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Vance and Catherine were both stunned.

Rebecca had always been afraid of revealing her limp in front of others and afraid of people gossiping about her leg.

But she had told herself she couldn't stay in the shadows forever, like a mouse fearing the light. Facing Vance and Catherine now, she bit her lip and carried on.

"Rebecca!" Lauren said, genuinely caring for Rebecca.

She went over and took Rebecca's hand, offering both physical and emotional support. Ironically, at that moment, Vance was holding Catherine's hand, steadying her as she wavered.

The guests, all friends of Pascal and Lauren, were well-mannered and wouldn't laugh at Rebecca's condition. But her limp was an undeniable fact.

Desmond walked to Rebecca's side, flanking her with Lauren, like guardian angels. 1

"This is the friend I was talking about," Desmond started. "Mrs. Lemke and I are seeking a doctor for her." 1

He turned to Vance and continued, "Mr. Bradford, are you curious about how she got injured?" 2

Vance forced a smile. "That's a private matter that we'd better not pry into. She may not want others to uncover her scars."

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His gaze shifted to Rebecca, seemingly warning her not to spout nonsense.

Rebecca pretended not to notice, and Desmond added, "Well, I'm sure everyone will be proud of her once they know the truth."

His gaze swept across Vance's face. "She was injured while saving someone."

The words had barely landed when exclamations arose among the guests, their looks toward Rebecca growing fervent.

"Five years ago," Desmond continued, "Rebecca was hit by a car while trying to save someone. Her leg was badly injured, and from then on, she could no longer dance."

Lauren squeezed Rebecca's hand, her voice thick with emotion. "She was one of my most outstanding students."

Gently tucking a stray hair behind Rebecca's ear, she added, "I thought I'd never see you again. You changed your phone number, and I couldn't find you in the group chats. Now, I finally found you. Don't worry. Desmond has found out where Mrs. Bradford was treated. I'll help you get in touch with them. Once it's arranged, go for treatment. No matter what the outcome is, you'll be as graceful as ever, Swallow."

The guests sighed in sympathy, offering Rebecca genuine and friendly comfort. The girl who had earlier envied Vance's school-to-wedding romance was teary-eyed. "Rebecca, you're a true role model. I'm a dancer too, and I understand the sacrifice you made. Respect."

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Rebecca felt a lump in her throat, touched by Lauren's kindness. But she knew it couldn't be cured, because the hospital Vance had given was fake.

Desmond knew that too. He spoke purposefully. "After leaving the stage, Rebecca got married. I heard her husband is the very person she saved. His name is..."

Vance panicked, ready to interrupt, but Desmond frowned thoughtfully. "I can't remember his name."

Vance heaved a sigh of relief, which Rebecca found laughable.

Desmond pulled out his phone and began scrolling through it. After a while, he looked up at Vance with a raised eyebrow. "Huh, in the wedding video, why does the groom look so much like Mr. Bradford?"