

Chapter 77 What Dream

Becky had arrived over ten minutes ago, but she hadn't seen Devin. Thinking that he didn't come, she was pleasantly surprised when he suddenly showed up.

Sean couldn't afford to offend Devin, so he gritted his teeth and glared at Becky. Then he turned around and left sulkily.

Becky raised her glass and smiled at Devin. "Thanks, I guess."

"My pleasure."

Devin clinked his glass with hers, smiling faintly.

After sipping some wine, Devin commented, "You seem to be in a good mood tonight."

Becky raised her eyebrows slightly and said, "You're not wrong."

After all, nothing serious had happened recently, other than the ugly rumor that was being spread about her.

But Becky didn't think too much of it. No matter what other people said, she refused to feel ashamed or embarrassed, because in hindsight, it had nothing to do with her.

About twenty minutes after she came, Becky had greeted

all the important guests at the party.

She put down her glass and said to Devin, "Please excuse me. I have to leave for a moment."

Becky wove her way through the crowd and soon found Talia. "Please tell the driver to pick me up at the hotel entrance. I'll just go to the bathroom before we leave."

Talia nodded and promptly called the driver.

The bathroom was a bit far from the banquet hall, and there was a long corridor between them.

After using the bathroom, Becky came out and was making her way down the corridor when she noticed a separate passage that lead to an open-air balcony.

The balcony wasn't that big, around a few meters long. There were two coffee tables and several chairs, and some people were hanging out there.

From several meters away, Becky could vaguely hear one of them talking, but she couldn't hear clearly. By the time she reached the balcony, she heard them mention her name and stopped in her tracks.

"Did you see Becky's dress? It's the Smith's, limited edition. I know it's worth six hundred thousand dollars! It seems she's found a really rich sugar daddy."

"It's not just the dress. Did you see her anklet? It's a limited edition, too. There are only ninety-nine of them

in the world."

"Really? Oh, my God! Her sugar daddy's so generous! I saw from the pictures online that the old guy's in good shape. Is he Becky's new boyfriend?"

"Don't be silly. She just divorced Rory. How could she find such a rich boyfriend? It's obvious that she's someone's mistress."

"You're right. Not only is Becky a divorced woman, but her ex-husband also happens to be Rory Casper. People with a decent family background won't be so stupid to date her. So her dream of being rich is about to end. Too bad!"

Becky looked down at her phone and saw that it was only half past eight. She had enough time to deal with these two blabbermouths.

Becky walked over to them and asked, "Hey, girls. I couldn't hear you clearly. What dream were you two talking about?"

When the two women saw Becky, they were panicked at first, but when they saw that there was no one else around, they quickly calmed down. One of them sneered at Becky with disdain, spitting, "You should know this. You're the most famous woman in Courtbush. You married Rory and then divorced him. And for what?"

"Yeah. It's only been a few months since your divorce,

but you seem to be having a good time. I am a little jealous. For a divorcee, you're quite capable. Could you teach me how to snag a rich man?"

Becky smiled and asked, "What're your names? Oh, never mind. I never remember ordinary people like you. Oh, by the way, I have this little habit where I record what others say about me. In fact, I recorded your conversation just now. And I have a lot of fans on Twitter. Let's see if I can make you two famous!"



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