

Departure with a Belly Chapter 10

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After a long time, Victoria sighed inwardly. Keeping the truth from him will keep any awkward situations at bay. Moreover, we can think of *our* relationship as a transaction in which both parties benefit from.

At that thought, she pushed away Alaric, who had leaned in too close for ”

her comfort. “It’s not you for sure.”

Then, he frowned upon hearing that. “What do you mean by that? Is there someone else who knows you better than me? Who is it?” He didn’t notice how worked up he was due to her words.

On the other hand, Victoria said nothing in response.

Seeing how she ignored him, Alaric grabbed her shoulders and questioned somewhat viciously, “Is it a man or a woman?”

He applied too much pressure on her, causing *her* to raise her brows and push him away. “It hurts. Don’t touch me.”

Afterward, Alaric let up on the pressure a bit, but he didn’t give up on

badgering Victoria. "If you don't want me to touch you, then be honest with

1. me. Who knows you better than I do? Also, what's up with that report?"

Under his persistent questioning, she responded, "Nobody. I'm the one who understands myself best. Don't put too much meaning in my words, alright? Besides, I don't know what report you're referring to. Is it from the company or somewhere else? If you want a response from me, you should be clear about it, don't you think?"

She took the initiative to express her doubts, causing him to narrow his eyes. There is something fishy about the way that she is reacting.

"The maid claimed she found a piece of torn paper while picking up the trash."

A piece of torn paper? Is the report a piece of torn paper?

Then, Victoria met Alaric's eyes calmly. "What report? Where is it?"

"It was torn and was found in the room. Is it not yours?"

"A torn piece of paper? Yeah, it's mine." Following that, she avoided his gaze and redirected her attention to the laptop. "That's the report I got from the hospital. What's wrong with that?"

Suddenly, he locked his gaze on her. "What kind of report is it?"

Victoria was unwavering and answered, "My body checkup report. Is there

a problem with that?”

However, her answer elicited a scoff from Alaric. “Do you think you can fool me? Why would you tear the report?” His tone was stern as he asked the question. Suddenly, he grasped her thin wrist and prodded, “Are you hiding something from me? What kind of report is it?”

Then, he reasoned that her peculiar quirk must have something to do with the report.

As he exerted even more pressure on her, her brows knitted as she explained softly, “I didn’t tear it on purpose. The report was soaked in water due to the rain, and I could no longer read the words. That’s why I threw it away.”

“Why did you have to tear it before you threw it away, then?” Alaric was still dwelling on it. Obviously, he would keep pestering Victoria if she couldn’t convince him with a reasonable excuse.

Then, when she looked into his eyes, she noticed how dark and gloomy they were. After a sigh, she said, “Have you ever considered that I might not have torn it?”

“What?”

“It was raining heavily that day, and when I took the report out, it was already in a soggy state, and some pieces of paper even got stuck on my clothes. I could only take them off one by one.”

Alaric was taken aback by Victoria’s statement as he imagined the possible scene.

The downpour was so intense that it drenched her completely. Hence, it was only natural that the paper had become soggy. She had *no* choice but to toss it in the laundry basket with the rest of her dirty clothes, but by the time the maids came to clean it up, the paper had dried out and appeared to be torn.

After careful consideration, he decided that her words did not sound suspicious.

Feeling the force on her shoulders loosen, Victoria assumed Alaric was

Chap 6 Abortion is the Only Way

convinced by her statement. Despite her relief, she decided to put everything on the line to dispel any remaining doubts he had about her pregnancy. At that thought, she looked at him and uttered tentatively,

“Why are you panicking? Are you worried that it might have been a

pregnancy report?”

At first, he had planned to deny it, but hearing her last question, he felt his chest tighten. When he glanced at her, he tried to suppress his emotions.

His glance prompted her to raise her brows. “What’s with that expression?

Are you afraid that my pregnancy might affect you and Claudia’s relationship?”

“Are you pregnant?” Alaric squinted his eyes in skepticism.

Victoria shrugged. “No, or I would have shown you the report. As childhood friends, I suppose you’ll compensate me a fair amount if I go for an abortion, won’t you?”

However, her nonchalant tone and indifferent attitude made his expression change slightly.

“What did you say? Are you going for an abortion?”

On the other hand, his last sentence made her heart skip a beat.

“I’m speaking hypothetically only.”

As if trying to go against Victoria, Alaric questioned, “What if it’s not?”

“What do you mean if it’s not?” She frowned slightly.

Then, he narrowed his eyes as he looked at her, obsidian orbs carrying

incomprehensible emotions. "Suppose you are pregnant; would you undergo an abortion?"

She nodded subconsciously and lowered her head. "Yeah, maybe."

Nonetheless, she didn't notice how his expression turned dark when she blurted her answer.

Alaric was annoyed by Victoria's indifference, and he felt something churning in his chest as anxiety surrounded him densely.

Then, Victoria continued, "What will happen to you and Claudia if I don't abort the child?"

What will happen to Claudia and me? Her question was like having a bucket of ice water dumped on him, causing him to snap out of his stupor and get his bearings.

The woman before him had fair skin and bright red lips; her features were dimensional and delicate, even without makeup. She had such a captivating appearance that it was hard to take one's eyes off her for even a moment.

After a moment of observing Victoria, Alaric withdrew the emotion from

his eyes, stood up, and had since calmed down. He suggested, with a cold voice that sounded entirely different from before, "You don't have to go to the company today. Take a good rest."

Soon, he turned and left the bedroom with a cold expression.

Yes, she's right. Even if she ever gets pregnant, she will be forced to abort the child. I simply could not, and would never, let Claudia down.

Back then, Alaric stumbled and fell into the river. The flow of water was so rapid that even a person who could swim wouldn't have been able to escape death, let alone jump down to save others.

He was having trouble breathing after taking several mouthfuls of river

Chapte 10 Abortion is the Only Way

water, his limbs fell heavy, and he was on the verge of losing

consciousness, When he was on the verge of giving up, he saw a slender figure recklessly diving down and swimming towards him at a rapid pos

Unfortunately, he had lost consciousness before she could swim up to him,

Later, he awoke to find himself in the hospital, and it was only then that he learned Claudia had been hurt while rescuing him. Her hands were even wounded by the stones at the bottom of the river. When he visited her, she was sitting on the edge of the bed with a pale face and gauze wrapped

around her treated wound. At the sight of him, she hopped off the bed and staggered toward him to ask if he was alright.

From then on, Alaric was determined to treat Claudia well. He would make her his wife so long as she was willing to marry him. Since she had risked her life for him, he had to repay her kindness,