

Chapter 30

"Open it yourself." Rebecca stood firm, turning her head away, her back against the wall as she clutched the envelope.

Vance sighed, "Your temper has gotten worse lately."

But he didn't push her any further, nor did he suspect that she was hiding something from him. He simply went inside. 1

In the end, Nancy opened the package, while Rebecca swiftly hid her scores and retreated to the guest room.

"Rebecca, we're leaving," Vance called out from outside.

She turned around sharply. "Could you respect me a little? Stop springing every decision on me as a last-minute notification?"

He came to the guest room door. "Is this really a last-minute thing? Today is your father's birthday."

She didn't respond, and he raised an eyebrow. "Or should I go alone?"

"Wait, I'll change," she said, trying to close the door.

Vance blocked it with a hand, his gaze deep and suspicious. "Is it necessary to close the door? Is it because of that dancer kid?"

"Ridiculous." She slammed the door shut. 1

In their five years of marriage, every time she changed clothes, she closed the door. 1

It had been his habit from the start, as if being seen would somehow

tarnish his purity. He was always so tightly buttoned up in front of her. 1

Even his pajamas were fastened to the last button. These were real overactions, totally absurd.

After changing, she came out to find Vance waiting on the sofa. "Let's go."

She noticed an envelope on the coffee table, figuring it was for her father. 1

The envelope looked thick, stuffed with cash. Certainly not a small amount.

This happened every year for her family's birthdays. The giver was willing, and the receivers were happy. Only she, stuck in the middle, felt more oppressed the larger the amount.

Getting into the car, she saw boxes of premium cigarettes and liquor in the backseat. Her boastful father loved these things. 1

Her parents lived in a neighborhood half an hour's drive away. Vance had bought the new house for them after the marriage.

He didn't particularly like her family, but he always accommodated their requests. 1

To marry her, he had given a huge sum, which her parents naturally kept entirely. Her mother had said, "I raised you. Am I supposed to give away my daughter for nothing? Vance is rich. He doesn't care about this little money."



Afterward, every time they met with him, they complained about how damp and cramped the old house was.

Vance, ever so sharp, understood immediately and bought them this four-bedroom house as a gift.

Two years ago, when her brother graduated from college, they sighed about how difficult it was to get a job. Vance understood once again and opened a company for her brother.

And one time, she heard Vance's phone chime with a reminder she glimpsed by chance. It was her brother's birthday.

He had marked every important day, remembering their birthdays even better than she did.

Such instances were too numerous to count. 1

Her parents liked to boast to everyone about how rich and generous their son-in-law was, and so, people admired Rebecca for marrying such a good man.

She admitted that Vance, as a son-in-law, a brother-in-law, and even as a husband, seemed almost perfect. 2

If she had to use one word to describe him, that would be 'flawless'.

But she understood one thing very clearly: his devotion and kindness didn't stem from love, but from atonement.