

Chapter 22

The speaker was none other than Desmond, who had just come back from the restroom.

He regarded Vance and Catherine with an inscrutable expression. His words made the pair stiffen noticeably.

Vance frowned at the blunt challenge. Back in university, he had been the leader of the student council, talented and ambitious. He had never encountered such awkward situations before.

But the panic was fleeting; he quickly composed himself and smiled with utmost poise. "Yes, so for these five years, she has rarely gone out, dedicating herself to rehabilitation training. She's finally seeing some results, but she's still very sensitive about it, fearing odd looks from others. It took tremendous effort to convince her to come tonight. I assured her repeatedly that Mr. Lemke's guests are all people of quality who wouldn't offend her." 1

His words were masterful, implying that if Desmond persisted, he would be the one lacking manners, offending Catherine.

So, Vance knew this was an offense. Yet when his friends had offended Rebecca in the same way, he had done nothing. When Aiden had mimicked her walking, he had done nothing. 1

It was laughable that people's double standards could reach this level.

Unfazed, Desmond chuckled and bowed to Vance. To his credit, the bow from a dancer was incredibly graceful.

"My apologies, Mr. Bradford," Desmond said sincerely. "I didn't mean any offense. I'm genuinely seeking advice, because I have a friend who was also injured, also for five years, but not as lucky as Mrs. Bradford to fully recover. She's a dancer, and her leg injury is equivalent to killing half her life, so I really hope to help her. I would appreciate it if you could recommend a good doctor." 3

Lauren chimed in, "Yes, rest assured. We absolutely have no intention of offending her. For those brave souls who stand up in adversity, we have only admiration. Mrs. Bradford's courage is truly commendable. It's just that what little Desmond said hits right home for me, too. We have such a friend, and we'd like to seek treatment for her." 2

"Oh, well..." Even someone as quick-witted as Vance couldn't invent a doctor on the spot.

Catherine quickly came to the rescue. "I was treated abroad."

They thought mentioning "abroad" would make Desmond and Lauren drop it, but Desmond pursued relentlessly. "We travel worldwide for performances, so distance is not an issue. No matter how far it is, we're getting her treated."

Catherine froze, not expecting him to be so tactless. Facing Desmond's and Lauren's expectant gazes, she looked at Vance for help. 1

Vance steeled himself and scribbled a fake Swiss hospital name on a piece of paper, handing it to Desmond. "It's this one, but every patient's situation is different. My wife has been rehabilitating there since her injury. I don't know how long your senior has been hurt. If

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it's been several years, the results might not be as good."

He didn't care about the future. Getting through this situation was the priority. 1

"Thank you," Desmond said, turning to the entrance. He waved a hand. "Rebecca, you're here."

Rebecca had already approached. Under the watchful eyes of everyone, especially Vance and Catherine, her steps faltered as she made her way to the center of the banquet hall.