

Chapter 10

Did Vance feel pain, too? Rebecca understood why.

His entire life would bear the weight of her. It was a burden he couldn't escape, so how could he not hurt?

The love of his life was right there beside him, yet because of her existence, they couldn't be together openly and legitimately. How could that not cause him pain?

He was torn between his conscience and the impulse to break free from his constraints. The constant internal conflict must be agonizing. How could it not hurt?

Wouldn't it be better to just let her go?

Back home alone, Rebecca sat facing the ten watch boxes laid out before her. She stared at them for what felt like an eternity, tempted to grab each box and hurl it viciously against the wall. 📖

But she refrained, knowing impulses wouldn't solve anything.

Once her emotions had finally settled, she opened a second-hand trading app on her phone and began searching for buyers of luxury items. 📖

Soon, she found a local dealer and arranged for them to come pick up the items the next morning at ten o'clock, which was precisely the time when the housekeeper would go out to buy groceries.

With that matter handled, she turned on her computer and immersed herself fully in researching the procedures for applying for a visa.



The troupe that Lauren was with would be departing in just one month, which meant her own time to leave was truly entering its final countdown. 1

Seated in front of the computer, her mind free of distractions, she scrolled through one post after another. Her emotions surged with a mix of calm and exhilaration—the world had never felt so peaceful, yet so invigorating at the same time.

Before she knew it, the entire evening had slipped away. She was so deeply absorbed in her task that she didn't even notice when Vance returned home.

"What are you doing?" His voice suddenly sounded from the doorway behind her, startling her into hurriedly closing the laptop.

Vance had come back, maintaining his usual mild demeanor as if nothing at all had happened. He walked over to her side and asked in a low, gentle voice, "Watching a show? It must be really good if you're still up this late watching it." 1

This was his way of making small talk when there was nothing else to say.

Rebecca kept her hand pressed firmly on the laptop, holding it shut tightly. The web pages inside hadn't even been closed yet. 1

"It's a show you wouldn't like."

"I haven't watched it yet. How do you know I wouldn't like it?" 1

He reached out to lift the laptop lid. She tensed up, holding it down resolutely.

Assuming she was still upset, he stopped trying to pry it open and instead squatted down beside her, looking at her profile.

"Still angry with me?"

"No."

Her feelings encompassed many things: disappointment, despair, frustration... But anger wasn't among them.

Anger would imply that a bit of coaxing from him could make everything right again, that there was still hope for their marriage. But she had no such hope left.

Five years had been more than enough.

"I swear, nothing is going on between Catherine and me. We're just classmates and friends. She came back from abroad, and the group got together to welcome her and catch up," he said, reverting to his customary patience and gentleness. "The misunderstanding at the mall today was purely accidental. Please, believe me." 2

Met with her silence, he continued, "We were supposed to have dinner with your parents, but we couldn't make it. Shall we reschedule for another day?"

She shook her head, not interested in visiting her family at all. Her parents and her brother would only keep telling her how incredibly fortunate she was, as a cripple, to have married someone like Vance.

"You don't want to go? It's been over a month since we visited your parents. Don't you miss them?" he said, his voice even more coaxing.



She looked into his eyes, seeing no genuine passion behind the tenderness. That gentleness was like a pre-programmed routine embedded in him, activating automatically whenever the situation called for it.

"Vance," she sighed, "aren't you tired?"

He was taken aback, seemingly not understanding what she meant.

She smiled bitterly. "You have someone else in your heart, yet you still force yourself to show concern for me every day, asking after my well-being. Aren't you exhausted from it all?" 

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