

Chapter 49 A Scumbag

Hearing her name being called, Becky stopped and turned to look at Rory unhurriedly. "Yes, Mr. Casper?" ①

She raised her eyebrows and looked at him loftily.

After a short pause, Rory's expression darkened. "Devin's chasing you because of me. You should watch your back." ②

What did he mean by that?

Becky smiled faintly. "Thanks for the warning, but..."

As she spoke, Becky's smile gradually faded away. "We're divorced. What position are you in to say that to me?"

Then she walked away without looking back.

Seeing Becky come back, Talia breathed a sigh of relief.

"Miss Ramos, what happened? Are you okay?"

Becky shook her head and smiled wryly. "Is the car ready?"

"Yes, it's right at the door."

"Let's go."

Did she feel bad?

A little.

Rory's words ruined Becky's day. If it weren't for the phone call from Jessie, Becky didn't know how long she would've soaked in the bathtub.



Hearing her phone ringing, Becky roused herself and got out of the tub.

Rory wasn't worth her time. She didn't have to be sad about him.

Becky picked up her phone and put it on speaker. While on the phone, she headed to the kitchen to get a glass of milk. "What's up?"

"Becky, it's the weekend. Wanna hang out tomorrow?"

"Where do you want to go?" Becky asked with a chuckle.

"The stables. I haven't ridden a horse in so long!"

Becky mulled over it for a while and finally agreed. "Okay."

"Then I'll go to you at nine o'clock tomorrow morning!"

"Got it. Go to bed early so that you'll have the energy tomorrow."

Staying up late every night wasn't healthy. It was said that it could even lead to hair loss.

After hanging up, Becky drank a glass of warm milk and went back to her room to sleep.

The following morning, Jessie arrived early to pick her up.

It rained a lot in Courtbush in winter, but today, it was unusually sunny and bright.

Becky was looking out of the window absentmindedly when Jessie suddenly asked, "So what did you say to Devin that night?"

Becky raised her eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

Jessie snorted and took out her phone to look for a specific post. "Look. See for yourself."

On Jessie's phone screen was Devin's last post on Facebook, which was captioned, "The sixteenth day chasing after Becky."

"Does this mean he's given up now?"

Jessie sneered. "If so, then he's a jerk!"

Becky thought about what Devin had said to her the other day. "Yeah. He is a jerk."

His method of hitting on girls didn't work on her.

The traffic lights turned green and Becky pointed it out. "You can go now, Jessie."

Jessie sighed helplessly and gave up questioning her.

It was already half past nine when they arrived at the racecourse. Because it was a Saturday, there were many people there.

It had also been a long time since the last time Becky rode a horse. After galloping around, she felt much better.

Not knowing where Jessie had gone, Becky took a break and went to get some water. Suddenly, she heard her name being called from a distance. "Becky!"

Becky turned to look in the direction of the voice and saw Aiken on horseback.

"What a coincidence! Becky, you can ride, too?"

Aiken was riding a reddish-purple horse. Becky would've found him handsome in that moment if it weren't for the fact that she knew his real character.

Becky glanced at him and said lightly, "No, I don't."

Aiken asked in disbelief, "Then what're you doing here?"

"Just having fun."

The conversation stalled once more as Aiken was lost for words.

Just then, Jessie also came back. When she saw Aiken, her expression instantly darkened. "Why do we always run into each other?"

Aiken clicked his tongue and asked with a smile, "What's the matter? Unhappy to see me?"

"Of course. A friend to a scumbag is also a scumbag."

As soon as Jessie finished speaking, the so-called scumbag, Rory, also came over on a white horse.

Although he was a scumbag in their eyes, he looked undeniably like a professional on such a magnificent white horse.

Jessie looked at Becky subconsciously. The latter threw the rope to her and announced, "I'm going to get a drink."

Then she left.