

Chapter 72 A Sugar Daddy

Stevie had never agreed to Becky and Rory's marriage in the first place. Now, his impression of the Casper family only worsened because of Denise's attitude.

As soon as they walked out of the restaurant, Stevie couldn't help but ask irritably, "Are they Rory's sister and sister-in-law?"

Becky didn't want to talk about the Casper family, but Jessie answered for her. "Yes!"

Stevie sneered in disdain. "That damned family really has no class!"

"Exactly!" Jessie echoed enthusiastically.

Thinking of how his daughter had lived with that family for three whole years, Stevie felt more distressed. "Becky..."

"Dad, I'm divorced now. They have nothing to do with me."

Not allowing Stevie a chance to feel sad, Becky shot Jessie a warning glance and quickly changed the topic. "How long do you plan on staying?"

Stevie snorted. "I'll go to the office tomorrow to see what's going on. After that, I'm not sure what I'll do."

Becky nodded. "Then let me send you back to your hotel

for the night. You should get some rest."

Stevie had a meeting early that morning, and then his flight to Bluepond was more than two hours. He was indeed tired. "Okay."

Jessie didn't dare to say anything more. After bidding the father-daughter duo goodbye, she left by herself.

Becky pulled her car to a stop in front of Stevie's hotel. She glanced at her father, who had fallen asleep, and called softly, "Dad?"

Hearing Becky's voice, Stevie woke up immediately. He rubbed his stiff neck and felt a sharp pain, which made him gasp.

"Aching bones acting up again?"

Stevie raised his hand and massaged the sore spot.

"Nothing new. You can go back and have a rest."

"I'll walk you upstairs and give you a massage, Dad."

Time stopped for no one. In the blink of an eye, Stevie had gotten old. For the first time, Becky regretted her stubbornness the past three years.

Stevie had always had a poor neck. When Becky was at home, she gave him a massage from time to time to help him relieve the pain. As time went by, she became more and more skilled at helping him

But three years had passed and she had gotten a little

rusty. "Dad, is that enough?" Becky asked while massaging Stevie's neck.

"Harder."

Suddenly, he sighed. "Becky, it's been a long time since you last gave me a massage."

Becky felt a lump form in her throat, but she still had a smile plastered on her face. "Didn't Mom ever massage you?"

Stevie didn't say reply, and Becky didn't press him further.

She had always been close to her father. If she hadn't insisted on marrying Rory, she would have always been his considerate and sweet daughter, while he was her rock.

But after Becky married Rory, the two of them stopped talking. When Stevie suddenly mentioned their past, Becky also sighed.

By the time she was done massaging him, it was almost eleven o'clock in the evening.

After getting in the car, Becky didn't drive away immediately. She rolled down the window. The night wind blew against her face, making her cheeks ruddy.

After a while, she raised her hand to cover her teary eyes and drove away.

The following day, just before dawn, Becky was woken up by Jessie's phone call.

She had gone to bed late last night and was woken up so early in the morning. She snapped crankily, "What's the matter?"

If it was not a big deal, she would beat the crap out of Jessie.

Jessie sensed the impatience in her voice. She smiled awkwardly and said, "Becky, listen. Someone's claiming that you have a sugar daddy!"

"What?" Becky was taken by surprise.

