

## Departure with a Belly Chapter 476

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Now that Bane spoke of her eating habits, Victoria solemnly thought back to what she had eaten throughout the days. It was then that she realized she had eaten too little.

Thus, it was logical for her to have pills described for that.

However, she still shook her head as she stared down at the pills.

“I won’t take them,” she declared.

“Please, Vic. Behave?” There was a helpless tone in his voice. He sighed. “If you’re afraid of how bitter it is, I can have the servants bring you some candy.”

“That would be too troublesome,” she retorted with a frown.

She was not afraid of the taste. There were only a few pills, anyway. She could down them in one gulp. However, there was nothing wrong with her, so why must she take them?

“Are the pills too big for your liking? I can split them in half for you.”

She silently stared at him.

The look of worry on his face and the suggestions he kept throwing out in an attempt to get her to take the pills made her think that if she did not take the pills, he would

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continue chattering on until she finally caved in.

“Fine. I’ll do it.”

She grabbed the pills from his hands and swallowed them with a gulp of the warm water he offered.

“Are you happy now? Can I turn in for the night?”

There was no way he could resist ruffling her hair after seeing the look on her face.

“Rest well.”

“Goodnight, Vic.”

The next day, during breakfast, Victoria asked Bane, “When will you be sending him away?”

“Soon,” he replied. “Probably in the next two days.”

She nodded and did not say another word to him, only focusing on her food.

After a few minutes of observation, he noticed that the amount of food she was eating had decreased instead of increased. She was soon done with her meal.

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He pursed his lips and suppressed the distress in him as he called her back and held out the pills he had portioned out for her.

“Today’s pills.”

There was one less pill this morning. Since it was still bright out, the missing pill must have been the sleeping pill.

He thereafter silently gazed at her.

She took the pills last night, but there were no visible effects at all. Were the pills not working or were they treating the wrong issues?

What was the source of her psychological distress?

He pressed his lips together.

Evidently, he should have known about it. After all, the one thing she cared about was that person's safety and ability to leave unscathed.

Would she feel better after being told that he had been safely sent away?

He had no choice but to test that theory.

Thus, he ordered his men to speed up the process of sending Alaric away.

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Victoria had been shocked to hear that. She had thought he would drag it out forever and had been wondering what she could say to make him move faster.

She had not expected him to speed up everything without needing to be prompted.

"Why would he suddenly do this?" Victoria eventually asked Ethan.

He shook his head.

"I do not know what is on his mind," he replied.

However, he was able to guess what was happening. He could make an educated guess from the moment Bane told him to let Victoria know about it.

However, his guesses were not always accurate.

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It would do Victoria no good if she extrapolated from his guess a way to threaten Bane by hurting herself.

In the end, Ethan could only insist that he did not know anything.

“Strange.” She rested her chin on her hand and pondered. “Has he suddenly changed his mind? Do you think he’ll agree to let him send me home as well?”

He silently stared at her.

Forget it. Nothing could be that easy. From the way he’s acting, it’s impossible. As for the sudden command to send Alaric away as soon as possible, he likely has his own reasons for doing so.”

In her mind, that was the kind of person Bane was.

Ethan did not say a word more as she continued to mumble to herself.

Two days later, Victoria was told that Alaric had been safely sent home.

Ethan was the messenger.

Joy shimmered in her eyes when she heard that.

“Is he finally leaving? Is he now under his own men’s care?” she asked.

He nodded. “Yes. He has been handed over to them, and they are now gone.”

“Has he not woken up at all?”

“Not at all. He is still unconscious. It would likely take more time before he eventually wakes up.”

She bit her lip. "So much time has passed, yet he's still unconscious. Is he really okay?"

"Don't worry, Miss Selwyn. He should be fine. Even if he's not, his men will deal with it."

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That was true. Alaric was now in his men's care. They would certainly provide him with the best care possible.

"Can I know more about his condition in the future?" she asked.

He was gone now, so could she even know what would happen to him in the future?

Ethan did not answer her. After all, there was a distance between them, and they were now hostile toward each other. Why would he keep an ear out for news of him?

Furthermore, even if he did find out anything, Bane would never let any word of Alaric appear in Victoria's life again.

In the future, Alaric and the two children would be completely wiped out from her life.

The mere thought made Ethan's heart throb in pain on Victoria's behalf.

When Bane heard that Victoria had smiled after hearing the good news from Ethan, he was happy about it despite the jealousy burning in him. This meant she should be able to push past her distress, so it was all worth it.

Thus, he ordered the cooks to prepare a feast for Victoria.

She might have been taking her pills over the last few days, but her condition had not improved. Now that the source of her distress was gone, her appetite should have improved.

He eagerly awaited her recovery.

She might not like him now, but as she spent more time by his side, she would slowly get used to being with him.

As for her memories, it would be for the best if she could forget about them forever. It was fine if she did not. When the time came, it would be past the point of no return, even if she remembered her past.

The servants soon returned from their delivery.

“Mr. Morison.”

The distress on their faces caused Bane’s face to grow stern.

“What is it?”

“Miss Selwyn has refused the food we made for her,” they replied.

“Refused them?”

His face grew stormy. “She did not take a single bite?”

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“Yes, sir.”

“I’ll check in on her.”

He stood up and strode toward her room.

Jessie was standing guard outside, frantically scrolling on the phone in search of answers for Victoria’s condition. When she saw Bane walking over, she swiftly put the phone away.

“Mr. Morison.”

“Why aren’t you inside with her?”

She looked like she was about to cry as she answered, “Miss Selwyn is sleeping, so I stepped out.”

He scanned her up and down with narrowed eyes. “Why are you crying then?”

“Sir, Miss Selwyn has not been eating well at all. She’s always sleeping. I—I’m worried about her.”

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Bane frowned when he heard Victoria had not been eating well.

“Did Mr. Hudson not stop by?” he asked.

Jessie nodded. “He did.”

Then, a thought seemed to have struck her as she curiously asked him, “What does that have to do with Miss Selwyn, though?”

In her eyes, he was acting strange.

He liked Victoria, right? Was the most important task at hand not figuring out why she refused to eat? Why was he asking about Ethan?

In Bane’s mind, Ethan’s visit meant Victoria should be feeling better since she now knew that Alaric had safely left captivity. Why...

He pursed his lips. “I’ll check in on her.”

“Yes, sir.”

She opened the door for him,

Inside the room, the curtains were completely closed, causing the room to be so dark

that it was barely lit by the few specks of light shining through the gaps between the curtains and the wall.

However, that was enough to grant him a clear view of the room.

The room was silent with Victoria curled up in a blanket, leaving only her head covered in dark hair exposed.

He had wanted to turn on the table lamp but eventually stopped as he was afraid of waking her up. Hence, he stood there and patiently waited for her to wake up.

Although she was in a deep sleep, her breathing came out in uneven bursts. Just like the doctor said, she was not sleeping well. She seemed to be plagued by dreams that filled her with terror while her eyelids and lashes quivered.

It did not take long before her entire body started trembling. In the ten or so minutes he had been standing there, her forehead went from dry to drenched in a cold sweat.

His heart twisted with agony. Looking at her made him feel like a knife was slowly being slid into his heart.

The hands hanging down his sides clenched into fists.

Why did this happen?

She knew that Alaric was gone, right?

Was that not her only source of distress?

The urge to wake her up kept swelling in him, and he kept pushing it down. Finally, he turned to leave the room.

Jessie had been waiting outside. When he finally left the room, she hurriedly asked,

“How is she, Mr. Morison? Is she finally willing to eat something?”

He pursed his lips with upset in his eyes.

“She has not woken up. Stand guard over her. Let me know as soon as she wakes up.”

She nodded.

“Yes, Mr. Morison.”

When he left, he happened to lock gazes with Ethan who was standing a few feet away.

When Bane saw Ethan looking at him, he gestured for Ethan to come closer.

“Mr. Morison,” Ethan greeted.

“Walk with me.”

Ethan worriedly glanced in the direction of Victoria’s room before swiftly following Bane.

In the study room, Bane questioned, “Are you sure you told her Alaric has safely departed from here? She really believed you?”

Ethan nodded.

“Yes, sir. I told her as soon as I could. She did not doubt a word I said and wholeheartedly believed me.”

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A thought then struck Ethan. “Do you not trust me, Mr. Morison? Did you want to tell her the news yourself?”

Bane calmly shot him a look. “When the doctor checked in on her, he said she might be suffering from psychological distress. That’s why she refuses to eat anything.”

Realization dawned on Ethan.

“You mean to say that you sent Mr. Cadogan away since it might be a source of her distress? As long as we tell her that, she will stop worrying and start eating, right?”

Bane’s silence confirmed Ethan’s guess.

“In that case, the matter should be solved now,” Ethan said.

Bane stared at him.

“Has it?” There was an icy tone to his voice. “If she is under no distress, then why does she still refuse to eat?”

As Ethan had been hovering nearby the entire day, he knew that Bane had sent Victoria

a feast earlier that day. However, Victoria did not eat anything as she did not feel like eating.

At first, Ethan did not pay attention to her appetite. He merely thought she did not eat much in the first place, leading him to think that was the source of her slim figure. He had not expected the amount of food she did consume to be that little.

However, after the last two days, he finally noticed something off about her eating habits.

Her issue was not a small appetite. She basically had no appetite. If he could sense that, so could Bane.

Naturally, it was not his place to worry about that.

Still, it was clear that Bane was at a loss for what to do.

What did the doctor say?

After mulling it over, Ethan tentatively suggested, “If she refuses to eat still, perhaps there might be other sources for her distress?”

“Is that so? Tell me, what are they?” Bane shot back.

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Ethan did not know the answer, and silence fell in the room.

After a few long minutes, Ethan boldly proclaimed, “You should know that better than anyone, Mr. Morison. You’ve known her since you two were children. You know her

better than anyone else along with her likes and dislikes.”

“Are you lecturing me, Mr. Hudson?”

Ethan lowered his head. “No.”

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“Go out and stand guard over her,” Bane ordered, likely because he did not want to hear

Ethan speak anymore.

Ethan did not immediately leave the room, however. He stood there and hesitated for a moment.

“You should turn back before it’s too late, especially while she is still physically fine.”

Ethan looked into Bane’s eyes and continued, “You can clearly see the state she’s in now. Any longer and I’m afraid you’ll regret it, Mr. Morison.”

“What did you say?” Bane squinted his eyes at Ethan with a dangerous glint in them.

“This is not a curse or a joke. How long do you think she can last if she continues to refuse to eat or drink anything?”

The question struck him deep in the heart. He blankly stared at the air in silence for a long while.

“That is all I will say. The rest is up to you,” Ethan said.

He then left the room instead of waiting to be dismissed as usual.

Once he was gone, Bane turned to stare at the ground, seemingly lost in his thoughts.

After a long while, he suddenly swept the items on the desk off it, sending them crashing to the ground in one angry swoop.

The silent study was suddenly filled with the sounds of items crashing and shattering.

The servants outside hurriedly entered the room, fearing the worst. “What happened, sir? Are you okay?”

“Get out!” Bane roared.

The servants hurriedly scrambled out when they saw the fury blazing in his eyes.

The commotion was so loud that a lot of the other servants heard the roar as well.

When they knew Bane was angry, they all became more cautious as they went about their work. They were all afraid of becoming a target for his anger.

Just as everyone thought he would continue to rage, Jessie suddenly ran over and knocked on the door as everyone stared in fear. “Miss Selwyn is awake, Mr. Morison.”

There was a moment of silence. Then, Bane walked out of the study without any signs of anger on his face. His voice also seemed much gentler.

“She’s up? Lead the way then.”

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After Bane and Jessie left, everyone exchanged glances.

“Why was Mr. Morison so angry just now?”

“I’m not sure about the reason, but not long after Mr. Hudson left the study just now, a servant who happened to pass by heard some noises coming from within. We all thought he dropped something, but after the servant went in, we heard Mr. Morison telling her to get lost. That’s how we know that he is mad.”

“Mr. Morison has always been a gentle person; I never thought he’d be so scary when angry.”

“Never judge a book by its cover.”

“When he heard something related to Miss Selwyn just now, he immediately turned back to normal, didn’t he?”

When Victoria woke up, she noticed she was covered in cold sweat. However, she

couldn't remember what her dream was like anymore. She sat on the bed, and in her daze, she remembered Alaric had already left this place in one piece. Her lips curled slightly at the thought.

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Strange as it may sound, her subconscious mind and emotions still seemed to be etched into her bones even though she had forgotten everything from her past.

Victoria would be nervous and anxious when she realized Alaric's life was in danger.

When she learned that he had returned safely, she felt her entire body sigh in relief and happiness for him, knowing she had completed half of *her* mission.

However, she appeared to have other emotions that refused to be unpacked, such as her inability to leave even though he had returned safely. She had considered calling the cops before but remembered how kind Bane was to her, and her subconscious mind told her she didn't want to hurt him. Consequently, she allowed her body and mind to become entangled in conflict under such conditions.

As she pondered, she heard noises coming from outside.

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Bane burst in at that moment and, seeing that she was awake, sat on the side of the bed. “You're awake, Victoria.”

Victoria looked at him and nodded. “Yes. Are you looking for me? What happened?”

Even though I've decided to stay behind of my own volition after Alaric's safe departure,

I'd rather not spend more time than necessary in Bane's company. After this, I doubt I'd even join him for dinner.

However, Bane could hear the rejection in her words, and his worried heart instantly sank. Then, he regarded her with a hostile gaze. “What's the matter? You willingly stayed by my side, so can't I talk to you for no reason?”

His words elicited a look of surprise in her eyes. Her face was pale at the time, but her lips parted slightly as if she was trying to say something. Nonetheless, she didn't say anything in the end. She simply averted her gaze, looking as if she didn't even have the energy to explain.

Seeing her conduct, the emotions that were suppressed for days exploded in that instant. Bane only felt a certain emotion pounding against his chest so hard that he couldn't stop himself for a split second. When she turned and looked away from him, he reached out his hand and grabbed her chin, forcing her to turn back to him.

He had never been so violent, so Victoria was stunned when he grabbed her chin. "You

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"You have something to say to me, so why didn't you say it? Is it because you don't want

to talk to a face like mine, or is the idea of talking to me below you?"

She was rendered speechless by his words.

Soon, Bane's grip on her chin was so powerful that Victoria gradually felt pain, and her exquisite eyebrows creased. "Let go of me."

"Answer me, Victoria!" His eyes were as dark as ink, and his body leaned closer to her.

"Do

you

hate me that much? To the point that you won't even speak a word to me?"

When he said this, he had inched closer to her, and his fiery breaths had also drawn nearer. He was a hair's breadth away from kissing her.

Her heart pounded in response. When his thin lips leaned closer, she used all her energy to shove him away. At this time, he was sitting on the side of the bed, and he didn't expect her to push him out of the blue, so he fell.

Hence, with a thud sounding in her ear, Victoria watched Bane fall to the floor. It wasn't a loud sound, but she was still startled. She wanted to see how he was doing, but when she remembered his crazed actions, she was so scared that she dared not move forward. At first, she wanted to curl up in a corner, but when she thought of the possibility of him going crazy again, she decisively jumped off the bed barefooted, trying to run outside.

Unexpectedly, he acted even faster than she did. When she ran past him, he reached out and grabbed her wrist, pulling her back. "Where are you going?"

"Let go of me!" Victoria fearfully tried to push him away, but her shoulders were held in a death grip.

Just when she thought Bane would continue his madness, she heard him saying something in a grave tone instead. "I'm sorry, Victoria."

After hearing this, she was stunned as she looked at him in slight surprise.

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His eyes exhibited a painful expression, and he apologized, "I'm sorry. I lost control of my emotions for a moment. Did I scare you?"

He reached out to touch her face, but she dodged him.

Soon, a regretful look colored Bane's eyes, and he slowly retracted his hand as Victoria struggled. Then, he said, "I'm sorry. Can you forgive me?"

Nevertheless, she regarded him suspiciously and observed that he appeared to have calmed down. Hence, she thought he was unlikely to attack her anymore. After that, she exhaled a sigh of relief and walked to the opposite side of the bed to maintain a distance between them. "Why exactly did you come looking for me? If you don't have anything to talk about, please leave. I want to sleep."

When he heard that, he was slightly exasperated. "Victoria, you just woke up, so why are you going to sleep again?"

"I didn't sleep well, so I want to keep sleeping. Can't I do that?" Victoria thought Bane was just finding excuses to stay, so she could only grit her teeth and reply.

"You can, but do you remember how long it has been since you last ate? Aren't you hungry? You should eat something before going back to sleep."

"I'm not hungry. I'm not eating anything." She didn't even think twice about his statements before rejecting them.

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Then, he pursed his lips and looked at her helplessly. "Victoria, we need nutrients as long as we're alive. If we want to absorb nutrients, we have to eat something. You haven't been eating properly lately, so where will you get your nutrients from?"

"Mind your own business." Yet, another achingly sad sentence spoken by Victoria

However, Bane replied, "You're living in my house and agreed to stay with me. If I don't mind your business, who will?"

"I can mind my business."

"Victoria, I have to be responsible for your safety. Please listen to me, all right?" While saying this, he walked toward her.

Perhaps, traumatized by what Bane just did, Victoria quickly moved when she saw him. approaching her. "Don't come near me!"

He paused in his tracks upon hearing this.

"Stand right there. If you want to say anything, say it from where you are. Don't come any closer."

Bane lowered his gaze, staring at his toes for a moment. When he looked up again, the look in his eyes had changed. "Do you hate me that much? How are you going to stay by my side in the future?"

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Victoria turned around calmly and stated, "If I guessed correctly before I had my memories, I only promised to stay with you, but I didn't promise to fall for you, right?"

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Victoria is right; before she lost her memories, I would not have expected her to fall for

1. me. After what I've done to her, how could I expect her to like me? I can only dare to

hope that she will continue to be by my side, that I will continue to take care of her, and that she will eventually get used to being around me.

Seeing that Bane was lost in thought, Victoria knew she had hit the bullseye. Then, she said coldly, "Anyway, I'm here now and didn't break any promises. I still have the freedom to do what I want and refuse anything I don't want, right?"

He could only nod in response to her statements. "Yes, that's right."

"So, can you get out now?"

When Bane heard that, he didn't say another word and stared at Victoria for a long time.

In the end, he had no choice but to concede defeat as he said, "All right, I'll leave, but you have to eat something at least. If you don't want to go downstairs, I'll get someone to send meals to your room."

Perhaps, fearing that she would decline, he left right after saying that.

After Bane left, there was a moment of silence before Victoria heard the door close behind him. He's gone. It was only then that she let out a sigh of relief, then sat on the

side of the bed. The earlier incident terrified her so much that she broke out in cold sweat because she feared he would do something to her unexpectedly. In the past, she had been able to act casually around him because she was unaware of this side of him, but after seeing it for herself, she realized she needed to be on guard at all times. What if he began acting irrationally one day? At that thought, she closed her eyes.

A while later, there was a knock at the door, followed by Jessie's voice. "Miss Selwyn, Mr. Morison asked the kitchen staff to send you something to eat."

When Victoria heard that, she opened her eyes again. "Come in."

Jessie opened the door and entered with a plate of various foods on it, and the delicious aroma wafted through the air.

As Victoria took in the smell, she frowned slightly.

"Miss Selwyn, the kitchen staff made all sorts of food today. Which would you like to eat?"

The food is exquisitely prepared, and it is clear that the chef exerted great effort to create a dish that would please those eating it. The presentation is very appetizing.

Those were Victoria's subconscious thoughts. These are all the foods I have loved in the past, but now...

"You should start with some soup, Miss Selwyn." Then, Jessie grabbed a bowl of the chicken soup the chefs had laboriously prepared. The soup had a pleasant aroma

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because many spices had been added to mask the chicken taste. She gently scooped up some soup with a spoon and held it to Victoria's lips, hoping she would at least take a sip. With her current condition, even a spoonful of soup would be beneficial.

The moment when the spoon was brought near Victoria's mouth, she felt like throwing.

1. up. "Blech-

" She was initially frowning, but when she caught a whiff of the scent, her stomach immediately began to churn, and she could not control herself as she retched. Immediately after that, she reached up, covered her mouth, and ran toward the bathroom.

Jessie was shocked out of her senses. When she heard the retches coming from the bathroom, she finally collected herself and ran toward the bathroom. "Miss Selwyn, are you okay?" At that moment, her face was even paler than Victoria's. She thought that she must have gotten herself into trouble. Victoria couldn't eat anything in the first place, but she had held the chicken soup in front of Victoria, causing her to retch like this. Could Miss Selwyn proceed to eat anything after this? I'm done for. At this realization, she began to worry about her future.

Meanwhile, Victoria leaned against the sink, retching for a long while. Her stomach was churning, but she hadn't eaten anything recently, and she didn't even drink much water today, so her stomach was empty. There was nothing for her to throw up. Ultimately, she ran out of energy, and Jessie helped her out of the bathroom. Then, she lay limply on the couch.

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Jessie noticed that her face was as white as a sheet, and strands of black hair clung to her forehead because of the sweat. She looks so helpless and looks very pitiful. How did things turn out like this?

She looked at Victoria, her heart aching for the latter. Then, she bit her lower lip and said with reddened eyes, "Miss Selwyn-

On the other hand, Victoria took a long time to recover. She had just come to her senses when she heard Jessie crying. She looked up to see Jessie looking at her with teary eyes. "What's the matter?" She didn't expect Jessie to cry.

Jessie was surprised at her tears as well. After that, she wiped her tears and apologized, "It's nothing. I was just startled. Are you okay, Miss Selwyn?"

"Did I scare you? Sorry for that."

"You don't have to apologize, Miss Selwyn. It was my fault." As Jessie spoke, she took a

handkerchief and dried the cold beads of sweat on Victoria's forehead. Then, she said, "What do we do now? You can't keep rejecting food, Miss Selwyn. If you don't like the food cooked at home, why don't I take you out for a meal?"

Victoria smiled weakly as she lay there. "It's okay, we don't have to go out. I probably don't have the appetite, that's all. It'll come back in a few days."

Don't have the appetite? At first, I thought Miss Selwyn had a bad appetite and that it  
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would get better in time, but it's been several days, and it seems to have gotten worse instead of better. Also, she is taking medication on the side, which is a recipe for disaster if she continues. At this realization, Jessie suggested, "Why don't you see another doctor, Miss Selwyn? Perhaps, you can get it checked out at the hospital. It might be a stomach problem."

"I'm fine. If you're so worried, bring me something sweet to drink."

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Hearing that Victoria had asked for something to eat, Jessie wiped her tears away. She got up, grabbed a chilled watermelon soup, and brought it to her. "Is this okay, Miss Selwyn?"

“Yes, thank you.” Victoria accepted the bowl and took a few sips. The watermelon was pureed, and all its flavors had seeped into the soup. She liked the flavor, but something about the way it tasted in her mouth seemed off. It seemed to her that her stomach was actively rejecting the food. Nonetheless, she felt bad seeing Jessie staring at her with reddened eyes. I’m afraid Jessie will cry again if I don’t eat something. She could only sigh as she numbly stuffed the chilled watermelon soup into her mouth. Then, she forced half a bowl of the soup down her throat, but she couldn’t stomach more. Hence, she could only look at Jessie and say, “Put it aside for now. I’ll eat more later on.”

“All right.” Jessie thought she wouldn’t eat more than two mouthfuls, but Victoria surprisingly downed half the bowl, and she was elated about that. She immediately nodded and carefully stored the bowl of chilled watermelon soup. She assumed

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Victoria enjoyed the flavor, but she had no idea Victoria simply drank more to avoid seeing her cry.

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Victoria had previously retched for quite some time, so after drinking the chilled watermelon soup, her stomach became extremely uncomfortable again. She endured the discomfort as she leaned against the couch. Subsequently, she could not hold it in any longer, and right after Jessie got back, Victoria dashed to the bathroom and puked up the entire bowl of soup.

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On the other hand, Jessie was taken aback when she saw Victoria puke like that, and she dashed off to find Bane.

When he heard the news, he immediately put down his work and hurried to Victoria.

Jessie followed behind him, saying as she walked, "Miss Selwyn had a poor appetite and ate very little before this, Mr. Morison, but this morning she vomited everything she ate." She paused momentarily, then continued, "Miss Selwyn doesn't seem in good condition. Mr. Morison, why don't you... Get the doctor again? Or bring Miss Selwyn to the hospital? She hasn't eaten properly for the past few days."

When Bane heard that, he came to a halt and waved to a nearby servant, and when the servant approached, he said, "Get the doctor."

Jessie sighed in relief when she heard him ask someone to call the doctor. She wanted to suggest it two days ago, but she was afraid he would disagree or think it was unlucky. Today, however, after seeing Victoria in such a state, she could take it no longer and made the suggestion. Then, she glanced at him, thinking he still cared deeply about Victoria. She pondered whether he would accept her other suggestion if she made it now. Perhaps, she could try her luck. After all, Victoria was so good to her, and she didn't want anything bad to happen to her. After some thought, she tentatively spoke up. "Mr. Morison, I have an immature suggestion, and I wonder if you'd like to hear it."

Bane, whose attention was squarely on Victoria, frowned upon hearing her words. I don't want to hear anything right now, but she's been caring for Victoria all along. Also, Victoria seems to like her. At this thought, he managed to retain some patience. He walked quickly but still reached up and pinched between his eyebrows as he said, "Go ahead."

"This is just my opinion, but Miss Selwyn's mental condition doesn't seem too good... Of

course, Mr. Morison, I have no intention of cursing Miss Selwyn. What I meant is...

Aside from getting a doctor to treat her physical illness, would you consider getting one

to address her psychological needs?”

After hearing this, he said nothing.

However, Jessie didn't know what he was thinking, so she said again, “I only brought it up because I noticed something strange about Miss Selwyn's condition. It's okay if you disagree with this, Mr. Morison.”

While they were talking, they arrived at their destination. Before Bane entered the room, he turned around to glance at her. “All right, got it. We'll let a common doctor examine her first.” With that, he went straight into the room. Before entering, he reflected on how Victoria had previously treated him. Although he approached cautiously out of concern that she would hate him, he ultimately decided to charge in after considering the pain she must be in.

However, when the two approached the couch, they discovered that Victoria had passed out while lying on it.

“Miss Selwyn!” Jessie was startled, and she rushed over to nudge Victoria.

Sadly, Victoria already lost consciousness, so she couldn't hear Jessie's voice at all.

“Don't touch her.” The man's voice sounded from behind.

When she heard that, she hastily scooted to the side, not daring to touch Victoria again.

Afterward, Bane walked over and picked Victoria up from the couch, carrying her and carefully placing her on the bed.

In all the time she had spent there, this was the first time she had ever passed out.

Now, she was unconscious on the bed, with a pale face and shallow breathing.

“Go and see if the doctor is here already. If not, call him and tell him to get his \*ss here right now!”

Jessie was shocked when she heard that. Mr. Morison even uses derogatory language,

implying his emotions are extremely foul. After that, she didn't dare delay as she hastily got up and ran outside. "Okay, I'll ask right away."

At this time, only Bane remained in the room. He observed that Victoria's forehead was covered in a cold sweat, so he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped it gently. During the process, his expression was as dark as ink. When he was done, he gazed at the fainted woman. Her face was as white as a sheet, and there wasn't even much color in her lips.

Suddenly, he had a particular thought when he saw her in that condition for the first time in eons. Have I done something wrong by forcing her to stay with him? She doesn't

like me, and we could've been friends, but now... When did things start going south. between us? How did this happen? In a nutshell, I like her. I have not fallen in love with anyone since young and have never trusted anyone for family-related reasons. She appeared beside me one day, giving me hope, but she refused to be with me. If things have to turn out this way, I wish she hadn't helped me; otherwise, I wouldn't have such high hopes. At that thought, he gently tucked away the stray hair on her forehead, then pulled the blanket over her. "Hang in there. The doctor will be here soon."

As soon as he finished speaking, there was a knock on the door, and when it was opened, Jessie and the *doctor* entered the room.

"Mr. Morison, the doctor is here."

It was the same doctor as before, and he didn't seem surprised, as if he knew this day was coming. "What's the situation?" When he walked closer, he realized Victoria had passed out, and his expression changed instantly. This is even worse than I had feared.

When he was here before, he assumed he would see this girl again, but he had no idea

that things would worsen. He frowned, walked closer to her, and asked, “What  
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happened? How did she faint?”

However, Bane looked at him coldly,

Sensing that he was in a foul mood, the doctor could only turn to Jessie. “What  
happened before she fainted?”

Then, she filled the doctor in on what happened with Victoria.

After hearing her words, the doctor frowned. “I didn’t think her heart would be this  
burdened already.”

Bane instantly looked at the doctor because of what he said.

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“Her condition is deteriorating too quickly; she’s already unable to eat anything. I believe  
I’m no longer required here. You should take her to the hospital for an examination or  
seek counseling from a psychologist.”

When Bane heard the doctor’s words, he pursed his lips tightly and chose not to reply.

After hearing this, Jessie asked, “Doctor, can you prescribe some medicine for Miss  
Selwyn?”

“What medicine? She has psychological problems, right? What medicine can I  
prescribe? Do you think she’ll get better if she takes more medicine? They’re called  
drugs for a reason, and if you take too much medicine when you’re healthy, you’ll get  
sick.”

When she heard his speech, she felt extremely embarrassed. “W–Well, what should we  
do, then?”

“As I said, get a psychologist for some counseling.”

“Give her some medicine.” Bane, who had been silent all this while, suddenly spoke up