

Chapter 50 How About A Bet

In the lounge, Becky looked at the man walking towards her with an affectionate look in his eyes. "Mr. Stanley, how did you know I was here?"

As she spoke, Devin closed the distance between them. He bent over, bringing his face close to hers. Becky could see her reflection in his eyes, the freckles on his nose, and his thin lips, which were curled up in a smile. "Someone told me that the scenery at the stables today was very beautiful, so I came to have a look."

He paused and added, "And they were right."

The man's eyes were so seductive that Becky couldn't help but blush.

She tore her gaze away and busied herself by unscrewing the cap on her water bottle. "My friend's waiting for me." Then, without waiting for a response, she walked away. Devin trotted to catch up to her.

The two of them walked out together. Seeing Devin next to Becky, Jessie's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Why is he here?"

"I don't know either."

But she didn't own the place, so she couldn't stop Devin



from coming here.

Still, she had come here to relax and have fun, so she got on her horse. "I'm going to go for a round."

Then she urged her horse forward.

Jessie also mounted her horse and chased after her, leaving Devin in the dust.

He narrowed his eyes and quickly followed suit.

Becky heard a horse galloping behind her. She thought it was Jessie, so she looked back with a smile, only to find out that it was Devin who had caught up to her.

He was wearing a British-style outfit today with a light brown vest over a white shirt. Sitting atop the horse, he looked very handsome and charming.

Noticing her gaze, Devin winked at her and suggested, "How about a bet, Becky?"

Becky had started riding at the tender age of fifteen. It had been ten years since then. Every time she went riding with Stevie, she was praised for her skill.

She reined in and asked curiously, "What bet?"

"See that white pavilion in the distance? Whoever reaches there first wins!"

Becky glanced at where he was pointing and asked, "What's at stake?"

"If I win, you have to attend an auction with me next

week. If I lose, I won't pester you for a whole week."

The bet seemed fair. Becky narrowed her eyes at him and smiled. "Deal."

Devin glanced at her with a smile. "Three, two, one, go!"

As soon as he finished speaking, two horses bolted simultaneously.

Becky hadn't raced on a horse in a very long time. The feeling of wind whipping against her face made her feel so alive.

Devin's horsemanship was better than she had expected. He followed closely, and the two horses were neck and neck.

But Becky refused to lose. She raised her hand and swung the whip fiercely. The horse galloped even faster.

When there were only two hundred meters left, Devin was nearly two meters behind her. Thinking about this, Becky grew complacent. However, just as she smiled to herself, the man's red horse suddenly bypassed her and galloped forward.

She reacted quickly and rode as fast as she could, but she still lost.

Devin pulled his horse to a stop and looked back at Becky, grinning from ear to ear. "You lost, Becky."

Becky nodded calmly. "I did."

Just then, Jessie, who had finally caught up with them, asked, "Becky, why did you guys go so fast?"

Glancing at Devin, Becky smiled and said simply, "Because it's fun."

"See you next time, Becky," Devin said with a faint smile.

"Okay," Becky replied flatly.

Then Devin trotted away.

Jessie clicked her tongue and shook her head. "There's something fishy going on between you two!"

"What're you talking about?"

Becky looked at Jessie questioningly.

"Well? What's going on between you two?"

Jessie rode closer to Becky, who was looking in the direction where Devin left. "Nothing. I just lost to him in a race."

"Seriously? That's a first."

Jessie knew about Becky's skills in horsemanship, so she was surprised to hear that she had lost a race.

Becky shrugged and said, "I suppose there really is always someone better than you. Hey, it's almost time for lunch."

