

## Chapter 95 You Owe Me Something

Becky was very upset. She had not expected that Rory would be so conceited. It wasn't surprising that he was, but that he went extreme.

Since the divorce, she had been conscious enough not to greet him.

Just now, Rory accused her of playing hard to get. She found his accusation ridiculous. 🕒

Courtbusch was still cold. As Becky walked out, the wind bit into her skin. Her teeth shook, and she suddenly sobered up.

She just realized how much time she was wasting bothering about Rory's childish behavior. 🕒

She sighed deeply.

"I think you need a hug."

Devin's voice came from behind her. It wasn't until then that Becky remembered he was still there.

She turned around and looked Devin in the eye. Suddenly, her smile disappeared, and her look became serious.

"Devin."

Devin stood before her and looked serious. "Go ahead. Say what's on your mind."

"Well, it's clear that Rory feels nothing for me. So why don't you continue your games with him by running after Babette? That way, you will get the kind of outcome you desire." 🗨️

She believed that Devin was only running after her to spite Rory since the two men had always been enemies. She was no longer a teenage girl. She had grown past falling for sweet words.

Becky was tired of this game. She wasn't interested in associating with anyone connected to Rory.

"You think I am wooing you to get back at Rory?" Devin asked in a cold voice.

"Should I think otherwise?" Becky chuckled. "We have only met a few times, Devin. And before I divorced Rory, you had always been a playboy. It's time to stop this game, Devin. Just let me go, please."

"Okay. I will let you go. But first, I need you to return what you owe me."

"What?"

Becky was stunned. In the twinkle of an eye, Devin snatched her left hand.

"What are you doing?" Becky struggled to free her hand from his firm grip.

But before she could make any progress with that, Devin

removed the bracelet on her wrist. "This belongs to me."

Becky gazed at him in disbelief. "That's impossible."

What Devin took from her wrist was not a bracelet per se, but a simple necklace for men. Becky had found it on her wrist after that night four years ago.

Becky had always believed that the necklace was a gift from Rory, and she kept treasuring it even after their divorce. It was the only piece of jewelry left that reminded her of her failed marriage.

The reality of Devin's words hit Becky, and her feet wobbled. She now realized that it was Devin, and not Rory, who had slept with her four years ago. 🗨

Devin released his grip and wore the necklace.

Becky could not believe her eyes. The necklace she had worn on her wrist for three years was now being claimed by Devin.

For a while, Becky stared at the necklace as it lay against his collar. "Now we are even," she said in a tone of defeat and made to leave.

"No, we are not." Devin blocked her way. He looked down at her and caressed her soft cheek.

He tilted her head upwards, and slowly placed his lips on hers.

"We will never be even, Becky," he said as he

disentangled his lips from hers, licking the corners of his lips.

He looked down at her amorously and curved his lips into an evil smile.



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