



Chapter 13

The caption read: [The happiest thing in the world is, after sailing through countless seas, still having someone who treats you like a baby. Thank you for always being there, my prince.]

So, this was the surprise Vance had prepared. It was truly shocking.

The only time Rebecca and Vance had gone to the supermarket together was shortly after their marriage. 1

Vance had finally had a weekend at home, and she had been eager to build a warm family atmosphere, so she suggested they go shopping.

Back then, she had truly dreamed of a blissful marriage: sharing every meal through the four seasons, shopping together, returning home hand in hand, sipping drinks under the sunset, greeting every dawn and dusk side by side...

Unfortunately, that had remained nothing more than a beautiful dream.

Their only supermarket outing had been marred when they ran into one of his acquaintances. She wasn't sure if it was an elder or someone else who called out his name from across the aisle. Vance's immediate reaction had been to put distance between them.

"Out shopping?" the acquaintance had asked casually.

"Yeah, just browsing by myself," Vance had replied.

That phrase was another needle embedded in their marriage.

She had been left standing there alone, pushing a fully loaded shopping cart, feeling utterly isolated, while he chatted with the acquaintance and



drifted further away.

If not for someone behind her asking to pass, she didn't know how long she would have stood there, trying to process that stinging remark. 1

But as she hurriedly moved the cart aside, still unaccustomed to her disability, she had lost her balance and fallen, taking the cart down with her. 1

The pain had been too much for her to stand up right away. It was a small child, accompanied by her mother, who had come to her aid, righting the cart and carefully picking up each scattered item one by one. 1

The child had taken her hand, trying to pull her up, and said in a sweet, mushy voice, "Don't cry. I'll blow on it and make it better."

With their help, Rebecca had finally gotten to her feet, using every ounce of strength to hold back her tears.

By the time Vance had returned to find her, she had composed herself as if nothing had happened. But from that day on, she never went to the supermarket with him again.

Another bubble in her dream of a happy marriage had burst, pierced by yet another needle. With each shattered illusion, another needle lodged itself in her flesh and blood. 1

It took her a long time to adapt to it, tolerate it, and bury it in a suitable place where it would lie quietly and hurt a little less.

Looking at that photo of Catherine sitting in the shopping cart, being pampered like a child, Rebecca felt that familiar sting again. It was like a fishbone stuck in her throat, neither going up nor down. 2



Catherine had posted the note half an hour ago, but it already had a slew of comments. Curious, Rebecca opened the section and saw that the majority were critical.

[How old are you? Have some shame!]

[Those shoes are filthy. People use those carts for food. Gross!]

[Does she think she's cute? Take your lovey-dovey stuff home, please.]

The comments were unusually unified in their direction.

Just then, the front door opened, followed by a burst of noisy voices. A crowd had arrived, and among them, Catherine's voice rang out the loudest. 1

"Wow! This sofa! This huge window! This dining table! This lamp! This carpet! It's all so beautiful!" she marveled. "Vance, you actually remembered the home decor style we discussed back then. You turned it into your home? This space is enormous! I told you a large flat would be perfect. You said a villa was better, but look! This is heaven!" 1



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