

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

#Chapter 281 - Read Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 281

Did You See That

Devin and Becky returned to the car in silence.

Finally, it was just both of them again.

What Carlee had said left Becky stunned. She had always thought that Devin only had a crush on her.

Becky thought Devin chased her because she was good-looking or maybe because she was different from his ex-girlfriends.

Becky had even wondered if he had been chasing her all these months simply because she was Rory's ex-wife.

After all, it was a well-known fact that Devin and Rory were not on good terms.

After Becky had seen Devin and Rory together, it was clear that they were not friends.

The rumors had not been wrong after all.

Becky had thought a lot about Devin's pursuit of her, but it had never crossed her mind that he loved her so deeply.

From what Carlee said, she could tell that Devin had loved her for at least four years.

Becky thought long and hard, but she still couldn't figure out what could have inspired Devin to fall so deeply in love with her.

She had known Devin only because she met him in public several times which led to them getting acquainted with each other.

But obviously, while she had seen him as an acquaintance, Devin seemed to have something else in mind.

Also, there were certain things she had not noticed before, but now, she was beginning to notice them one after the other.

Devin had come to know her well enough to understand that she liked to play video games whenever she was in a bad mood and that she didn't like to go to the hospital whenever she was sick. So, one night, when she was in a bad mood, he had taken her to play video games.

Another night, when her temperature began to rise rapidly, he quickly rushed her to the hospital.

And also, all the time he took her out, he had never really taken her to a place that served food she did not approve of.

Until now, Becky had never thought much about any of these.

She had always seen it as him just being thoughtful and careful since he had so much experience with women.

But Carlee had just told her how Devin had constantly stayed away from other girls because he had a girl in his heart all these years.

Obviously, this person was her! In all her twenty-seven years of existence, Becky had never been so astounded.

Even when Rory told her back then that he wanted to marry her, Becky had not even been as surprised as she was now.

Becky was so deep in thought that she had not even noticed when the car was started or when it arrived at her residence.

By the time she recovered herself, she found that Devin had already parked right next to her apartment building.

He unfastened his seat belt and turned to look at her.

With a smile, he asked, "Did I scare you?"

"Um...no," she said, shaking her head.

She still hadn't fully recovered from her astonishment at the revelation that Devin had loved her for so long. She was probably more astonished than if Rory told her that he loved her right now.

Becky had always thought that Devin's love for her was superficial, but now, she learned otherwise. It had all been so unexpected that she didn't even know how to respond.

"I'm sorry. I thought you just had a crush on me," she said without preamble.

Devin clicked his tongue and shook his head. He brought his face closer to hers until their noses were almost touching.

"Look into my eyes, Becky."

Becky was surprised to see him staring at her so closely, and she looked up into his eyes without thinking.

Devin had a pair of charming eyes with which he was looking at the woman in front of him in such an affectionate manner.

Becky couldn't stop staring at his eyes.

They had this seductive look that seemed to draw her in. But acting on a sudden impulse, she quickly looked away.

"Did you see that?" he asked her.

"See what?"

"What is in my eyes?"

Curious to see what he meant, she looked up into his eyes again.

This time, she saw it clearly and easily. It was a face. And it was her face.

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Chapter 802 Dalores's Defamation

Janet didn't want to speak about Elizabeth's private affairs in front of other colleagues, especially when the nosy Dalores was around to hear. She feared that rumors could arise from this discussion and it would adversely affect Elizabeth's reputation.

"It's not as serious a matter as you think. Elizabeth's apartment was burgled by a rogue. Her aunt sustained an injury due to having direct conflict with the burglar, but she is all fine now. Don't worry; there is no need for it," Janet said.

Tasha sighed after hearing her friend.

"The security in that old neighborhood is just not up to scratch. Fortunately, the police arrived on the scene shortly and nothing serious happened."

After Janet had thoroughly explained the situation, everyone stopped speculating.

All they felt now was pity for Elizabeth considering the ordeal she had been through.

"Are you all free after work? We are her colleagues after all. I think it's only appropriate that we all pay Elizabeth a visit in hospital."

"Sure. Let's go together later."

Everyone agreed to this kind gesture.

In any event, Elizabeth had built good relationships with many of her colleagues at the W Marks Studio.

Just when everyone had made up their mind, Dalores suddenly stood up and said, "Don't be ridiculous! I heard that Elizabeth's apartment wasn't burgled!"

Janet squinted at Dalores, wondering what she was trying to do now.

"You're just trying to cover things up for Elizabeth's sake," Dalores said in response.

She cast a sarcastic glance at Janet and said in a raised voice for everyone to hear, "You wanna know what really happened? Elizabeth's boyfriend, Jorge, broke in and took revenge on her. The couple had entered an agreement to sell the designs of the studio, but they ended up in an argument about the profits of it. What's more, Jorge severely injured her hand, permanently disabling her. She won't be able to draw anything in the future."

The people in the studio shared astounded looks when they heard this shocking revelation.

"Oh, my God! Is that really what happened?"

"That's truly terrible. It's no wonder that she's suspended."

Hearing the crowd of employees whispering under their breath, Janet felt anger bubble up inside her, threatening to overflow. She gritted her teeth and growled, "Dalores! What nonsense are you talking about here?"

"You know clearly whether I am talking nonsense or not," Dalores said confidently.

Janet scowled, wondering how Dalores had managed to uncover so much information.

However, she didn't want to inflame the situation so she had to find another way to fix things. She considered her options and then changed the topic deliberately.

"Dalores, I think you don't want to work since you have so much time to gossip. You have got a lot of projects from Elizabeth after she left. If you don't want to work, you can share the projects with other colleagues. We are in the same studio. I, for one, also want to be involved in those projects."

The moment the words left her mouth, everyone eagerly agreed.

Everyone aspired to be involved in more projects, and Elizabeth's projects were top notch.

"That's right. Since you can't finish all the work by yourself, why don't you share it with everyone?"

"We have nothing to do now."

They teased each other eagerly.

In Dalores's eyes, what she was holding was not just extra projects, but cold, hard cash.

How could she be willing to give it to others? She said seriously, "No, Elizabeth has given me her projects, so they're all mine. I won't share with anyone!"

Several colleagues were speechless and rolled their eyes, showing their dissatisfaction on their faces.

All the people in the studio knew that how Dalores got the projects. She was just lucky because Elizabeth was suspended and her projects had to be distributed to others.

Janet smiled, "You should have been more grateful, given the situation."

Elizabeth's projects had the potential to make a profit in excess of one hundred thousand dollars. But Dalores wasn't grateful to Elizabeth for giving her this opportunity to make such money.

Instead, she decided to publicly defame her.

Dalores hadn't expected Janet to do this to her. She was filled with rage and was reaching breaking point.

Just then, the receptionist had come in and interrupted their heated argument.

"Please stop this bickering. There is a lady at the door who wants to see the dress. Please receive her professionally."

Janet looked at the time and figured that the woman was no other than Laney.

Laney had sent Janet a message earlier, letting her know that she would have time to see the dress and do the fitting that morning.

Remarrying Becky

Becky exited the car and hurried away quickly. She thought she was pretty sure of herself.

Until tonight, that was.

Devin was a playboy. She knew that being with him would only cause her trouble, and she hated getting into trouble.

This time, it was Betsy.

Next time, maybe another woman would try to hurt her.

Carlee's words, however, made Becky think very differently about Devin than she had before.

She was shocked when she found out how many secrets he had kept from her.

Everyone was naturally interested in things.

Becky wasn't usually a nosy person, but when it came to her own life, she couldn't help but look at everything with a magnifying glass.

It was clear that hanging out with Devin made her feel relaxed. She even forgot that she was twenty- seven-year old divorced woman.

If Betsy wasn't involved, Becky thought it would be a good choice to be friends with Devin even if they couldn't be a couple.

But she now knew that she couldn't be friends with Devin anyone. He wouldn't accept being friends. He had loved her for eleven years, and the thought of it softened her heart.

She realized that she had been in love with Rory for eleven years too. She knew how painful it was to love someone but not be able to be with them. She was able to get over the pain, but it was clear that Devin could not.

Why did people only come back after they reached a dead end? The elevator doors slid open.

Becky took a deep breath before exiting.

Outside the building, Devin continued to look up until he saw a light go on. He then started his car and left.

Betsy's case was more than what met the eye, and he needed to continue to investigate.

At the same time, something was going on in the VIP ward on the top floor of Naomi Private Hospital.

Elmore was sitting on the bed. He had been rushed to the hospital late the previous night. He didn't look sick at all.

When Rory walked into the ward, he frowned and greeted Elmore.

'Grandpa' 'Rory, come and have a seat' Carl offered him a glass of water, but Rory refused with a wave of his hand.

Carl put the glass back on the table and left the ward.

Rory and Elmore were left in the ward.

Elmore gave Rory an envelope and said, 'Take a look'

Rory took it and tore it open, only to be confronted with a bunch of pictures. He looked at Elmore and then back at the pictures.

All of the pictures were of Devin and Becky.

Rory's expression darkened.

'Did you send someone to follow Becky?' 'What are you talking about? Following her? I've asked someone to keep an eye on Becky because I'm worried about her finding out who drugged her. I didn't expect to see these photos' Rory didn't believe Elmore's explanation. But Elmore was his grandfather, so Rory didn't say anything about it.

'What do you mean?' he asked instead.

Elmore met his gaze and said, 'You love Becky, don't you? As you can see, Devin is doing everything he can to win her love. And because you aren't doing anything, you'll be left watching as she marries Devin' Elmore paused. His next words showed how upset he was.

'I've already done the hard work for you. In the next few days, I'll go to Bluepond to apologize to Becky's parents and tell them in person that you want to marry Becky. We

didn't visit Becky's parents before because we didn't know she's Stevie's daughter. We can't afford to be rude now, given the situation. Use this chance to ask Becky to remarry you. You can have the wedding first. Tell her I'm really sick now and a wedding will make me feel better' Rory felt a chill go down his spine as he listened to Elmore.

'Grandpa, I don't want to marry Becky again'

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How Do You Know

The moment Rory finished speaking, Elmore angrily raised his hand and slapped him hard.

'Do you really think you have a choice here? When you divorced Becky, our family became the target of criticism several times! We never had a good relationship with the Stanley family from the start. Do you simply intend on watching Becky get married to Devin, allowing the Stanley family to overshadow us in the future?' Elmore couldn't help but voice out his real thoughts at the moment.

He just said he wanted Rory to marry the girl he loved.

How ridiculous! Rory smirked humorlessly.

'Becky doesn't want to marry me again' he said quietly.

'How do you know that she doesn't want to do that? I am already aware of how awful you are when it comes to words. Have you ever told Becky how much you love her?' Elmore was so furious that his face and neck were flushed red.

He couldn't believe that Rory was the reason why his plans were being held back.

Now that things had come to this, Elmore wasn't going to allow Rory to back down from this situation now.

Elmore took a deep breath before deciding to calm down and try a different tactic instead.

'Rory, I think I went too far just now. However, you must think about what I just said.

To be honest, was there even anything false in my words? I know that Becky loves you a lot.

Let me tell you that you can never find another woman like her again who loves you so much like she does. *ισοελεευσκ.φσm* Not only is she beautiful and wealthy, she is also a woman with a great personality. I can even dare you to prove me wrong and see if any other girl in Courtbush can be like her'

After taking a sip of water, he continued, 'I know your personality quite well. You're not the type who usually expresses what you feel. However, you're a man, aren't you? If you love Becky as well, you need to tell her what you really feel.

How will she ever know what's in your head if you never tell her? Not only that, but Devin began to make a move on Becky after the two of you divorced.

Does Devin even like her genuinely? Don't you feel at least a little bit of fear in your heart that Becky might get tricked by a crafty guy like Devin? Women are sometimes weak to sweet words and pretty promises.

No matter how much Becky loves you, she might change her mind sooner or later as long as Devin doesn't give up on trying to get her affection' Rory was silent the entire time, and his gaze was fixed on the floor.

Elmore knew that his grandson had always been very stubborn and defiant. He decided not to say anything more and just sighed heavily after a while.

'All right. It's getting late now, so you should go and think about it deeply to yourself' Rory slowly lifted his head to stare at Elmore before nodding with a blank expression.

After that, he turned around to leave.

Elmore glared at Rory's retreating figure, feeling the anger boil inside of him.

Once Rory disappeared from sight, Elmore slammed his hand on the bed so hard that it creaked.

'What a worthless grandson!' Elmore had prepared everything carefully for Rory and did all the arrangements. But then Rory told him that he didn't want to get married to Becky again. What kind of joke was this? Was this all just a game to him or something? Meanwhile, Rory's expression was still devoid of emotion as he stepped out of the elevator. It was already nine in the evening, so the hospital was very quiet.

Rory strode towards his car, leaned his back against the vehicle, and lit himself a cigarette.

At that moment, he recalled the photos that he had seen earlier.

The two of them, Becky and Devin, seemed to be discussing something.

Becky was smiling softly while Devin was standing beside her with his head hanging down slightly.

Although they weren't sticking too close to each other, the sight of it still made Rory's heart break. He felt so uncomfortable and miserable at the same time.

At that moment, a car was driving into the parking lot, its headlights shining tight on his face.

Rory squinted his eyes due to the brightness, and once the car passed by, he shook his head to clear his mind a little.

After that, he put out his cigarette, got inside the car, and started the engine. He drove out of the parking lot.

Thirty minutes later, he parked in front of Becky's apartment building.

Rory was about to open the car door and exit when he suddenly spotted a familiar Cayenne coming this way.

The man sitting behind the wheel of the Cayenne was Devin.

Rory's expression changed in an instant, his gaze turning frosty.

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You Don't Know Me

Rumors about Becky and Rory getting back together had been spreading widely for days.

Becky had been very busy for the last few days, so she didn't have time to spare for Betsy.

But it was now Friday, and she finally had some free time on her hands to deal with the other woman.

Since it was a personal matter, Becky didn't want to handle it in the company premises.

Talia had been Becky's secretary for long enough, so she didn't need to be told much. She already knew what to do.

She simply went ahead to give Betsy a taste of her own medicine by asking someone to 'invite' her to a hotel and lock her up.

When she was done with her meal, Becky cleaned her hands with the towel and dabbed at her lips with the tissues.

Then she paid the bill and left the restaurant.

Ten minutes later, her car rolled to a stop in front of the hotel.

Becky threw her car keys to an approaching valet and marched into the hotel on her impossibly high heels.

Talia was already waiting for her in the hotel.

As soon as Becky stepped out of the elevator, Talia caught sight of her and rushed over to meet her.

'Miss Ramos, Betsy is already in the room' 'Thank you' Becky said with a grateful smile.

'It's my pleasure, Miss Ramos' With that, Talia took out a card and swiped it over the card reader on the door.

Upon entering the room, Becky saw Betsy lying in the bed, unconscious.

This was the first time that Becky was seeing the real Betsy.

Compared with the woman in the photo in that document that Carlee had shown her a few days ago, this Betsy was a different person.

She had done plastic surgery. But Becky didn't care much about that. She glanced around the room before making her way over to the sofa. She put down her bag and picked a plate from the coffee table containing some fruits.

Then she removed the fruits from the plate before going into the bathroom with the plate.

Talia was a little confused at first as she watched what her boss was doing, but when she saw Becky return with the plate filled with water, she immediately understood.

As she expected, the next thing Becky did was to pour the water on Betsy's face.

When Betsy was 'invited' to the hotel by Talia's men, she was fed some sleeping pills.

At about 4 p.m., they brought her to this particular room.

Betsy had remained passed out for more than three hours and she was not going to wake up anytime soon if left alone. But when the water landed on her face, she screamed. She felt her face with her hands and saw that it was wet with water.

Someone had poured water on her. She became furious.

'Who did this?' 'Hello, Betsy.

'I'm Becky Ramos' Betsy's face froze and her eyes went wide.

Forgetting all about the cold water that had been poured on her face, Betsy quickly sat up on the bed, making the water flow down her hair and clothes.

Betsy tried to wipe the water off her hair with her hands.

All the while, her eyes were fixed on Becky and the guilt was clearly written on her face, but she tried hard to look unfazed.

'I...I don't think I know you' she said, feigning ignorance. 'Oh, really? Look at this then' With a smile, Becky threw a document containing the record of several transactions and a photo of the woman who had deceived her that night when she was drugged.

'Are you sure you don't know me?' she asked again.

Betsy only took a brief look at the document and photo and her face immediately turned pale.

There was now no doubt that Becky was fully aware of what she had done.

'What do you want?' Betsy asked.

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Easy

Becky laughed at Betsy's question.

"Shouldn't I be the one asking you that? I don't think we hold any grudge against each other. It seems we've never even met each other before. I didn't even know you until recently. So, why did you hire someone to drug me?"

Even though there was a faint smile on Becky's face, Betsy was scared. She looked around frantically and found that she was in a hotel room. She felt slightly relieved and began to calm herself down a little.

Then she turned to Becky.

"As you said, you didn't know me, and I didn't know you either. Why would I drug you?"

Becky laughed and shook her head.

"It seems you still don't want to admit it, eh?"

After a slight pause, she added, "But it doesn't matter. I'm not here for a question-and-answer session. You know what? I won't attack anyone as far as I'm left alone. But if I'm attacked, I'll make sure that that person has a taste of their own medicine. You carefully prepared a very elaborate trap for me, but I don't have such a clever mind as you, so I would have to do it the best way I can."

Betsy's heart sank immediately.

"You know murder is illegal, right?"

"Of course, I know that."

Becky smiled.

This statement scared Betsy even more.

"You are beautiful and rich. Both Devin and Rory love you so much. You don't have to do this."

"So, you drugged me because of Devin?"

Betsy's heart leaped into her throat as she saw Becky approaching her. She shrank back and began to beg profusely.

"I'm sorry. I was just crazy. I've been in love with Devin for many years, but he doesn't like me and has refused me many times. In the past six months, I've been hearing a lot of people say that Devin was chasing you. Last month, I went to him and told him that I

didn't mind being the side piece as long as I was with him, but he refused. He said you didn't like playboys!"

Betsy's face suddenly looked fierce when she said this.

"While he was talking about you, his expression was so dreamy and gentle. I've never seen him like that before. He must really love you. I admit you're beautiful, but you already have Rory. Why do you still want to take Devin from me? All I did was drug you and give you a chance to get back together with Rory. I really didn't do anything wrong!"

The more Betsy talked, the fiercer her expression became.

Clearly, she was obsessed with Devin.

"So, you felt you were doing me a favor?" Becky asked in surprise.

Then she shook her head with a self-pitying smile.

"How come I didn't think of that?"

Betsy quickly came back to her senses and recalled just how much trouble she was in.

Instantly, the fierce expression on her face disappeared and the fear returned to her eyes.

"Miss Ramos, I didn't mean to do it. I was just very jealous of you. Please forgive me, I beg you! Anyway, you love Rory and he loves you too. You can just seize this opportunity and get back together. I know what I did wasn't very legal, but I didn't have any bad intentions!"

By now, Becky's patience had been exhausted and she no longer had any wish to keep bantering aimlessly with Betsy.

"You not only did something illegal, but it was also a very morally wrong act. I'm a good, law-abiding citizen, so I won't kill anyone. But there will be an eye for an eye. That's my style."

Hearing this, Betsy swallowed in apprehension.

What sort of revenge would Becky exact on her? Becky stretched her open palm out to her secretary and said, "Talia, give it to me."

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Return It In Double

Talia had already prepared the pills.

When she heard Becky mention it, she quickly pulled out the small medicine bottle from her bag and poured the pills into the palm of Becky's hand.

"Betsy, do these pills look familiar to you?"

Becky held out her hand, so Betsy could clearly see the two pills.

Betsy didn't need a second look to know what kind of pills they were.

"Those pills are illegal."

"I know that." Becky smiled.

"But didn't you drug me with such a pill first?"

Betsy's face froze instantly. She knew exactly what Becky was talking about.

If Betsy called the police, so would Becky.

The pills were found on Betsy.

Becky could easily explain this away, whereas Betsy could not.

Becky had a powerful background, but Betsy didn't.

If the police were involved, Betsy would be in big trouble.

Betsy was not a fool. She considered it for a moment before deciding.

Betsy thought it was not a bad idea for Becky to get even with her like this.

As long as she could take a pill and survive the night, everything would be fine.

"Will you let me go after I take it? Our score will be settled, deal?" Becky scoffed.

"You are a clever woman."

While speaking, she held her hand out further and added, "Since you are so smart, I don't think you need my men to help you with it, right?"

Betsy had been crying before. Her face was tear-stained, and her makeup was ruined.

Betsy lowered her head and looked at the pills.

Gritting her teeth, she took one and tossed it into her mouth.

"I hope you can keep your promise."

"Of course, but there is another pill."

Betsy, who had just swallowed the pill, took in those words and looked up at Becky fearfully.

"I only gave you one..."

"That's true, but I like to return it in double."

Betsy was shocked. She already felt uncomfortable after taking only one pill.

If she took one more, she could lose control over herself. But obviously, Becky wasn't giving her any choice.

"I'd hate to use force."

As soon as Becky said that, the two men guarding the door took several steps forward.

They would walk into the room and force another pill into Betsy's mouth if they were given the order.

Betsy glanced at the two men, knowing she was out of options.

So she picked up the pill with her trembling hand and took it with closed eyes.

Upon seeing that, Becky withdrew her empty hand and smirked with satisfaction.

"I wish you a lovely night ahead."

Betsy didn't reply to Becky. Her head was lowered, as if she was deeply thinking about something.

Taking a final look at Betsy, Becky smiled once more. She nodded at Talia, walked to the sofa to pick up her bag, and left the room.

As Becky was leaving the hotel, she received a call from Jessie.

After exacting her revenge, Becky was in a pretty good mood.

"Yeah?"

"Becky, are you done with work? I'm in Louisa's bar at the moment. How about coming and having some fun with us?"

Becky raised her eyebrows and replied, "Okay, I'll be there soon."

Once she finished the call, Becky got her car and drove to Louisa's bar.

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Have Fun Tonight

Betsy assumed the others would leave when Becky left, but they hadn't. She hadn't swallowed the pills yet, but she would have to if she didn't spit them out quickly. She waited for several minutes and couldn't wait any longer. She stood up and headed for the bathroom. She wanted to spit out the pills that were already starting to melt on her tongue.

However, as soon as she got up, Talia stopped her.

"Where are you going?"

Betsy didn't dare open her mouth.

Instead, she pointed in the direction of the bathroom.

Talia looked at her coldly and said, "Don't try to play any tricks. Miss Ramos just asked you to take two pills. If you try to trick us, things will certainly become more interesting. You still have hopes of entering the entertainment industry, isn't that right? And your brother has been accepted into Savoy Entertainment as a trainee this year, correct? If Miss Ramos is displeased, do you think you and your brother will still have a chance of working in the industry?" What Talia said hit the nail on the head.

Betsy's facial expression rapidly shifted several times. She glanced at the two men guarding the door. She realized Becky had already seen right through her.

Talia's warning hit home, so Betsy decided not to try anything. She hurriedly swallowed the pills in her mouth.

Seeing that Betsy had finally swallowed the pills, Talia picked up a bottle of water from the table. She undid the lid and handed it to Betsy.

"Tastes awful, right? Have some water."

Talia's words seemed to be very considerate, but it was not how they seemed. She was afraid that Betsy would force herself to throw up later.

If Betsy drank some water, the pills would melt, and Betsy wouldn't be able to spit them out completely.

Betsy took the water and drank it.

"Now, are we finished?"

She then finished the entire bottle of water and displayed the empty bottle to Talia.

"Thanks for your cooperation. In order to repay your 'kindness, Miss Ramos got in touch with your ex- boyfriends and invited them over. I hope you have fun tonight."

When she was done, Talia left the room with the two men.

After walking out of the room with them, Talia commanded, "You two stay here. Don't leave until Betsy's guests arrive. And remember, don't allow her to leave this room tonight, understood?"

This task was not difficult.

The two men figured it was an easy way to earn a thousand dollars in one evening, so they nodded quickly.

"Yes, Miss Murray."

Talia nodded, walked into the elevator, and left.

Becky had been right; Betsy wanted to play tricks. But Becky was smarter than Betsy.

Talia thought of what Becky had told her before.

All of Becky's guesses had been right so far.

Talia felt her admiration for Becky grow once again.

Talia's words stunned Betsy.

What did Talia just say? Becky contacted Betsy's ex-boyfriends and invited them over.

Betsy was beyond intimidated. She had never thought Becky was such a person, but now she realized that she shouldn't have messed with Becky.

Betsy felt a sudden tinge of regret for having provoked Becky. However, regrets were already useless. She could feel the pills inside of her slowly starting to affect her.

Two pills...

Becky was absolutely insane!

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What Have You Done

As soon as Becky entered the bar, she saw Jessie waving at her.

Becky smiled and walked over to meet her. It was Friday night and a lot of people had a hectic work week, so they thronged to the bar to relax.

Becky was wearing a white chiffon long-sleeved blouse and a black skirt which made her look very professional and out of place in the bar. But her pretty face easily became the focus, distracting all eyes from her business clothes.

"Hi, beautiful lady. Can I buy you a drink?"

Aman accosted her before she could reach Jessie's table.

Becky scrutinized him with her eyes. He was wearing a shirt and a pair of trousers that looked perfectly ironed.

But his eyes were too obscene for her liking and they made her very uncomfortable.

"Sorry, my friend is waiting for me," she said with a polite smile, turning down his offer as nicely as possible.

Becky had hardly finished talking when Jessie came over and pulled her away from the man.

"Well, well. Aren't you a perfect beauty? Even if you put on a sack, you'll still look good."

"Indeed."

Becky shrugged.

"It's not like I have a choice, you know. It's no fault of mine that I'm good-looking."

Jessie snorted.

"Of course, it's not your fault. And remember not to mix with ordinary men, okay?"

With that, she handed Becky a cup of something that looked colorful and sparkling to drink. But Becky refused to take it.

"Sorry. I don't want to drink tonight."

She usually had drinks whenever she was out socializing.

But this time, she just wanted to relax after so much work throughout the week.

Rest was her main goal, not drinks.

"Come on! It's just a type of fruit wine made by Louisa. It does not intoxicate. And it tastes really good too. Just try it!"

"Fine."

Becky surrendered and took the glass from her.

The color of the drink was really beautiful.

But the impatient Jessie didn't want her to keep looking. She pushed the glass to Becky's lips and Becky was forced to open her mouth and take a few sips.

"What do you think?"

Jessie was very confident of the fact that her friend would love it.

"It's not bad."

The wine had a very strong taste, but there was a slight lemon fragrance in it. It smelled fresh but not sour.

"I told you! When I tell you something, you should take me seriously!"

Just then, Louisa came over and overheard what Jessie was saying.

"What are you guys talking about?" she asked.

Becky sat down in the nearest seat and proceeded to explain, with the glass of wine in her hand.

"She said the fruit wine you made tasted very good. So, she wanted me to have a try."

"The name is sweet. Moon in Water. And the taste is sweet too, just like the name,"

Jessie cut in.

Louisa peered at the glass in Becky's hand.

"Are you sure you gave Becky Moon in Water?"

It took several seconds for the words to register in Jessie's head, and then she gasped. She now realized that she had given Becky the wrong glass.

"Damn! I gave her Heaven!"

There were so many people in the bar and the music was very loud.

Becky couldn't get all the words Jessie and Louisa said to each other.

Becky drank the rest of the wine and asked, "Jessie, what have you done?"

"No. I-I didn't do anything."

Becky felt the glass of fruit wine was good. She had drunk a little water today and talked with Betsy for so long.

Even after finishing her glass of wine, she was still feeling thirsty.

Seeing Jessie's glass which she had dropped on the table, she reached for it and drank half of its contents.

Jessie was so filled with guilt that she couldn't even say a word.

The manner in which she kept looking at Becky began to alarm her.

"Jessie?" Becky called.

"Wh-What's wrong?"

Jessie was scared and worried. She knew fully well that Becky was not a good drinker. If she drank one glass of Heaven, she wouldn't get drunk. But if she drank another glass, anything could happen.

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forever to have. @@ Please read Chapter 289 Divorce Has Never Felt This Good by author Kesley Peht here.

Don't You Want to Know

Having known Jessie for so many years, Becky could tell just by looking at her eyes whether she was feeling guilty or had done something wrong. But it wasn't just in her eyes; it was even in her voice too.

Jessie could hardly speak normally. It was clear that she had certainly done something wrong.

Becky sneered.

"You're so guilty that you can't even speak normally now. I'm in a good mood now. I won't get too angry with you, so you can just tell me what you've done wrong."

Jessie still refused.

Instead, she tried to change the topic.

"What makes you so happy, Becky? Just say it, so we can both be happy together."

"Nothing. I just taught someone a lesson."

Becky's eyes were still on Jessie. She was still determined to know what her friend was hiding.

"So, you don't want to tell me the truth, right?"

Jessie quickly looked away, unable to stand Becky's searching gaze. She felt almost as if Becky could see through her.

Under Becky's intense gaze, Jessie finally decided to spill the truth.

"If I tell you, will you promise not to hit me?"

Becky grinned.

"If you don't tell me, then I might hit you. Spit it out right now."

Jessie took a glance at Louisa before saying, "The wine you drank just now is not Moon in Water. It's actually Heaven."

"Oh, okay, but it still tastes good."

Becky took another sip.

Jessie bit the bullet and continued, "It's Heaven, you know. Just as its name suggests. Becky, do you understand what I mean? Moon in Water is not strong and it doesn't intoxicate. But Heaven is different. Here in this bar, it's usually called a drink that drives away sorrow or a drink for those seeking love."

Becky's jaw dropped.

For crying out loud, she had just finished her second glass of this wine.

"So, you mean the two glasses of wine I drank just now are strong?"

Jessie knew she had screwed up big time. She nodded repeatedly and said, "Yes, they're quite strong."

Becky was so angry that she didn't know what to do or say. She just burst into a bitter laugh.

"This is so funny!"

But already, she was beginning to feel her cheeks burning.

With her eyes on the floor, Jessie murmured, "How about you go home, Becky?"

Becky cast a cold gaze at her friend.

"So, why are you still standing here? Help me get a designated driver right now!"

"What?"

Jessie gasped in surprise.

"Is it so strong that you can't even get a designated driver yourself?"

Becky smiled and pinched Jessie's cheeks.

"My body feels a little hot now, and I know it will soon go to my head."

Jessie immediately took out her phone and called a designated driver and asked him to come as quickly as possible.

After that, she took Becky out of the bar. But to their surprise, just as they got outside, they saw Rory.

"Becky, let's talk."

Jessie, frowning deeply, blocked him from reaching her friend.

"Becky has nothing to talk to you about. Please leave us alone. We are waiting for someone!"

Rory did not like the way Jessie had just told him off, but he ignored her and kept his eyes on Becky.

Becky smiled at him "Rory, I don't think there is anything for us to talk about." But Rory didn't back down.

"Don't you want to know what happened that night four years ago?" he asked.

Jessie didn't know what he was talking about, so she turned to Becky.

"What does he mean, Becky?"

"Don't worry. You can go in now. I'll tell you about that later."

Becky dismissed her.

Jessie wanted to refuse, but when she saw the cold expression on Becky's face, she gave Rory a fierce look before turning around to go back inside.

There were people and cars outside the bar. It was not an ideal place to talk.

"I drank some wine, so I can't drive now," Becky said and looked at him.

"No problem. I'll drive,"

Rory offered.

"Give me your car keys."

But Becky just kept staring at his outstretched hand. She was now feeling a bit sleepy and all of a sudden, she began to remember some old things. But she soon recovered herself and composed herself properly.

"No. We can go in your car," she told him, refusing to give him her keys.

"Okay then." Rory shrugged.

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Chapter 290

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