

## Chapter 73 Who Did This

"Who told you that?"

Becky climbed out of bed and went to the windows to part the curtains. The sky was still purple, with a hint of orange as the sun crept up on the horizon.

Squinting slightly, Becky grabbed a knitted sweater and put it on. Then she walked to the bathroom in her soft woolen slippers and put the phone on speaker.

"Pictures are being spread of you and your dad holding hands. We ran into Denise and Babette yesterday, so it could be either of them who did this."

Becky, who was brushing her teeth, just replied vaguely, "I see."

Jessie didn't expect to see such ridiculous gossip so early in the morning.

Louisa was the one who showed her the screenshots. The two girls laughed out loud, unable to wrap their heads around the idea that someone thought that Becky's father was her sugar daddy.

"Do you need me to find out who's behind this? It'll be a piece of cake. I can just ask Louisa," Jessie offered.

Becky splashed warm water on her face. Then, after

drying up, she picked up the phone and asked meaningfully, "Are you trying to help me or yourself?"

Jessie smiled helplessly. "I'm helping you and satisfying my curiosity at the same time. It's a win-win!"

Becky snorted. "No, thank you."

After all, it wouldn't be long before whoever posted this would be exposed.

Becky's response made Jessie feel a little disappointed. "Are you sure?"

"Do you have too much time on your hands, Jessie?"

Becky asked, tossing the phone on the bed. She then sat at her dresser and began her skincare routine. ③

Jessie sensed that Becky's mind was elsewhere, so she sighed and said, "No, I'm a very busy person. Anyway, it's half past seven; I won't disturb you anymore!"

After bidding each other goodbye, they hung up the phone.

Becky smiled and shook her head helplessly. Then she went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

The news that Becky was a bigwig's mistress was only spread in their circles. While it wasn't made public, many people heard about it.

When Stevie came to Fairway Group to inspect how things were going, even Elvin looked at Becky differently.

It was as though he respected her now.


Noticing this, Stevie wondered if Elvin found out that Becky was his daughter. Then, at noon, his secretary suddenly called him to say that the news that he had a mistress had reached his wife's ears.

Stevie frowned unhappily. He simply shared a meal with his daughter and her friend. And last night, it was Becky who had sent him back to the hotel. How could he have had a mistress in that time frame?

It wasn't until Becky received a call from Vivien that she knew that the news had gone out of hand. She rubbed her temples and tried to explain the situation to Vivien on Stevie's behalf, but this only made things worse.

"Who did this?" Vivien roared into the receiver. "Find out who's responsible!"

Before Becky could say anything more, Vivien hung up abruptly in a fit of rage.


When Stevie heard the whole story, he pulled a long face. "Are you telling me that someone's spreading gossip that I'm you're sugar daddy?" 

It sounded awkward, but it was what it was. It was rare for Becky to feel embarrassed, but that was how she felt right now. "Yes..."

**Bang!**

Stevie slammed his fist on the table angrily. "Who's responsible for this? Is it the damned Casper family?"



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