

Divorce Has Never Felt This Good

Chapter 8 An Overconfident Woman

Becky arrived at the gate of the court five minutes before nine o'clock.

Rory had not come yet.

At nine o'clock, the door to the court clerk's office opened on the dot.

Becky lowered her head and checked the time on her phone. Rory was always punctual, but today, he was late.

At five past nine, she saw Rory stride in.

He was wearing a well-tailored suit as usual, and his sharp face was expressionless.

When their eyes met, Rory slightly tilted his head and watched coldly as she approached.

It wasn't the first time he had looked at her so coldly.

In the past, Becky always felt hurt when he looked at her like this. But today, she felt nothing.

"Good morning, Rory. Here's a copy of the divorce agreement," Becky said as she handed the document to him.

Rory's expression darkened. "Have you thought it through?"

"Yes."

Becky locked eyes with him firmly.

She wasn't thinking clearly when she married him, but now, she definitely was.

Hearing the resoluteness in her voice, Rory frowned unhappily. "Good," he said grudgingly.

He sneered inwardly and hoped she had better not regret this.

Without saying anything more, Becky walked briskly to the office.

They got the divorce forms and filed them. Then, they paid the filing fees to process their divorce.

All they had to do was wait for the judge to finalize the divorce.

After that, the two of them had nothing to do with each other.

After everything was done, Rory turned around and left without so much as glancing at her.

Becky wasn't surprised. He had long wanted to get rid of her. Now that his

wish was fulfilled, of course he didn't want to look at her any more.

In Rory's eyes, she was probably a vicious and scheming woman, like what the netizens painted her to be.

It didn't m

atter anymore. They had severed all ties with each other after all.

However, when Becky walked out of the court, she was surprised to see that

Rory hadn't left yet.

"You made Babette lose her baby. Even though we've divorced, you should go to the hospital and apologize to her."

As soon as he finished speaking, a gust of wind blew over, and Becky had never felt an autumn wind so cold before.

She had thought that because they had been married for three years, Rory

would feel a little sad after their divorce. Now Becky felt that she had still been too naive.

She raised her head to look at the man in front of her and suddenly smiled.

"You're right. For the sake of our history, you can rest assured that I'll take responsibility for what I've done."

However, she wasn't going to admit to something she hadn't done.

"By the way, as a way of showing my sincerity, I've prepared a big gift for Babette. Please tell her."

Then, without waiting for a response, Becky took one last look at Rory and left.

Becky walked to the sidewalk and hailed a taxi. After getting in the taxi, it zoomed past Rory. He saw her sitting in the back seat with a cold expression.

Rory frowned and felt inexplicably irritable. He glanced at the car parking nearby, but instead of walking over, he took out a cigarette box from his pocket, clamped a cigarette between his lips, and lit it. While he didn't want to marry Becky back then, he didn't want to divorce her either.

But now, they were divorced. Rory didn't feel sad. For him, Becky was just a woman whom he could accept as his wife.

When he thought of their divorce, he started to feel that smoking couldn't dispel the depression in his heart.

"Forget it. She's just some woman who overestimates herself," he murmured.

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