

Departure with a Belly Chapter 593

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Chapter 593 Misunderstandings

Summer washed her face before retiring to her bed. She didn't know when, but the anger she had felt after meeting the strange man earlier faded without her noticing during the conversation with Erik.

It jogged her memory

of how cool and collected he was. In her eyes, it was essential for her significant other to have a calm presence. After years of working with him, she knew that no matter what problems arose at work, he was calm, was in control of his emotions, and never lost his temper.

When Summer occasionally lost control of her emotions, a simple "calm down" from Erik would relieve her distress, and she could use her problem-solving skills to get through whatever was bothering her.

At this moment, she was pondering whether spending the rest of her life with him would be wise. Then, she recalled that he had given her the option to lead a normal life if that was what she desired or a luxurious one if

she did not. The more she considered it, the more she liked the idea.

After that, Summer began writhing around on the bed in an increasingly frustrated state of mind. A man like Erik would be surrounded by many beautiful women, and being with him means he may be seduced away from me at some point. Since her anxiety increased as she considered the situation, she gave up sleeping and sat in bed instead. Then, she headed downstairs with somewhat hurried strides. He must be gone by now, right?

To her surprise, she arrived at the bottom of the stairs to find his familiar figure surrounded by her pack of relatives who were chattering and shooting question after question at him.

As for Erik, he patiently sat there and answered all of their trivial questions.

For Summer, this was an extremely unusual scene to witness. She knew that when he was at the company,

every word seemed worth its weight in gold. He rarely spoke, even in meetings, so every word he said would convey either a piece of information critical to the company's operations or a steadfast decision. Nonetheless, it was the polar opposite of his current behavior, in which he answered nonsensical questions from a group of

children.

For example...

"Mr. Ludson, is your suit custom tailored? I hear the suits of rich men are all designed by famous designers. Is

that true?"

"Mr. Ludson, how big is your company? Was Summer working for you as a secretary?"

At this point, the room was filled with meaningless and thoughtless questions.

Meanwhile, Summer wanted to scoff at the questions, but Erik sat there answering them with a serious face.

While observing him, her heart skipped a beat. This is nothing because anyone could have done it. Still, Erik is not just anyone. Some things are more valuable because they come from particular people, such as when a wealthy person makes a concerted effort to spend time with another individual and then makes those plans in advance. Could he be serious about me? What is it about me that he finds so appealing?

When it came to this matter, Summer had a lot of reservations. She had never considered the possibility of anything romantic between them because of their vastly different social standings. Hence, she never allowed herself to entertain fantasies about him and did whatever she pleased whenever she was in his

presence. Sometimes, she would abandon all sense of decency and not even bother with makeup. After everything she did, she couldn't understand why he would fall for her.

"You're back, Summer."

One of her younger cousins called out, snapping her out of her wandering mind.

Within a heartbeat, all eyes in the living room had shifted to her, including Erik's.

As Summer had already been noticed, she had no choice but to walk forward. "Where is my mom and Aunt Jenny?"

"Your date this morning was just too awkward. Still, we live in the same village, so we can't just anger that guy. They went to see him off," the other cousin replied.

After hearing this, Summer rolled her eyes inwardly as she recalled how Zach had looked at her and revealed a glimpse of his true self. Is it necessary to see him off after the way he acted? Ah... I just recalled shouting at him while Erik was in the room. Would Erik think I'm acting like a harpy? Shoot! I am doomed.

In the past, she had shown absolutely no concern about what he thought of her, but a while ago, she had begun to pay attention to his opinions.

When she awkwardly glanced at him, he asked calmly, "Didn't you say you're tired? Do you want to nap for a while more?"

Then, Summer scratched her head in embarrassment upon hearing this. "I do, but the morning has been so eventful that I can't fall asleep anymore." The world inside my head and my heart is in utter disarray because of what you said, so how could I possibly go to sleep now?

However, Erik smiled and suggested, "Shall we stroll around the village?"

"Huh?" A stroll around the village? When she recalled how he had been stuck answering meaningless questions among the flock of relatives, she understood his question was a cry for help, so she nodded. "Okay."

Afterward, Erik quickly jumped to his feet and said his goodbyes before exiting the house with Summer.

Before she followed him out, she saw her relatives winking at her.

“Good luck, Summer.”

“With the boss in your grasp, who cares about matchmaking?”

They mistook their soft voices for inaudibility, but Summer caught every word. In that case, there was no need to speculate about what Erik had heard because he was standing beside her. Hence, he couldn't have missed what was said unless he was profoundly deaf.

On the other hand, her relatives only left when she grabbed a nearby object and threatened to throw it at

them.

She waited until everyone had left before placing the object down, and then she awkwardly smiled at him. “Ignore them. They just love to shoot their mouths.”

Unexpectedly, Erik responded, “Is that so? I think they were right.”

Summer was stunned into silence. She had endured enough embarrassment for one morning, and while she feared he would say something cringe-worthy next, she hurriedly interrupted him, “Let's go. You wanted to take a stroll around the village, right? Hurry up. Let's go.”

She even dragged him by the hand, fearing he wouldn't move. Although she was obviously too weak to physically move him, he complied with her request.

After getting some distance from the house, Summer could heave a sigh of relief. Since they weren't around any of her relatives, she assumed they wouldn't be a target of ridicule. As her anxiety began to

subside, a new concern quickly emerged. Her village was not a big city where no one knew who she was, but every face they saw on their stroll was a familiar face.

Every two steps, she would be greeted by someone she had to smile at until her muscles twitched in pain, but her main concern was Erik by her side. She feared that if they strolled around the village, word would get around by this afternoon that she had brought a boyfriend home and was displaying him by walking around. Then, in the evening, the gossip would twist the facts to the point where she was engaged to her boyfriend, and by tomorrow, she would be married and had brought her new husband back home.

The mere notion of that was enough to make her feel like she would be submerged in false gossip, so she gradually stopped walking. Then, she said, "Forget it. Let's stop here."

"What is it?" Erik asked.

"If we go on, it will cause misunderstandings about our relationship."

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