

Chapter 70 They Were On Equal Terms

Stevie's trip to Courtbush wasn't a secret. The plane he was on set off at three o'clock in the afternoon and would arrive at Courtbush at about six o'clock. As soon as Becky arrived at the airport, Stevie's flight landed.

Elvin had planned to send someone to pick up Stevie from the airport, but the latter had asked his secretary to refuse.

Stevie had come to Courtbush not only to inspect the situation of Fairway Group, but also to see how Becky was doing after divorcing Rory.

The days in winter didn't last very long. It was only six o'clock in the evening when the sun dipped in the horizon.

Although Becky saw Stevie from a distance, she didn't call him for fear of being photographed by the paparazzi. She waited patiently until he and his secretary came to her. "Dad," she greeted softly.

Stevie looked her up and down and then nodded in satisfaction. "You look good."

Becky smiled. "Jessie has made us a reservation at a

restaurant. Let's go there now."

Jessie and Becky had practically grown up together. The two went to the same kindergarten, primary school, high school, and even university. When Becky announced that she was going to marry Rory, Stevie said he would cut ties with her. During Becky's three-year marriage, he only managed to keep up with her situation from Jessie.

The two families were familiar with each other, and Stevie treated Jessie as his daughter. "How is Jessie? Is her studio still open?"

"Not anymore. She closed it down a while back, but she plans to reopen it in a few months."

Jessie had also come from a wealthy family. She had a brother and several cousins who ran the family business. There was no need for her to do anything to support her family, so she had grown up to be a rather happy and carefree woman.

Hearing this, Stevie smiled. "See, Becky? You could learn a thing or two from her."

"But I like making money." Becky rolled her eyes with a snort.

And she wasn't lying. There was something about making money that made Becky feel fulfilled.

Ever since she was born, Stevie was worried that she'd be kidnapped or harmed. So the family of three lived a

modest life in an ordinary house, and in the eyes of her classmates, her family was just an ordinary one.

Her parents had given her a generous allowance when she was a child, which was somewhat strange for Becky because an ordinary kid shouldn't have had so much pocket money.

When she was in the third grade, Becky spent the winter and summer vacations selling roses to make her own money.

She was a natural saleswoman. She was as beautiful as she was talkative, assets which helped her sell out within an hour.

When Becky was in junior high, she asked her uncle to send her a lot of beautiful clothes from Haigeny, the city he was staying in. After school on Fridays, she'd set up a small stall on the street near the school to sell clothes.

Jessie helped her out, and the two girls earned tens of thousands of dollars that same year.

Later, in high school, the Ramos family slightly revealed its wealth. High school was time-consuming, and Becky had to coach Jessie and Vernon every day, so she couldn't balance school with her small business.

She majored in financial management in college. If it weren't for marrying Rory, she would have started a business by now or gone home to help Stevie. ①

The roads were clear today. It didn't take long before Becky made it to the restaurant Jessie had made a reservation at.

Jessie was already there. As soon as they entered the box, Jessie greeted in a sweet voice, "Uncle Stevie, you look great!"

"It's only been two months, but you look radiant!"

Stevie shot back with a compliment as he took his seat.

Becky chuckled and sat down next to Jessie. As soon as she took her seat, Jessie tapped her on the shoulder urgently.

Becky tilted her head to glance at her questioningly, and Jessie whispered in a low voice, "Bad luck. I saw Babette and Denise on the way here."

Becky rolled her eyes. "Does she own this restaurant?"

"No..."

"Then what are you afraid of?" Becky smiled.

Jessie agreed. Denise couldn't ask the security to drive them out, could she?

Everyone was here to dine and be merry.

They were on equal terms.

