



Chapter 29

Rebecca felt utterly helpless. She didn't want to be Mrs. Bradford anymore.

"What's your obsession with keeping me in this house?" she demanded. "I don't want to be Mrs. Bradford forever. Let Catherine threaten my position. Is that so difficult?"

Vance paused, then laughed, dismissing it as another childish tantrum. Without a word, he headed to the master bedroom to take a shower. 2

After that ordeal, Rebecca was covered in sweat. She took another quick shower, changed into a T-shirt, and lay back down.

That night, heavy rain fell. The sound of raindrops pattering against the glass window created a soothing white noise effect, and the temperature dropped sharply.

Listening to the rain, she drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, she woke up naturally. She checked the time, and it was already nine o'clock.

Vance was outside talking to Nancy and hadn't gone to the office yet. This wasn't like his workaholic style at all.

He gave some instructions and left. Only then did Rebecca get out of bed.

At breakfast, Nancy came over to relay a message. "Mr. Bradford said he'd be back after handling some matters. He wants you to wait for



him so you can go visit your parents together." 1

Rebecca immediately lost her appetite, unable to even stomach the oatmeal in front of her. She hadn't said anything about visiting her parents. She had no desire to return.

But she couldn't vent her frustration at the housekeeper. She set down her spoon, preparing to leave the table.

"Ma'am..." Nancy faltered.

"What else did he say?" Rebecca asked, surprised by how verbose Vance could be.

"Well," Nancy said, "there's something I'm not sure if I should say."

Rebecca sighed softly, "Go ahead."

"I don't mean to meddle," Nancy stammered nervously. "I'm just speaking from experience. You know, in a marriage, intimacy is important. Since Mr. Bradford took the initiative, wouldn't things improve if you two had a child?" 1

Her words crossed the boundary a bit, but Rebecca knew that she was coming from a good place.

Rebecca was grateful for Nancy's meticulous care in the past five years, so she didn't snap. Instead, she said, "Thank you, Nancy, but my relationship with him isn't that simple. Please don't bring this up again."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am." Nancy panicked.



Just then, Rebecca's phone rang on the table. It was the delivery service. "You have two items: one large box and one document."

Her heart raced at the mention of the document. It had to be her French proficiency scores arriving.

"Please bring them up," she replied quickly, giving the delivery person access.

Sure enough, it was the test results, and the large box contained clothes she had ordered for Vance last month.

She signed off the packages, about to close the door when the elevator dinged. 1

Vance stepped out, asking, "What's this?"

Rebecca quickly hid the envelope behind her, trying to sound natural. "Your clothes."

Vance hummed with satisfaction. As he entered the house, he reached over to touch her hair, as if to say, "That's more like it."

She twisted her body, terrified he'd spot the envelope behind her. He turned back, surprised she was still standing in place. 1

"Aren't you going to open it and let me try them on?" he asked.

Of course, she couldn't do that and risk exposing her plans to leave him. 2