



Chapter 14

Rebecca's understanding shifted once again. She had always assumed Vance chose the large flat because of her mobility issues.

Turned out, it was just her own wishful thinking.

This was actually the ideal home he and Catherine had envisioned: the spacious layout, the European-style lamps, the floor-to-ceiling windows, the Moroccan rugs, the fabric sofas, the medieval dining table...

Every single element was something Catherine liked. 1

Outside, Catherine's amazement continued. "Oh my gosh, you have so many Venetian dolls! Did you bring back every style from Venice? How did you collect them all?" 1

Aiden chimed in, "Vance has always remembered how much you love them. Whether he's on a business trip himself or his friends and clients are heading to Venice, he never forgets to ask."

Rebecca listened in the bedroom, her hand shaking on the door handle. A conversation from the past echoed in her mind.

"Vance, why did you buy so many dolls?"

"I was worried you'd get bored at home alone. The dolls might not talk, but filling the house with them makes it feel less empty."

She laughed bitterly.

This house certainly wasn't empty. This was supposed to be her and Vance's marital home, yet Catherine lived in it too, not in person, but through constant reminders.



How could it possibly feel empty?

The dining room, the living room, the spots by the windows... Every corner, at every moment, even though Catherine wasn't physically present, was filled with memories of her, traces of her existence everywhere. 1

How could it feel empty?

Rebecca even suspected that when he slept with her, keeping such a wide gap between them, it was because in his imagination, Catherine lay there in the space between.

Finally, unable to endure it any longer, she opened the door. She wanted to see for herself how these people could so brazenly reminisce about their deep affections, completely disregarding the real hostess. 1

Even if she was planning to divorce, they weren't divorced yet.

Perhaps the sound of the door opening was too loud, as everyone's attention immediately turned toward her.

Catherine was holding one of the dolls, clearly enamored with it, and waved it at her. "Rebecca, I'm so envious. You have so many dolls! Could you give me this one?"

"Sure," Rebecca replied without hesitation, standing in the doorway.

Vance smiled in satisfaction at her response, but then she continued, "You can have them all—the dolls, the house, and this man too. Take it all."
"

She fixed her gaze on Vance, whose expression quickly shifted. He hissed, "Rebecca!"

Catherine flinched, putting the doll back on the shelf. The rims of her eyes reddened. "Rebecca, don't be angry. I didn't mean it like that. You're misunderstanding Vance and me. If you don't want me here, I'll just leave." 1

She covered her face and turned to head out the door. But of course, Vance and his crew wouldn't let her leave like that.

Vance quickly blocked her path, and their friends crowded around her, each of them glaring at Rebecca with righteous indignation, as if she had committed some unforgivable sin. 1

Aiden grumbled, "Vance, it's not our place to say much, but we can't tolerate Catherine being treated like this."

The intention behind those words was plain to see. He was forcing Vance to choose. If Vance chose Rebecca over Catherine, then their brotherhood was over.

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