

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Chapter 292

Chapter 292 I Don't Deserve That

Upon hearing Becky's words, Rory was shocked, his mouth agape. He peered into the pair of disdainful eyes staring back at him with no light or tenderness. The pain was too much. It was as if he was stabbed right into his heart. He uttered, "No." "Oh? What do you want to talk about, then?" Becky snapped. Rory then shifted his gaze to Becky's left hand, her ring finger, to be specific. Right after they got divorced, there used to be a mark of the ring, which faded away with time. Almost a year had gone by, after all. A heavy feeling washed over Rory. "I just want to say sorry to you." He then raised his head, studying the woman with him. Becky smiled, "No. I don't deserve that." She pulled out her phone after it vibrated several times in her bag. It was Jessie flooding her inbox. Without checking them, she excused herself impatiently. "If you don't have anything else to say, I'll be taking my leave." "Don't you want to know who drugged you that night?" Becky shook her head. "Even you can't find out. I don't think I can." After the incident, Becky had someone investigate but failed to find a trace of whoever did that to her. She had just graduated college back then. Her pretty face was no reason to subject her to such treatment on that occasion. She once thought maybe a rich man fell in love with her and resorted to using a dirty trick to get her. She crossed it out since the men who tried to talk to her that night were all decent guys. Besides, everyone at that party came for business. No one had a motive to drug her, given that she didn't upset anyone there. The most acceptable case for Becky was that it was an unlucky night where she might have taken someone else's drink by mistake. Four years had passed, and Becky didn't want to bring up anything about it to Rory. Her sarcastic remark painted a grim expression on Rory. Taking in the chilling aura from Becky, he decided not to push her further. Instead, he offered, "Let me drive you back." "No, thanks. I've called a designated driver. The driver will be here any minute now." Becky refused. "Rory, we're divorced. I believe that should have been clear to you by now. It was just an accident. I found the person who drugged me, and you too. As for how you're going to deal with Betsy, it's your business." Becky meant every word, still disgusted by the two nights that she was drugged. "Becky!" Rory called out after her. Becky stopped, but she didn't turn around. What she said to Rory was not a lie because she did have a designated driver on the way. "You don't have any feelings for me now, do you?" Rory asked. It was rare for Becky to be stunned. She didn't expect a man as cold and ruthless as Rory would ask such a question. With that, Becky veered herself and sneered, glaring at him. "We're divorced. What don't you get about that?" They were within arm's reach, so near yet so far. Even under the dim light, Rory could see the contempt in her eyes.