

DIVORCE HAS NEVER FELT THIS GOOD

Chapter 232

: I Suggest You Shut Up

Fifteen minutes later, the car slowly pulled to a stop in front of Brilliance Hotel.

Becky turned to look at Devin.

Despite the dim light, she could still see obvious swelling on his bruised face.

Becky tore her gaze away.

"We're here." Devin looked out the window and found that they had indeed arrived at the hotel.

"I'm sorry for what happened tonight," he said in a low voice.

Becky snorted.

"Why don't I believe you?"

As soon as she looked up, she met Devin's amorous eyes.

"Because it's not me who should be apologizing. It should be Rory."

Becky didn't want to talk about Rory, so she ended the topic.

"It's getting late. Good night."

Devin knew what she meant. He held her gaze for a little while longer before finally saying, "Good night."

Then he opened the door and got out of the car.

As soon as Devin entered the hotel, Becky said to the driver, "Let's go home."

The driver obediently started the car and pulled away from the hotel.

Becky checked the time and found that it was almost eleven o'clock.

At the exit of Courtbush International Airport Aiken had checked his watch three times.

It should've taken less than two hours to fly from Bluepond to Courtbush.

And at around eight o'clock that evening, Rory had asked Aiken to pick him up from the airport, saying that his flight was at nine o'clock. It was already eleven o'clock now, and Aiken saw no signs of Rory.

News about what had happened at Stevie's birthday party had spread like wildfire in the upper class, and Aiken just couldn't believe it.

Rory must've been crazy to get into a fight with Devin on such an occasion.

The rumors were getting more and more unbelievable as time passed.

Weren't the people who were spreading the rumors afraid of being held accountable by Rory? Aiken snorted and shook his head wryly.

When he looked up again, he finally caught a glimpse of Rory in the distance.

"Rory! Over here!" Aiken called him over.

Rory looked in the direction of his voice and started walking towards him.

Aiken clicked his tongue and was about to ask him about what happened, but the words got stuck in his throat as soon as he saw Rory's face.

Stunned, he asked breathlessly, "Did you really fight Devin?"

But Rory simply cast a cold glance at him.

The coldness in Rory's black eyes sent shivers down Aiken's spine.

Aiken hadn't seen Rory look like this in a long time. However, this only served to make Aiken even more curious about what had happened.

"Talk to me, Rory..."

Rory was not only in a bad mood, but he was also suffering from a stomach ache. He hadn't eaten anything tonight.

After he arrived at the party, he drank only two glasses of red wine and then got into a fight with Devin.

Devin punched him in the gut, which made his stomach ache.

Now Aiken kept yammering by his side, and Rory just had no patience for it at all.

"I suggest you shut up," he said in a low voice.

"But— Fine."

Seeing that Rory was in a terrible mood, Aiken finally kept his mouth shut.

The ride was extremely quiet.

When the car veered off the highway, Aiken glanced at his friend and asked, "Wanna drink?"

Rory didn't say a word.

Being met with silence, Aiken felt awkward and touched his nose.

Twenty minutes later, the car pulled to a stop in front of Rory's apartment.

"We're here."

Aiken had gone out of his way to pick Rory up from the airport so late, yet Rory didn't say anything.

What an inconsiderate, stubborn man! No wonder Becky wanted to divorce him.

Rory didn't budge.

Puzzled, Aiken called him again.

"Rory?" He then turned to look at Rory curiously and found that his friend's face was pale as a ghost, his forehead covered in sweat.

Aiken was shocked.

"Rory, what's wrong? Are you okay?" Rory gritted his teeth and managed to squeeze out a few words.

"My stomach hurts."

"Then I'm taking you to the hospital right now."

Rory wanted to say no, but his stomach was in so much pain that he nearly threw up on the spot.

Aiken immediately slammed his foot on the gas and sped to the nearest hospital.

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