



Chapter 31

"You'll never dance again."

Those words had struck like a fatal blow, shattering both Rebecca and Vance.

She could still vividly recall his reaction upon hearing them. After the initial shock, it was as if his very soul had been drained from his body.

From that moment, the vibrant man she once knew died. They were both chained eternally by those words. She lost the stage forever, while he was condemned to atone for it without end.

"I owe her." Those simple words became the crushing burden that defined his entire existence. 1

From then on, Vance ceased to live, replaced by a hollow shell. He became Rebecca's husband, a mechanical figure devoid of warmth or emotion. He moved through life like a robot, methodically performing the roles of husband, son-in-law, and brother-in-law with cold precision.

But now, he had come back to life. Catherine's return had reignited the spark in him, flooding his world with light once more. He started to smile again, his eyes gleaming with renewed fire and vitality.

Rebecca sighed deeply. With things having reached this point, why wouldn't he just let her go and free himself in the process?

"Here we are," Vance said, his voice snapping her from her thoughts.

They had arrived at the underground parking lot of her parents'



apartment complex. Rebecca stepped out in silence as Vance opened the back door and unloaded the items.

Glancing over, she saw premium cigars and fine whiskey for her father, along with a large gift box whose contents remained a mystery.

The boxes were bulky, requiring three trips to haul them all into the elevator. If his friends saw him like this, they would surely badmouth her behind her back. "That woman was born to drag Vance down. With his status, why is he slaving away for some broke family's daughter?"

She couldn't help but sneer inwardly. On this point, she agreed that her greedy family didn't deserve his efforts.

As he carried the final box inside and caught the lingering smirk on her lips, he pressed the elevator button and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she replied flatly.

She couldn't exactly tell him she was laughing at his foolishness, could she?

The elevator ascended to her parents' floor, and he said, "You go in first. I'll handle the stuff."

She exited but lingered by the door. When he emerged with the boxes and saw her standing there, a hint of helplessness crossed his face. "Or hold the door for me?"

She obliged, and he helplessly shook his head. "This is your home too."



She lowered her gaze. Her home? Hell not. This was just the home of her parents and her brother.

No one had shown even a shred of concern when her leg was wrecked in the car accident. They had only obsessed over how much compensation they could squeeze out. How could this ever feel like home?

More ironically, Vance was far more welcome here than she ever had been.

Once everything was unloaded, she rang the doorbell. Her parents, expecting them, flung the door open at once. Her mother, Adeline Perry, beamed and ushered Vance inside with exaggerated warmth.

Rebecca almost wondered if Adeline would even notice her absence if she didn't follow.

Vance's first act upon entering was to present the gifts: cigars, whiskey, cash, and the mysterious box. When it was opened, Rebecca discovered it contained a set of fishing gear.

Her father, Soren Perry, had recently taken up fishing as a hobby, but this set cost a staggering six figures.

"Wow, you really got it for me?" Soren exclaimed with delight. "Fantastic!"

So, he had specifically requested this extravagant set. The audacity disgusted her.