

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Chapter 6 It's All Because Of Rory

Becky was in Rory's office for less than ten seconds.

Watching her walk away,

Rory pulled a long face.

He reached for the document on the desk. On one side,

Becky had already

signed her name, while the other space was left blank

for him to sign.

The divorce agreement was simple. It was only a piece

of paper. The terms on

it were very clear—she didn't want any property under

his name.

After reading the divorce agreement, Rory couldn't help

but burst into

laughter.

She didn't want a penny of his property.

He wondered how she could be so arrogant.

"Let's see if you'll push through with the divorce

tomorrow," Rory murmured

sardonically.

Without giving it much thought, he ripped the

document in half.

When Lowell came in, he found Rory standing in front

of the French windows,

clamping a cigarette between his lips. In his black suit, he looked cold and unapproachable. Lowell suddenly lost the will to speak. But this matter was too important. Lowell had to bite the bullet and cleared his throat. "Mr. Casper, the meeting has begun."

The man standing in front of the window turned his head slowly. His deep-set eyes were as cold as ice and piercing as daggers, sending a shiver down Lowell's spine.

"I see."

Frowning slightly, Rory stubbed out the cigarette and tossed it into the trash can. Then, he strode out of the office, walking right past Lowell as though he didn't exist.

Obviously, Rory was in a bad mood today.

Thinking of the meeting that Rory was about to join, Lowell suddenly felt sorry for the meeting's host.

It only took Becky roughly seven minutes to go in and out of the building.

During the whole process, she was calm. She didn't feel an inch of pain or struggle, unlike she had imagined.

Sure enough, because of all the accumulated disappointment in her heart, all her hopes were dashed and she wanted nothing more to do with that man.

Stepping out of the Crowbar Technologies building, she raised her head and looked up at the cloudy sky. She felt a little sad, but she no longer felt situated.

Jessie was right. She had to divorce Rory as soon as possible.

Becky took a deep breath, walked up to Jessie's car, and knocked on the window.

Jessie was on the phone when Becky approached. She opened the door as soon as Becky knocked.

Becky got in the car quietly and didn't say anything to interrupt Jessie's phone call.

As soon as she fastened the seat belt, she raised her head and found that

Jessie was holding the phone out in front of her.

Becky raised her eyebrows curiously. "Who is it?"

"Your father."

Becky's body froze. After pausing for two seconds, she took Jessie's phone

and pressed it against her ear. "Dad."

"You've been fooling around for three years. Shouldn't you go home now?"

The other night, when Rory forced her to kneel, Becky did not cry. She didn't even cry when she gave him the divorce agreement. But now, when her father, Stevie Ramos, asked her to come home, she couldn't swallow her tears any longer.

Three years ago, when she was about to marry Rory, everyone around her, including her parents, were all opposed to the marriage. But she was so impulsive and stubborn that she firmly believed that Rory had feelings for her since he was willing to marry her.

However, it had taken her three years to realize just how wrong she was.

It turned out that a man could marry a woman and not love her. He could marry a woman who loved him deeply and not reciprocate that love for the sake of another woman. He just wanted her to get involved in their messy relationship.

The one Rory loved was Babette. Ridiculous, right? He was in love with his brother's wife.

Rory had only married Becky to use her as a cover for their secret relationship.

Becky was so stupid to have gone against the whole world to be with such a man. Even her father, who had always doted on Becky, said he would disown her if she insisted on marrying Rory.

Unable to hold it in any longer, Becky burst into tears. Worried that her father would hear her, she swallowed her sobs. But her shoulders shook pitifully and tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably.

"Oh, Becky..."

Jessie's heart ached. She and Becky had known each other since childhood.

She had never seen Becky, the proud and pampered Miss Ramos, cry like this.

And all this was because of that bastard, Rory!

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