

Five Years of Marriage to Mr. Bradford

Novel - Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Vance had broken his no-drinking rule. He was obviously drunk, or else he wouldn't have shouted like that. In Rebecca's memories, Vance in high school was the aloof genius, always focused on his studies. Once, a girl who admired him had offered him water on the sports field, but he had ignored her. As her husband, he was polite and emotionally steady, never laughing heartily or showing anger. He was so calm, so detached that even brushing his fingers felt cool. The video panned across faces, capturing a flushed Vance. His eyes were sparkling as he raised his glass with a broad smile.

"Welcome home, Cathy." So, he could laugh, be passionate, and use intimate nicknames. He just didn't do that to Rebecca. He never smiled at her, never showed passion, and never called her by her nickname. Nancy's voice came from outside, interrupting her thoughts. "Madam, are you up yet?" Rebecca's daily routine was predictable. When there was no response, Nancy worried she might need help, especially considering her leg injury. Rebecca set her phone aside, her voice hoarse. "Coming out soon." Nancy made sandwiches for breakfast, but Rebecca managed only one bite before losing her appetite.

Nancy handed her a glass of milk. "Madam, what would you like for lunch and dinner?" "Anything, I guess," Rebecca started, then swallowed her usual response of making whatever Vance liked. But Nancy understood the implication. That was just the same daily conversation. "Mr. Bradford said he won't be home for dinner. He has a commitment." Rebecca nodded, having seen the list in that post. Catherine had scheduled a week's worth of dinners, listing who was treating and what she craved. [The most genuine friendships from the student days.

I'm so lucky to have so many boys pampering me.] Normally, Rebecca's day involved two hours of French study and several more on art theory. Without something to occupy her, how could she endure the endless waiting for Vance to come home? She had waited before... The ache of it was unbearable. Now her plans were different. This offer was likely the university's final round of admissions; she needed to confirm quickly. Her first task was to pay the confirmation fee. When the bank notification popped up, she exhaled in relief. It was another step closer to leaving Vance.

That evening, she changed her clothes and prepared to go out. Nancy asked wonderingly, "Madam, where are you going?" Without Vance, Rebecca hardly ever left the house. "Oh, a college friend is performing nearby and invited me to meet," she lied. In truth, she was heading to a hotel near the exam center. She'd have the French Proficiency test tomorrow, and it was scheduled for the morning. Rushing there risked traffic delays. Her previous attempt months ago hadn't met her target score, but with application deadlines looming, she had submitted anyway.

Surprisingly admitted, she could now supplement her scores. That was thanks to the school allowing post-admission updates. "But..." Nancy hesitated, eyeing her leg. "Should I accompany you?" Rebecca kept her expression neutral. "No need. It's a girls' night; an extra person would be awkward." Nancy fretted over potential mishaps. "Then I'll let Mr. Bradford know." "No, let him focus on his evening. I'll call him after and have him pick me up." Rebecca grabbed her bag and left. Considering her mobility, Vance had chosen a spacious flat for their home.

She took the elevator down and stepped outside. The sunlight made her instinctively lower her head, hunch her shoulders, and pull on a hat, raising her collar. Since her injury, the once-confident dancer who thrived on stage had vanished. Crippled, she had lost the courage to face the public eye. Nancy often advised outings only with Vance, and the man always suggested Rebecca stay at home. They didn't understand. Outings with Vance terrified her more. It was even worse than going out alone.

Every glance screamed, "Why does such an outstanding man have a cripple as his wife?" Rebecca hailed a cab to the hotel. En route, gazing at the passing scenery, she spotted Vance's car parked on the roadside. "Could you stop here, please?" she said to the driver. His car was outside a restaurant, which reminded her of Catherine's post. Yesterday, one of his friends had hosted that gathering, and today it was his turn. On impulse, she got out and entered the restaurant. At the reception desk, she said, "I'm here to join Mr.

Vance Bradford." She gave his phone number, and a waiter led her to the private room. "This is the one." "Thank you," she said, though she didn't really know why she had come. Earlier, impulse had driven her; now, at the door, her courage faltered. She didn't even dare to open it. Lively chatter emanated from inside. "I can't stay late or drink tonight. Got chewed out by my wife last night," said a guy. "Come on. You said friends come first, even over the king. Now you're henpecked? Guess Vance is the real man here," Catherine protested, her voice soft and coquettish.

So, that was her personality. Vance liked that type. Too bad Rebecca was nothing like that, not even close. She couldn't even fake it. The guy whined, "Vance is different. Rebecca wouldn't dare to complain." "By the way," Catherine chimed in, looking at Vance, "I heard your wife is crippled? What happened?" There was no answer, but Rebecca felt a pang in her heart. The conversation continued inside. "Vance, we feel bad for you. With your money, looks, and success, you could have anyone. Why marry a cripple?" "Honestly, you're the best of us.

Now with Rebecca, you can't bring her to meetings, events, or press-anywhere a wife should appear. What a loss!" So, that was why. Vance always kept her away from business affairs, telling her to just wait at home for him to bring back money. Her family praised him endlessly, saying she was blessed to live a life of luxury. But now she realized he couldn't bear to show her off in public. Inside the room, Vance laughed bitterly. "She saved my life. I owe her." "You've repaid her with all that money. Isn't that enough to settle it?" "Exactly! Should have just paid her off and moved on.

Why sacrifice your happiness?" "Think it through, man. It's better to enshrine a statue and pray for wealth. What's the point of keeping her?" "What can she help you with? She can't attend events, and at home all she does is pour tea. Vance, do you seriously want this?" Laughter erupted, Catherine's peals among them. "Really, Vance? Is that how she walks?" Eavesdropping at the door, Rebecca felt blood rush to her head. Fury and humiliation knocked her off balance, causing her to push open the door.

Everyone was laughing loudly as Vance's childhood friend, Aiden Hodge, dramatically limped while holding a glass of water, speaking in a falsetto voice. "Vance, have some water. Ah, I slipped. Vance, help me up." Rebecca stared at Vance, hoping that the man she loved more than anything would stand up for her. Continue to read this book for free

If you enjoy this work, please consider supporting me.