

Chapter 15

In truth, Aiden needn't have worried so much. He could have spared the dramatics because Vance would undoubtedly choose Catherine.

Catherine's tears flowed freely. Even as Aiden spoke up for her, she sobbed at him, "Don't talk nonsense. I'm not mistreated." 1

Then, clutching Vance's arm with teary eyes, she continued, "It's fine, really. I came here to apologize to Rebecca in the first place. I had prepared myself mentally for whatever she might say, and I'd accept it all. I'm just so heartbroken that not only did I fail to help you, but I've made things even worse. Rebecca's even angrier now. I'm so sorry."

The look of heartache on Vance's face was practically overflowing. He turned to Rebecca with a furrowed brow. "Did you hear that? She is much more sensible and mature compared to you." 1

From where she stood, Rebecca caught the smug smile flashing across Catherine's face. But it vanished in an instant; by the time Vance looked down at her, Catherine had resumed her expression of profound grievance. 1

Rebecca couldn't help but admire such skillful acting. Crossing her arms, she scoffed, "Yeah, she's more suited to be Mrs. Bradford. Didn't I already offer to step aside? Why don't you just agree to it?" 1

Her words struck a nerve, igniting Vance's anger. "Do you really think I wouldn't dare? Don't you know why I haven't agreed?"

"Vance, no," Catherine sobbed. "You're making me feel like my return to the country was all a mistake. Please don't be mad at Rebecca. Don't talk about divorcing her, okay?"





Vance patted her shoulder, taking a deep breath. "Cathy went to the supermarket to buy groceries and gathered everyone here just to try and get along with you, to sincerely make friends. Think about the things you've said. Do you really think it's appropriate to speak to a young woman like that? She's still single and has to get married someday. By splashing this kind of dirty water on her, how is she supposed to face people in the future?" 1

"It's okay, Vance," Catherine interjected immediately. "I don't mind, really. No matter what Rebecca says about me, it's fine. I just don't want her to misunderstand you and us. I don't want you two to fight because of me, especially not in front of all the shareholders." 1

Her meaning couldn't have been more obvious—or more manipulative. The men across from Rebecca already wore expressions of outright contempt.

Clearly, they all believed she was insensible, unreasonable, and disrespectful to her husband. She didn't deserve Vance.

Unable to hold back, Aiden spoke again. "Fortunately, we're all close friends here, so family scandals stay in the family. Otherwise, this would be massively embarrassing. Some people might not care about Vance's reputation, but the rest of us certainly do." 2

Rebecca never disliked Aiden. She couldn't resist mocking him, "So, you all know this is a shameful matter? You know it's embarrassing? Of course, it is, but who should be the one feeling the shame?"

"What did you say?" Aiden growled.

"Oh, the one coveting someone else's husband—that's the embarrassing one," Rebecca snorted, unfazed. "The one who's obsessed with someone



other than their own spouse—that's who should feel ashamed. As for who that is, no need to volunteer yourselves."

Her words hit too close to home, and Vance roared, "Rebecca!"



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