

## Departure with a Belly Chapter 2

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Alaric shoved Victoria into the bathroom and left.

She kept her head down, waiting until he stepped out of the room before slowly looking up and wiping away the tears on her cheeks.

Moments later.

She locked the bathroom door and pulled out the hospital's report from her pocket.

After being soaked in the rain, the entire report was illegible with every word too blurred out to read.

She had planned on surprising him with it, but now it seemed like it was completely useless.

She had been with him for two years. She knew for sure that he was the kind of person who never let his phone leave his side.

He was also not the kind of man who would intentionally summon her just to tell her to go home.

The only possibility was that someone took his phone to message her so

that she would be laughed at.

Perhaps there was a crowd of people laughing at her while she was foolishly waiting outside the country club with the umbrella.

She stared down at the illegible report for long moments before letting out a self-deprecating chuckle and slowly tearing it apart.

30 minutes later.

Victoria calmly walked out of the bathroom.

Alaric was sitting on the couch. His long legs were placed firmly against

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the floor as he focused on the laptop in front of him. He seemed to be working.

When he saw her, he pointed at the cup of tea beside him.

"Drink that."

"Okay."

She walked over and picked up the cup of tea. She did not drink it immediately. Instead, she seemed to be preoccupied with some thought before calling out to him.

"Alaric."

“What is it?” His voice was cold as he remained focused on the screen before his eyes.

She stared at his sculptured jaw and profile. Her pale lips twitched.

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However, he seemed to have gotten impatient as he snapped up to look at her. Their eyes locked.

As she had just taken a shower, her skin was pink, and her lips no longer looked as pale as before. Still, she looked rather sickly like she might shatter at a touch. Perhaps it was because she had just been drenched in the rain.

With one glance, his desire for her was aroused.

As for Victoria, her emotions were warring inside her, causing her to be oblivious to his emotions. Instead, she was trying to work out what to say.

Eventually, she came to a decision. “You... Mmgh!”

She had just opened her mouth when he grabbed her chin and kissed her as if he could not control himself.

His calloused fingers immediately turned her fair skin red.

His breath was hot like fire against her skin. She eventually ran out of breath. Just as she was about to push him away, his phone began to ring from where it was on the table.

They froze. The passion immediately vanished. He soon moved away, gently nibbling on her lips as if he was still unsatisfied. When he spoke next, his voice was hoarse.

“Finish your tea and rest early.”

He grabbed his phone and walked out of the room.

He had to answer the phone.

The balcony door slid shut.

Dazed by the kiss, she rested on the couch for a few moments before standing.

She did not head into the bedroom but walked toward the balcony.

The glass door was only half-closed. The chill night breeze carried Alaric’s voice over to her.

“I won’t leave.”

“What are you thinking? Be good and sleep.”

His voice was so gentle and tender.

She stood there and listened for a few minutes before chuckling.

Ah, so he could be gentle and sweet. What a pity the target of his affection is not me.

She turned around and walked into the bedroom. With a blank face, she sat down on the bed.

Their marriage was a mistake in the first place. It was just a deal anyway.

Two years ago, her family, the Selwyns, went bankrupt. She had fallen from grace overnight, becoming the laughingstock of the city.

The Selwyns had been too successful. They had made too many enemies.

After their fall, everyone was rushing to humiliate them.

Someone even bragged that he could help the family out with their debt as long as she gave herself to him.

Prior to the family's downfall, countless men tried to woo her. None of them caught her eye, however. As time went by, people started calling her high and mighty.

A group of men thought of fooling around with her now that she was in

disgrace. They started a secret auction to see who would get her,

When she was at her lowest and most humiliated, Alaric returned,

He took care of those rowdy men and made them pay a cruel price for their actions. After helping the Selwyns pay off their debt, he then said to her, "Let's get engaged."

She had stared at him in shock.

At that, he reached out to stroke her cheek.

"Why are you surprised? Afraid that I'll take advantage of you?" he asked.

"Don't worry. It's just a fake marriage. Grandma is sick, and she likes you. She'll be happy to see us engaged. I'll help you bring the Selwyns back to glory,"

Oh, it is to be a fake engagement. He does not like me. It is all to make his

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grandmother happy.

Even so, she agreed to marry him.

She knew he did not care about her, yet she still fell for him.

The engagement left her feeling conflicted.

The sudden change in their relationship from childhood sweethearts to an engaged couple somehow felt weird to her.

He did not appear ill at ease though, attending every event and dinner party with her by his side. A year afterward, his grandmother Griselda Bates' condition worsened, which promoted them to move onto the marriage stage, and she became Mrs. Cadogan, the object of everyone's envy.

Everyone was saying that the pair of childhood sweethearts were meant to be together.

When she snapped out of her thoughts, she could not help but laugh at her thoughts.

Unfortunately, they did not get together for real. It was just a transaction between willing parties.

Suddenly, she heard Alaric speak. "You're still awake."

The spot beside her on the bed soon dipped down as her nose was filled with the refreshing notes of his scent.

"I have something to tell you," he said.

She did not turn around. She could guess what he was going to say.

“Let’s get divorced,” he continued.

Even though she had guessed it, her heart still skipped. Suppressing her emotions and trying her best to keep calm, she asked, “When?”

Lying there, she sounded so calm and unaffected, as if she was merely talking about something normal.

Her reaction made him frown as he answered, “Soon. We’ll wait until Grandma’s done with her surgery.”

She nodded.

“Okay.”

“That’s it?” he asked after a pause.

Hearing that, she turned to glance at him. “What?”

Her eyes were so wide and pure that he was stunned by her question. He gulped before letting out a silent laugh.

“Nothing, you heartless woman.”

People liked to say marriage tied people together. They had been married for two years, yet she remained so calm when he suggested a divorce.

Well, their marriage was just a deal anyway. They both got what they needed out of it.

He was merely someone to frighten her suitors away with.

Two years. She probably would have cut ties with me earlier if not for Grandma.

He pushed away the uneasiness he felt at her calmness, lay down beside her, and closed his eyes.

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"Alaric."

She abruptly called out to him.

His eyes snapped open. His deep eyes glowed in the darkness as he stared at her.

"What is it?"

Her lips opened and closed as she, too, had her gaze on him. In the end, she blurted, "Thank you... For the past two years."

His eyes darkened when he heard that. He pursed his lips. "You talk too much."

Did she?

She turned away from him, thinking she would not have a chance to do so

after their divorce.