silent sigh of relief.

Devin sat in the well-ventilated private room, causing the breeze to gently waft his sandalwood smell onto her face.

Once Devin had finished eating, he leaned back in his chair and looked at her. "I don't have an ex."

Becky's head snapped up to look at him. She swallowed the food in her mouth and asked jokingly, "Is it because you don't take your previous relationships seriously?"

Devin clicked his tongue, wanting to explain. But after a while, he smiled helplessly and said, "You will know all about it sooner or later."

There was tenderness in his beautiful eyes when he looked at her. It managed to render her speechless every single time.

Her heart skipped a beat. Becky put down her spoon, pulled out a tissue, and lowered her head to wipe the corners of her mouth.

The room became very quiet, the only sound being the breeze riffling the willow leaves and wafting in through the half-open French windows.

But Becky's heart was hardly quiet.

She put down the tissue after a while and said, "I'm done."

“Okay, time to take you back to the company.”

Becky nodded politely and said, “Thank you.”

Devin looked at her but decided to ignore her sudden decision to distance herself from him. He picked up her bag as he got to his feet. “Let’s go.”

Becky looked at her bag but said nothing.

Not long after they had left the private room, Becky remembered that she had forgotten her phone inside. Devin went back to get it for her.

A gust of wind was blowing in the corridor, so Becky made her way to the yard to wait for Devin.

She heard footsteps and thinking it was Devin, turned around.

She came face to face with Rory.

What an unlucky day this was turning out to be for her!

Update of Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by Kesley Peht

With the author's famous Divorce Has Never Felt This Good series authorName that makes readers fall in love with every word, go to chapter Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 156 readers Immerse yourself in love anecdotes, mixed with plot demons. Will the next chapters of the Divorce

Has Never Felt This Good series are available today. Key: Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 156

Becky didn't deem it necessary for her to acknowledge Rory's presence by saying hello. She no longer hated Rory, but she still held a grudge against him.

She had, however, become better at staying calm and ignoring him whenever she saw him.

At least she thought so. It didn't mean Rory had the same opinion.

Becky frowned as she watched Rory approach her. “You'd better not come closer, Mr. Casper,” she said scathingly. “I don't want to hear anything more about you and me.”

Her expression was cold as she said this.

Rory even found traces of impatience in her eyes.

It was like a sharp blade, tearing open a crack in his suppressed emotions. They seemed to take this as a cue and instantly welled up within him.

“Are you and Devin together?”

Becky looked at him, the frown firmly in place as she said, “That is none of your business.”

Becky’s words rendered Rory unable to react. She had never verbally attacked him like this before. Anger and other emotions that he couldn’t distinguish overwhelmed him.

He thought of the sketch that Denise had found. His expression turned cold in response to the coldness in her eyes. “Didn’t you love me a lot, Becky?”

It was Becky’s turn to freeze. She hadn’t expected her love to turn into a sharp knife that Rory would use to stab her.

He was showing no mercy and hurting her without any hesitation.

Great!

Becky wasn’t going to take it lying down. She flashed a tight, sarcastic smile as she said, “I love a lot of things. What are you insinuating?”

“A sketch,” Rory said simply.

Becky stilled for a long while before she said, “What sketch?”

She had barely finished saying these words when understanding dawned on her.

Her expression shifted. She was now looking at the man before her in disbelief, her teeth gritted. She raised her hand and slapped him across the face. “You make me sick!”

Rory didn’t try to dodge her blow and Becky’s slap landed with a cracking sound on his face. The sound was especially abrupt in the quiet yard, cutting through the stillness.

Becky felt a chill creep over her. The hand she had raised to slap Rory was now trembling.

As a gust of cold wind blew, she closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down.

When she opened her eyes again, there was no anger left in them; only coldness. “People make mistakes when they are young. I was young back then, so I did, too. I did love you, yes, but that doesn’t mean I still do.”

She paused before continuing, "I planned to gift it to you on your birthday four years ago. It's yours now since you've found it. But it is not for you to humiliate me, Rory Casper!"

Then, Becky looked over at Devin, who was coming toward them with her phone.

Before walking over to him, Becky looked up at Rory and said, "Don't make me hate you."

She didn't want to hate anyone.

It was not worth it.

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The moment Becky finished speaking, she left without another word.

Devin looked at Becky's retreating figure before turning to Rory with a cold stare. "I thought you didn't have feelings for her. Why would you even care about things that happened in the past?"

Devin scoffed before turning around to chase after Becky.

Becky was walking slowly. She hadn't expected Rory to mention the sketch that she drew for him in the past. She had made it in secret as a surprise for him on his birthday. She remembered how happy and excited she had been at that time, but now, she only felt cold.

She had never imagined that the person she loved the most would one day stab her in the heart so cruelly.

It wasn't too painful for her to bear, but she was filled with deep regret.

Right now, her hand that she used to slap Rory was still shaking terribly, and the trembling spread up to her arm down to her whole body.

She refused to let her vulnerability show in front of Rory earlier, so she made sure to maintain her pride and dignity.

In the past three years, she had allowed people to step on her. But she was a different person now, and she would never let anybody see her vulnerable side again.

Since she couldn't lose face here, she had to leave immediately.

Becky just kept on walking absently, moving one foot after another.

She needed to leave as quickly as possible.

However, in her haste, she suddenly stumbled on her feet.

She hated herself at that moment for not being able to leave while retaining her pride, but then someone suddenly grabbed her by the wrist.

Becky's mind went blank from shock as she tried to register what was happening.

The next thing she knew, she was in Devin's arms.

The familiar scent of sandalwood instantly wrapped around her body, and she stared up at him with a flash of emotion in her eyes.

"He's too heartless," she said in a slightly shaky voice, gritting her teeth.

Devin stared into her eyes and reached out to hold the back of her head, pressing her against his chest. "With me, you don't have to worry. I'm soft-hearted. You can check for yourself if you don't believe me."

Becky had her ear pressed against Devin's chest and began to listen to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

Along with the scent of sandalwood drifting into her senses, she eventually calmed down.

Since this was an area which was exclusive for VIPs, no other people were allowed to enter.

Devin held Becky in his arms for a while. But then, a bird fell on the tree branch, making a loud, distinctive noise that snapped her out of her trance.

Realizing what she was doing, Becky immediately pushed Devin away and stepped out of his embrace. "Thank you," she said quietly.

"There's no need to thank me," he said, smiling at her softly.

Becky lifted her head to look at him. "Then, shall we have a meal together next time?"

She should be the one inviting Devin to lunch this time, but he was the one who paid for it.

She didn't suffer any loss.

Becky smiled. "Can you send me back? I have a meeting I need to attend this afternoon."

Devin nodded. "I can take you home after you get off work if you want."

Devin's expression seemed serious with not a hint of amusement or mischief on his face.

Becky only looked at him and didn't say anything.

She was probably just thinking too much.

The two of them walked out together. Since none of them looked back, they didn't notice Rory standing there not too far away behind them, staring at their retreating figures with a frosty expression.

Rory just stood there without moving or even saying a word.

Eventually, Devin and Becky's figures disappeared into the corner, out of his sight.

Having witnessed the show of closeness between the two, Rory felt an unexpected sting in his heart, making him feel strangely uncomfortable.

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The Divorce Has Never Felt This Good story is currently published to Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 158 and has received very positive reviews from readers, most of whom have been / are reading this story highly appreciated! Even I'm really a fan of \$ authorName, so I'm looking forward to . Wait forever to have. @@ Please read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 158 Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by author Kesley Peht here.

Becky had turned Elmore's invitation down. News of Raina's suicide and Becky's tweet were now forever on the Internet and a lot of people were keeping track of it. With each passing day, more and more people joined the hordes laughing at the Casper family.

Rory didn't do anything. It was obvious that he no longer cared about the Casper family's reputation.

But Elmore couldn't behave like Rory.

In his eyes, the Morgan sisters were at fault.

If Babette hadn't wronged Becky, Becky wouldn't have divorced Rory. Now Babette and her sister were making so much trouble, as if they thought of the Casper family as a massive joke.

Elmore calmed himself down because he knew that it would take time for Rory and Becky to get back together. But he also knew that as long as the Morgan sisters were still in the city, the Casper family would be a laughing stock.

This thought pushed him into asking Carl to drive him to the hospital where Raina was admitted.

Babette returned from her visit to Becky in low spirits. She hadn't gotten anything but Becky had caught her trick.

And now, more and more people were talking about Raina lying and framing Becky on the Internet. Babette had married into the Casper family five years ago and she knew, with everything she had, that Elmore hated losing face. If this continued, the possibility of Raina marrying into the Casper family would become even slimmer.

Babette did indeed know Elmore well because Elmore came to her, Carl in tow.

The sight of him stunned her, but Babette recovered soon enough. "Grandpa? What are you doing here?"

Elmore spared her a cold glance and said, "Don't call me Grandpa. You don't deserve it."

Babette's smile froze. She looked at Raina's prostrate form on the hospital bed and said as way of introduction, "Raina, this is Mr. Casper."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Casper," Raina said, trying to sit up and wincing, as if she were in great pain.

Elmore had seen a lot of such tricks as a young man.

He was now old and experienced, and didn't even blink at Raina's acting. "I'm not a stranger. There's no need to act in front of me."

Raina's expression shifted at his words.

Babette had been a part of the Casper family for five years now. She knew that there was a lot more to Elmore's purpose today, judging from his behavior.

Babette was nervous, but she didn't dare show it. She pretended not to understand anything. "Rory said that you were sent to the hospital last night. Raina is fine now. She just couldn't accept the truth and ended up doing something stupid."

Elmore waved a dismissive hand as he said, "You don't need to say that to me. You're right. I was sent to the hospital last night and haven't recovered yet, so I don't want to beat around the bush. Let's cut to the chase. My purpose for coming here today is very simple. If you're so smart, you should have guessed why I'm here."

He paused, glancing at Babette before finally looking at Raina. "We made a deal that only one of you could marry into our family. I'm old now, but I don't have Alzheimer's disease yet. I still remember what we agreed upon. How could you both have a worse memory than me, given your age? All you want is to marry Rory, isn't it? Let me make this clear. You have no chance of marrying into the Casper family unless I am dead."

Elmore turned to look at Carl, who, at the gesture, placed a bank card on the table.

Elmore said to Babette, "You are a smart woman. There are fifty million dollars on the card, which will be enough for your sister to live on for a long period of time. You should know what you can and can't do. If you accept the money, the Casper family will still recognize you as one of us."

Elmore got up and left without giving the sisters a chance to speak.

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Of the Kesley Peht stories I have ever read, perhaps the most impressive thing is Divorce Has Never Felt This Good. The story is too good, leaving me with many doubts. Currently the manga has been translated to . Let's read now the author's Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Kesley Peht story right here

Raina and Babette remained with the silence Elmore left behind in the ward.

"What should we do now, Babette?" Raina asked.

Babette's mind was a mess. She looked at the bank card on the table.

Fifty million dollars meant nothing to the Casper family. Elmore wanted to drive them away, but he didn't want to spend a lot of money.

But Babette knew that it would be difficult for Raina to marry into the Casper family, given the current circumstances.

Elmore's parting words had been quite vicious, too.

If Raina insisted on marrying Rory, Babette would no longer be a member of the Casper family. But if Raina took the money and left, Babette could still be Mrs. Casper.

Babette had wanted Raina to marry into the Casper family only because she wanted to be a part of the family again.

But Babette was hesitant now since the Casper family still recognized her as one of them even if Raina would not marry Rory.

“Babette!” Raina called loudly, interrupting Babette’s train of thought just as Babette was going to ask Raina to accept the money and give up.

Babette looked up at Raina, guilt written all over her face. “Raina, listen to me. This old man...”

“I know what you are thinking,” Raina interrupted her. “You think there’s no way I can marry into the Casper family now, so you’re thinking that it would be better for you to continue as Mrs. Casper than

lose everything. But Babette, don’t forget that your husband is dead. What’s the use of that title? You think you can use the Casper family’s money?”

Raina had given voice to Babette’s thoughts, which embarrassed and angered Babette. “So what’s your plan? Don’t forget that getting rid of us will be as easy as killing an ant for them. Don’t tell me you want to be sent abroad again!”

Raina took her time to calm down before saying, “You know what? Meeting Elmore today is a chance handed to us on a platter.”

Babette frowned. “What do you mean?”

Raina whispered something in Babette’s ear.

Babette hesitated as he heard what Raina had to say. “Do you think it will work?” she asked skeptically.

“Don’t worry. It will definitely work!”

Babette gritted her teeth as she considered this. “Fine. There’s no other way now anyway.”

The sisters continued to discuss their next plan in a low voice.

Meanwhile, Becky had calmed down after attending a meeting.

To her, the bidding that was to take place the next day was more important. "Has Keenan been doing anything lately?"

Keenan would be Becky's biggest competitor in tomorrow's bid. She had already asked Talia to keep an eye on him.

Talia brought Becky up to date with Keenan's latest activities and said, "There is nothing unusual at present."

Becky nodded. "I see."

She went back to her office and immediately got busy dealing with two urgent documents. Only then did she get the chance to leave the office.

When Becky walked out, she found that it was raining. There was a spare umbrella in the office, but she didn't want to go back to get it. It wasn't raining very heavily, just a drizzle. She tugged at her windbreaker and decided to take a taxi.

"Why don't you care about your health?"

A black umbrella appeared over her head the moment she walked out into the rain, accompanied by a familiar male voice. Becky turned and her eyes met a pair of familiar, smiling eyes.

Becky smiled sheepishly and said, "There's a taxi! It would only take me a few seconds to run and get into the car. I won't get wet."

She had barely finished speaking when someone got into the taxi she was pointing at.

Devin clicked his tongue. "What now?"

Becky blinked and replied, "It seems that I have to bother you again, Devin."

Devin stared at her before handing her the umbrella and saying, "I'll bring my car."

He then walked into the rain.

Becky held onto the umbrella, wondering what had just happened.

The handle was still warm, but it felt scalding hot to her skin. She quickly moved her hand to avoid it.

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