

Chapter 45 Not My Problem

On the drive home, the car suddenly died. Uneasy, Jessie couldn't remain composed. "Really? This had to happen this late at night?"

Frowning, Becky unfastened her seat belt and said, "Let me check it first."

As she spoke, she got out of the car and popped the hood to see what was wrong.

Becky didn't know much about cars, but it seemed that hers had broken down.

Jessie got out of the car and walked over to check. "Is something broken?"

Becky sighed. "Yes."

Jessie was right about her guess.

She pouted. "What should we do now?"

"Call someone to fix it, of course."

How could they spend the night there dressed like this?

Becky then took her phone out to call Talia.

Her reliable assistant answered her call promptly. Upon hearing about Becky's plight, Talia said that she'd be there in fifteen minutes and a tow truck would arrive in about twenty minutes.

"Okay. Thank you, Talia."

"No problem, Miss Ramos. Please take care, you and Miss Walker."

Talia still remembered what happened last time. It wasn't safe for two gorgeous women to be stranded by the road at night with a broken-down car.

"Okay."

After hanging up, Becky went to the back seat, pulled out the warning sign, and put it behind the car.

As soon as she set up the warning sign, a Maserati pulled to a stop beside her.

The back window rolled down slowly, revealing Aiken's charming face. He asked enthusiastically, "Becky, did your car break down? Do you need any help?"

Becky glanced at him indifferently, and from the corner of her eye, she could see the side profile of the man sitting next to Aiken. She smiled faintly and said, "No, thanks."

"Don't be a stranger, Becky. It's clear you could use some help."

"But I don't like accepting help from others," Becky said calmly, her smile unwavering.

Aiken was rendered speechless.

Suddenly, the cold man sitting in the car next to Aiken spoke up. "Drive."

Aiken was taken aback. He frowned and pointed out, "Rory, their car broke down. We can't just leave them."

"Not my problem."

Becky heard him say this clearly.

Sure enough, the car started and slowly took off.

The smile on Becky's face gradually faded.

Jessie cursed at the Maserati. Becky chuckled. "Well, forget it. And don't talk like that. People will think you're crazy."

"I... I'm just pissed off!" Jessie pouted. "The bastard is so arrogant."

Becky walked back to her car and brought out two bottles of water. "Just wait. Talia will be here in fifteen minutes or so."

Talia arrived earlier than expected.

"Miss Ramos," she greeted.

Becky smiled apologetically. "Sorry to have bothered you so late."

Talia shook her head adamantly. "Miss Ramos, I'm at your service. Please don't apologize."

Then she handed her car keys to Becky and said, "Please go home with Miss Walker. I'll stay and wait for the tow truck."

Now it was Becky's turn to shake her head adamantly. Talia was also a woman. It wasn't safe for her to wait here alone. "I'll leave when the tow truck gets here."

Seeing that she had made up her mind, Talia didn't insist. She nodded, and the three of them leaned against

Becky's car, waiting for the tow truck.

Minutes later, Devin's sports car pulled to a stop nearby. Seeing this, Jessie looked at Becky meaningfully and murmured, "Well, I guess you don't have to drive yourself home, Becky."

Becky glanced at her and joked, "Don't worry. I'll take you with me."

"I don't want to be the third wheel," Jessie whined.

Becky snorted. "It's not up to you."

While they were bickering, Devin got out of the car and asked, "Did your car break down?"

He trotted over casually as though he was close to Becky.

"Yes," Becky said indifferently

"Did you call a tow truck?"

"Yes."

Speaking of the devil, the tow truck finally arrived.