

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Chapter 294

Chapter 294 Am I That Good

Becky was stunned, but she recovered quickly. She put her phone back in her handbag and walked up to Devin, smiling, “Devin.” Devin knew from the smile that didn’t reach her eyes and her stiff, formal voice that something was wrong. His smile faded. He smelled alcohol on Becky and asked, “Have you been drinking?” It wasn’t the smell of red wine, so he knew she hadn’t been indulging in social drinking. Becky nodded, not denying it. But she didn’t want to talk about her drinking right now. She just wanted to know something. “Devin, you’ve loved me for eleven years. Why?” Her expression was different than before as she looked at him. Devin blinked. “Do I need a reason to love you?” “Maybe not, but why?” Becky had loved Rory for eleven long years and now decided that enough was enough. But Rory was playing a despicable game. Just when Becky decided to give up, he came and told her that he fell in love with her. What a shameless man! “I don’t want to give up on you.” Devin lowered his head to look at her. As she met his gaze, Becky recalled what he had said yesterday. “What is in my eyes?” “Can’t you tell who is in my eyes?”. Becky went blank for a moment before she asked, “Am I that good?” She didn’t think so. “Yes,” Devin said simply. He noticed that Becky was wobbling on her feet and reached out to steady her.

She was drunk. Rory’s words from tonight and Devin’s words from that night were mixing up in her head. She remembered seeing a young man in a white T-shirt when she was in a coma eleven years ago. It suddenly occurred to Becky that if the person who had saved her that day wasn’t Rory, would she still fall in love with him? But there was no if in the world. She had wanted to give up several times over the past three years, but the thought of that day had always held her back. She had believed that Rory was a gentle person. Becky had, however, chosen to divorce him before he fell in love with her. But he suddenly came to her and told her that he loved her too. What a joke! Becky rubbed her temples, feeling a headache coming on. “Drunk?”. She looked at Devin and nodded. “Jessie made a mistake about the wine. I drank two glasses of Heaven.” “Give me your hand.” Becky hesitated, as she looked at his outstretched hand. But before she could make up her mind, Devin took her hand and led her to the door before opening it with her fingerprint. He helped her inside. “Sit here for a while.” Devin guided her to the sofa before making his way to the kitchen. Becky watched him, suddenly remembering that Devin had been the one to make some concoction to ease her severe menstrual pain some time ago. While she was lost in thought, Devin came back, a cup of honeyed water in his hands. “Drink this. Your stomach will feel much better tomorrow.” Becky reached out to take it, but Devin didn’t loosen his grip on the cup. Her hand covered his and she found that Devin’s hand was hotter than hers. Becky quickly retracted her hand and said, “I’m sorry.” Devin merely smiled as he said, “Don’t be. The wine you’ve had is quite strong. You will have a headache.” He handed her the cup, trying to coax her softly. “Be good and drink some honey water.”