



Chapter 18

At the end of the performance, the dancers gifted flowers to children in the audience.

From the front row, Rebecca watched the sparkles in the children's eyes as they accepted the bouquets. It filled her with a sense of poignant inheritance.

The male lead walked down from the stage, smiling as he handed her a bouquet.

She was taken aback, not quite processing what had happened. It wasn't until Lauren nudged her that she quickly took the flowers and thanked the dancer.

"Thank you for coming to my performance," the guy said with a bow before returning to the stage.

On the way back, Lauren asked if she remembered that male dancer. 1

Rebecca shook her head, having no recollection at all.

"He graduated from our academy," Lauren explained, "He's two years below you, and now he's the principal dancer with the Soliaridge Troupe." 1

So, he was a junior.

"I remember one showcase where you were the female lead, and he was the male understudy. The main male got injured and couldn't perform, so he stepped in. Don't you remember?" Lauren added.

Chapter 18

It took Rebecca a while to remember some fragments. "He's the principal now? How wonderful!"

She still felt a twinge of loss and regret, but she was genuinely happy for that junior.

Lauren put an arm around Rebecca's shoulder. "Life has no endpoint, sweetheart."

"I know." Rebecca nodded firmly, having made up her mind to set sail anew.

It had been an exhilarating evening—her first time in a theater watching a performance in five years.

Back home, her emotions still surged. She placed the flowers in a vase, snapped a photo, and posted it on her social media.

The caption read: [Tonight belongs to my passion and greatest love.]

That night, she had rediscovered her passion.

Afterward, she removed her makeup, washed up, and went to bed. The countdown to her departure from Vance was now at 29 days. 1

She assumed Vance wouldn't return that night either, but in the middle of the night, the sound of the door opening woke her.

He entered the bedroom, carrying the scent of alcohol. 1

He had been drinking again. And judging by the way he bumped into the stool with a clatter, it was quite a lot.

Without showering, he collapsed onto the bed. The alcohol reek was

overpowering.

Rebecca had no interest in advising him anymore, whether it was to drink less or to shower, but that stench was overwhelming.

She got up, intending to move to the guest room. As she reached the bedroom door, Vance's voice came from behind her. "Where are you going?"

She opened the door without answering, but the bed rustled.

Vance got up and stumbled toward her, only to clatter into the chair again. He grabbed her wrist, asking, "Not sleeping? Where to?"

"To the guest room. Let go," she said, trying to pull free.

But reasoning with a drunk was futile. The more she struggled, the tighter he held on.

"Stop fussing. If you'd just apologized earlier, I wouldn't have let it escalate like this," he slurred.

Rebecca blinked, not understanding what he meant. She hadn't apologized to anyone.

"When did I apologize?" she asked, her voice tinged with disbelief.

She hadn't even seen him, so how could she have apologized?

Vance chuckled, then muttered drunkenly, "Tonight belongs to my passion and greatest love. That's why I came back. If you had softened up earlier, I wouldn't have snapped at you."

Rebecca froze, not expecting him to think that post was meant for

Chapter 18



him. She was speechless.

"Rebecca..." He suddenly embraced her. "I know you love me. You'd do anything for me. So, no matter what happens in this life, I'll never betray you." 3