

## Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

### #Chapter 251 - Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 251

It Should Be Her Phone

Throughout the journey to the villa, Rory's face remained gloomy. He was very far from happy.

Immediately he heard about the rumor currently making the rounds, he knew that it was most likely his grandfather who had ordered Carl to spread it.

When he remembered what Becky had said to him a few days ago, Rory still felt the sting.

It was like a slap in his face. He wished he could forget it, but he just couldn't.

Rory stopped at the traffic lights and was so carried away by his thoughts that he didn't notice when the lights turned green.

But he was jerked back to reality by the loud honking from the cars behind him. He shook his head to clear off the cobwebs from his brain and then stepped on the gas.

Less than half an hour later, he arrived at his grandfather's place.

The butler was surprised to see him since no one had been expecting him.

The time of the day, too, was not a usual time for a visit from Rory.

"Mr. Casper," he greeted nonetheless.

But Rory's only response was a glance at him before he walked straight into the villa, his face still as gloomy as ever.

By the time Rory walked in, Carl was informing Elmore about how people were responding to the rumor.

But noticing Rory's sudden presence, Elmore signed to Carl to stop. He had not called for his grandson, so why was he here?

"Rory, why are you here and by this time?" he asked in his usual direct manner.

"Grandpa," Rory greeted with a frown.

The next thing he did was to walk up to Elmore and practically confront him.

"You got someone to spread the rumor online, right?"

"So, is that why you came here? To challenge me?" Elmore growled, his face getting darker.

"It's impossible for me to remarry Becky," Rory said quietly.

"Impossible? Or you just don't want to?"

But Rory didn't respond to the question.

Instead, he looked his grandfather in the eye and said, "I sincerely hope you won't do such a thing again."

He couldn't understand why everyone wanted him to remarry Becky.

They made it seem like his divorce was a mistake.

After he had said what he had come to say, Rory turned around and began to leave.

"Hey! Come back here!" Elmore barked.

He was so livid that he threw his walking stick at his grandson's retreating figure.

But neither walking stick nor bark could get Rory to come back.

He left the house without even looking back.

Rory was very angry and he didn't care the least what his grandfather thought or felt.

When the butler saw Rory leaving, he was going to say something, but when he saw the look on Rory's face, he quickly drew back and kept his mouth shut.

Everyone who saw Rory knew instantly that he was brimming with fury.

Even the maids who were watering the flowers quickly got out of his way as he walked past them.

No one wanted to be on the receiving end of such fury.

Rory was sick and tired of his grandfather's meddling in his life.

This new action of Elmore's had been the final straw that broke the camel's back.

Rory was still yet to recover from all that had happened to him in the last year and his grandfather had been constantly making it worse for him.

After he and Becky got divorced, he fell into depression.

Even after eight months, the pain was still raw.

Also, his feelings for Becky were no longer what they used to be.

He was now very possessive and it felt strange.

At the very beginning, he didn't have any special feelings for Becky, but ever since Devin began to pursue her, something seemed to click inside of Rory and he found that he just couldn't let Devin have her.

Even he couldn't understand why he felt this way.

Perhaps it was because Becky had been his wife for three years and he was just used to seeing her as his wife.

But nevertheless, that possessiveness had not made him lose his self- esteem.

So far, he had been working on moving past it.

What Elmore had done squashed every attempt of Rory's to be indifferent to the divorce.

Rory got into his car.

But before he could drive out of the villa, he heard someone shouting his name.

"Mr.Casper!"

It was a maid and she was running straight toward his car.Rory looked out of the window to talk to her.

"What is it?" he asked impatiently.

The maid was frightened by the coldness of his voice and the fire in his eyes.

She didn't dare look into his eyes as she showed him what she had brought.It was a mobile phone.

"I found this when I was cleaning the potted plants Becky left behind.I think it was her phone."

After handing him the phone, she turned around and scurried off.

Throughout the interaction, she had not even dared to look at Rory's face.

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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 Chapter 251. Let's read now the author's Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Kesley Peht story right here

I Have Married Him

Rory stared at the retreating figure of the maid for a while before turning his attention to the phone she had left behind.

With a hiss, he picked it up and threw it into some flowers nearby.

About forty minutes later, Rory came back to Crowbar Technologies.

Lowell was there, watching in surprise as his boss walked out of the elevator.

Without thinking, he approached him.

"Mr.Casper, your face..."

"What?"

Rory snapped at him.

The gaze he fixed on him was so fiery and withering that Lowell froze on the spot.

"Nothing." He shook his head.

Anyway, no one in the company would dare to laugh at Rory.

Lowell murmured an excuse and quickly scurried back to his desk.

Rory ignored him and made his way over to his office.His desk was still the same as he had left it.He sat behind it and took out the document he had been reading before he left.

But instead of reading the document, he only held it in his hand as other thoughts occupied his mind.He remained like that for ten long minutes without being able to read a single line.

When he was tired of thinking, Rory pulled out the phone he had in his pocket. It was the phone that the maid gave him.

After throwing it away, he changed his mind and picked it up again. It was a very old phone. It was one of those that had buttons.

Such phones were no longer in use nowadays.

Not even old people like his grandfather used them.

After he turned it on, Rory found that it was locked with a password.

He stared at the screen and couldn't help but feel ridiculous.

What the hell was he even trying to do? Wasn't it crazy to attempt to unlock the phone? Of what use would that be? After all, it was just an old phone that Becky had abandoned at the villa years ago.

These were the things going through his mind. But what his hands eventually did was something completely different.

Before he knew it, he had typed Becky's birth year as the password. It was not the right password.

Rory frowned.

He thought for a while, then he decided to try his own birth year.

And it worked! Rory's heart skipped a beat as he saw the phone get unlocked.

It felt like he had just won the lottery.

While typing those passwords, he had a feeling he would be successful, so he had not even thought about giving up.

Now that he had unlocked the phone, he felt like an accomplished man.

He quickly went through the phone and found that there was nothing in the contacts menu.

But strangely enough, there were over two hundred messages.

He knew that it wasn't right to violate other people's privacy, but he knew Becky could not think any worse of him than she did now. So, he had no fear.

People usually displayed some level of rebellion at some point in their lives.

Rory was thirty years old, and for most of his life, he had always been regarded as a good guy.

But now, his spirit of rebellion had been aroused by Becky.

He couldn't explain why, but when it came to things related to Becky, he seemed to have changed into a different person altogether.

For instance, he couldn't resist the urge to read these messages, even though this was something he would normally not have done.

The last of the messages was from over three years ago.

It contained only the words, "I have married him."

The next message was short too, but a lot longer than the last.

It simply read, "I don't really know what's happening. He says he wants to marry me, but I don't think it's a good thing."

And the next was even shorter.

"I saw him again today."

Message after message, Rory was patient enough to read through all of them without skipping any.

One message that particularly interested him was sent ten years ago.

It contained only the words, "I found him."

If anyone else stumbled on these messages, it would all seem cryptic to them.

But Rory wasn't anyone else, so he knew what they meant.

These messages along with the painting that Denise had found were all proof that Becky loved him.

Rory held the phone tightly in his hand.

The depression he had been feeling all these days seemed to disappear all of a sudden.

His heart was beating faster now.

Four years ago, he had thought it was Becky who drugged him that night, so he had always felt that she had been desperate to get married to him because she was after the fortune of the Casper family.

But it was only after the divorce that he got the hint that she was also a victim that night.

Now he knew for sure that she had married him for love and nothing else.

Later, he had seen the painting and the comic book.

Looking at them again, he had found that Becky had loved him all those years.

Still, the greatest eye-opener was the messages.

He couldn't help but flash back through the years that had gone by and he felt an unprecedented feeling as if it was a violent wind that was sweeping over him.

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Has She Given Up On Him

Lowell's heart skipped a beat when he got a call from Rory.

Rory had not been in the best of moods for some days now.

Unless it was necessary, Lowell wouldn't want to go anywhere near his office.

But this time, it wasn't just a matter of necessity.

Rory ordered him to come to his office.

Lowell had no choice but to bite the bullet.

When he got to the office, he slowly opened the door and stepped in.

"Mr.Casper, you called me," Lowell said tentatively.

Rory was seated behind his desk as always, holding a phone with buttons.

Lowell couldn't remember when last he saw one of those. He wondered what his boss was doing with such a device, but he didn't dare ask.

After waiting for a while and still getting no word from Rory, he decided to call his attention again.

"Mr. Casper?"

This time, Rory looked up from the phone in his hand and simply said, "Get the rumor about the land off the internet."

"Yes, sir."

Lowell nodded.

But Rory kept looking at him as if he was contemplating something.

Suddenly, he asked, "Have you ever loved someone for a long time, like maybe ten years?"

Lowell was taken aback. He had not expected Rory to ask him such a question. He hesitated for a moment before answering.

"I don't think I can be so faithful. I haven't loved someone for that long."

But Rory wasn't discouraged.

Instead, he pressed on.

"Well, if you loved a girl for over ten years, would it be easy to move on?"

"Of course not,"

Lowell instantly disagreed.

"A person who has been in love with someone for over a decade must be very faithful. Such a person won't easily move on."

Rory was quite surprised to hear this. Could it be true? Could Lowell be right?

"That's all. You can go now," he said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Lowell wondered if he was just overthinking things, but it seemed like Rory was acting very strangely nowadays. But after this latest interaction, Lowell thought he could see some sign of a positive shift in Rory's attitude. It was not that he was now happy and in a good mood.



Far from it. It was just that his face was not as cold as it used to be.

Still, even with the slight change, Rory was no less fearsome than he looked when he was angry.

Lowell didn't dare ask any questions.

The only thing he could do was obey orders.

After Lowell had finally left, Rory was now alone. He leaned back on his chair and sighed. He picked up the phone again and looked at it briefly before putting it into his pocket.

Maybe Lowell was right.

Becky had loved him for more than ten years. She wouldn't have moved on so easily.

Lowell was quick to work on scrubbing the rumor about the land which had been spread on social media by Carl.

It wasn't long before Becky noticed the absence of the rumor.

Instantly, she knew it must have been done by Rory. It had taken her three years, but she eventually learned everything she had needed to learn about how Rory's mind worked.

Nowadays, she didn't give a damn about him or what he was up to. Her biggest concern at the moment was the dinner later tonight.

Though it was now known that Becky was the daughter of the boss of Fairway Group, the unspoken rules of the business world still applied to her.

Moreover, the company they were currently seeking to partner with was not inferior to Fairway Group.

Businessmen liked to have drinks and other refreshments while talking business.

Becky, being the representative of Fairway Group, had no choice but to go along with the norm.

Becky did drink, but she never drank too much.

Now, after drinking only a few glasses of wine, she began to feel a little uncomfortable.

In fact, she was beginning to get drunk.

She rubbed her temples in an effort to feel better, but it didn't seem to work.

So she whispered to her secretary, "Talía, ask the driver to pick me up. I need to go to the bathroom first."

Talía became worried.

"Do you want me to come with you?"

"No, no. Don't worry. I'm not that drunk yet,"

Becky assured her with a smile.

Looking into her eyes, Talía didn't doubt her.

Becky's eyes were clear and there was no real sign that she was drunk.

Talía breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed.

"Okay then. I'll wait for you at the gate."

"Thank you, Talía," Becky said.

Then she went off to the bathroom in those impossibly high heels of hers.

The bathroom was very close, so it didn't take her long to reach it.

She quickly turned on the faucet and splashed cold water on her face. It sobered her up instantly.

She looked up at the mirror to see how she looked.

To her relief, her makeup was intact. She pulled out a tissue and dried her hands.

Then she turned around and walked out of the bathroom. She had hardly taken a few steps when she saw a drunken man staggering towards her.

Becky quickly moved aside to let him pass. But to her astonishment, he reached out to grab her arm, pulling her against him.

"You are so beautiful," he drawled drunkenly.

"How about we become friends, eh?" The man seemed to be over forty.

His eyes were greasy and ugly. When Becky recovered from her shock, the first thing she thought of was to kick the bastard. But just when she was about to raise her leg, she heard a male voice from nowhere.

"Get away from her."

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happened a big event. So what was that event? Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 253 for more details

He Fell In Love With Her

The drunkard cried out in pain as his wrist was squeezed mercilessly by Rory.

Unfortunately, there was no one to save him.

The alcohol began to disappear from his head and he became sober enough to beg for mercy.

Rory finally had mercy on him and let go of his hand.

And without looking back, he scurried away like a scared rat while holding his hurt wrist.

Becky and Rory were now standing alone in the long corridor.

Those messages on her old phone had given Rory a good insight into the amount of love and affection Becky felt for him over the years.

It was just immeasurable.

Now that he was standing face to face with her for the first time since he read those messages, his feelings were just indescribable.

At first, he wanted to tell her all about the phone, but he changed his mind.

Instead, he decided to focus on the current situation. He looked at her face, searching for signs of terror or anything of the sort.

"Did that scare you? I hope he didn't hurt you."

Becky shook her head.

"No. And thank you."

Even though she gave her thanks with a smile on her face, the look in her eyes was very different. There was no sign of attraction in there.

"I'm sorry"

Rory said suddenly. He was apologizing yet again.

Becky was surprised, but she took it that he was probably feeling sorry for her getting harassed by a drunk.

"It's nothing. I have to go now. My secretary is waiting for me at the gate."

With that, Becky turned around and walked away. Rory stood there and looked at her retreating figure.

All the gloominess and sadness in his heart for the past few days were no longer there. He had no choice but to admit to himself that he was beginning to fall in love with Becky.

It was a strange feeling, but he could not resist it and neither did he want to.

Clearly, Aiken had been perfectly correct.

When Becky finally reached the gate of the restaurant, Talia was already waiting beside the car.

Seeing Becky come out, Talia breathed an obvious sigh of relief and quickly hurried to open the door for her boss.

Becky nodded her thanks and got into the car.

Soon, the driver started the car and slowly pulled out onto the road.

Becky leaned back and looked through the window at the other cars speeding past them on the road.

When she remembered what had just happened with the drunkard, she couldn't help but sigh.

This was probably the first time since they divorced that she had seen Rory in a manner that pleased her. He seemed genuinely nice.

The change in his behavior was surprising.

If she hadn't seen it herself, she would not have believed it.

Twenty minutes later, the car slowed down to a halt.

"Miss Ramos, we are here,"

Talia reminded Becky with a tap on her shoulder.

Becky, whose eyes had been closed, slowly opened them and looked outside.

The wine she drank earlier was beginning to have its effect on her, making her a bit sleepy.

But she was not so affected that she couldn't find her bearings.

After a quick shake of head to clear her mind, she was able to look outside and see that she was now back home.

"Good night then," she said to Talia as she reached for the door.

Despite the few mishaps, the night had been very productive for Becky. She was glad that she was able to finalize the agreement with their new partner on their latest project.

Becky got out of the car and made her way to the apartment building.

There, she saw Devin.

Since he left Becky's apartment one early morning sometime in the last week, she had not set eyes on Devin.

"Did you go out for drinks?" he asked when she came up to him.

His twinkling eyes had probably caught some sign of it on her face and maybe he could even perceive the smell of wine on her.

"Yes, I did. So, what's the matter?" Becky asked.

Devin broke into a smile.

"So, I can't come see you when I'm free?"

Becky felt she didn't have time for this. She desperately wanted to rest.

"Okay then. You've seen me now, haven't you?"

"Sure."

His eyes were on her and Devin was looking fondly at her. Becky couldn't stand it anymore. His gaze made her a bit uncomfortable, so she looked away immediately.

"Good night then."

"Good night," Devin responded.

But he didn't leave.

Instead, he stood there, staring at her.

Becky used her card and the door slid open.

But something told her to look back and she did.

To her surprise, she saw Devin still standing there looking at her.

The lights in the building shone out and fell on his face, making him look quite soft and tender.

The wound on the corner of his mouth seemed to have healed because there was no sign of it anymore. But those twinkling eyes of his remained the same.

Suddenly, it occurred to Becky that she was noticing too much of him.

What the hell was taking over her? Her heart was beating faster and she was beginning to have this unexplainable feeling.

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Keeping The Appointment

It was the sound of the elevator doors opening that brought Becky to her senses. She looked away from Devin and walked into the elevator.

It seemed that Devin didn't lie when he said he just wanted to see her.

Becky found him unfathomable. He seemed to have given up on her, but he would appear before her from time to time.

Becky was not savvy at this whole love game like he was, so she had better stay away from him.

After that incident with Devin, Becky threw her body and soul into what she had always wanted to do: make money.

She was so focused on it and found it impossible to stop.

Even though her friend, Jessie, had suggested hanging out several times, Becky always turned it down.

She never planned to avoid going out with Jessie, but she was just so occupied with a lot of projects.

The projects were worth from 3 million dollars to 100 million.

As for the project in the north of the city, arrangements for it had been finalized and construction was set to begin in two days.

Becky would visit the site and cut the ribbon to symbolize the beginning of work on the project.

When the day finally came, it was sunny and bright.

Becky wore a blue dress and a casual suit over it, which made her look professional even though the dress was a bit casual.

Overall, she just looked sexy and capable.

After the ribbon-cutting ceremony, Becky had to have lunch with some partners before finally leaving with Talia for the company.

Around 1 p.m., Talia knocked on the door of Becky's office and informed her that Jenifer was downstairs waiting to meet Becky.

It was very clear that Jenifer had no wish to give up trying to meet her.

Despite all of Becky's efforts to discourage her, she only kept trying.

Becky raised her eyebrows as she looked straight at her secretary.

"Talia, what's my schedule this afternoon?"

"You have a meeting at half past two.It's about..."

Becky didn't let her finish.

"Okay.It seems I'll be busy.Just tell her I'll have dinner with her tonight."

Talia nodded and went out to deliver the message.

Though she didn't want Becky to meet with anyone from the Casper family, there was nothing she could do to stop such a meeting.

After all, it would be very impolite if Becky kept turning Jenifer down.

Both Becky and Jenifer were members of the upper class.

It was necessary to at least maintain some level of friendship even though Becky didn't want to have anything more to do with her.

It was late when Becky's afternoon meeting came to an end, and the day was already beginning to prepare for the darkness of evening.

"Talia, when did I plan to meet Jenifer?" Becky asked her secretary.

"Half past six, ma'am." She looked at the time and saw that it was already five-forty.

Becky shrugged and handed a document to Talia, "I'm done for the day, Talia."

She had an appointment to keep and she was one to ensure that every appointment was honored.Becky went over to her desk and picked up her bag.

"I'm leaving now.You should try to round up early too."

"Okay, Miss Ramos.Have a nice weekend." Becky froze.

She had forgotten that it was Friday! No wonder Jenifer had come to meet her.

Well, it didn't make much of a difference to her either way.She would just head over there immediately.

Since it was Friday, the traffic situation on the road was terrible.

By the time Becky arrived at the restaurant, it was already 6:40 p.m.

Led by a waiter, Becky quickly made her way over to Jenifer's private room.

"Becky, welcome," she said fondly.



"Thank you." Becky nodded with a formal air.

"I'm sorry for coming late. It was the traffic."

Becky turned her attention to the menu. She looked at it for a while before handing it back to Jenifer.

"Please, you go first."

Jenifer looked surprised.

This was the Becky that had received insults and humiliation from the Casper family during the three years that she was married to Rory.

In the past, Becky was generous and decent.

Never had she acted as superior as she was acting now.

Even though she had come late, all Becky had given was an apology without the slightest embarrassment before taking her seat as if she was the host and not the guest.

Her tone was still gentle as ever, but Jenifer could feel the deliberate alienation in her expressions and words.

Nevertheless, she pretended not to have noticed any of these and simply took back the menu.

"Okay. If you insist," she said with a shrug.

About Divorce Has Never Felt This Good - Chapter 255

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good is the best current series of the author Kesley Peht. With the below Chapter 255 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 Chapter 255 and update the next chapters of this series at [novelebook.com](http://novelebook.com)

She Just Doesn't Care

Becky visited this restaurant only one time before. She ordered the most popular dishes on the menu because the place was still unfamiliar to her.

Sitting across from her, Jenifer listened to Becky's order and then ordered a soup and dish of her own.

The waiter took the menus and left after the two women finished their orders.

Only Becky and Jenifer remained in the room.

Jenifer thought she knew what she'd say to Becky. But now she found herself speechless. She knew Becky was not like what she used to be.

There was no use in reminding her they were once family.

Rory was usually reserved with Jenifer, but he came and asked her about what happened with Becky over the past three years.

Thinking of this, she plucked up the courage and said, "I apologize, Becky. I know you're busy, but I still asked you to come out."

Becky sipped her coffee in silence.

After hearing what Jenifer said, she smiled slightly.

"It's okay. I should be the one apologizing. You've invited me out so many times and I couldn't go. I was also late today. Sorry for keeping you waiting so long."

Becky's words were polite but cold. It was as if she had never been married to Jenifer's son.

The aloofness of Becky's words made it awkward for Jenifer.

Silence filled the room.

Becky did not feel any awkwardness.

She thought there must be something wrong since Jenifer had tried to get an audience with her for so many times.

Jenifer's quiet demeanor could be deceiving, Becky knew. She understood the Casper family and knew Jenifer was quite selfish. She had treated Jenifer well in the past but had gotten nothing from the older woman in return.

Becky poured coffee in both of their cups and put down the coffee pot.

"What can I do for you?"

Jenifer nodded and retrieved a necklace from her purse.

"Rory's grandmother gave me this years ago. It's been passed down for generations. Rory's brother is gone so it's not a choice between giving it to you or his

wife. I'm sorry to waste so much of your time since you are busy. For three years, we were a family. I was not very good to you before, but I know you still love Rory. He asked me a great deal about you a few days ago. Although Rory is not close to me, he is still my son and I know him well. I can see that he had feelings for you back when you were both married. The extended matter between his dad and me was an influence on him. He's hidden his feelings and doesn't say enough from his heart. I know that he loves you. It was a mistake for two young people to have wasted time on past grievances no matter who was right. Everything has calmed down since your divorce almost a year ago, so I hope you can give your relationship with Rory another chance."

Becky only smiled throughout Jenifer's words.

The waiter came in with their food when Jenifer finished speaking.

"Let's have dinner before we talk," Becky said. She handed Jenifer some silverware for the meal.

Jenifer looked at Becky.

Becky was still smiling as if she hadn't said anything at all.

Jenifer knew Becky had heard her but didn't care. 1 .

Update Chapter 256 of Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by Kesley Peht

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I'm Making Myself

Jenifer forced a smile on her face in an effort to look happy and polite.

"Let's eat then."

Becky didn't say a word in response.

Instead, she swung into action and proceeded to dish out the food for Jenifer and herself.

Jenifer was speechless.

She just didn't know what to say.

There was total silence in the room, except for the sound of tableware clashing as the women ate.

Jenifer was not in a feasting mood, so she could only take a few bites.

Becky, however, had a robust appetite. She had ordered a variety of dishes and she was satisfied with how they were prepared.

When Jenifer stopped eating, she looked up and saw Becky enjoying her meal with relish.

Such a sight did not do anything to improve Jenifer's mood.

Rather, it worsened it.

Becky took her time to finish her food, and when she was done, she grabbed a napkin and cleaned her hands before leaning back to enjoy a few sips from her cup of tea.

When she put down the cup, she took the piece of jewelry on the table that Jenifer gave her and returned it to the owner.

"This is for your next daughter-in-law, not me."

As she said this, there was a slight smile on her face, but the coldness in her voice could not be missed.

Jenifer's face fell in disappointment.

"But Becky, you love Rory very much, don't you?"

"No. I loved him, but that was long ago" Becky said.

Jenifer opened her mouth to respond, but Becky was not interested in listening, and instead cut her off immediately.

"If your aim is to persuade me to get back together with Rory, I can assure you that it will be a waste of time. I made it clear that I want nothing more to do with Rory, and I don't go back on my word. The Casper family is too good enough for me, and so is your son, Rory. No ordinary person is fit to become your daughter-in-law."

Even though Jenifer was used to enduring scolding and humiliation, only Elmore dared to put her through such.

Becky had been very respectful to her when she was Rory's wife.

This was the first time she had talked to Jenifer in such a mocking tone.

"But why? Why are you doing this to yourself, Becky?"

Jenifer couldn't help but ask her.

"I'm doing nothing to myself except making myself happy," Becky retorted.

As far as she was concerned, she had done everything right and she had no reason to worry.

"I think I'd like to take my leave now," Becky said with a sneer as she got up to her feet.

"I have quite some things to do. Good night."

"Becky!"

Jenifer wanted to still talk a little more with her, but Becky ignored her and walked away without looking back.

Becky, on her part, wasn't really angry, even though she was not happy with the line of discussion Jenifer had picked. She had simply gone out of her way to give the woman every reason to never seek to meet her again.

Well, it was not a total waste of time anyway.

At least, she did enjoy a good meal.

Becky looked at her watch and saw that it was just half past seven.

Obviously, she did not spend much time with Jenifer.

"Ma'am, please help me!"

Before Becky could locate the source of this sudden scream, a girl ran out from nowhere and grabbed her arm. She was wearing a business suit, but some of the top buttons had been pulled off. Her hair was a tangy mess and she had only one shoe on. She was disheveled in every way and it was clear that she had just escaped from danger.

Becky did not see herself as a Good Samaritan, but seeing this girl who was obviously in trouble, she knew she had to do something.

The poor girl looked miserable and terror-stricken and Becky couldn't help but pity her.

Becky was just about to hold her up when a middle-aged man whose face was red with anger rushed out of nowhere to try to grab her.

This angered Becky and she swiftly blocked his path before he could touch the girl.

The man became even more furious.

"Who the hell are you? Why don't you mind your own business and get out of my way!"

But Becky neither responded nor allowed him access to the girl. So, he reached around Becky to grab her.

Immediately, Becky's leg flew out and she gave him a hard kick.

The man was sent straight to the ground.

"You bitch!" he cursed as he held his belly, groaning in severe pain.

"I swear, I'll..."

But before he could finish the statement, Becky lifted her leg threateningly.

The man shrank and shuddered in fear. He had tasted that leg once, he didn't want to again.

Instead, he scowled at the girl he had been trying to capture.

"Do you want to get fired? Before it's too late, you had better go back. Go serve Mr. Winston and apologize to him."

"No! I won't! I'm done! I quit! I won't ever go back again! Ma'am, please help me. Take me away from here. I just recently graduated from university. This man deceived me and lured me here. He told me this was going to be just a business trip. I didn't know he was planning to force me to sleep with someone."

Becky immediately understood the situation the poor girl was in.

Right there and then, she pulled out her phone and dialed the police.

Then she said to the man, 'I'm calling the police right now. Do you want to stick around and wait for them? The crime you have committed is a very grievous one.'

Still clutching his hurting belly, the man cursed and grumbled angrily as he stumbled up on his feet. Then he hurried back to where he had come from as fast as his legs could carry him.

Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 257

Novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good has been updated Chapter 257 with many climactic developments What makes this series so special is the names of the characters ^^ . If you are a fan of the author Kesley Peht, you will love reading it! I'm sure you won't be disappointed when you read. Let's read the novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 257 now [HERE](#).

Reading Novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 257

Chapter 257 novel Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Blindsided

As soon as the man left, the girl Becky was holding up collapsed to the floor, crying.

Becky squatted down beside her and said, "It's no use crying here. Where do you live? Let me take you home."

The girl's crying abated at her words.

She looked at Becky for a long minute before she said, "Thank you. I'm staying in this hotel, but I don't think I can be here anymore. My luggage and ID card are still in the room. Can you come with me while I collect my luggage?"

Becky had rarely seen anyone as pitiful as she had once been.

She got to her feet and pulled the girl up, saying, "Let's go."

The girl was still sniffing, her head down, when they entered the elevator.

Becky couldn't help but laugh at this sight.

"It's fortunate that there's no one else in here, or people would think that I've done something to you."

The girl looked embarrassed at her words.

"I'm sorry, I just can't help it."

Becky pulled out a tissue from her bag and handed it to her.

"It's okay. Don't cry. Take this as a lesson and make sure you don't find yourself in such a situation again."

The girl took the tissue and looked gratefully at Becky.

"Thank you. I wouldn't know what to do if I hadn't met you."

"Don't be afraid. We live in a society ruled by law. You can call the police," Becky said.

"They took away my phone."

Becky stopped short at this.

After a pause, she said, "It's all right now. Don't be afraid."

"Thank you. You are a good person." Becky laughed.

This was the first time that someone had called her a good person.

"I'm usually not such a good person."

She was not that kind-hearted.

If the girl hadn't pounced on her, she would have stayed out of it all.

The girl wiped her tears and said nothing.

The elevator stopped and Becky walked out.

She turned to look at the girl and asked, "Do you have the room card?"

The girl nodded and said, "I took it with me when I escaped. But my ID card is in the room."

Becky smiled.

"You are smart."

Maybe it was because of Becky that the girl's fear gradually reduced.

They made their way to the room that the girl pointed out.

The girl pulled out the card, but she didn't dare open the door. She looked at Becky timidly.

This was the first time that Becky was seeing such a timid person.

This girl was even more timid than Jessie.

She took the card from the girl and said, "What are you afraid of? Do you think they're waiting for you inside?"



Becky swiped the card on the door and it opened with a beep. She pushed it open, glanced inside, and turned to look at the girl.

"No one. You..."

But before she could finish that thought, the girl pushed her into the room.

The girl's timid eyes turned sharp.

Becky staggered backwards.

A person emerged from behind the door and caught her from behind, catching her off guard.

Before she could react, the man pushed something into her mouth. He then pushed her to the floor.

By the time she stood up, the door had slammed shut. She pulled at the door handle and as expected, found it to be locked. It was obviously not easy to be a good person.

She hadn't see this coming.

Becky made to reach for her phone but realized that it was in her bag and they had taken her bag away. She frowned and walked deeper into the room, only to find that there was someone in the bed. Her ex-husband!

Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good - Chapter 258

Read Chapter 258 with many climactic and unique details. The series Divorce Has Never Felt This Good one of the top-selling novels by Kesley Peht. Chapter content chapter Chapter 258 - The heroine seems to fall into the abyss of despair, heartache, empty-handed, But unexpectedly this happened a big event. So what was that event? Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 258 for more details

Why Are You Here

Becky frowned as she saw Rory in the bed.

"Rory?" she called, but there was no response.

Rory seemed to be asleep.

Becky went closer to the bed and put her hand under his nose to see if he was still breathing.

Fortunately, he was.

And she breathed a sigh of relief.

The door of the room was locked and her cell phone was not with her.

If there was something seriously wrong with Rory, she would be left with no choice but to break the door or jump out of the window to get help.

Fortunately, it was nothing seemingly serious. He had simply passed out.

With another sigh, Becky went back to the sofa and sat down heavily.

What had happened tonight was obviously a well-organized plot.

It seemed the girl and those men had brought Rory and hid him in the room and then waited for her to come.

Obviously, all three of them were part of the same team.

But what surprised Becky was that despite the fact that both she and Rory were known to be rich, they were just brought into the room without getting killed or robbed.

What could be the motive? Becky tried to think of who could do something like this, but she just couldn't come up with anything.

She just couldn't think of who could lock her and her ex-husband up together and what such a person would gain from doing it.

She sat thinking about the whole incident over and over again until all of a sudden, she remembered that she had been given a pill before being pushed into the room.

Immediately, she jumped up and rushed to the bathroom to try to vomit it.

She retched as hard as she could, but it was all to no avail. She couldn't get anything out. She eventually gave up and washed her face with some cool water since she was already beginning to sweat.

Just then, Rory woke up. He pulled himself up to a sitting position and rested against the headboard.

But he quickly discovered that he was in a strange place. He looked all around him, wondering where he was. He could remember that he was at a dinner party when he suddenly felt dizzy while he was eating. He had gone to wash his face in the bathroom to try to sober himself up, but he ended up fainting.

Since then, he had been out and was only just waking up in this strange place.

Could he have been kidnapped? But there was no one else in the room.

After trying but failing to make sense of the whole thing, Rory left the bed and made his way over to the door.

But before he could grab the knob, he heard a sound coming from the direction of the bathroom.

Someone was in there.

"Who is there? Who's in the bathroom?"

Becky heard him and quickly rounded up what she was doing. She then walked out of the bathroom.

"It's me."

"Becky?"

Rory was shocked.

The last person he had expected to see walk out of the bathroom was his ex-wife.

"Why are you here?"

She was wearing a long blue dress and even though she also had on a jacket, it was still easy to notice her slim waist.

His hungry eyes roved all over her body and before he knew it, he was already licking his lips involuntarily. He had always known that she was beautiful, but until recently, he had never really paid serious attention.

After he saw her painting and the messages on her old phone, his feelings concerning her had made a U-turn.

"I was lured and brought here."

Becky turned around and picked up the remote control for the air conditioner.

"It's a little hot in here. I'd like to turn on the AC. Do you mind?"

"No."

Rory grabbed the knob and tried to turn it open, but he found out that it was locked.

"Who did this?"

"A few people. I don't know who they are."

As Becky said that, she was still trying to lower the temperature on the AC, but it didn't seem to be working.

Was the hotel management so inefficient that they couldn't even get a functional AC? She saw on the remote that the temperature was 18 degrees Celsius, but yet she felt so hot.

In frustration, Becky threw the remote control on the sofa.

Then she turned her attention to Rory.

"Why are you here?"

"I don't know either."

Rory looked at her and suddenly felt the urge to sit next to her. But he feared that she would not like to sit side by side with him.

Becky, on her part, didn't want to talk to Rory.

She knew he was looking at her, but she ignored him completely.

Nevertheless, regardless of what they thought about each other, they both felt within their bodies that something was wrong somewhere.

They were feeling hot all over.

And the urge for sex seemed to be rising in them.

About Divorce Has Never Felt This Good - Chapter 259

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good is the best current series of the author Kesley Peht. With the below Chapter 259 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 Chapter 259 and update the next chapters of this series at [novelebook.com](http://novelebook.com)

Deja Vu

Becky could feel the heat rise to her cheeks as she stood up, her eyes meeting a pair of glittering ones. Her expression shifted slightly.

"Rory?"

It quickly became obvious that Becky wasn't the only one who was drugged. Rory looked more uncomfortable than she was. It reminded Becky of the night from five years ago.

It had been the night when the whole mistake that Becky and Rory had been together had started. It had also caused Becky to waste three years of her life.

Becky didn't want to experience it again.

"Rory, we are divorced."

"I know."

Rory saw the vigilance in Becky's eyes and tried to restrain himself as he said, "I might have been drugged."

He was feeling a lot like he had felt that night five years ago, but somehow, he was suffering more right now.

Five years ago, Rory hadn't loved Becky. But he did now.

Fact was that he would have wanted to get close to her even if he weren't drugged.

"Stay there, Rory. I don't want to make the same mistake I made five years ago."

Becky pinched her palm, the pain sobering her up to a large extent. She took a few steps backward, her eyes roving across the sweat on Rory's forehead, the sight filling her with fear. She didn't know what she was afraid of.

Was she afraid of repeating the same mistake again, or was she afraid of surrendering to him? Becky couldn't tell. All she knew was that she must never repeat some mistakes.

"You were also drugged?" Rory asked.

Becky didn't answer. She bit her lip, trying to control herself, but her face was so unusually red, even her makeup couldn't hide it anymore.

For a fleeting moment, Rory felt the urge to pounce on Becky, since she wouldn't be able to push back at this moment. He had the perfect excuse too! However, the vigilance and coldness in her eyes sobered him up pretty quickly. He had lost his arrogance from five years ago.

Rory and Becky had been victims back then, and they were victims now.

Rory's body heat became more obvious by the minute, his vision blurring along with it.

There were countless voices in his mind, shouting at him to pounce on Becky. He closed his eyes, claspng his hands tightly together.

The blue veins in his forehead were popping frighteningly.

Rory's countenance shocked Becky and she staggered back two steps. Her shins hit the bed behind her and she toppled onto it.

Rory opened his eyes to find Becky lying on the bed.

Because of her fall, the collar of her dress lowered.

Her half-exposed breasts sent Rory's brain into a tizzy and he finally lost it.

Becky had barely got off the bed when Rory pounced on her.

The drug had softened her body and made it difficult for her to move when he pinned her down.

Rory kissed her.

As his lips roamed her face, the heat of his breath enveloped her. She felt like she was burning in the fire, her consciousness gradually draining out of her.

Rory then tore Becky's dress open.

The sound of her dress ripping sobered Becky up a little.

She realized that Rory was on top of her and opened her mouth to bite his shoulder with as much strength as she could muster.

The taste of blood soon filled her mouth.

Rory froze for a moment, the pain sobering him a little.

Before he could react, Becky mustered her remaining strength and kicked him as hardly as she could. She quickly pulled her torn dress together and escaped from Rory to the sofa.

"Rory, this is raping!"

Update Chapter 260 of Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by Kesley Peht

[DIVORCE HAS NEVER FELT THIS GOOD](#)

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