

Chapter 28

Rebecca had no idea what had gotten Vance.

From the moment she first knew him, he had always been distant, ethereal, and untouchable. A veil seemed to forever stand between them.

Even after they married, he remained the same. But now, he was acting out of character.

She stared at his burst-open shirt and the smooth lines of muscle revealed as it fell apart.

"What do you want?" She cowered, pulling the blanket tightly around herself.

"What do you think I'm doing?" His gaze held a rare ferocity. "You eat my food and use my things, yet you conspire with others to sabotage me. What do you think I'm going to do?" 1

"I didn't," she retorted, then suddenly felt there was no need to explain.

But his demeanor suggested that he was using this matter to go berserk.

Her eyes widened as he suddenly unbuckled his belt. Clutching the blanket, she scrambled to get off the bed from the other side, but he lunged, pulling her back along with the blanket.

"Let go of me!" she shouted, but her warning fell on deaf ears.



In moments, he yanked the blanket away and began tearing at her nightgown.

The memory of his last drunken outburst resurfaced in her mind. She clutched her collar, pushing against him with all her strength, but it was futile against his manic energy.

The belt buckle jabbed painfully into her as he pried her hands from her collar. Desperate, she shouted, "Stop this madness! Look at who I am!"

It was useless... With a ripping sound, her nightgown tore open.

"Vance!" she screamed, swinging her hand to strike his head.

He caught her wrist, pinning it above her head, and looked down at her, his pupils flickering with flames. "What's the use of shouting? Haven't I been too good to you these years? Haven't I indulged you too much? Is that why you've grown so bold?"

He wasn't confused after all.

"I thank you for your kindness. Take it to Catherine!" she bellowed. If you're in heat, go find her! Don't go crazy here!" 1

She couldn't take the coldness of these five years anymore.

At the mention of Catherine, Vance's movements finally slowed, though his piercing eyes still bore down on her from above. "You're still hung up on Cathy. Let me remind you: jealousy has limits. You can throw tantrums at home or in front of me all you want, but once it harms the company's interests, my temper won't stay good forever!" 2



"Let me make this clear!" She gritted her teeth. "First, I'm not jealous. Second, the one harming the company's interests has never been me. I haven't even touched the edges of your company. You just reap what you sow. You two shameless people bear the consequences of your actions. Stop trying to shift the blame. Third, when Catherine cried, you tossed aside your company's interests. Why didn't you care about them then?" 1

Catherine's post was still there. To protect her, he had gone against the whole world. Everything was in black and white.

That finally brought Vance back to his senses. He got off her and began readjusting his belt. "As I said, you will stay as Mrs. Bradford. Cathy's return won't threaten your position. But I'd appreciate it if you could calm down a bit."

He put his clothes back on and headed out. At the door, he turned back. "I'll give you the night to cool off. Tomorrow night, either you come back to the bedroom, or I'll sleep in the guest room." 4