

Chapter 67 A Lady-killer

Becky struggled to free herself of his embrace, but failed. Devin held her tightly, pressing her face against his chest. His scent immediately filled her lungs, intoxicating her. She didn't know what kind of perfume he was wearing, but Devin smelled like musky citrus.

She didn't want to cry. There was no reason for her to cry. Unable to wrench herself free, Becky craned her neck to look up at him defiantly. "Only babies cry."

Hearing this, Devin suddenly broke into a smile. "Aren't you a baby?"

Whenever he smiled, his eyes curved up into half-moons, which made him look irresistibly charming.

Becky's heart skipped a beat. At that moment, he loosened his grip on her, and she seized the opportunity to wriggle free. "Devin, you're a real lady-killer, aren't you?"

As she spoke, her heart skipped a beat.

But the feeling only lasted a moment. Becky clearly knew that the man in front of her was even more dangerous than Rory.

And she had finally let Rory go. She didn't want to be

Becky struggled to free herself of his embrace, but failed.

Devin held her tightly, pressing her face against his chest.

His scent immediately filled her lungs, intoxicating her.

She didn't know what kind of perfume he was wearing, but Devin smelled like musky citrus.

She didn't want to cry. There was no reason for her to cry.

Unable to wrench herself free, Becky craned her neck to look up at him defiantly. "Only babies cry."

Hearing this, Devin suddenly broke into a smile. "Aren't you a baby?"

Whenever he smiled, his eyes curved up into half-moons, which made him look irresistibly charming.

Becky's heart skipped a beat. At that moment, he loosened his grip on her, and she seized the opportunity to wriggle free. "Devin, you're a real lady-killer, aren't you?"

As she spoke, her heart skipped a beat.

But the feeling only lasted a moment. Becky clearly knew that the man in front of her was even more dangerous than Rory.

And she had finally let Rory go. She didn't want to be entangled with another dangerous man.

"I've never let any other woman cry in my arms," Devin said flatly, squinting at her.

said flatly, squinting at her.

Becky raised her eyebrows dubiously. "Really?"

After a pause, she continued, "Whatever. I'm not interested."

With that, she reached for the doorknob and unlocked it.

"Thanks for comforting me, but I'm fine. It's getting late. I should—"

"How about we go for a midnight snack?" Before Becky could finish her sentence, Devin interrupted her with a hopeful smile.

On her way home, the icy-cold wind had given Becky a pounding headache. She shook her head and declined, "Sorry. My head hurts."

"Okay, go to bed early and get some rest."

Devin didn't insist. He leaned against the back of the chair, watching as Becky got out and walked away.

After taking a few steps, Becky turned around to look at Devin. He was still sitting in the car, cigarette pinched between two fingers, looking up at her.

If she was being honest with herself, she really couldn't stand him looking at her like that.

Becky quickly averted her gaze and scurried off to her apartment.

The moment she got home, she went straight to the

bathroom and ran a hot bath. After removing her makeup, she put two drops of essential oil in the tub and stepped in.

What happened tonight was indeed a little embarrassing. But it was time to let it go and unwind.

After Becky soaked in the bath for a while, her headache eased up, but now her stomach grumbled slightly.

She didn't eat much tonight, but she had drunk a lot of alcohol. No wonder her stomach was acting up.

However, she wasn't in the mood to cook or order takeout. She planned to take a bath and then go straight to bed.

Anyway, she wouldn't feel the discomfort in her sleep.

Thinking of this, she played some gentle music and closed her eyes for a few minutes. Then, when the song ended, she stood up and walked to the shower head.

She was already in bed when the doorbell suddenly rang.

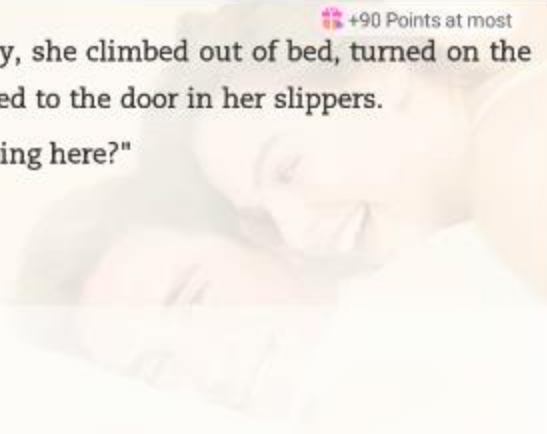
It was past ten o'clock in the evening. She couldn't think of anyone who would visit her at this hour, so she figured it was some drunkard who had come to the wrong door.

Becky turned off the light and pulled the quilt over her head.

As soon as she closed her eyes, the doorbell rang again.

Frowning slightly, she climbed out of bed, turned on the lights, and walked to the door in her slippers.

"What're you doing here?"



 I want no ads >