



Chapter 17

Rebecca was always tough, pushing forward through the pain.

That evening, Vance didn't return home, but she hadn't planned on waiting for him.

Instead, she meticulously attended to her own affairs, and before bed, she received a message from Lauren inviting her to watch a performance the next evening.

If someone had invited her to a show just a few days ago, she might have seen it as an affront. Not now.

She immediately agreed, arranging to have dinner with Lauren first before heading to the dance drama. 

Tomorrow was truly a day worth looking forward to, so tonight, she needed to sleep well.

But excitement made sleep elusive; she woke up multiple times throughout the night. This restless anticipation lingered into the next afternoon.

She knew the French proficiency scores wouldn't be available until later, but she couldn't help checking her email repeatedly, refreshing the official site now and then.

Her anxiety lingered into the afternoon, until the long-awaited notification finally arrived. She immediately logged onto the site, and when the result appeared before her eyes, she could hardly believe it.

She had done the test decently, but never dared to imagine such a

Chapter 17

result. The last exam did not go as well as she had hoped, so she had kept telling herself that just passing would be enough.

Yet, the result on the screen was way better than she had anticipated.

Clutching her phone, she flopped back onto the bed, tears streaming down her face in an instant.

This time, the tears weren't for Vance or their marriage, but for the huge step she had taken toward her dreams.

She had spent years immersed in French literature, listening to French programs, watching French films, and going through countless practice tests. Her hard work had finally paid off. 4

Having not slept well the night before, and now with the scores out and everything settled, her heart finally relaxed. She took a nap, waking in the evening refreshed and ready to meet Lauren.

When she emerged from the bedroom into the living room, she caught Nancy's shocked gaze.

For five years, she had rarely worn skirts or bothered with cosmetics. Now she was wearing a dress and had applied makeup.

A leg scarred and unable to walk properly had confined not just her physical space but also her longing for beauty. She had feared she didn't deserve it.

"You look gorgeous, Madam," Nancy gasped. "Where are you headed?"

"Watching a performance with my teacher," Rebecca replied, still a bit

Chapter 17

nervous.

The dress nearly reached her ankles, and she had worn stockings to hide the scars on her leg.

She declined Nancy's offer to accompany her and headed out, feeling like a deer emerging from a deep forest into the human world. She was both excited and apprehensive.

Dinner with Lauren featured local cuisine—light, fresh, and sweet, perfectly suiting her taste. Afterward, they went to the theater together.

That evening's performance was by the Soliaridge Troupe, a classic piece Rebecca had danced countless times during her school days.

As the music began, the dancer's soul deep within her awakened. Though she sat in the audience, though she might never grace the stage again in her lifetime, her toes couldn't help but tap lightly on the floor in time with the music. 1

It was muscle memory etched into her body. 1

When the curtain fell and the applause thundered, Rebecca sat in the audience seats, watching spectators one by one present flowers to the dancers. 1

She burst into tears once more. It wasn't sadness, pain, or despair—just dance itself. The resonance between it and her soul.

Dance used to be her passion and greatest love, but she had forsaken it for five years.