

Departure with a Belly Chapter 256

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Chapter 256

The two short and succinct words made Alaric wait for the entire afternoon,

However, it was already dark when Victoria finally arrived.

Alaric sat on the hospital bed, full of resentment. When he saw Victoria sitting down in front of him, he asked with a hint of bitterness, "Why did it take you so long to come?"

Victoria didn't react much to his words. She merely glanced at Alaric indifferently and replied, "Doesn't traveling back and forth take time? Doesn't cooking take time?"

The two questions silenced Alaric, leaving him speechless.

When Victoria handed him the food, Alaric said in a deep voice, "You didn't have to go out of your way to cook for me. Just coming here would have been enough."

Victoria responded, "Do you think I want to?"

Alaric's expression changed slightly. "Then why did you?"

However, Victoria didn't answer his question. She simply stood up to tidy up.

Although her back was facing him, it seemed as if she had eyes on her back as she

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reminded him, "You better eat quickly. It took me a long time."

Alaric silently finished the food she had prepared.

Thereafter, Victoria came to collect the bowls and calmly said, "I'll come again tomorrow."

Before Alaric could say anything, Victoria left directly.

Alaric's expression turned grim.

Terrance clearly did not expect Victoria to come and go so quickly with such an emotionless demeanor as if she were just fulfilling a task.

Alaric asked, "Why did she do this? Is it only because of my condition?"

Terrance fell silent. At that moment, he didn't understand Victoria's intentions either.

For the next few days, Victoria continued with the same pattern. She would come every morning and afternoon to deliver meals. As Alaric progressed from a liquid to a semi-liquid diet, the food she made for him gradually changed.

It was evident that she put a lot of effort into preparing each dish. However, every time she came to the hospital, her attitude was cold and distant as if she were only

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taking care of Alaric as a patient in the hospital, and she was just a nurse completing her duty.

At first, Alaric had some hope, but after three days, that hope died. It continued like this for another day.

On the fourth day, when Victoria arrived as usual to bring breakfast for Alaric, he didn't eat much and just sat there with the bowl in his hands.

Seeing that it was already past breakfast time, he knew Victoria would usually remind him to eat, but this time, he decided to ask in advance.

"Why did you come and bring me food?"

Victoria looked at the bowl in his hands but didn't answer.

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Alaric, who had been repeatedly met with Victoria's coldness over the past few days, wasn't as easily appeased today. He sat there with a heavy gaze.

In fact, he changed his question. "Why do you care about me?"

The room fell silent. Terrance wanted to slip away, but he was afraid that his footsteps would interrupt their conversation, so he stood there pretending to be invisible.

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Victoria met Alaric's dark gaze. After a while, she calmly replied, "Just eat your food **first.**"

Alaric remained still, and so did Victoria.

There was a sense that they were locked in a stalemate. If he didn't eat, she might

not come tomorrow or ever again to avoid wasting her time. Alaric knew her temperament all too well.

In the end, Alaric had no choice but to give in first. He remained silent and finished the food in three or four bites.

“Now can we talk?” he asked.

Victoria stepped forward to collect the bowl and calmly said, “This is a trade.”

“A trade?” Alaric’s brow furrowed. “What kind of trade?”

Now that the topic was out in the open, Victoria had no intention of concealing it any longer. After walking up to Alaric, she said, “You’ve been recovering for these past few days, right?”

Alaric pursed his lips and remained silent, waiting for her to continue.

After a long pause, Victoria said, “I want to see my grandmother.”

Alaric narrowed his eyes. “So?”

“So, these past few days I brought you food, which can be considered as indirectly helping you recover. In return, you’ll take me to see my grandmother.”

Alaric stared at her for a moment before laughing bitterly.

No wonder after she cried and came back from the restroom, she seemed like a

different person. Not only was she willing to come and visit him, but she also brought him food. He had thought she had a sudden change of heart, but in reality, she had already planned out her own intentions.

Realizing this, Alaric suddenly asked, "If it weren't for your grandmother's situation, would you not have cooked for these past few days?"

Victoria calmly looked at him. "You've eaten the food, and your recovery is almost complete. There's no need to dwell on these things."

"Heh." Alaric let out a cold laugh. "In your eyes, what kind of person am I? If you want to see your grandmother, do you think I would refuse?"

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Victoria lowered her gaze. "How can I be sure you wouldn't reject me?"

She hadn't been by her grandmother's side when she passed away, but after all these years, she should be able to visit her grandmother's grave, right?

Alaric became agitated. The fact that she had done all these things for him over the past few days only to achieve a trade made his chest feel heavy. He had actually thought...

With these thoughts in mind, Alaric closed his eyes in frustration. No wonder she suddenly started coming every morning and evening but didn't say much to him.

After pondering for a moment, Alaric made a decision.

“Go and arrange for my discharge. I’ll take you there in the afternoon.”

Hearing this, Victoria remained at the spot.

Without any response from her, Alaric raised his eyelids and looked at her with his deep and steady eyes. “Don’t tell me you’re not available in the afternoon.”

Victoria replied, “Of course, I am. Even if I’m busy, I’ll make time. When and where should we meet?”

Alaric’s heart grew even colder. She only cared about where they would meet, not that today wasn’t the scheduled date for his discharge. If it weren’t for her grandmother’s situation, he probably would have died from his illness, and she wouldn’t have even spared a glance.

After understanding everything, Alaric felt his heart turn to ice.

“You decide,” he said. He lay back on the hospital bed, looking like he didn’t want to speak anymore.

Victoria wasn’t oblivious to his change in mood, but what of it? She had already done enough to help him recently. Besides, he was an adult. If he didn’t value his own life, why should others care for him in his place? She wasn’t someone special to him anymore.

“Okay, after you’re discharged, you’ll return to the hotel, right? I’ll wait for you downstairs,” Victoria said, but Alaric didn’t respond. She knew he was upset, and

she didn't want to stay any longer or say more to him. She decisively concluded, "I'll come to see you this afternoon. I have other matters to attend to at my company. I'll leave now."

After she left, Terrance remained in place, too afraid to speak or even move. He had heard their entire conversation, word for word. It was awkward.

"Why are you still standing there doing nothing?" Alaric's voice came across coldly, "Go and handle the discharge procedures."

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Terrance didn't move and only asked quietly after some time, "Mr. Cadogan, do you really want to be discharged? You haven't fully recovered yet."

Alaric's expression turned sour. "Don't you see that a certain someone doesn't care at all and told me to get discharged?"

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Terrance blinked once, then once more. "Nope, you were the one that got angry and wanted to be discharged. Miss Selwyn said nothing of the sort."

Alaric was speechless.

“Besides, if you hadn’t asked why Miss Selwyn brought you food, she wouldn’t have told you about it today.”

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Alaric’s expression darkened as Terrance went on. “What about tomorrow or the day after that?”

“Mr. Cadogan, as I see it, you shouldn’t have said anything if you wanted to continue seeing Miss Selwyn. We can’t bring things out into the open. You are the one who wanted to pursue her, so if you keep behaving like this, can you manage to woo her?”

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After being acquainted for several days, Terrance was daring enough to give advice to his superior. He had noticed that if his suggestions regarding Alaric and Victoria were beneficial, Alaric wouldn’t get angry at him.

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True enough, Alaric fell silent after that. Terrance knew that Alaric had taken it in and couldn’t help feeling somewhat victorious. Terrance might be more experienced in dealing with women than his boss.

In the afternoon, Victoria arrived at the hotel at the agreed time. After her arrival, she didn’t enter but sat down on the couch in the hotel lobby. She didn’t bring much luggage since she planned on taking the plane home tomorrow.

As for the children, she had entrusted them to Fiona. Victoria and Fiona hadn’t contacted each other much recently but Fiona had immediately taken up the

responsibility after hearing that Victoria needed help so that Victoria could focus on her tasks. As a result, the animosity between them had dissipated slightly as well. Victoria took out her phone to check the time. She had arrived a few minutes earlier and waited for two minutes before sending Terrance a message.

'Mr. Levane, have you come downstairs yet?'

She had to wait for three minutes before Terrance eventually replied to her, 'Miss

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Selwyn, you may have to wait a moment.

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Victoria was stunned for several seconds before realizing that something might have gone wrong. She kept away her phone and grabbed her purse before going upstairs. She had come here before and so knew Alaric's room well. Soon, she arrived at the entrance.

After some thought, she pressed the doorbell. It was some time before someone came to open the door.

Terrance was taken aback when he saw her. "Miss Selwyn, why have you come up here?"

Victoria didn't answer him but asked, "What happened?"

His eyes avoided hers. "N-Nothing."

His guilty expression made her frown and her tone became stern. "What actually happened?"

"Nothing happened, really. Why don't you wait for another few minutes, Miss Selwyn?"

She didn't care about what he said anymore and went past him to go inside the room.

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"Miss Selwyn! Wait." Terrance tried to stop her frantically but couldn't get there in time since she was too fast. He could only shout in panic behind her. "Miss Selwyn, Mr. Cadogan is just changing his clothes."

"Really?"

Why did he have to look so anxious if Alaric was just changing his clothes?

Victoria frowned, wondering if he had coughed up blood again. That was impossible since he looked to be recovering well during the last few days. His hospital stay was pretty long and he shouldn't have been discharged today, plus she didn't ask him to get discharged. He had been the one to get angry and ask for that, but she didn't care enough to advise him against it.

But if he coughs up blood again...

She regretted her words now; she should have said them only a few days after. The things she had said in the morning probably had gotten to him.

She headed directly for the bedroom while Terrance continued his attempt to stop

her. She frowned and was about to place her hand on the doorknob when the bedroom door opened to reveal Alaric who was already fully dressed and blocking her way.

Victoria eyed him while he stood there with a cold look on his handsome face.

“What?”

“You’re okay?” She scanned his face to search for clues.

As she studied him, Alaric exchanged glances at Terrance who was standing off to one side before continuing his way forward emotionlessly. “Why shouldn’t I be?”

Alaric continued for several steps before noticing that Victoria hadn’t followed him and so turned his head to look at her. “Aren’t we going to see Grandma? Why aren’t you coming?”

She pursed her lips. “Are you sure you are okay? If your body cannot take it, I can wait for another couple of days.”

“That’s not necessary.” He turned her down though, probably because he was still angry. She didn’t have time to ascertain that since he immediately walked out after that.

Terrance awkwardly urged her on too. “Miss Selwyn, let’s go.”

He then followed Alaric out while wheeling the luggage along with him. Victoria had no choice but to follow.

She had wanted to sit in the passenger seat but then recalled that Alaric had lost his temper and refused to leave when she did so at the Eastton equestrian facility.

Considering that this was a unique circumstance, she didn’t want to waste any time and opened the back door, about to settle in the backseat.

Victoria had just bent over when she heard Alaric murmur frigidly, “Sit in the front.”

She paused in her movements and looked at him in disbelief, wondering if she had misheard him. "What did you say?"

He was letting her sit in the passenger seat?

He maintained a cold expression and did not even glance at her. "Is there a problem?"

Terrance, who had intended to sit in the passenger seat, opened the car door for her as well. "Miss Selwyn, why don't you sit in the front?"

This isn't right. She stood where she was and narrowed her eyes. If Alaric was still angry at her because of the discharge from the hospital earlier and refused to sit with her, that was understandable. However, when had Terrance become so eager and cooperative?

This event, accompanied by his tardiness and refusal to let her look inside the bedroom...

They might be hiding something from her.

Victoria studied Alaric once again. His clothes were crisp and clean, while his white shirt was tucked neatly beneath his gray sweater. There weren't any creases in his coat either.

Since they were about to visit Old Mrs. Cadogan, he had carefully dressed himself up. Victoria had done the same as well. She had gone home just to take a bath and

change into light-colored clothes. Everything seemed to be okay.

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If Alaric hadn't been so pale and so distant from her, she wouldn't have suspected it.

However, Alaric's movements looked especially suspicious, even Terrance's.

She pursed her lips before saying, "Why should you determine where I sit? Don't forget that this is a business transaction. I want to sit in the back."

Ignoring Alaric's protests, she got into the car.

Silence hung in the air.

After she had settled inside, Terrance stole a glance at Alaric before raising his eyebrows and muttering, "Mr. Cadogan, why don't we just allow this?"

Alaric didn't say anything though his expression was stormy.

Victoria answered before he did though. "Mr. Levane, let's go."

"Okay."

After the car had started moving, she observed Alaric's movements. However, he moved away from her at once and leaned against the window, only allowing her to see the back of his head.

That's great. I can't see the expression on his face at all.

She had thought of judging whether his gastritis was acting up again via his micro expressions, but now she couldn't. He had already rested for so many days though, so it wouldn't happen, right?

When they arrived at the airport, Victoria received a call from Bane. "You're coming back to Gandra?"

Even though Bane had tried very hard to control himself, Victoria could still hear his heavy breathing through the phone. It was as if he had just stopped running and called her before he could recover.

She could hear that but didn't show any change in emotion. "Yes. I'm going back and coming home tomorrow."

Alaric frowned from beside her when he heard her answer the phone.

The other end was silent for a long time before Bane spoke once more. "You're going with him?"

"Yes."

Bane fell quiet again. "Victoria, can I ask why?"

She didn't look back and told him directly, "I have something important to do back at Gandra."

She didn't say clearly what that was, but Bane understood what she meant. "Okay, be careful. I'll pick you up when you come back."

Victoria declined without a second thought. "There's no need, I will go back to the company when I return, so you don't have to come pick me up."

"Why do you keep turning me down?" His breathing had calmed down slightly. "Do I no longer have the chance to prove myself?"

She pursed her lips, feeling slightly suffocated. "It's not that, I just—"

"That's settled then. Send me your flight number after you buy your return ticket and

I'll go fetch you tomorrow." He behaved so forcefully that she didn't know what to say momentarily. Bane hung up soon after.

She felt somewhat dazed after hearing the busy tone from the other end. This was the first time he had hung up on her; was he that angry that she was going to Gandra with Alaric?

She had to go back there with Alaric, though. If she went there alone, she wouldn't

even know where her grandma's grave was. At that thought, she kept her phone and walked back.

She had just approached when she heard Alaric's mocking voice. "Why don't you let him come along since he misses you so much?"

Her face fell and she was about to say something, but he had already walked away.

"Miss Selwyn, let's go too."

Since they had bought their tickets separately, Victoria had gotten an economy-class ticket in order to avoid Alaric. Sure enough, Alaric immediately sniggered when he found that she had bought an economy-class ticket as they were about to board.

"What? Are you scared that I might do something to you in the business-class section?"

She kept her ticket away calmly. "I just wanted to save some money. You know that I now own a company."

Alaric frowned at that. "Didn't I invest in it already?"

"You did, but the company isn't profitable yet."

He didn't know what to say to that, since she had already found an excuse for it.

After an instant, he scoffed. "Good."

He didn't speak with her anymore and sat on a bench, then he closed his eyes. He looked pretty unwell and his lips were pale.

If she hadn't been angry at him, she wouldn't have rushed back to Gandra. She had asked him to make the journey with her when he hadn't fully recovered yet, so he was probably in a terrible state.

Never mind. Let this be a lesson to him.

Alaric and Terrance were flying business class, so they had the privilege of boarding first. Victoria didn't and so had to queue. The two sides were now acting separately.

Terrance could feel the fury radiating from Alaric, which was strong enough to kill someone, as he followed his superior. He suggested to Alaric, "Mr. Cadogan, don't worry. I'll swap seats with Miss Selwyn when we board later."

Alaric's expression was still dark, to which Terrance reassured him, "Mr. Cadogan, it's actually better that Miss Selwyn bought an economy-class ticket. If she bought a business-class ticket as well, then she would never buy a seat next to yours.

However, I can. When I swap seats with her, she will be sitting next to you and you

both can talk. Won't that be better?"

True enough, Alaric was convinced by this and eyed Terrance meaningfully, just when Terrance thought Alaric was going to lose his temper at him, Alaric coughed lightly. "You've done pretty well, but you would have to convince her first."

"Mr. Cadogan, don't worry. I have my ways."

Even if Terrance had made his promise, Alaric wasn't completely reassured, though he didn't feel upset as before. Alaric hadn't fully recovered yet, and even if he could be discharged earlier, his anger and anxiety seemed to make his stomach hurt terribly. Physical health might be connected to one's mood after all.

Victoria had sent the message in the afternoon when Alaric had just taken his medicine; he had even broken into a cold sweat when they left. Thankfully, it was wintertime and everyone was clad in layers, so she couldn't see anything. His sweat had nearly dried out by now, but his body temperature had dropped as well while his empty stomach felt slightly queasy.

Terrance wasn't around since he had gone to the boarding gate to wait for Victoria.

Alaric had just settled in his seat when Victoria came to him.

She walked to where he was sitting. Seeing his legs being spread out in an arrogant fashion, she eyed the seat beside him, which was a window seat, then kicked his leg. "Let me in."

He pursed his lips. "Why have you come?"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Why can't I?"

He was quiet as if he didn't have any intention of letting her pass until the stewardess came by and looked strangely at Victoria. "Miss, the plane is about to take off. Please return to your seat."

The stewardess saw Alaric and his stretched legs which blocked the way and sensed something. She asked Victoria, "Miss, can I see your ticket?"

The stewardess had just finished speaking when Alaric held Victoria's wrist and

retracted his legs, dragging Victoria into the seat beside him at the same time.

“She’s with me.”

The stewardess instantly understood after seeing Alaric holding Victoria’s wrist.

Was this a lovers’ tiff then?

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The only thought Victoria had when Alaric caught her wrist was, It’s cold.

His hand seemed to have just held ice and had a great difference in temperature compared to her warm hand, so she couldn’t help shivering while glancing at his pale face.

They had bodily contact after all, so he could naturally sense her reaction and immediately withdrew his hand when she had sat down.

After the stewardess was gone, Victoria spoke without any change in emotion.

“Weren’t you reluctant to let me in?”

He maintained a dark expression and remained silent, though he felt that Terrance’s strategy was pretty sound. The more Alaric behaved like he didn’t want her close to him, the more she would think he might be hiding his condition from her. So, she wouldn’t avoid getting closer to him, which was the exact result that he wanted.

Sure enough, she asked after a brief silence, “Have you been discharged?”

“Of course. Do you think I’m going back for a stay when I return?”

His tone wasn’t friendly but considering that he was taking her to see her grandma,

she couldn't get angry at him. "If you haven't fully recovered, it's not a bad idea to do

1. so. Are **you** not going to take care of yourself?"

He glanced at her. "Why do you care?"

She smiled lightly. "Why shouldn't I? Don't forget that you're a huge investor in my company."

His eyes dimmed slightly while his lips paled a little.

Recalling his cold hand, Victoria told a passing stewardess, "Excuse me, can you get me a blanket please?"

The stewardess quickly got one and handed it to her. Victoria took it but instead of using it herself, she spread it out and lay it over Alaric.

Alaric was taken aback and turned to her in confusion.

"Aren't you cold? Cover yourself up."

He retorted instinctively, "Who said I was cold?"

"I did."

"I don't need it. Take it away."

She raised her eyebrow. "I'm too lazy to do that."

She then turned away and ignored him.

He frowned as he sat in his seat. Even if he had protested by claiming he didn't need it and telling her to take the blanket away, he didn't do anything at all. He wasn't wearing many layers, so the soft blanket on top of him provided him with more warmth.

On a rare enough occasion, Alaric maintained his position without moving for fear that the blanket might fall. He wasn't going to pick it up himself since he would be

embarrassed then.

Meanwhile, Victoria acted naturally throughout the entire event, even taking out her laptop and starting to deal with her work right in front of him.

Due to his discomfort, Alaric lay against his seat. He stared at her as she worked in this position. His gaze was focused on her flawless face—her eyes, nose, lips, and ears and lingered on them. The way she looked when concentrating on her work was still the same as that of five years before, where she would be so focused that she wouldn't care about attention from other people.

He continued staring at her silently and after a while he saw her frown abruptly, her hands pausing in their movements as she stared at her laptop. He thought at first that she had noticed him looking at her and felt annoyed by it, though he wasn't going to look away.

However, he soon discovered that wasn't the case because she maintained her position while staring at the screen as if feeling conflicted. It was then that he realized she was probably thinking about a problem, and he glanced toward her screen. After studying it briefly, he found out what she was worrying about and smiled before saying something to her.

When she heard him, Victoria abruptly snapped out of her focused state and looked toward Alaric.

“What? Was I wrong?”

She frowned at him though. “Why aren't you resting?”

He replied, “I'm not tired.”

She didn't say anything else. Recalling what he had said, she looked at her plans again and found that his suggested solution was the best option.

"Stop interrupting my work," she told him.

He looked down and scoffed. "Being kind doesn't pay."

"I don't need your kindness."

Alaric was enraged by her reply, but he became slightly vindicated and snorted inwardly after seeing that she had put in his suggestion.

The stewardess soon came over to serve their meals. Victoria didn't have the time to eat since she had to write her plans, but then she heard Alaric say to the stewardess, "Get me a glass of wine."

Victoria had been typing on her laptop without even looking up, but she abruptly lifted her head after he said that and stared at him. "You haven't fully recovered yet. How can you drink wine?"

"I'm almost there," he replied calmly. "Just a few mouthfuls."

She had no words. After some silence, she informed the stewardess, "Sorry, he was just discharged from the hospital and can't take alcohol. Can you please get him a glass of water?"

The stewardess looked at Victoria and then Alaric before nodding. "Okay."

"Victoria, why are you meddling in

my
affairs?”

Victoria replied emotionlessly, “Because I’m your neighbor now. What should I do if you drank wine and got sick, thus disturbing my work? You can drink to your heart’s content after we disembark.”

Alaric didn’t know how to answer that.

The stewardess brought over a glass of water soon after. It was warm yet emitted some steam in the cool air.

Alaric stared at the glass of plain water. He had taken plenty of plane rides, but this was the first time someone had served him water on one. However, he didn’t feel any irritation at all. The only thing troubling him now was that he didn’t want to take it voluntarily since it would embarrass him, but...

Terrance’s words rang in his head once more.

If you’re so concerned about your reputation, how are you going to win her back?

At that thought, Alaric pursed his lips. He was planning to take the glass when a pale hand reached over and grabbed it.

Victoria picked up the glass of water and felt its temperature. It was warm and felt okay to her, but it wouldn’t be warm enough if it was left there for a little longer. So, she handed it over to him.

“Drink it quickly.”

He stared at her without moving.

She looked into his eyes and moved the glass toward him, insisting, “Quickly. You look so sick; don’t fall ill again after we get off the plane. I’m telling you right now—I

must see my grandma tomorrow morning.”

He stretched out a hand from beneath the blanket to take the glass. “Alright.”

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Alaric drank half a glass of warm water. He had to admit that he felt his stomach getting warmer after drinking it and he no longer felt so bad. He hadn't really wanted to drink wine, but he got what Terrance was hinting at just now. Alaric was making himself seem unwell just so she would pay more attention to him, not jeopardize his own health.

After drinking the water, he settled into his seat and continued watching Victoria work. The sky was blue and filled with white clouds outside the window, while she was filled with concentration inside the plane.

For the first time in five years, he felt at peace.

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Two hours later, the plane landed in Gandra.

Even though Victoria had mentally prepared herself, it fell short when she got off the plane and was greeted by the familiar view of the airport. Her hands were shaking on her sides.

Five years ago, she left Gandra at the same airport.

Five years passed since then, but the airport still looked the same. She trailed behind Alaric with a heavy heart.

Lost in her thoughts, she didn't notice that the man in front of her had stopped in his

tracks and turned around to watch her because she was walking so slowly.

Victoria wasn't paying attention to her surroundings, so she bumped into the person with a thud.

Her forehead hit someone's chest, which caused her to stop. When she raised her head, she met Alaric's dark eyes.

He coldly pointed out, "Watch where you're going."

She paused at his words. Massaging her forehead, she took a few steps back and frowned. "I was just thinking about something."

"What's on your mind?"

Victoria stopped massaging her forehead and stared into the distance. "I'm wondering if Grandma blames me. Is it fine if I visit her? What if she doesn't want to see me?"

Her words took him aback.

A moment later, Alaric began in a low voice, "I told you before. She missed you."

It doesn't change things, Victoria answered in her mind.

Besides, she felt like she didn't fulfill her responsibilities as a granddaughter-in-law. I didn't even see her off, Victoria thought bitterly. If I was in her shoes, I'd hate myself for it too.

However, she remembered that the older woman was gentle. She's not the kind of person who holds a grudge against others.

"Let's go."

Chapter 260 I'm Done With You Two

The group left the airport. It was almost 6.00PM when they arrived at the hotel.

The overcast sky was a sign of rain.

Alaric did the same as Victoria when she checked in at the hotel reception.

“Aren’t you going home?”

Alaric’s expression remained neutral. “The cemetery isn’t far from here. It’s a thirty–minute trip from the hotel to the cemetery.”

Victoria found his excuse flawless, so she said nothing.

The pair booked a room each. Terrance would be sharing a room with Alaric while Victoria stayed alone.

The two rooms were opposite each other.

After going into the room, Victoria removed her shoes and collapsed on the mattress

The rain began to fall outside the window.

She listened to the sound of rain beating against the windows as she lay in bed. Am

I imagining things? Why do I feel like the sound of the rain in Gandra is different from Jasea or another country?

The weather in Gandra always changed fast. One minute it was a sunny day, and the next it rained. When the rain poured, the sound of them hitting the ground was different from what she heard in other places.

After she stayed in bed for a while, the chill began to cling to her. She rolled out of the bed to close the window. She waited for some time before she initiated a video call with Fiona.

Fiona immediately answered her call. However, it wasn't Fiona who answered it but Nicole and Nathan.

The two showed up on the screen next to each other. "Mommy."

Victoria glanced at the view behind them and was surprised to find her children in a moving car. They should have gotten home from school a long time ago. What are they doing in a car at this hour?

"Nicole, Nathan, where are you heading now?"

"Mommy, Miss Fiona is taking us out for dinner!"

Fiona chimed in as soon as the children finished speaking.

"Victoria, is that you? I couldn't take the call as I'm driving. I'm bringing the kids to dinner. After that, I plan to take them to the amusement park. We'll be home late."

Listening to her friend talk, Victoria smiled. "Thank you, Fiona."

"It's my pleasure. Besides, I'm not doing it for your sake. I can't resist their adorable charms. Remember the group photos we took two years ago? The photos received many likes on Facebook."

The words reminded Victoria of a certain trip.

Back then, she was still abroad. She and Fiona went on a trip and took a lot of

photos. She remembered Summer being there as well, which formed a group of three women and two children.

After Fiona posted the group pictures, the netizens were guessing whether the children belonged to Victoria or Summer. Some of them even asked Fiona for Victoria's number.

Her pursuers gave up after they found out she was the mother to the two children.

"That's enough talk. I need to focus on driving. We're almost there. You do what you have to do. Don't worry about Nicole and Nathan. I'll look after them."

"Thanks."

Victoria gave the children a few words of reminder before hanging up the phone.

Someone knocked on her door as soon as she put her phone away.

Victoria got up to answer the door and found Terrance standing outside. He shot her a smile when she showed up.

"Miss Selwyn, what are the dinner options?"

Dinner? She belatedly felt hungry at his reminder. However, she was exhausted. She had to wake up in the early morning to make breakfast for Alaric over the last few days, which resulted in a reduction in her sleep time. Besides, she just took a flight today. Thus, she didn't feel like going anywhere.

"I don't feel like going out. I guess I'll call the room service."

"But there's one thing..." Terrance hesitated.

Victoria couldn't help but notice his hesitation. "What's wrong?"

“It’s not that big of a deal. It’s just that I have a strong stomach, so I can eat whatever I want, but Mr. Cadogan can’t.”

Now, the reason for him to stutter was clear to Victoria.

She remembered the plan to visit Griselda’s grave tomorrow. Therefore, she said, “All right. Let me put on a coat. We’ll eat out.”

“Good! I’ll tell him right now.”

“All right.”

Victoria returned to the room and put on a coat before leaving.

Upon leaving the room, she saw Terrance urge Alaric out of their room.

Victoria glanced at Alaric for a moment before she withdrew her gaze and took the lead. “Let’s go.”

Alaric strode behind her.

Once the trio went downstairs, Terrance asked, “What do you want to eat for dinner, Miss Selwyn?”

“Let’s see.” Victoria took out her phone and searched online for nearby restaurants.

Standing next to her, the two men kept quiet.

A few minutes later, she put her phone into her pocket.

“There’s a Mawhen restaurant just five minutes from the hotel’

“Sure—What?” Terrance only noticed that something was amiss after he responded.

“Mawhen restaurant?”

Did I hear her right? She said Mawhen, didn’t she? It serves spicy cuisine! It’s fine on the usual days. Even though Mr. Cadogan doesn’t fancy spicy food, he can eat them when he isn’t suffering from a gastric problem. However, Mr. Cadogan hasn’t recovered, but we’re going to eat at a Mawhen restaurant.

To his surprise, Victoria cast him a flat look. Her tone was devoid of emotions as she said, “Is there a problem?”

Terrance involuntarily turned to look at Alaric, but Alaric’s face betrayed no emotions; there wasn’t even a hint of discontent about Victoria’s decision.

Terrance had no choice but to put up with such nonsense. “No. Everything’s fine.”

There’s no problem at all! Mr. Cadogan’s opinion matters the most. Who am I to judge your decision if both of you agree? People nowadays... One of them doesn’t care about his health while another one doesn’t care about him.

Whatever. I’m done with you two. I don’t care anymore.

“That’s good to hear. Let’s go then.”