

Chapter 33 The Nerve

As the drug took over her body, Denise gradually lost all semblance of reason. Aiken had to pin her down in the back of the car and was scratched several times.

"Are we there yet?" he asked with a frown.

Where on earth did Becky get this drug? It was so effective!

Rory didn't say anything. Soon, the car turned a corner and pulled to a stop.

Denise kept clawing at her clothes, muttering in a strange voice that she felt hot. Rory briskly scooped her up into his arms and carried her into the hospital.

Several nurses received Denise and hooked her onto a bag of glucose. Gradually, she calmed down, which made Aiken breathe a sigh of relief. He was about to speak when Rory abruptly turned around and walked out.

He frowned in confusion for a while before following him out.

It turned out that the strong smell of disinfectant in the hospital was nauseating to Rory, so he came out for some fresh air.

Aiken approached him and mused, "It seems that Becky has changed into a completely different person."

Rory narrowed his eyes at him and asked sardonically, "What's your point?"

Aiken smiled meaningfully. "I'm not saying that what Becky did was right, but your sister also did something bad."

With a cigarette clamped between his lips, Rory lowered his head and lit it.

Of course, he knew that Denise did something to hurt Becky. Otherwise, he wouldn't have let Becky off the hook so easily just now.

Aiken still had a lingering good impression of Becky.

After that night in ONE when Becky played the drums onstage, he doubted he'd ever see her in too negative a light.

"Becky has changed after your divorce. She used to be gentle and quiet, but now, she won't let anybody who provokes her go unpunished. You'd

better warn your sister, or else she'll continue to suffer."

Rory took a long drag on his cigarette and frowned. "Becky wouldn't dare."

Aiken chuckled. "She didn't have the nerve before, but now she does."

Rory's expression darkened. He took another drag on his cigarette and said nothing.

Aiken was right. Ever since the divorce, Becky had become unrestrained.

In the past, she was meek and timid, but now, she dared to look straight into his eyes without an ounce of fear.

Since Rory had fallen silent, Aiken coughed and took his leave. "I'll go now."

Rory nodded absentmindedly.

Since Aiken's car was still parked at Citrine Club, he had to take a taxi from the hospital.

However, on his way back to the club, he saw a familiar figure sitting at a roadside barbecue stand.

He had thought that Becky was only joking when she said that she was hungry earlier, but it turned out that she actually meant it.

Aiken asked the taxi driver to stop and he got out of the car.

Jessie raised her head and saw Aiken. Her expression darkened instantly. "Aw, man!" she whined.

Becky looked up from her food and asked, "What's wrong?"

Jessie jabbed her thumb in the direction behind her.

Becky turned around and saw Aiken standing behind her. "Hi, Becky. What a coincidence!" he greeted cheerfully.

Seeing that Aiken was about to sit down, she acted quick and pulled the chair out of his reach.

Aiken was too slow and watched helplessly as the chair was pulled away from him. "Hey, since we ran into each other here, can't I join you guys?"

Truth be told, he was very interested in Summer Band that had played that night at ONE.

Becky finished her kebab and tossed the stick away, ignoring Aiken. She looked at Jessie, who was sitting opposite her, and asked, "Done? Let's go."

Jessie wiped her hands and nodded. "Let's go."

The two women stood up and left, leaving Aiken alone in the barbecue stand.

Aiken was so angry that he burst into crazed laughter. He had gotten out of the taxi and come here only to make a fool of himself. 1

Just as he was about to hail another taxi, he saw that Becky and Jessie, who had just paid the bill, were stopped by several drunk hooligans.

Seeing this, Aiken couldn't help but chuckle.

Now they were bound to come running back to him.