

Chapter 8 - Betrayal At The Altar Novel by Dolores Delia (Rachel Grey & Louis Smith)

Rachel Grey instantly opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was David Jones handsome, flawless face. Surprise flashed through her almond-shaped eyes, and she exclaimed, "What are you doing here?"

She had just seen her a few hours ago, and now they had met again.

David was wearing a bespoke three pieces suit that fitted him nicely, which enhanced the innate elegance and nobleness he carried.

"I'm here to visit an elderly." His dark eyes landed on Rachel's face, and a fleeting twinkle appeared in his eyes. He repeated, "Are you okay?"

Rachel raised her head to look at him to find herself looking straight into the black hole of his dark, unfathomable eyes. Her heart naturally skipped a beat. "I'm fine."

"I'm talking about here," David poked at his chest where his heart was as he spoke. "Usually, most women would choose to cry out loud and have a good release of their emotion. Want to give it a try?"

As he spoke, he took a handkerchief and handed it to Rachel.

Stunned by his sudden act, a faint smile appeared at the corner of her mouth. "Crying doesn't solve any problem. Furthermore, I have no reason to waste any tears for a man that doesn't worth any drop of my tears."

"It's terribly painful, isn't it?" He gazed at her.

Rachel stared at the branches of the willow tree flowing as the wind blew. Her vision slowly emptied as she muttered, "How could it not?"

She thought her passion would be returned with true love but had gotten nothing.

David gazed at her in silence for a moment before he said, pursing his lips, "True. Instead of hanging on to someone or something that wasn't worth your effort and love, why not save them for those that love you?"

His words somehow made Rachel's heartbeat quicken. She stared into his deep, mysterious eyes, feeling a little panicked.

David paused, seemingly at a loss for words. "Since you know that he has his heart somewhere else, there's no point trying to make his stay. Being apart seems to be better than hanging on to someone who did not love you back, and you'll end up torturing and hating each other."

Rachel stared at him in astonishment.

They were, after all, almost a stranger. It was a surprise for her to hear such words coming from him.

But she knew he was stating the truth. Instead of forcing him to stay, letting him go would be the better option, and it would also be a chance for her to start over. She, Rachel Grey, would not stay in denial and refuse to get over a failed relationship, nor did she want to face Olivia Cruise and Louis Smith, hurting herself watching them being lovey-dovey.

She took a deep breath and regained the peace of mind she used to have. "We broke up. There's nothing between us anymore."

Surprise flashed through David's eyes.

He tried to hide the grin that almost formed on his face. Having his emotion under control, he tried to speak as calmly as possible, "One should stop chasing after unrecruited love. You seem more easygoing than I thought, Miss Grey."

"Just like you've said, it's better for me to let go than have a miserable life with him and eventually hate each other." Rachel continued, "The love that I have to beg for isn't true."

David raised his brows as he gazed at her in admiration. "We seem to have something in common after all."

They casually chatted for a long time in the hospital garden as the conversation flowed freely and naturally without any awkwardness.

"Mr. David, Old Mrs. Jones asked for you. "An elderly lady approached them. She glanced at Rachel warmly. "You can come with us if it's convenient."

Rachel Grey glanced at David Jones in surprise.

“Do you mind coming with us to say hi to my grandma?” David glanced at Rachel with smiling eyes.

Rachel glanced at the elderly lady standing by the side, gazing at her, keen for an answer. She hesitated for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Watching Rachel and David walking toward her from afar, Old Mrs. Jones couldn't control the broad smile on her face. She waved at them enthusiastically. “I hope you don't mind me calling you over so suddenly, girl.”

It was the first time she saw her grandson with a lady.

She couldn't control the excitement in her heart.

“How are you, Mrs. Jones?” Rachel greeted her with respect.

Old Mrs. Jones couldn't hide the delight in her heart when she heard Rachel greeting her. She held Rachel's hands adoringly and caressed them. “I'm fine, child. You're such a good girl. I like you very much.”

Old Mrs. Jones's sudden adoration for her made Rachel uncomfortable, and she could only return her a courteous yet awkward smile.

Feeling the discomfort Rachel felt, David came forward and adjusted the blanket covering old Mrs. Jones' lap, conveniently creating a distance between Rachel and his grandmother. “Although it's sunny today, it's still windy. You might still catch a cold.”

Old Mrs. Jones raised her brow in surprise. Was this gentle and considerate man still her unromantic grandson? She thought she might never live to see him with a woman.

Old Mrs. Jones had lived long enough to know what David was up to from the little gestures

he'd shown.

A meaningful grin appeared on her face.

David wasn't dim-witted regarding how to treat a lady, after all. He was worried that she would make the young lady uncomfortable.

Her sight fell on Rachel again, and they were full of love. "How long have you known each

other, child?"

Initially, Rachel was confused by the warmth shown by Old Mrs. Jones. Now, she had finally realized the reason behind the friendliness. She hurriedly explained, "Old Mrs. Jones, do not misunderstand. We just met each other by chance."

By chance?

Old Mrs. Jones threw David a fleeting glance.

She was afraid David did not take it the same way she did.

"Girl, I liked you very much the first time I saw you. Will you do grandma a small favor? Please come by and talk to me when you're free." Old Mrs. Jones glanced at Rachel deeply before closing her eyes, playing the part of an old, lonely woman to gain Rachel's sympathy.

"This kid would disappear for months when he got busy. I feel so lonely in this hospital with no one to talk to."

"I..." Rachel instinctively wanted to reject her pleading, knowing the old lady had misunderstood her relationship with David.

But the graying hair of Old Mrs. Jones reminded her of her own maternal grandfather. She couldn't bear to reject an old lady like her. After hesitating for a moment, she nodded. "Okay."

The sad face of Old Mrs. Jones instantly lightened up after Rachel agreed to visit. "Then I'll send David to get you, and I'll be waiting for you."

"That'll be such a hassle." Rachel glanced at David, feeling slightly embarrassed about her visit to old Mrs. Jones would cause David so much trouble.

"Of course not." Old Mrs. Jones quickly threw David a gloating glance, a signal that she'd done him a huge favor.

After a brief chat with Old Mrs. Jones, Rachel received a call from Mary Green and excused herself.

David's upturned eyes narrowed to a slit when he watched Rachel leaving as if he was watching a target leaving his sight.

"David." Old Mrs. Jones called out to him. There was a hint of chill in her inquisitive tone.

David Jones turned toward her grandma and noticed the slyness in her eyes. He grinned. "I'll never forget your kindness, grandma."

"You, brat!" Old Mrs. Jones threw him an irritated glance before raising her brows

triumphantly. "I did not do it for you. I'm doing it so that I get to meet my great-grandchild

soon."

David looked downward, hiding the gloom beneath his sight. "That's a promise then, grandma. She will be my bride. You won't regret it, no matter what the future may bring."

"There's nothing I trust more than my instinct." Old Mrs. Jones spoke. "You're the one that needs to work hard and win her heart soon. From what I observe, she isn't interested in you."

That was precisely David's worry.

No woman would reject him, considering his eligibility.

But Rachel did not seem wavered by what he could offer and did not seem attracted to him

at all. That was a colossal blow to his confidence.

"Maybe you can guide me on that?" David glanced at Old Mrs. Jones.

"You should show your sincerity if you want to make her yours." Old Mrs. Jones spoke with an air of importance. "Do not act high and mighty in front of her, and take the initiative to be good and gentle to her. What's important is to be loyal to her. You'll get it from me if you ever do her wrong."

David couldn't help laughing. "We're not married yet, and you're taking her side already?"

"I like that girl very much." Old Mrs. Jones couldn't stop smiling when she recalled Rachel's sweetness. "Where are you going?" She asked when she glimpsed David's leaving figure.

"Taking initiative." David grinned.

Rachel did not expect to see Louis Smith's sister, Jane Smith, when she returned to her hospital room.

Jane seemed to have been waiting for her to return. Else, she wouldn't have met her on her way back to her room.

She glared at Rachel with eyes filled with hostility as she looked at her from top to bottom. A sneer appeared on her face, "I've looked too highly on you. I thought you were an intelligent woman and will leave on your own after knowing that none of my family likes you. It's totally unexpected that you'll continue to bug my brother and Olivia. You didn't think my brother would want you back when you pretended to be sick and miserable, did you? Take my advice and give up now. My brother wouldn't want a woman that every man could have."

"Say it one more time!" Rachel's face turned glacial, and her voice layered with harshness. Used to Rachel's pettiness, the sudden change in Rachel's behavior had taken Jane by surprise. "Did I say anything wrong? You've just broken up with my brother not long ago, and I caught you flirting with another man. Doesn't that make you a woman every man could have?"

Since Rachel said nothing, she shamelessly continued, "My brother told me everything. Do not think I don't know why you went missing last time."

Colors seeped away from Rachel's face after hearing what Jane said. She was as pale as a ghost as emotion flooded her eyes.

She clenched her fist tightly, burying her nails deep into her palms, but she felt no pain. Her fragile body couldn't help shuddering, as if she was silently taking on the burden of the entire catastrophe.

She had never felt so insulted in her entire life, and it would be a scar that would never heal

in her heart.

Only Louis and her knew what happened, and he promised her he would never tell another living soul. Little did she know, he told Jane her secret.

Was his promise worth nothing at all?

Rachel felt as if a blunt knife had cut her heart open. She found it difficult to breathe as dizziness and pain ran through every inch of her body.

Staring at her pale face, she thought she had a grip on Rachel. Her tone became harsher, "Rachel Grey, I'll tell you the truth. If Louis did not break up with Olivia, and you were conveniently by his side, bugging him all these years, you won't stand a chance to be with him. Why don't you reflect on yourself in front of a mirror?"

Slap!

The sound of a slap rang in the hospital corridor, and Jane had taken a blow on her face.

Jane was caught off guard, and her smug look disappeared from her face when Rachel hit her. She looked at the attacker in disbelief, and the shock in her eyes gradually turned into anger. "How dare you hit me?" she exclaimed.

"Of course, I dare. Why wouldn't I? Who do you think you are?" Rachel replied

The next second, she suddenly grabbed Jane by the neck, pressing her head hard against the window.

Jane realized that her upper body was hanging out of the window at this point.

The height of the fifteen-story building had her scalp tingle and her pupils tremble. Right now, even her screams involuntarily quivered. "Help! Someone is trying to kill me!"

"Jane Smith, did you really think you could mess with me simply because I decided to let it go?" Rachel calmly said, "I don't mind shutting you up forever since you can't control your damn mouth!"

As she spoke, she pressed down on Jane's hand with a little more force.

Jane was hanging upside down and wholly suspended from the window. With fright, she screamed for mercy, "I was wrong, I was wrong. I promise never to do it again..."

Perhaps due to the thrill offered by the scene, many onlookers gathered. Some even calmly took out their phones to record a video.

Rachel glanced at the crowd, thinking she could not afford any trouble at this critical moment since she would have to inherit the Johnson family business in a few days.

“I won’t be merciful next time!” She snorted and pulled Jane back from the window. As soon as Jane’s feet touched the ground, she felt a sense of safety coming from the sturdy floor. At this point, she finally quieted down as she quickly got up and fled, constantly warning Rachel as she looked back multiple times, “Rachel, just wait! The Smith family will never let you off the hook!”

Rachel, however, simply raised her eyebrows as her cold smirk became even more striking. “Then bring it on!”

She had nothing to worry about regarding the Smith family, which had nothing to do with her these days.

She absolutely would not mind teaching the Smiths a lesson if they dared to mess with her, She returned to her room with Jane’s words ringing in her ears still. She recalled when Jane said that her brother had told her about her disappearance back then.

She had never expected one to break a promise so easily, effortlessly.

She also had not realized that the man she truly loved had, in fact, never believed her.

She wondered if Louis had forgotten why she was kidnapped in the first place.

She thought to herself, “How could he have no sense of guilt and even expose my scars with his own hands?”

The memory of the incident that took place in the alley had her trembling uncontrollably and her body racked with shivers as she recalled the details of that fateful night. As she recalled, she felt as though her heart had been ripped open as the cold wind rushed in, chilling her to the bone ruthlessly.

It was not until she heard a knock on the door that she snapped out of her thoughts. She turned to see David standing at the door.

Her panic disappeared in an instant and was replaced by surprise.

She did not expect to see him just yet, especially when she was in such a terrible state.

“Well... Is there anything you want to tell me about?” She asked.

He was wearing a well-tailored suit, and as he strode toward her with conviction and with his long, slender legs, he was bathed in the golden sunlight.

The sunlight seemed to coat him in a layer of pale gold and set off his noble and elegant aura as if he were a sacred and inviolable celestial being.

His dark eyes gazed at her face, and his brows furrowed imperceptibly as he noticed the moistness at the corners of her eyes.

“I suddenly realized that we haven’t exchanged contact information yet.” He took out his phone to provide his Whatsapp QR code and handed it to her. “Let me know when you have time.”

She looked at the serious-looking man, and a hint of a charming smile appeared on the corners of her lips. “Since I promised grandma, I won’t go back on my word.”

“Of course, I know you won’t go back on your word,” he replied. “You know, I am grateful that you are willing to make time to accompany her and make her happy, so I will do my best to fulfill the role of a driver and try my best not to let your goodwill go to waste, Miss Grey” His words expressed his gratitude toward her and his main intention in exchanging contact information. Moreover, his trust in her was so unwavering that it warmed her heart.

She hesitated momentarily, then scanned his QR code with her phone and added him to her Whatsapp contact list.

Nevertheless, the next second, he said, “Please also send me your phone number to avoid any delays in receiving text messages.”

She was rendered speechless.