

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

#Divorce Has Never Felt This Good Chapter 97 – 100

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Despite wanting to shrug it off, Becky was disgusted by Rory this evening. Even the time Denise spread rumors that Becky was a mistress, Becky was able to laugh it off.

In her eyes, the Casper family meant nothing to her now, and Rory was nothing but her ex-husband.

She didn't care about who was right or wrong in the past. Since they had nothing to do with each other now, she just wanted to move forward.

She had thought that the time Rory had forced her to kneel was what would disappoint her most, but she was wrong. What Rory had said just now made her even doubt whether he had morals.

Glancing at the flashing neon lights outside the car window, Becky suddenly remembered something. She turned to look at Devin with concern and said, "Didn't you drink tonight?"

The traffic lights just happened to turn red at that moment. After pulling the car to a stop, Devin turned his head to look at her and smiled. "I just took a sip."

Becky narrowed her eyes at him. "A sip? Or you didn't drink at all?"

Instead of answering her question, he chuckled. "Figure it out yourself."

After a slight pause, Devin asked, "How are you feeling now? Are you still sad?"

"I'm not sad."

When her eyes fell on the necklace around his neck, Becky was a little distracted.

What happened tonight had caught her off guard.

How could the man from that night four years ago be Devin? And if it was indeed him, then why did she wake up next to Rory the following morning?

Pondering over this, Becky's head started to ache and she had to rub the spot between her brows. "Was it really you that night four years ago?" she murmured.

Devin leaned closer to her. "Are you disappointed?"

The amorousness in his eyes disappeared. Instead, all Becky could see were two bottomless pools, and her figure was reflected in his pupils. Startled, she wanted to shrink back subconsciously, but he wrapped his hand around her waist firmly.

The traffic lights then turned green, and their car was first in line, but it didn't budge. The cars behind them kept honking their horns, but Devin ignored them.

Becky had to raise her hand and push him away. "We should get going."

Devin blinked, turned towards the road, and started driving.

Becky bit her lip. She didn't answer him, nor did he press her further.

A hush fell over the car. When they pulled to a stop in front of Becky's apartment building, Devin said, "I'll drive myself home tonight and return the car to you tomorrow morning. Is that okay?"

Over half an hour ago, Becky used him to provoke Rory. It wasn't appropriate for her to burn a bridge after crossing it, so she had no choice but to nod. "Okay, thanks. Bye."

As she spoke, she unfastened her seat belt, opened the door, and got out of the car.

"Becky?"

As soon as Becky closed the car door, Devin got out of the car and looked at her intently.

"Yes?"

"You didn't answer me."

Becky didn't know what to say.

While she was lost in thought, Devin walked up to her.

The two were a foot apart when he stopped. He looked down at her and asked softly, "Is it that difficult to answer?"

Seeing Becky fall silent, he sneered in disappointment. "I'll take that as a yes."

Although he already knew the answer, he still couldn't help but ask.

Devin smiled bitterly. "Bye."

Looking up at him, Becky pursed her lips and asked, "When did you fall for me?"

This question caught Devin off-guard. He looked at her in a daze for a moment and then broke into a smile. "Becky, only my girlfriend can ask me that."

"Well, then forget it." She smiled back at him. "Bye. Be careful on your way home. And thanks for taking me home, Devin."

Her smile stunned Devin.

Becky had already turned around and was walking towards her apartment building. Devin shook his head helplessly and felt that not all was lost tonight.

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As Becky approached the door of the apartment's building, she subconsciously looked behind her and noticed that Devin hadn't taken his eyes off her.

Shocked, she allowed her gaze to linger on his face for a while. Afterward, she looked away and walked into the apartment building.

Absent-mindedly, she walked into the empty elevator, lost in thought.

If Devin was the man she had slept with four years ago, then he wasn't pursuing her to get back at Rory. There was a chance Devin was in love with her.

Becky felt a headache. It was better for Devin to pursue her to get back at Rory. This way, she could turn him down without any iota of guilt.

The elevator doors opened suddenly.

Becky snapped out of her thoughts and walked out.

Immediately she entered her apartment, she dialed Jessie's number.

Jessie wasn't with her phone when Becky called her. She was in Louisa's bar, and the loud music made her unable to hear her phone ring.

After dialing Jessie's number again, Becky called Louisa's bar line, hoping to reach Jessie through it.

The receptionist came over and whispered in Louisa's ear, "Miss Ramos is looking for Miss Walker. She wants Miss Walker to call her back."

"Okay," Louisa responded with a nod and she gazed around the bar in search of Jessie. Jessie was dancing happily on the stage not far away. Hastily, Louisa walked over and pulled her down.

Irritated, Jessie frowned. Louisa had just spoiled her fun. "What are you doing? I was just beginning to have fun with that handsome guy."

"Becky wants to speak to you now." Louisa rolled her eyes.

On hearing this, Jessie sobered up. She understood that Becky was more important than any handsome man.

She hurried to the booth to pick her cell phone. On seeing Becky's two missed calls, Jessie felt it was a bad omen.

Jessie put a call across to Becky. Her hunch was right. She gasped after hearing what Becky had to say. "Are you being serious? The man you slept with four years ago was Devin, not that ass?"

"That ass?" Becky raised her eyebrows.

Jessie chuckled. "Isn't Rory an ass? That aside, are you sure Devin was the man whom you slept with?"

A light feeling flushed across Becky on hearing Jessie call Rory an ass.

"The necklace is Devin's." Becky sighed helplessly.

Jessie gasped. "Damn it. It is true then. But I'm glad it was him, Becky."

"Well, I want you to help me investigate this further," Becky said.

Ordinarily, Becky would have sought the help of Talia, but Talia worked for her father. Stevie wasn't aware of what had even happened four years ago, and Becky wanted it to remain that way. So, she was just left with the option of seeking Jessie's help.

Becky knew that Jessie didn't really have what it took to carry out such investigation. She was hoping that Jessie would speak to her cousin, Payne, who was very fit for the job, to help her out.

“Don’t worry, Becky. I will talk to Payne right away. Oh, I will be so happy if that ass wasn’t the one you slept with four years ago.”

Rory had never been in Jessie’s good book. Becky didn’t try to stop her as Jessie made fun of Rory. Now, she took pleasure in hearing her insult him.

Becky looked out of the French windows, her eyes falling on the bright stars. “I don’t know if I will feel the same way.”

Devin was more difficult to deal with than Rory.

Jessie contemplated Becky’s words for a while and asked, “Are you still in love with Rory?”

The fact that she still nurtured feelings for Rory made Becky sad. “I will forget him one day, Jessie. It doesn’t matter what I feel now.”

Jessie didn’t understand quite clearly what Becky was trying to say. “Hold on. What are you insinuating?”

Becky didn’t want to hide anything from Jessie, so she explained everything that happened that night to her.

After that, she sighed. “I think Devin is being serious.”

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Becky wasn’t sure if Devin was indeed the man from that night four years ago.

But she was sure that Rory was a despicable man.

Early in the morning, Becky found that she had several missed calls from Jessie. She figured that Jessie had already found out the truth. As she called her friend back, she couldn’t help but mutter to herself that Payne was quite efficient.

However, when the call connected, the first thing Jessie asked was, “Becky, are you still at home?”

Today was Sunday, and Becky was planning to go to the gym.

She raised her eyebrows and asked, "Why? What's wrong? Someone blocked my door?"

"You just woke up? You mean you didn't see the messages I sent you?"

Becky pursed her lips. She just couldn't understand what Jessie was trying to say.

So she put the call on loudspeaker and then logged into her account, only to find that she had a barrage of messages from countless people.

More than twenty of the messages were from Jessie. Becky tapped on their chat and immediately saw the screenshot Jessie had sent her: a headline of the entertainment news. She now understood what Jessie meant.

Last night, Rory went to a hotel with his new girlfriend. He didn't leave until two o'clock in the morning. Unbeknownst to him, he and his girl were photographed.

"Oh, I see..." A cold smile tugged at the corners of Becky's lips.

On the other end of the line, Jessie, who had been holding back her anger for several hours now, finally exploded. "That fucking bastard! He just never does anything right! You divorced him months ago. It doesn't matter who he's dating, but why the hell would he go to your apartment after fucking his new girlfriend?"

Even Becky was confused by Rory's strange behavior. Shrugging indifferently, she mused, "Maybe he's nuts."

Becky saw the screenshot Jessie had sent her, and she felt ironic.

It said, "It seems Rory's old love is more important than his new sweetheart."

She had never been Rory's old love. After all, he never loved her in the first place.

Jessie was trembling with righteous indignation. "Fuck that son of a bitch! Anyway, the paparazzi are at your door. You'd better not go out today. And it's all that bastard's fault!"

Becky frowned slightly. She stood up, walked over to the French windows and drew the curtain to look downstairs.

She lived in an upper floor, so she couldn't see clearly if there were paparazzi waiting for her.

Jessie kept on cursing Rory for a while. After a pause, she asked curiously, "Well, Becky, since that son of a bitch made a move first, then we should answer in kind."

Babette's back. I heard that she lives in that hotel. I seriously doubt that his new girlfriend is Babette!"

Becky chuckled helplessly. "Even if it's not Babette, we can still be unkind."

Jessie squealed excitedly. "You are absolutely right! How about we ask Payne for help?"

Becky didn't refuse. Babette used to provoke her a lot, so she had been thinking of teaching her a lesson sometime. Now was her chance!

"Sounds good."

Looking out the window at the sunny skies, Becky squinted slightly. "Well, I'm going to take a shower now. Bye!"

"Okay. I'll call Payne right now!"

After hanging up, Becky read the screenshot again. With a smile, she shook her head wryly. "He really has a new sweetheart..."

The woman in the photo wasn't Babette. Babette had been Becky's sister-in-law for three years; she could recognize her easily. Although Becky couldn't see the woman's face clearly in the screenshot, she could still tell that the woman wasn't Babette.

"Who's Rory going to pick? Babette, his old love, or his new sweetheart?"

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Payne was a professional. Within two hours, he managed to get Becky out of trouble.

Becky disguised herself in a cap, a mask, a plain T-shirt, and jeans. She went downstairs and found only a few paparazzi waiting at the door of the apartment building. She casually walked past them, and nobody noticed that it was her.

Compared to her, Babette, Rory's sister-in-law and "new sweetheart," was more eye-catching to the public.

Babette wasn't expecting that she'd become the next hot topic. She had been keeping a low profile since she came back, for fear of getting on the Casper family's radar. Despite lying low, she still got into trouble.

Look at the post that kept getting retweeted, Babette's anxiety kept rising. Finally, she called Rory.

Rory also just heard what had happened on the Internet. His expression darkened when he saw who was calling. "What?" he barked.

"Rory, did you know what's happening on the Internet?"

"What're you trying to say?"

"Rory, none of it's true! I'm not the one responsible for this post. What should I do? Should I take Raina back to the Casper family?"

Rory rubbed the spot between his eyebrows and sighed. "You don't need to do anything. I'll handle it."

Hearing this, Babette finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, great. Thanks."

After hanging up, Rory stood inside the room for a while before finally heading downstairs.

Sure enough, Elmore was waiting for him. As soon as Rory reached the bottom of the stairs, Elmore shouted, "What the hell happened last night? Isn't Babette supposed to be abroad? When did you let her come back? Rory, are you fucking insane? Don't you feel humiliated enough?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he threw the cup in his hand at Rory's feet.

The porcelain cup was smashed into pieces. After a short while, Rory answered simply, "I'll handle it."

Then he turned and headed out the door, which made Elmore tremble with anger.

"Rory, wait!"

Jenifer wanted to stop her son from leaving but failed. She could do nothing but watch as he headed towards his car.

She sighed and turned to face Elmore. "Dad, calm down. The paparazzi always exaggerate. Rory's an adult. He knows what he should and shouldn't do!"

However, her words only served to make Elmore even angrier. “Bullshit! If he really knew what to do, he wouldn’t have divorced Becky!”

Hearing this, Jenifer suddenly fell silent.

Rory’s divorce was a sensitive topic. When it came to this matter, Jenifer also had a bit of a grudge against Elmore.

If he hadn’t insisted on punishing Becky, forcing her to kneel, she wouldn’t have divorced Rory in the first place.

Denise couldn’t help but cut in. “Grandpa, no one knew Becky’s real identity before.”

Elmore shot Denise a murderous glare and barked, “Shut the fuck up! It’s thanks to you that we have offended the Ramos family! Apologize to Becky now!”

“Grandpa, I’ve already posted my apology online!”

“That’s not what I said. I said apologize to Becky, not post an apology online!”

Denise’s face turned pale. She shrank back and didn’t dare to go against Elmore’s orders. “Okay, fine.”

The more Elmore thought about it, the angrier he became.

To vent his anger, he ordered Denise to go back to her room.

It was so early in the morning yet the house was already brimming with resentment and anger.

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