

## Chapter 68 Couldn't Becky Do Without Men

"Surprised?" With a charming smile, Devin held up a bag of takeout food in his hand. "You said you had a headache so I got you some porridge."

Becky, who was hungry, instantly smelled the porridge as soon as she opened the door. She wanted to refuse, but her stomach betrayed her true feelings.

Her stomach grumbled loudly, which made her blush in embarrassment. "Thank you," she mumbled timidly.

After all, if she refused him a second time tonight, she would be an ingrate in his eyes.

She stepped to one side to let Devin in.

But Devin simply handed her the takeout bag and said gently, "Go to bed as soon as you finish it."

After a slight pause, he added, "Good night, my future girlfriend." ①

Devin waved goodbye, turned around, and then walked away.

Becky watched him go. She didn't go back inside her apartment until Devin disappeared around the corner of the corridor.

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She pursed her lips, feeling conflicted. She had to admit that Devin was quite a considerate and thoughtful man—aside from the fact that he was a playboy.

She had a lot to drink earlier that night and her stomach was acting up, so the porridge Devin brought was perfect.

An ordinary girl might've fallen in love with him by now.

But Becky was no ordinary girl.

She didn't love him, but she did feel grateful towards him.

After eating the porridge, she felt much better. She brushed her teeth and climbed into bed. The second her head hit the pillow, she fell asleep.

The next day, Becky woke up before her alarm clock rang.

On weekdays, her biological clock woke her up at the

same time every morning.

Becky grabbed her robe and put it on. When she went out to make breakfast, she caught a glimpse of the takeout bag on the table not far away. She paused for a while and smiled. Then she proceeded to the kitchen.

Thanks to the porridge Devin brought last night, she slept well last night.

However, the morning traffic was more intense than usual today. Becky soon hit a traffic jam and was stuck in the same place for over ten minutes.

Frowning, she glanced at the time. She had a morning meeting, and she had left early so that she wouldn't be late. If traffic lightened up soon, she could arrive at the company by seven forty-five.

But at this point, she just hoped that she could make it in time for her meeting.

Becky sighed. This kind of thing was beyond her control.

Unwilling to let the traffic ruin her good mood, Becky rolled down the window and rested her arm on the sill, letting the cool morning breeze wash over her as she waited for the cars in front of her to move.

Sitting in a car nearby, Rory looked out the window idly and caught a glimpse of Becky. Positioned only a few meters away, he could clearly see the contentment in her eyes.

She was wearing a white blouse today, her wavy hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. Her makeup was clean and pleasing to the eye. One hand was on the steering wheel, and she tapped on it with her index finger—a sight that reminded Rory of the time she played the drums onstage.

Becky didn't look like she was sad about the divorce. Every time he ran into her, she was more cheerful than before.

Earlier that morning, Rory saw something intriguing on his Facebook newsfeed: photos of Devin driving her home last night. Some people even claimed that she had gotten into Devin's car again later, and the two chatted for more than ten minutes before she got out.

It was Aiken who had sent him the incriminating screenshots that morning.

Now, looking at the faint smile on Becky's face, Rory felt the urge to roll his eyes.

Couldn't she do without men?

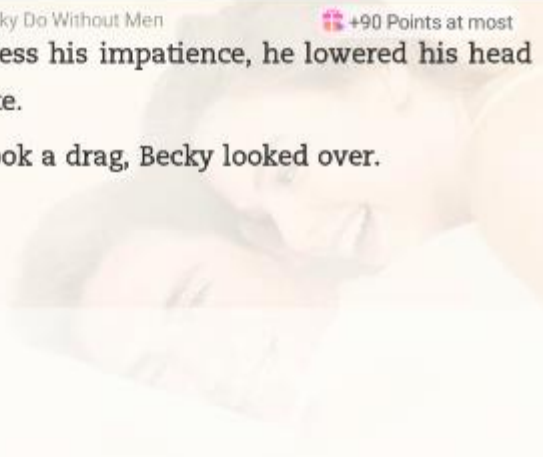
He had warned her that Devin was up to no good, but she didn't care. ①

Such a stupid woman didn't deserve his sympathy! ①

With a cold snort, Rory turned his face away and looked at the endless line of cars ahead.

Unable to suppress his impatience, he lowered his head and lit a cigarette.

As soon as he took a drag, Becky looked over.



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