

Departure with a Belly Chapter 496

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Jessie didn't know if she had misperceived the situation. Holding food in her hands, she walked over and cautiously said, "Miss Selwyn, Mr. Morison asked the kitchen staff to prepare something for you. I heard it is made by the new chef. Would you like to try some?"

After she said that, she seemed worried that Victoria might not be interested, so she added, "I heard this new chef is very talented. He has cooked for many patients with eating disorders before, and his food combinations are unique, too. Would you like to give it a taste?"

In all honesty, Victoria didn't care whether the chef was talented or not. After her conversation with Ethan, she felt the desire to eat. It was not because Victoria had regained her appetite; it was because she realized she had to eat to stay alive so she could leave this place and see her two children again. It didn't matter how much she ate; she just had to sustain herself. Thus, after Jessie said a few sentences, Victoria had already reached out for the food.

Normally, Victoria would hardly eat anything at this hour. Before coming in, Jessie had been worried that Victoria might refuse to eat, so she was pleasantly surprised when the latter agreed to it without resisting much. Jessie approached her with the tray.

“Look, Miss Selwyn. The fruits are so beautifully prepared. I just took a whiff of it secretly just now, and it smells amazing.”

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She didn't mention how the food these past few days had been making her mouth water. The kitchen staff had gone to great lengths to make sure Victoria could eat something. So, every time Jessie went to deliver food, the delicious smell whetted her appetite. However, as soon as she thought Victoria wouldn't eat it, her appetite would diminish as she felt sorry for Victoria.

On the contrary, Victoria didn't have the mood to admire how delicious the food looked as she scooped up a bite.

Jessie watched her expectantly.

When she saw no expression on Victoria's face while eating, she knew that the food probably tasted like wax. She sighed inwardly, knowing Victoria would probably take a few bites and then stop. So, she waited by her side, planning to take away the food after those few bites.

Unexpectedly, as Jessie waited, Victoria kept eating without stopping. This made Jessie a little bewildered. However, despite her confusion, she was delighted that Victoria was willing to eat, so she didn't say anything. Until...

Victoria suddenly let out a gagging sound. She quickly put down the bowl and rushed

to the bathroom.

“Miss Selwyn!” Jessie was shocked, and when she went into the bathroom, she found Victoria had vomited all the food she had just eaten.

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Instantly, she felt extremely sorry for her. “Miss Selwyn, are you okay?”

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She helped Victoria back to the couch and sat her down again. Meanwhile, Victoria looked at the remaining food in the bowl and pressed her lips together. What happened? I want to eat, but my stomach is rejecting the food. Did I eat too quickly? Or have I eaten too much? Never mind. I should take it slowly. I haven't been eating properly all this time, after all. My stomach probably isn't used to it now that I want to eat more. The most important thing is that I need to adjust my mood.

With that in mind, she took a deep breath and calmed herself down before telling Jessie, “I'm fine. Bring the food over. I'll eat a little more.”

Jessie was shocked upon hearing that. “Miss Selwyn, you want to eat more?” She wouldn't have had the energy to eat at this time previously. She would just lean there, looking disgusted.

While she was happy for Victoria, she also expressed her concerns, “Please eat slowly this time, Miss Selwyn. Don't overwhelm your stomach.”

“Okay.”

After that, Victoria took small bites, and this time, she didn't vomit again. When Jessie was tidying up, she was on the verge of tears, overwhelmed with joy.

The meal had taken a lot of effort, which exhausted Victoria. Thus, she soon fell asleep again.

On the other hand, when Ethan received a call from Old Mr. Morison, Old Mr. Morison was in a state of rage, angrily questioning why Bane's phone was switched off. The old man demanded Ethan tell Bane to turn on his phone and pick up his call.

At that, Ethan glanced at the corridor ahead. He hasn't returned since he left. Why would Old Mr. Morison suddenly be so furious and call me? Did something happen? At this thought, he replied softly, "Mr. Morison is not with me currently, Old Mr. Morison. I can relay your words to him."

"Don't play dumb with me. You are his assistant. How can you not know what's going on? Quickly let that girl from the Selwyn Family go."

At his words, Ethan was shocked. He had initially thought that Old Mr. Morison had some other business with Bane, but he didn't expect it to be related to Victoria. So, the current situation is that Old Mr. Morison knew about Miss Selwyn's presence here and wanted Mr. Morison to release her. They had already spoken on the phone, and Mr. Morison refused to do so. He even hung up on Old Mr. Morison and turned off his phone. So, Old Mr. Morison has no choice but to call me and ask me to persuade Mr. Morison to let Miss Selwyn go.

While he was contemplating, Old Mr. Morison changed his mind. "Forget it, don't mention these things to him. Go and take the girl away now and send her back to Corynthea."

Ethan understood from his words that he wanted him to do this behind Bane's back.

Pressing his lips together, he said, "I'm afraid I can't do that, Old Mr. Morison."

His response infuriated the old man. "What did you say? What do you mean you can't do it? Do you also want to defy me like Bane? Don't forget; I am his grandfather. The Morison Family is not completely in Bane's power yet. If I want you to lose your job, you'll lose it. If I want you to have no future, you'll have none."

After having already experienced a situation where his family was threatened, Ethan remained calm in the face of these threats. "It's not that I'm defying you, Old Mr. Morison, but Mr. Morison has already relieved me of my responsibilities."

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When Old Mr. Morison heard that, he couldn't be any clearer about what was happening. "What did you say? That brat did that for a woman?! How dare he! Does he think of himself as some romantic hero?"

Ethan listened quietly and suddenly felt he could use Old Mr. Morison to his advantage. If he can control Mr. Morison, perhaps the chances of Miss Selwyn leaving will be higher.

However, Ethan still had some hesitation. But with Mr. Morison's current temperament,

what if he's pushed to the limit and decides to do something reckless? Just as Old Mr. Morison said, Mr. Morison had no complete control of the Morison Family. He thought Mr. Morison cared a lot about that and could be threatened by it. However, after being by his side for so many years, I know Mr. Morison doesn't care about these things, not one bit. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had Miss Selwyn in his heart for so many years, even when she had been through divorce and had two children with another man. In Ethan's eyes, Bane belonged to that kind of person who just needed Victoria by his side. If he wanted the power of the Morison Family, it was only to protect her and ensure that the three of them lived happily and were not bullied. On the contrary, without her by his side, he would probably give up everything and destroy it all.

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When this thought emerged, even Ethan was taken aback. He didn't expect that he already understood Bane so well. He's capable of doing such things, indeed.

"So, who has the authority to do that now?" Old Mr. Morison asked again after his anger subsided.

"I'm not quite sure," Ethan replied. Although Bane still gave him many things to do, they were limited to certain areas. Once it went beyond that scope, no one would listen to him.

"You're not sure? You've been by his side for so long. How can you not know? Do you think I'm old, so I'm easily fooled?"

Yet, no matter how infuriated Old Mr. Morison was, Ethan remained calm. "The Morison

Corporation used to be under your control, Old Mr. Morison. How would I dare to fool you? If you don't believe me, you can investigate it yourself."

Seeing his composed demeanor, Old Mr. Morison exchanged a look with his assistant. In response, his assistant shook his head.

Old Mr. Morison pressed his lips together and finally dropped the subject. "Fine, since you no longer have any power now, I'll investigate. But you better not lie to me, or else"

He didn't finish his sentence, but it was evident what he intended to say.

Ethan didn't argue further, but before hanging up the phone, he couldn't help but say, "Old Mr. Morison, if you truly want to save Miss Selwyn, I hope you can do it as soon as possible."

At his words, Old Mr. Morison's eyebrows knitted tightly. "What do you mean?"

"I've said all I can say." After saying that, Ethan quickly hung up the phone.

As Old Mr. Morison listened to the busy tone coming from his phone once again, his frown deepened. "They've all grown up, haven't they? My grandson hanging up on me i

s one thing, but Ethan is just an assistant. Who does he think he is to hang up on me?!"

Hearing that, the assistant beside him awkwardly explained, "Calm down, Old Mr. Morison. I think he doesn't know much, so he could only say so much."

When this was mentioned, Old Mr. Morison became puzzled. "What do you think he meant by saying I should save that Selwyn girl as soon as possible if I want to? Is he implying that Bane would harm her?"

"I don't think he will. After all, everyone knows how well Mr. Morison treats Miss Selwyn, but..."

"But what? Speak up if you have something in mind."

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His assistant hesitated for a moment before delicately saying, "Seeing that Mr. Morison refused to let her go, it's likely that Miss Selwyn is not there willingly. My point is that they might argue during this process, and perhaps Miss Selwyn might get hurt, or Mr. Morison might become furious. This is just my speculation, of course. It may not be the case."

Everyone knew that Old Mr. Morison cherished his grandson. When his son was ruined, the incident left him extremely embarrassed. Since then, he had placed all his hopes on his grandson, Bane. Also, considering his advanced age, no one could know how long he would live. So, even if his assistant wanted to speak ill of Bane, he had to be careful with his words.

Little did he know that Old Mr. Morison would say, "Your speculation might be right."

The assistant was surprised.

"I can't let this brat go on like this. Book me a plane ticket now. I need to go there myself."

"Now?" His assistant tried to confirm.

"Yes. Book the latest flight. I need to go find him now." My son has already been ruined.

I can't watch my grandson meet the same fate.

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After Ethan hung up the phone, he glanced at the door of Victoria's room. I've done what I could. Let's see whether it will work.

4/6

As he was thinking, a figure approached from the front. When he saw that it was Bane, he greeted him with a nod. "Mr. Morison."

After Bane walked up to the door, he stood still with his gaze fixed on the door. Without a word, he pursed his lips, seemingly lost in his thoughts.

Since he didn't speak, Ethan patiently waited by his side.

After a while, Bane asked, "How is she?"

Hearing that, Ethan was surprised. Didn't he just check on her? Why is he asking again?

"She should be the same as before," he replied.

"Is that so?" Bane's voice was very low. It was as if he was asking himself instead of Ethan.

"Ethan," he suddenly called out.

Hearing that, Ethan looked up. "Yes, Mr. Morison?"

At this moment, Bane's gaze seemed to penetrate through the door, and he was looking at Victoria inside. "Do you think she would hate me now if she hadn't lost her memory?"

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At his question, Ethan pressed his lips together. After some thought, he answered, "You have been very good to her and have taken care of her over the past five years. I don't think she would hate you whether she lost her memory or not."

"She... wouldn't hate me?" Bane chuckled bitterly. "Why do I feel like she hates me now?"

That's why she refuses to eat and tortures me this way."

Ethan looked at him for a long while before saying, "Isn't Miss Selwyn torturing herself?"

When Bane heard that, his gaze shifted toward Ethan. "What do you mean?"

"Miss Selwyn has lost her memory and doesn't remember your kindness toward her over the past five years, but why did she choose to stay here? Apart from fulfilling her promise, why did she stay? And there's one more thing; haven't you ever doubted it until

now, Mr. Morison?"

"What?"

"Besides the incident where Miss Selwyn accidentally bumped into the female college student at the airport, which led to the investigation by two police officers, why haven't the police come here when things have come to this point?" Suddenly, Ethan paused for a moment as if to deliberately remind him about something. "Have you never thought about the reason?"

At this moment, Bane's expression turned grim. It was evident that he had already
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realized it, but he didn't answer. He just stared at Ethan intently.

"This shows that even if you are different now, she still remembers your kindness in her bones and has never thought of calling the police. This includes... Mr. Cadogan." Why are the police unaware when everyone knows that Miss Selwyn is here? Because back in their younger days, they were all friends who used to sit together, laughing and having a good time. That's why everyone wants to give him a chance to turn things around. Even though he has indeed made a mistake this time, everyone hopes he can change, so they have been giving him opportunities over and over again.

"Just like Miss Selwyn this time. She may have lost her memory, but why didn't she choose to report it to the police? It's because deep down, she still subconsciously

wants to give you a chance to turn things around.” As Ethan spoke these words, he kept his eyes on Bane’s eyes and expression, trying to capture the emotions he wanted from his countenance.

Just then, he saw Bane’s eyes flicker slightly. It seems like my words have touched something within him. Ethan took the opportunity and quickly said, “That’s why I’ve been telling you that as long as you’re willing to turn things around, there will always be a chance.”

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“Mr. Morison, wouldn’t it be best to release Miss Selwyn while she’s still in relatively good health? It would benefit both her and yourself. When Miss Selwyn regains her memory, she will undoubtedly remember your kindness toward her. You need not become enemies, and surely you’ve always desired the best for her?”

After uttering these words, he continued, “Don’t wait until it’s too late when something calamitous occurs. Even if you were to seek redemption at that point, it would hold no meaning.”

“That’s enough!” Bane abruptly interrupted, his piercing gaze fixed on Ethan, sending a shiver down his spine. “Who granted you the authority to speak so audaciously? Do you think you can sway me? Ethan, you are meant to follow me, not Alaric!” His emotions seemed to be spiraling out of control, Ethan noticed.

Lately, there had been an increasing number of instances where Bane struggled to rein in his emotions. Ethan pondered whether it stemmed from unresolved past traumas,

and surprisingly, he did not feel anger at that moment. Instead, he calmly replied, "Indeed, I am loyal to you and not Mr. Cadogan, but let us not forget that Mr. Cadogan spared you as well, didn't he? How did he end up with such grievous injuries back then while you stand here unscathed? I believe you are fully aware of the reasons. Mr. Cadogan and Miss Selwyn have always regarded you as a friend."

WASHES 3X MORE DISHES

Chapter 498 Distorted Men tality

2/6

"A friend?" Bane bit down on the word, his smile devoid of warmth. "What kind of friend attempts to steal my woman?"

"Steal your woman?" Ethan did not hesitate to counter his claim. "Mr. Morison, Miss Selwyn was initially in a relationship with Mr. Cadogan."

"So what? Have you ever considered how she felt when he openly declared in front of her that the seat beside him was exclusively reserved for Claudia?" Bane questioned sharply.

Ethan fell silent, the weight of Bane's words sinking in. After a brief pause, he spoke again, "I may not know the entirety of your past, but based on what I observe now, both Mr. Cadogan and Miss Selwyn still harbor hopes that you will retrace your steps and choose a different path. I also understand that many things cannot be forced; attempting to do so will only inflict pain upon all parties involved in this complicated situation."

Bane departed once more, leaving Ethan to contemplate the complexity of their intertwined destinies.

That night, Victoria experienced a relatively restful sleep despite her memory loss. In her slumber, she was graced with a delightful dream where she found herself in the

presence of two charming children. These little ones were not only adorable but also

2x 78%

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displayed remarkable intelligence, their tiny arms clinging to her lovingly while they called her 'Mommy.'

3/6

The joy that filled her heart was immeasurable. She embraced and showered her dream children with hugs and kisses, relishing their playful company throughout the night.

However, as she gradually awakened, the realization dawned upon her that it was all just a figment of her imagination. A profound sense of emptiness settled within her, mingling with a peculiar sense of fulfillment. The thought lingered that once she left her current circumstances, she could meet her children again.

In her dream, she had vividly experienced having two children, a pair of twins-a boy and a girl. Ethan had mentioned that she had kids, but he had not divulged how many.

Was the dream a reflection of reality, or had it been conjured solely by her imagination?

Victoria resolved to find an opportunity to inquire him about this one day.

Turning over in bed, she closed her eyes once again, savoring the tender memory of cradling her dream children, their presence filling her heart with warmth.

Outside her room, Jessie arrived with breakfast, the sound of her footsteps signaling the arrival of a meal. Victoria, upon hearing the news, did not require Jessie's presence to beckon her. She rose from the bed and prepared herself independently.

Compared to the previous day, she felt marginally better today. With growing familiarity, she ate her breakfast at a leisurely pace, stopping when she had consumed enough.

78%

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Observing these improvements, Jessie felt a secret sense of relief. However, she

remained cautious when it came to disclosing Victoria's progress to Bane.

4/6

Arranging for a psychologist had been a challenging task in itself. Jessie worried that if Bane discovered Victoria's willingness to eat and interpreted it as a sign that she no longer required psychological assistance, he might dismiss the need for their services altogether.

The more she pondered the situation, the stronger her conviction became that he should be kept in the dark about these developments.

Though he was her employer, she firmly believed that this course of action was in the best interest of Victoria. Bane appeared to be in a peculiar state of mind, and it would be for his benefit if Victoria continued to improve.

With her concerns somewhat allayed, Jessie collected the remaining food Victoria had consumed and departed from the room. As she made her way through the hallway, she passed by the study, where Bane beckoned her as he had done before.

"How is she today?"

Initially, Jessie had hoped to hasten her pace, aiming to evade Bane if possible. The prospect of lying in front of her employer required a significant amount of courage.

However, she had not anticipated that he would purposely wait there, effectively trapping her in an unavoidable encounter. Reluctantly, she halted her steps, hesitating

FRIGUE

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for a moment before mustering the courage to meet his gaze, unsure of what to say.

5/6

Yet, before she could utter a word, he took the initiative and inquired, "Is it the same as

before?"

Initially, she had contemplated how to speak without revealing any flaws, but now, she wondered if she needed to say anything at all. If he were to continually assume things on his own, perhaps, she would not have to say much.

As expected, upon witnessing her hesitation and silence, Bane presumed that the outcome remained unchanged. He waved his hand dismissively, signaling her to depart without further explanation. Once she left, she finally let out a genuine sigh of relief. She hoped she could continue passing through this situation until Victoria's condition improved.

Meanwhile, Bane stood rooted in place, his countenance veiled in darkness. With Victoria's will to survive seemingly absent and still no news about the children's whereabouts, troubling questions plagued his mind. According to Ethan, he had not disclosed any information, so who could have leaked such crucial details? If, by some unfortunate chance, he failed to locate the children and something dire happened to her...

The thought sent tremors through his body, his hands clenching into fists involuntarily. He bit his lower lip fiercely, his mind consumed by vivid memories of his mother's tragic suicide. The image of her lifeless form, silently nestled amidst a pool of crimson,

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haunted him relentlessly. No matter how others called out to her, she remained unresponsive.

6/6

In the end, she could only lie motionlessly in that cold coffin, devoid of any expressions -neither a smile nor anger-just absolute stillness.

From the moment she began projecting her distorted men tality onto Bane due to his

father's actions, he harbored a deep-rooted resentment toward his father. He despised why his dad, as a man, failed to take responsibility and why he entered into a marriage when he was unable to maintain his stability.

In Bane's mind, the solution was simple-he would never marry, have children, or establish a family. That way, no one would ever experience pain. Simultaneously, he also harbored resentment toward his mother. In his view, a man who lost control and became cruel to his child demanded her resolute decision to leave or the person's complete indifference as an alternative.

Under the weight of these influences, his mindset had gradually warped, festering into something strange and distorted.

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1/7

However, nobody noticed, for he silently endured everything. With each passing day, his

silence grew deeper until he became a master of gentleness, masking his true emotions behind a smile for everyone to see.

It was as if all the sadness and pain were detached from him, almost like they belonged to someone else. He harbored a deep disdain for his father's irresponsibility and his mother's lack of self-control. At first, he resisted these circumstances, fighting against their influence. Slowly, they chipped away at his resolve, assimilating into his being until he reached a state of uncontrollable turmoil.

The thought of letting her go had crossed his mind, but she was the sole person he cared about in his world. If he were to release her, what would be left of him? What would remain in the void that her absence would create?

After breakfast, Benjamin returned once again, drawn to the bedroom where Victoria resided. Dealing with a patient who refused to communicate posed a formidable challenge, but he possessed the unwavering patience required to gradually break through her defenses. Despite only a few days passing, he clung to a glimmer of hope, yearning to heal and free her from the clutches of her illness.

Unexpectedly, just as he began to speak, Victoria, who had maintained her silence all along, lifted her head and met his gaze, her eyes locked onto his. "Dr. Lawson," she called, catching him off guard.

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Surprised, a tinge of anticipation coursed through him. "Miss Selwyn, are you finally willing to converse with me?"

2/7

"Do you think it would be more effective for you to approach Bane rather than me?" she queried.

Confusion washed over Benjamin. "What?" Her statement left him bewildered.

"I'm not ill," she declared with conviction.

He offered her a faint smile, his voice soothing. "Miss Selwyn, I never claimed you were unwell. There's no need to be anxious." He lowered his voice and continued, "We simply

need to relax and chat. There's no reason for you to believe that something is wrong with you."

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"What I mean is, I'm not sick-neither physically nor mentally. I'm perfectly normal."

Concerned that he might misinterpret her intention, she emphasized her point once more. Benjamin fell into silence, his gaze fixed upon her, waiting for her next words. "It'd

be more effective if you examined Bane instead of me,” she asserted, her voice unwavering.

Intrigued, he regarded her with keen interest. “Why do you believe so?”

Victoria found herself momentarily at a loss for words. After all, she assumed a person

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without paranoid emotions would not exhibit such behavior. How could a normal

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person compel someone who did not love them to stay by their side, especially when

she had reached the point of refusing to eat, and he still would not let go? It seemed

that his problem was far more significant than any psychological issue she might have.

With this realization in mind, she pondered for a moment, then lifted her gaze to inquire,

“You asked me before if I wanted to leave, correct?”

Benjamin nodded, “Yes.”

“Why did you ask me that question?”

“Miss Selwyn, you stated that you’re not ill, right? Then, why don’t you tell me why I

posed that question?” he replied, a gentle smile gracing his lips.

She fixed her unwavering gaze on him.

Outside the room, Jessie glanced at the time and could not help but comment, “Dr.

Lawson seems to have been in there for quite some time today.”

Bane’s interest was piqued. “Really? How long?”

“It’s been twenty minutes. Is Miss Selwyn... alright?” she asked, concern etched on her

face.

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Bane narrowed his eyes, a sense of restlessness washing over him. He used to spend

about ten minutes waiting outside, but for someone anticipating each passing moment, ten minutes and twenty minutes felt the same. Nevertheless, it had been a long time, especially for him, who had remained in detached silence.

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Just as he was about to kick the door open, it swung open on its own, revealing Benjamin exiting the room. Bane slowly retracted his raised foot, and his gaze glued on Benjamin, an icy glint in his eyes.

“Why did it take so long today?” His voice held a hint of accusation. If there was no progress, why had Benjamin spent twenty minutes inside?

Benjamin met Bane’s gaze, unaffected by the coldness emanating from him. “You don’t seem to be in a good mood. Shouldn’t you be happy if there’s progress with Miss Selwyn?”

Bane continued to stare, his expression unyielding. “What progress? Tell me

“It’s not significant progress, to be honest. She was willing to engage with me, so I had a few more words with her,” he explained, his voice calm.

At that, Bane’s brow furrowed, his curiosity piqued.

“Mr. Morison, if you don’t mind, I would like to provide you with psychological therapy as well,” Benjamin offered.

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“What do you mean?”

5/7

“Currently, you’re the person closest to Miss Selwyn, right? I’d like to communicate with the people close to her. What do you think?”

Originally, Bane did not want to agree, but when he heard him ask if he was the person

closest to her, the refusal on the tip of his tongue was held back.

“Okay, should all of us do it?”

Benjamin glanced at Bane and Jessie, then responded, “Probably just you and her.” He pointed at them.

The two followed Benjamin out of the room, leaving Ethan behind to watch over Victoria. As soon as they departed, he knocked on the door. “Miss Selwyn.”

There was no response from inside, prompting him to inquire once more, “Can I come in?”

“Come in.”

He pushed open the door and walked in.

Victoria had initially wanted to respond when she heard him calling her, but she refrained from doing so because she was afraid Bane was still outside. It was not until he asked the second question that she confirmed he was absent.

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As soon as Ethan entered the room, she greeted him with joy. “Ethan, you’re here. Have

they left?”

“Yes.” He could feel her happiness, so he nodded. “They all went with Dr. Lawson. What

did you talk about today? It seemed like a long conversation.”

“Yes, we talked about some stuff.” She stood up and approached him. “Ethan, I want to ask you something.”

“What is it?”

“You told me yesterday that I have children. Is that true?”

He nodded. “Of course. If it weren’t, why would I have told you?”

“Then...” She smiled. “How many do I have?”

Ethan did not expect her to ask that question. He paused and answered directly, “You have two, Miss Selwyn.”

She did not expect the answer to be exactly what she had thought—two children.

“Are you sure it’s two? Twins?”

At that, he was somewhat surprised. “Miss Selwyn, how did you know?”

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“Are they really twins?”

70%

“Have you regained your memory?” He remembered he had only mentioned she had children but had not told her about the amount or their genders. Yet, she voluntarily asked about it.

Did discussing her past stimulate her memory recovery?

“No, no.” She waved her hand. “I just had a dream about it last night. When I woke up, I couldn’t help but ask you. I didn’t expect it to be exactly as I dreamed.”

“You dreamt about it?”

“Yes.”

He fell silent for a moment and said, “It seems that talking to you about your past might help with your memory recovery.”

“Then, what other interesting things happened in the past? Can you tell me? For example, about my twins?”