

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Chapter 3 Let's Divorce

The rain got heavier while Becky's heart grew colder. She didn't know how long she had knelt outside. She only knew that when the rain stopped, the sky was still pitch black.

The two servants had fallen asleep. In fact, Becky could've seized this as an opportunity to leave, but she wasn't reconciled. She simply didn't believe that Rory could really be so cruel.

But sometimes, even she had to admit that she was being too naive.

At the break of dawn, Rory finally came.

Having knelt all night, Becky's back was slumped. As Rory approached, she stared at him blearily and pinched herself to wake up. "Are you calm yet?"

If he was calm, he should be willing to listen to her now.

Rory looked at the woman in front of him. Becky was drenched from the previous night's rainstorm, and her almond-shaped eyes looked weary, but they couldn't conceal her determination.

He was a little put off by her stubborn gaze. "Are you willing to admit your mistake now?"

Becky was stunned and her eyes widened in disbelief. She suddenly realized that her kneeling in the cold all night was a big joke. She had knelt all night to prove a point. Her point couldn't just be erased like this.

"I didn't push Babette into the water. She jumped into the pool by herself."

As she spoke, she slowly got on her feet, which felt both pain and numbness.

When she was finally able to stand, she locked eyes with him and continued,

"But I know you don't believe me. Let's divorce, Rory."

Rory had expected to hear Becky's apology, but instead of admitting to her

mistake, she declared that she wanted to divorce him.

Without giving him a chance to respond, Becky turned around and started to

walk away. Her steps were slow and pained because her knees were swollen

after a whole night of kneeling. Worse yet, the rains had worsened her fever,

and she felt hot and cold at the same time. Every step she took was harder

than the last, but she still kept her back straight.
Soon, Becky made it back to her room. She gritted her teeth
and texted Jessie Walker, her best friend. After hitting send, she quickly
packed up her few belongings.
Just as she was about to go downstairs with her luggage, Rory happened to be
going upstairs. Without looking at him, Becky walked past him and left.
Becky's sickness was taking a toll on her. The second she walked out of the
house, her vision began to blur.
Fortunately, before she fainted, Jessie arrived.
Seeing that Becky was about to faint on the side of the road, Jessie was
shocked.
"Where the hell is Rory?"
She bounded out of the car, took Becky's luggage, and stuffed it into the
trunk. As soon as she shut the trunk, Becky's knees buckled and she fainted.
"Becky!"
Jessie hurried to support her. The moment she touched Becky, she was
stunned by how warm she was.

This made her feel both distressed and angry. Jessie carefully led Becky into the passenger seat of the car and said, "I'm taking you to the hospital."

But by then, Becky had blacked out and didn't hear her. Her face was as pale

as a ghost, which made Jessie feel sorry for her.

For the time being, Jessie didn't have time to confront the Casper family. She

stepped on the gas and sped to the nearest hospital.

Becky had a high fever and slept throughout the entire afternoon.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw that Jessie had fallen asleep on the edge of her bed.

Almost all at once, Becky remembered what had happened. Everything was still vivid in her mind. The more she thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt.

She didn't want to wake Jessie, so she gritted her teeth to prevent herself

from crying out. In the dark room, tears silently rolled down her cheeks.

She was wrong about Rory. She should never have believed that she could

change him. He still loved Babette. Over the past three years, Becky was nothing but a joke to him.

No wonder Babette said she was stupid. Now that Becky thought about it, she thought she was more than just stupid.

She was probably the stupidest woman in the world.

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