

Chapter 43 Didn't She Say She Couldn't Dance

Seeing that Becky was dead serious, Jessie dropped the subject.

Devin wasn't a good match for Becky anyway.

But Devin refused to give up. He did quite the opposite and went all out in his pursuit of Becky. He sent her flowers every day and always talked about Becky on Facebook. This bit of juicy gossip spread in their circles, but the other person involved was very calm. 🕒

At the dinner party that Thursday, Becky looked stunning in her sexy chic black dress. As a result, all eyes were on her as soon as she stepped foot in the party.

Jessie had come with Becky to join in on the fun. When she saw Devin making his way towards them, she tugged at Becky's arm and hissed, "Becky, look."

Looking in the direction Jessie was pointing, Becky frowned when she saw Devin approach.

"Miss Ramos."

Before they could do anything, Devin stopped right in front of Becky.

He was wearing a deep red suit today which perfectly complimented his warm skin tone.

Becky forced a faint smile. "Mr. Stanley."

"Did you receive the flowers I sent you?"

Taking a sip of wine, Devin looked her gorgeous figure up and down.

"Yes, they were pretty."

"Then why didn't you go on a date with me?"

Becky paused slightly. When did he ever ask her out on a date?

Then she realized that she had never bothered to check if there was a card that came with the bouquet. She raised her eyebrows slightly, but her expression remained calm.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stanley. I've been busy recently."

Devin didn't let her go so easily. "Then if it's not too much for me to ask, may I have this dance?"

As he spoke, he offered her his arm and gestured at the dance floor.

Jessie stood aside to watch the fun. Everyone in Courtbush already knew that Devin was chasing after Becky.

And now, Devin was asking her to dance. Although the guests were pretending to mind their own business, all eyes were secretly on them.

"I don't dance, Mr. Stanley."

In fact, Becky could dance—she just didn't want to dance with him.

"I don't mind if you step on me."

As soon as he finished speaking, Devin took her hand

and led her to the dance floor.

Aiken, who was watching this scene unfold, couldn't help but sneer in disdain. "What an asshole!"

Aiken tore his gaze away from the "couple" and glanced at Rory, who was standing next to him. Seeing that the latter's eyes were fixed on the dance floor, he asked deliberately, "Do you also want to dance?"

Rory didn't give him the satisfaction of an answer.

On the dance floor, the movements of Becky and Devin gradually became more and more harmonious. Suddenly, the music became lively, and the woman who claimed she couldn't dance swept across the dance floor gracefully, her skirt blooming like a flower.

The rest of the people on the dance floor subconsciously made way for her at the center. Becky and Devin became the focus of the whole party.

Seeing that Rory still refused to utter a word, Aiken fell silent, too.

The dance floor was getting more and more enticing. It turned out that not only could Becky play the drums like a pro, but she was also a great dancer.

Even Devin himself wasn't too shabby. He used to be on the national dance team but quit after getting injured.

Now, their movements were getting faster. The two danced with a supple grace that was amazing to everyone watching. The onlookers couldn't help but join

them.

"Wow! Becky must've learned dancing, right? She's on Devin's level!"

Rory snorted coldly. "Just so-so."

Didn't she say that she couldn't dance?

What a liar!

Aiken clicked his tongue and chastised him. "Their dancing is beautiful. How could you call it so-so?"

When the song came to an end, the people on the dance floor stopped, and Becky and Devin's performance was received with hearty rounds of applause. Even Aiken clapped his hands loudly. "Are you jealous?"

Rory shot Aiken a warning look and snorted, "I'm never jealous."

Then he abruptly turned around and took off.

Aiken raised his eyebrows and shook his head wryly. "He is so jealous." ①