

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Chapter 7 Not As Loyal As A Dog

"I'll go home as soon as I finish what I have to do here," said Becky.

From the other end of the line, Stevie also felt a lump in his throat. "Okay.

your mother and I are waiting for you."

"See you, Dad."

After hanging up the phone, Becky had to bury her face in her hands.

She was a grown woman now, but her parents still worried about her. And all because of her cruel husband.

Becky felt guilty towards her parents.

Jessie took the phone and waited quietly for Becky to let it all out.

Five minutes later, Becky gradually calmed down.

Jessie handed her a tissue,

which she accepted gratefully and wiped her tears. In a hoarse voice, she

asked, "Can I borrow some marketing accounts from your cousin's company?"

The famous Savoy Entertainment was under the management of Payne

Walker, Jessie's cousin. For the daily marketing of its stars, small companies under Savoy Entertainment had many marketing accounts.

Jessie was stunned for a moment. When she realized what Becky was really asking, she quickly unlocked her phone and muttered, "Wait. I'll ask him right now!"

"Okay. Thanks."

Becky's weary, reddened eyes looked out the window and flitted over to the Crowbar Technologies' building, and she smiled bitterly.

How could she have ever thought that she could make Rory fall in love with her?

She had tried for three whole years. Fortunately, she was able to realize that she couldn't win his heart because it belonged to someone else.

It was probably for the best. At least she had figured it out before she had wasted more of her youth.

But all of a sudden, her expression darkened. All these years, she had taken

the blame and suffered countless grievances. She wasn't about to let this slide so easily.

As soon as Jessie finished talking on the phone, she turned her head and saw that Becky was staring out of the window absent-mindedly.

It was dark outside. Half of Becky's face was enveloped in shadows.

Jessie could tell that her best friend was still depressed.

"Hey, let's have some fun tonight."

Becky turned her head and glanced at Jessie. "I'm out. I want to get some rest."

Jessie shrugged and started the car. When the traffic lights turned red, she

stopped the car and glanced at Becky, who looked better. "You seem to be in a good mood," she commented.

"I cried for a few days after my dog passed away. Rory doesn't deserve my tears."

Three years of her life had been wasted. Now, she was going to rise above the ashes. Why should she be sad?

Becky's words came as a surprise to Jessie. She didn't expect that her friend

would compare Rory to her deceased dog.
But after mulling over it for a while, Jessie realized her words made sense.
After all, Rory was nowhere near as loyal as a dog.
He didn't deserve a single tear from Becky at all!
Jessie was initially a little worried about Becky, but now it seemed that she had underestimated her best friend's resilience.
Before ten o'clock that evening, Becky went to sleep.
On the contrary, Jessie stayed up late battling with people on the Internet.
When Jessie staggered out of her room with bleary eyes the next morning, Becky had already gotten dressed and was about to head out.
Becky was a pretty, soft woman. She had beautiful eyes and delicate features, which made her particularly alluring.
Her clothes were simple but had a hint of sexiness today. She wore a boatnecked, dark brown sweater over dark blue jeans and a pair of black Oxford shoes. Her long hair hung loosely around her slender shoulders. She was the perfect combination of tenderness and sexiness.
Jessie was very satisfied with the way Becky dressed up. Her clothes didn't

look too attention-grabbing, but she still looked extremely charming.

It was simply great!

"I'm going out," Becky announced casually.

She picked up the phone on the table and waved at Jessie.

But before she could leave, Jessie rushed over and threw her arms around her

warmly. "Go ahead. Today's the beginning of your new life!"

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