

Chapter 27

Back then, Rebecca's whole heart had been on Vance. 1

She had arranged his meals meticulously, managed the household with care, and strived to provide him with a warm haven.

Even if he often returned very late, she hoped that as soon as he stepped through the door, he could rest comfortably.

Unfortunately, it seemed he didn't need any of it.

That was fine. The one he really loved would worry about him.

Rebecca decided to take a shower first, then look up some information about studying abroad before going to bed. 1

But algorithms were truly annoying, always managing to push content one didn't want to see right into view.

She opened the app, and sure enough, Catherine's new note jumped to the top of her feed.

It was posted just minutes ago, about what had happened that evening. There was a photo of interlocked hands—Vance's hand holding hers.

The caption read: [He has always been a tower—proud, spirited, and unyielding, no matter how fierce the storm is. Yet tonight, he endured grievance for my sake. Thank you for standing against the world for me. Even if everyone blames you, you remain unshakable in my heart.] 1

Rebecca let out a bitter laugh and tapped to dislike the note, hoping it



wouldn't appear again. Fortunately, she had never competed with Catherine for her position in Vance's heart. Otherwise, it would have been a complete and utter defeat.

Vance treated his career like his life. Yet he could so effortlessly abandon a major cooperation just because Catherine was upset, and he did it with such determination.

In Catherine's words, he was going against the whole world for her, guarding her like a tower.

Rebecca assumed Vance wouldn't return home that night, but he did after she had fallen asleep in the guest room. 2

She believed he wouldn't disturb her, not after she blew off his big deal, if he insisted on shifting the blame onto her.

But she was wrong.

He tried the door, only to find it locked. He knocked, but she didn't answer. 1

Frustrated, he knocked harder. "Rebecca, do you think a door in my own house can keep me out?" 1

He was not bluffing. If he wanted to, he could knock it down with one blow. But that was unnecessary.

She got up and opened the door, assuming he was drunk again, given how unusually emotional he seemed.

But she was wrong once more.



There was no alcohol on his breath. Instead, he carried the damp scent of the neighborhood lake's night mist, with a stray leaf clinging to his shoulder.

"What do you want?" she asked, holding the door. 1

"This is my home, and you're my wife. Do I need a reason to come in?" His eyes were bloodshot, with faint shadows beneath them.

"Suit yourself," she replied, weary of this back-and-forth. 1

It only engulfed her in waves of negative emotions without any meaning. She hoped for a swift resolution, but he refused, making any further words a waste of effort.

She turned and lay back down on the bed.

"That's your reaction?" He followed her in. "My project fell through, and this is how you respond? Do you know how many nights I stayed up, how many meetings I held, and how many versions of the project proposal I drafted? And this is your reaction?" 3

He was still fixated on that issue. It was truly exhausting.

"What else do you expect?" she shot back. "You want me to plead on your behalf?" 1

"No," he said, standing at the edge of her bed as he undid his cufflinks. "Once I give something up, I never pick it back up."

Rebecca let out a cold laugh, knowing that Catherine was the exception. Or perhaps he had never given up on Catherine at all. It was she who had abandoned him back then. 1



"Then why are you coming here to throw a fit?" she countered. 1

"Throw a fit?" He grabbed his shirt collar and yanked hard. The entire row of buttons popped off. "Today, I'll show you what I look like when I really throw a fit!" 1

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