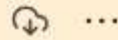


< Five Years of Marriage to Mr. Bradford



Chapter 16

"You need to know your limits when it comes to jealousy. This is too much!" Vance barked, his patience reaching its breaking point.

"I'm not jealous," Rebecca said earnestly, holding his gaze. "From the start, all I've said is..."

"Enough!" Vance interrupted her sharply.

Aiden, the ever-loyal lackey, shielded Catherine. "Since we're not welcome here, let's just go eat somewhere else."

Vance stood motionless, his pride wounded in front of his old flame and his friends. His gaze remained fixed on Rebecca as he demanded, "Apologize to Catherine and everyone. We're not unreasonable people here. A simple apology, and everything will be forgotten."

"We?" That was the word Rebecca had grown to despise in recent days.

It drew a clear line between them. Their paths didn't align, and there was no need for them to sit together and pretend otherwise.

She shook her head. "No."

"Fine! Don't regret this!" Vance snapped, turning to leave with his group in a grand, almost theatrical exit.

Rebecca stood in place, surveying the room—once a home she had believed Vance had put effort into creating for them. Now, every inch seemed etched with Catherine's name.

Chapter 16

With a forceful sweep, she knocked over the floor lamp beside her. It crashed to the ground, glass shattering everywhere.

"Madam!" Nancy exclaimed in alarm, rushing over to steady her, fearing she might step on the shards.

Rebecca pushed Nancy aside and moved to the rows of dolls. She had never had a particular fondness for Venetian dolls, but she had once been touched by Vance's thoughtfulness in collecting them.

Now, their grinning faces seemed to mock her.

With another fierce sweep, she sent all the dolls tumbling to the floor. Next, the dining table, the carpet, the windows... all fell victim to her anger.

Nancy was terrified as Rebecca's eyes scanned for more targets to destroy. She dashed forward and held Rebecca tightly. 2

"Madam, don't act on impulse," she pleaded. "Even if you smash everything, it won't change a thing. Mr. Bradford will just think you're being unreasonable." 3

Rebecca struggled in Nancy's arms, but her strength ebbed away. She went limp, and waves of pain surged over her.

She didn't want this. She didn't want to feel sad or hurt anymore. But this sadness and pain weren't mere emotions; they were physical reactions, beyond her control.

She could tell herself, "Rebecca, don't cry."

Then she could make herself stop crying. But when she told herself

not to hurt, her body refused to listen. 2

Nancy stroked her back firmly. "Don't hold it in. Cry it out, and you'll feel better." 2

Rebecca didn't cry, having run out of tears. She murmured, "I'm sorry for the trouble. Please clean up the floor. As for these dolls..." 2

She paused, thinking for a moment. "Call a delivery service and have them sent to Vance's office."

"Alright, I'll take care of it," Nancy replied, supporting her weight with effort.

Rebecca straightened up with difficulty. "And make me some beef with broccoli and half a corn cob. That's all I need."

Instead of asking why she only wanted such a small meal, Nancy just watched as she limped back to the bedroom. 1

Pain didn't scare Rebecca.

From a young age, dance training meant enduring countless injuries and sweating through endless practices. Hadn't that all hurt?

After the car accident, every step she took during rehabilitation felt like walking through thorns. Hadn't that hurt?