

Departure with a Belly Chapter 8

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Victoria's heart skipped a beat at that moment, and her eyes flickered with panic. She felt caught in the act. However, she quickly calmed down and pursed her pale lips. Then, she replied honestly, "Didn't you see it all?"

Her straightforward attitude caused Alaric's probing gaze to soften a little.

He walked over and stared at the empty medicine bowl in her hand. "I had the kitchen labor over this medicine, and you pour it all out like that?"

She rolled her eyes at him. "I already told you I'm not drinking it."

With that, she left with the empty bowl. However, he followed her out and asked in a voice clear and sharp, "Did you intentionally go out in the rain yesterday?"

Hearing this, Victoria hesitated, then shook her head, denying it. "No, why would I do something like that?"

Still, Alaric remained suspicious as he continued scrutinizing her. "Really?"

Then, why did you refuse to go to the hospital? Why are you refusing to drink the medicine now?"

Nevertheless, she could only explain nonchalantly, “The medicine is too bitter. I don’t want to drink it.”

“Is that all?” he narrowed his eyes.

As if he had thought of something, he persisted in saying, “Yesterday—”

He had wanted to ask about the text message and whether she had noticed anything, but after thinking it over, he felt it was impossible. After all, she didn’t even enter the club the other day, so how could she know? Moreover, Victoria didn’t want to keep hashing things out with him because she feared letting something slip. She had secrets now and didn’t want him to know.

At that moment, the maid came in with food, so Victoria took the opportunity to start eating. Since she was still recovering, the maid had prepared light, liquid food for her. However, Victoria had no appetite and only ate a little before putting down her bowl, which the maid soon came to collect.

Alaric watched by the side as his thin lips pursed into a straight line. He didn’t know if it was his imagination, but he felt everything was off. The whole room felt wrong, and even he was odd somehow. Although he had

never had a good temper, he rarely felt so frustrated and restless.

Suddenly, he felt like the air in the room wasn't circulating properly, so he turned and left.

Once he was gone, Victoria's facade crumbled, and she slumped down, staring at her toes. Before going to sleep, the maid brought her another bowl of medicine. Victoria realized he wasn't home then, so she decided not to pretend anymore. Then, she spoke frankly, "I don't want to drink it. Furthermore, you don't need to make it again later."

The maid held the bowl of medicine, looking slightly confused. Victoria looked at her flatly as she added, "If there's nothing else, you should go to rest early. I'm tired today."

Then, the maid blinked in bewilderment and walked out of the bedroom.

On the other hand, Alaric didn't return to the room. The bedroom was quiet, with only her alone in it. Due to the fever, she experienced some lightheadedness when she lay down. Her head was heavy, but her mind was clear. He isn't back... It's obvious where he is.

Then, she turned over and closed her eyes with only one thought. If I had been the one to jump down to save him, would we still be divorced?

Unfortunately... She couldn't turn back time.

Soon, Victoria fell into a drowsy state again, with a tear slipping down her cheek that went unnoticed by herself.

In the middle of the night, she felt the mattress being pressed down and wondered if he had returned. However, her consciousness was soon overwhelmed by boundless darkness.

The following day, when she woke up and turned over, her first reaction was to reach out and touch around next to her. Nevertheless, all she could feel was coldness.

So, she pursed her lips, and the light in her eyes gradually sank.

Early in the morning, the maid brought food and a bowl of medicine again.

early in the morning. When Victoria smelled the pungent medicinal scent, she furrowed her eyebrows. The maid said, "Madam, this medicine-"

Nonetheless, Victoria couldn't stand it anymore, and her tone became

harsh. "Didn't I say not to make it again? Why did you bring it up here?"

She was usually gentle, so the sudden severity surprised the maid.

However, Victoria realized her emotions were out of control and

immediately came to her senses. She reached up and pinched her brow,

saying, "Sorry, I'm not feeling well. Please take this medicine away."

The maid could only take the medicine away. Back in the kitchen, Hector saw the bowl of medicine being brought back and frowned hard. “Does the madam still refuse to drink the medicine?”

The maid nodded and then explained what had happened earlier. Hearing the maid’s dissatisfaction in her tone, Hector said sternly, “You know how well she treats us usually. It’s probably because she’s sick, so her mood isn’t good. Don’t hold a grudge against her because of this.”

Hearing the housekeeper’s stern lecture, the maid blushed and quickly shook her head. “No, no, how could I hold a grudge against her because of this?”

“That’s good, then. No matter what, she’s still Mrs. Cadogan to us.”

Still Mrs. Cadogan? Didn’t they say yesterday that Claudia Johnson is the

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one Mr. Cadogan likes? Wouldn’t the ‘Mrs. Cadogan’ role be replaced with

Claudia soon?

While the maid was lost in thought, a cold voice suddenly interrupted, “She still doesn’t want to drink it?”

Hector and the maid were stunned as they looked up at the person who had arrived.

“Sir...”

Alaric stood there with a cold face, holding a suit and his car keys. He had already had breakfast and was getting ready to go to the office when he saw the maid’s tray with the bowl of medicine still full. Thus, he stopped to ask Hector about it.

Hector nodded. “Yes, sir.” Then, he added, “Sir, what is the medicine for?”

Alaric disliked the fact that Victoria kept refusing to take medicine. She

didn’t take it all day yesterday, and now she still won’t take it today?

“It’s for reducing fever,” he answered.

Relieved, Hector thought it was not a big deal since it only reduced fever.

However, the maid behind him was surprised when she heard it was to reduce fever. Suddenly, she blurted out, “Oh, it’s for reducing fever? I—I thought it was for-” She didn’t finish her sentence before feeling Hector and Alaric’s gazes on her.

The maid realized she couldn’t say anything more and quickly changed her words with a smile. “Anyway, as long as the madam is fine.”

unfinished sentence contained much information. “What do you mean?”

he asked.

Startled by his sharp tone, the maid could only lower her head and whisper, "I'm not sure. I only saw what looked like a hospital report while cleaning the bathroom trash can yesterday."

Hearing that, he narrowed his eyes dangerously. "What kind of hospital report is it?"

The maid shook her head. "I'm not sure. It was torn up and seemed to have been soaked in the rain. I only saw a few words on the report while cleaning up."

Alaric then asked, "Where is it?"