

Chapter 20 - Betrayal At The Altar Novel by Dolores Delia (Rachel Grey & Louis Smith)

After cleaning up the mess outside, Rosie rushed into the house. Eddie, who had just arrived, was right behind her.

Eddie saw David kneeling on one knee and carefully disinfecting the wound on Rachel's hand.

It was at that moment that Eddie realized just how special Rachel was to David. He thought to himself, "I don't think there is anyone else like her in this world."

He had never seen David kneel for anyone in his life.

Not long after, Old Mrs. Jones woke up from her slumber.

When she saw the gauze wrapped around Rachel's hand, she asked in surprise, "Are you okay? How did you get hurt?"

While speaking, Old Mrs. Jones glanced at David. There was a complicated look in her eyes.

She thought to herself, "Don't tell me that he was too forceful with her and accidentally hurt her in the process?"

Rachel smiled. "I got a scratch when I accidentally broke a flowerpot earlier. Mrs. Jones, please don't worry. It's just a minor injury."

"I'm glad you're fine." Old Mrs. Jones nodded thoughtfully. She suddenly grabbed Rachel's hand and said with a kind smile, "Since you're hurt, you should stay here tonight."

David raised his eyebrows. He chimed in, "Yeah, and it's raining outside. I don't think it's going to stop anytime soon, or at least not tonight."

"Rachel, your body is not fully recovered yet. You must not expose yourself to the rain. Since you're also injured, it would be terrible for you to get drenched," Old Mrs. Jones said seriously.

David handed a cup of tea to Old Mrs. Jones. With a small smile, he said, "Grandma's words make sense."

Rachel, who didn't have a chance to speak, was speechless. Old Mrs. Jones's proposal was out of the blue, catching her off guard. She did not know how to respond to the old woman's kindness.

Just like that, Rachel was forced to spend the night at their place. It had all happened so suddenly.

When dinner was ready, the three of them sat down at the table to eat.

Old Mrs. Jones looked at Rachel, who had an elegant dining etiquette. Her eyes sparkled as she said, "Rachel, are your parents both in Seaxas?"

At the mention of her parents, Rachel lowered her gaze. She shook her head and said softly, "My mother passed away when I was very young."

As for her father... It was better not to think about him at all.

A trace of coldness appeared in Rachel's eyes. She thought to herself, "He's as good as dead to me."

Old Mrs. Jones frowned slightly. She looked at Rachel with distress and said, "Then, are you living on your own? If you are, why don't you move in here with me? It's not safe for a young girl to live alone. If you move here, at least I can take care of you. Also, I'll get to see you whenever I miss you."

"Grandma, you shouldn't talk when you're eating. That's your own rule." David gave his grandmother a look and interrupted their conversation.

"Rules are meant to be broken!" Old Mrs. Jones snorted softly before pouting. "You're trying so hard to thwart my plans instead of helping me," she said.

David was speechless.

Rachel pursed her lips awkwardly. She then lowered her head and ate in silence.

At this moment, a hand reached toward her.

The man's hand was very pretty. His skin was smooth like porcelain. Rachel watched with fascination as he gracefully picked up a shrimp with his chopsticks.

With great skill, he peeled the shell of the shrimp in a matter of seconds.

Rachel had never seen someone who could peel a shrimp so gracefully and quickly. She had caught sight of his hand by accident, but now, her attention was fixed on his actions.

She thought, "With such beautiful hands, everything he does seems graceful."

She blushed when she thought about that exact pair of hands touching her.

David noticed Rachel's gaze on him, and a small smile appeared on his usually stern face. It was as if he could read her mind.

It was not until David placed a plate of peeled shrimps before Rachel that she returned to her senses. She gazed at David gratefully.

"Try them," David said as he looked at the dazed Rachel. His smile grew wider, reaching his eyes.

Rachel's response was delayed. She said softly, "Thank you."

She picked up her chopsticks and put one shrimp in her mouth. The sweet taste of the shrimp meat traveled from the tip of her tongue to her taste buds and finally spread to her heart.

Old Mrs. Jones raised her eyebrows and glanced meaningfully at David.

She thought to herself, "It seems that he's not as ignorant as I thought. Maybe he does understand how to pursue women."

"But..."

She looked down at her own shrimps which still had their shells and suddenly lost her appetite. David had not peeled them for her.

Old Mrs. Jones pushed the shrimps aside and asked again, "Rachel, when do you plan to come and stay with me?"

Rachel put down her chopsticks and replied sweetly, "Grandma, I'm actually staying with my grandfather."

"I see," Old Mrs. Jones said. There was a look of understanding on her face, but a trace of regret could be seen in the depths of her eyes.

Before this, Old Mrs. Jones thought that she could have David and Rachel live under the same roof. She hadn't expected Rachel to be staying with her grandfather.

When the dinner was over, David brought Eddie to the study to take care of some work affairs. After the matters had been dealt with and they left the study, they walked out into the living room and were greeted by a heartwarming sight.

Rachel was sitting right beside Old Mrs. Jones and chatting with her. The warm light in the living room illuminated her beautiful face, highlighting her sweet smile as she listened patiently to Old Mrs. Jones.

At that moment, David finally understood what home felt like.

"David," said Old Mrs. Jones when she caught sight of David, who was in a daze at the staircase. She beckoned him over with a wave. "Since you're done with work, you should go for a walk with Rachel. I'm tired, and I'm going to rest."

"Alright," David said. Then, he looked at Rachel as though he wanted her permission.

Rachel stood up. With a small smile, she said, "Grandma, please rest well."

A wide smile grew on Old Mrs. Jones's face as she watched the young couple leave together. Then, as if she was reminded of something, she heaved a long sigh. "I hope that rascal knows what he's doing and succeeds in making Rachel fall for him," she muttered to herself.

"Don't worry," Rosie said beside her. On the other hand, she felt that Old Mrs. Jones was worrying about nothing. Rosie looked at the disappearing back views of the well-matched couple. Smiling, she said, "Mr. Jones is an outstanding man. How could Miss Grey not fall for him?"

Upon hearing this, Old Mrs. Jones raised her eyebrows. With an intriguing smile, she said, "Do you think Rachel is any inferior compared to him?"