

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 391

Chapter 391 Homeless (Part Three) One tablet of sildenafil was insufficient to attain the desired results. So the aphrodisiac effect was only inhibited because there were other substances. If the aphrodisiac chemicals didn't get flushed out of his system, one would be able to feel the effects after a while. Victor had been taking the medication for half a month. It was indeed half a month's dosage. "Dr. Turner recommended this medication for you, Mr. Sullivan. Is it possible that Dr. Turner was the one who..." Ivan was unable to complete his thoughts, but the truth was clear. Everything was handled by Dr. Turner, from the prescription through Victor's first dose of the medication. The medicine couldn't have been tampered with by anybody else if not him.

However...

"What could be Dr. Turner's reasons for doing that?" For financial gain? Victor gave him a salary of almost \$10 million every year. In addition, the hospital paid him a salary. Prior to employing Dr. Turner, Ivan had conducted a thorough background check on him. Dr. Turner's family was well-off and in good health. He didn't have a lot to spend his money on. More than half of the additional healthcare subsidies he received were donated to a nearby welfare home. He didn't seem to be the kind to do anything like that for money. Ivan scowled, puzzled as to why Dr. Turner would take the risk of tampering with the medication. Victor remained silent, his black eyes fixed on the clear bag containing the tablets in Ivan's hands. The look on his face shifted when he heard Victor's question. Whatever he was

thinking, only he could tell. “Mr. Sullivan, I’ll request that someone immediately bring Dr. Turner here.” To understand Dr. Turner’s motivations, this was the quickest and most convenient route to take. With his thumb rubbing across his knuckles, Victor made a minor adjustment to his index finger. A line was drawn between his small lips. His jaw was well-formed. When he wasn’t talking, the atmosphere was always tense. No one could tell Victor’s mood. Ivan concluded that his silence meant that he concurred with his proposal. If Victor didn’t say anything, it signified that he didn’t object to the situation. Ivan sent his men to the hospital right away and bring Dr. Turner with them. Ivan’s guys called him ten minutes later. He scowled significantly after picking up the phone. “What time did he leave?” After a while, Ivan ordered, “Continue your search for him. Increase the number of guards at the hospital.” After Ivan ended the call, he turned to Victor, who stared at him deeply. “Mr. Sullivan... The head of the hospital said that Dr. Turner requested an annual leave this morning and he has left the hospital,” Ivan finally responded after a period of contemplation. “Ah, I see,” Victor said softly as if he was unsurprised by the outcome. ?

Seeing Victor’s indifference, Ivan asked, “Mr. Sullivan, could you possibly know Dr. Turner’s whereabouts?” “I don’t have any information about that.” That was all he said. “Dr. Turner just asked for leave this morning. If he is going to leave Apliaria, he probably hasn’t left the city yet.” Ivan peered through the French window. The clouds were dark and heavy, and it seemed as though it might rain hard. “Today and tomorrow are expected to

be very wet days. As a result, all trains and flights will be grounded for a while. I'll ask our people to keep an eye on the hospital, airport, and railway stations. Whenever Dr. Turner shows up, we'll have him in our grasp." Victor shook his head and peered out of the window. "I don't think he'll be leaving Apliaria." "How so, sir?" Ivan was taken aback at first, but his shock quickly gave way to confusion. Why would it be a surprise if Dr. Turner switched the medication and then requested an annual leave? Was it possible that Dr. Turner imagined that the most perilous location on Earth was also the safest?

This puzzled Ivan. "Where could Dr. Turner go if he didn't intend to leave Apliaria?" "Get your men out of the hospital." Victor's voice sounded huskier and colder. "Send people to monitor the Salazar family's residence." "The Salazar family? Does it have anything to do with the Salazar family?" Ivan was abruptly struck by something. Was Dr. Turner connected to the Salazar family in any way? According to what Ivan had found about the Salazar family, Dr. Turner had just a few interactions with them.

No.

Among the Salazar family, there was one individual that Dr. Turner had met and known. That was obviously Susan. Dr. Turner and Susan, the birthday celebration, the drugging... Ivan saw a brief glimpse of what seemed to be an invisible thread linking these three things.

Rachel contacted Clara twice on the night of the birthday celebration, but Clara was busy taking care of Riley, so she didn't

answer the phone. There was no response when Clara tried to call again, and the phone number she dialed was off. Clara assumed the call was a sales pitch and stopped calling. It wasn't until the second day that she discovered just how much news was on the internet about Susan. She had just gotten out of bed when she heard on the television about what had occurred the previous night at Waterfront Hotel. Ameer and his mother afterward paid a visit to the Jimenez family. Megan and Clara's mother talked about what happened at Waterfront Hotel. They all had a collective loathing for Susan. Clara, who was sitting next to them, did not want to join in the conversation. She was responding to a colleague's text message on her cell phone. Ameer's mom had been talking about this with other rich ladies at least five times in the preceding two days. Ameer so badly wanted to get out of that place when he heard the topic again.

Megan stopped him by grabbing his hand and asked, "Where are you going? Your cousin just arrived. You can't miss dinner today." "I'm going for a brief stroll. Furthermore, I've had enough of hearing what you're discussing." "You holy terror..." "Let him leave if he wants to. I, too, am itching to venture out for a little. In fact, it's been a long time since Ameer visited us here. I'll take him out to the yard." Clara despised the slanderous chitchat of the other women. She didn't give a second thought to the gossip. Let alone Ameer, she would be fed up with the same rumors. That was why she decided to speak for him. Megan remained silent after hearing this. She allowed Ameer to go. Having been granted permission by his mother, Ameer departed from the living room and headed for the backyard. Clara was right behind him. She got a phone call from one of her coworkers. She answered the phone and talked to her coworker for a while. After hanging up, she saw Ameer staring at his phone in a daze.

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Chapter 392 Homeless (Part Four)

Clara patted Ameer on the arm. She did so gently and stood beside him. “What are you thinking about? You appear to be lost in thoughts.” Ameer put his phone away in a hurry. He calmed himself down and touched the tip of his nose. “I am not thinking about anything.” But it didn’t look like nothing was on his mind. Clara didn’t believe what he said. Still, she refused to ask him any more questions. Instead, she led him along the path in the backyard, Ameer heaved a sigh of relief since Clara didn’t continue to ask questions. He put his left hand into his pocket and touched the edges of the mobile phone. There was a trace of hesitation in his eyes. He stared at her and asked, “How is Riley?” As soon as Clara heard what he said, she stopped and turned around. She didn’t understand what he meant. “Riley?”

“Yes. Didn’t he have an allergic reaction on the night of the birthday party?” Ameer looked at her.

“Oh, I wasn’t quite sure about what you were talking about at first. Well, she is at her grandmother’s at the moment. And she is doing fine.” A soft smile appeared on Clara’s face. After that, she thought of something. “But how did you know that she had an allergy?”

On the night of the birthday party when Riley suffered from an acute allergic reaction, Clara took her to the lounge on the second

floor. The two of them just stayed there for a short time. But after noticing that Riley was really uncomfortable, Clara quickly asked the driver to take her to the hospital. This was done without the knowledge of

anyone.

Clara recalled that Ameer had been absent-minded with his phone in his hand. After taking a guess, she asked him tentatively, “Did Rachel tell you about it?” “Yes, she did. I met her on the way.” Ameer touched his neck subconsciously while he was still talking. “She asked me for your phone number and also made mention of the fact that Riley had an allergy. She went out to buy the medicine. She tried to contact you. But it was to no avail.”

Two days passed, yet Ameer couldn’t stop himself from thinking about the night when they were in Waterfront Hotel. Rachel was sitting alone on the big stone. The breeze blew her hair. At that time, the light was not bright. The faint moonlight shed a soft glow on her. As a result, it was as if half of her body was almost hidden in darkness. There was a perceivable coldness in her. The scene looked like a painting.

Her figure had gotten so stuck in Ameer’s mind that it couldn’t be erased. Ameer sent Clara’s phone number to her that day. And in the process of doing so, he got Rachel’s number. Just now, he had been staring at her number on his phone. He had been very hesitant to give her a call.. “Oh, now it figures! At that time, my attention was on Riley. I was taking care of her. It didn’t occur to me to check my phone. It was later that I saw two strange calls. They must have been from her.” Clara looked at Ameer’s face. She appeared to be somewhat surprised. She knew that Ameer

had a crush. And judging from his burning passion for Rachel, Clara was quite convinced that he really loved her. It was only one night. How could such a big change have happened during that time? “Ameer, you...” Clara opened her mouth and wanted to say something. But she didn’t know how to express her opinions aptly. It was quite difficult to say that Rachel was not a good match for him. There was no denying the fact that her own brother was deeply in love. He could not even extricate himself. Clara had tried to persuade him. But in the end, it was all in vain. Ameer was her cousin. Notwithstanding, she wasn’t sure whether or not it was possible for her to talk about this. “Is there a problem?” Ameer felt strange. He wondered why Clara didn’t finish what she was saying.

was

“No, there isn’t,” Clara replied with a smile. “How long have you known Rachel? Are you very familiar with each other?” Ameer anticipated her response. Clara pursed her lips. She turned around and walked forward. Ameer followed her. There was a glimmer of light in his eyes. She could not resist his penetrating gaze. Therefore, Clara had to talk to him. “Ameer, you know that Rachel is two years older than you, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.” It was quite obvious that he didn’t expect what Clara said to him. Ameer looked like a shy boy whose secret had just been exposed. His earlobes became slightly red and he touched his neck. “So you figured it out, huh?”

“Of course. It is quite obvious.” Clara inhaled and exhaled deeply. At this juncture, she opened up to him. “I don’t think Rachel is right for you.”

In the wink of an eye, Ameer's countenance changed. He forced a smile and said, "Why is that so? You are the second person to tell me that." "Artt who is the first person to mention that to you?"

"Rachel." After a brief pause, Ameer continued, "She told me the same thing. She said that we were not right for each other. I asked her why. Do you know what response she gave me?"

"What was her response?"

"Rachel told me that she didn't like tall men."

At first, Clara was a little surprised that Rachel had already refused Ameer. But when she suddenly heard the reason behind it, she choked on her saliva and coughed several times. After that, she couldn't help laughing.

Ameer looked at her without a trace of laughter on his face. "Well, that sounds like something Rachel would say." Clara found it a little too much to smile so happily in front of someone who had been rejected by his love. And the man in question happened to be her cousin. So she quickly suppressed the laughter. Notwithstanding, the smile at the corners of her mouth could not be hidden. On the other hand, Ameer seemed like he couldn't care less. "Does she always use such outrageous reasons to refuse others? This is the first time that I've heard such a reason. I am too tall. Isn't it ridiculous?" Clara didn't know if she had ever used the same reason to refuse others. But it wasn't unlike Rachel to behave in such a manner. And it was quite understandable why Rachel said so. She didn't want Ameer to keep being fascinated by her. Clara's mind wandered. She recalled what Rachel had said to her four years ago at the hospital.

Both of them were sitting on the balcony of the ward and looking at the scenery outside. Rachel told her that she liked freedom. At that time, she just got divorced. Everyone thought that Rachel loved Victor so much that she even did everything to stay with him. Clara thought so too. However, Rachel was no longer in love with Victor. She made it clear that she wanted to escape. She wanted to be free. And when the time was right, Rachel went away! After waiting for a long time without getting any response from Clara, Ameer had to speak to her a little louder than usual. “Are you even listening to me?” he asked discontentedly. “What?” Clara came to herself and smiled. “Oh that! I heard everything you said.”

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Ameer sighed slightly. It was evident that he was a little upset. Clara looked at him and said, “You have to listen to me. Give up before you get any deeper.”

Ameer had thought that she would be supportive as regards what he felt for Rachel. He found it hard to believe that

when he finally loved someone, everybody kept on persuading him not to go on with it.

“You are not a good match. And as a result, you can’t be with her,” Clara said earnestly. “Even if it was not because of your height, there would have been something else. You ought to know that the reason why Rachel said so was that she wanted you to give up.” Ameer heard everything Clara was saying to him. It made his face darken.

He understood that she was making a point.

Still, he couldn't get Rachel out of his mind.

Suddenly, Clara's began to ring She took a look at the caller ID. It was a strange phone number. But as soon as Ameer saw it, he could tell who was

calling

“The call is from Rachel,” Ameer said.

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Chapter 393 Homeless (Part Five)

Seeing the look on Ameer's face, Clara immediately realized that what she said to him was in vain.

Ameer and Roger had been best of friends since childhood. Their closeness caused them to have many similariti

For instance they were both determined and stubborn. If there was something they liked, nothing and no one could

stop them from pursuing it. Unfortunately, they fell in love with the same woman. Considering their characters, who would want to back down? Clara sighed at this thought. On the other hand, Ameer excused himself since he knew Clara and Rachel had

something private to talk about. "I'm a little thirsty. I'll just go fetch some water." With that, he turned around and left

The phone kept ringing. It looked like Rachel wouldn't stop calling her. As Clara watched Ameer's receding figure, she answered the phone. "Hi, Rachel."

During the first few weeks of this month, the weather was cold. Luckily, today, the sun rose high in the sky so it was warm.

From a distance, Clara saw a Cayenne approaching the villa where she was waiting. When it pulled over, she walked closer to greet the woman who just got out of the car. "Hi, Rachel." Clara and a nurse wearing a pink uniform welcomed Rachel. "Hi, Clara." Rachel smiled at the two women politely. The door on the other side opened and closed, revealing a small figure of a boy. Joey walked to Rachel and held her hand tightly. Then, he looked up at Clara with a hint of curiosity in his eyes. Clara was surprised when she saw Joey. It was her first time to see Joey. When she noticed how much the kid resembled Victor, she was astonished. "Is he Mr. Sullivan's nephew?" "Emm...yes." Rachel could only give a vague answer. In order to change the topic, she looked down at Joey and introduced Clara to him. "Joe, this is Clara, a great doctor. Only then did Clara come back to her senses. She bent down and offered her hand to Joey for a handshake. "Hello, little guy. Nice to meet you." "Nice to meet you too. My name is Joey. Since you are my mommy's friend, you can call me Joe, too." Joey's innocent face and his sweet greeting captured Clara's heart immediately. Perhaps she was too focused on his cute little face that she subconsciously ignored how he addressed Rachel. The nurse behind Clara stepped forward and reminded them, "Dr. Jimenez, Miss Bennet, it's almost the time

for the appointment.” Hearing this, Clara glanced at her watch and then at Rachel. “Let’s go inside.” What Joey knew was that his mother came here to meet a male friend. Therefore, when he saw a beautiful female and heard about the appointment, he was a little confused. “Mommy, is Aunt Clara the person you’re going to meet? Didn’t you say you’ll be meeting a male friend?” . The nurse walked ahead of them, leading the way. Clara was beside Rachel and Joey, so she heard what he said. She figured that her friend didn’t tell the kid what kind of place this was.

But Rachel didn’t answer any of Joey’s questions.

The inside of the villa appeared to be completely different from the outside. This three-story structure had been constructed for a few years and its outer walls were clad in Boston ivy. The leaves of the Boston ivy turned yellow in the late fall season, which added to the melancholy vibes of the villa from the outside as if an old man was resting in a rocking chair, peacefully bathing in the sun.

But the interior of the villa was relatively different from the exterior. It was simple, and the color palette that had been used was warm. Below their feet was the floor made of wood. Above was the high ceiling where the sunlight streamed through. There was a slight floral scent in the air, which could help people feel a little relaxed. When Joey was thinking about where his dad’s rival in love was, he heard footsteps coming from the stairs. “Clara.” A gentle voice of a man rang in the quiet villa.

In an instant, Joey became vigilant. He looked in the direction of the voice and saw a man wearing casual clothes

walking towards them. Clara greeted him first. “Hi, Justin. Long time no see.” “I’m surprised that you remember me. I couldn’t believe it when you called me this morning. How long haven’t you contacted me since you graduated from school?” As Justin teased Clara, he took a glance at Rachel and Joey. He frowned at the feeling the latter gave him. It was as if the little boy was looking at a thief. But this feeling quickly disappeared, which made Justin think that he was just imagining things. When he looked at Joey again, the little boy lowered his head while holding Rachel’s hand, seemingly lost in thought. “You have the nerve to blame me, huh? Aren’t you the one who’s always busy? You’re always nowhere to be found, either giving a speech or furthering your study somewhere.” Although it sounded like an accusation, Clara was smiling “If it is you who asks me out, how can I not spare time to meet you?” Justin joked. After that, he looked at Rachel and asked Clara, “aren’t you going to introduce her to me?” “This is the person I told you about this morning. She’s Rachel, my friend.” Turning her attention to Joey, Clara added, “This is also the first time I’ve seen this cute little boy. He is my acquaintance’s child. My friend will take care of him for a while.”

The man reached out his hand in front of Rachel. “Hello, I’m Justin Hall!

“I’m Rachel.” The handshake was brief because Rachel quickly took back her hand. As always, when it came to other

people, she was cold and aloof.

It was the first time that Justin had met a woman who didn’t hesitate to show her resistance to him.

It somehow sparked his interest. “Would you like some warm water? Since you are Clara’s friend, then you can consider me as your friend too. Although we’re in my office, you don’t have to treat me as a doctor. Don’t be nervous, okay? You can say whatever you want to say as long as you feel comfortable.” Yes, the reason why Rachel called Clara this morning was to ask for help in making an appointment with the best psychologist she knew. It was not that Rachel didn’t know any. In fact, the headquarters of the Red Hackers had hired some professional psychologists. It was just not convenient to go there at this moment. She urgently needed a psychologist. Therefore, she asked Clara for help. It just so happened that Justin thought Rachel was the patient, so she corrected, “Dr. Hall, I think you misunderstood me.” Her tone was always cold, giving people a sense of alienation. “It’s not me who wants to see you. It’s him.”

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Chapter 394 Homeless (Part Six)

Justin was stunned

Joey, who had been fidgeting with Rachel’s fingers, was also taken aback and raised his head and glanced at Justin right away

“I’m sorry, I thought you were the person Clara told me about. Justin immediately came to his senses and apologized. Although he was surprised, he had seen a lot of patients who needed psychological help. As a psychologist, it was his job to help patients.

with their problems. He was known to be one of the best in the field of psychotherapy at home

“Mommy?” Joey looked at Rachel in confusion, Rachel said she was going to see her friend. Why did he seem to be the center of their discussion? He clenched Rachel’s finger unconsciously

Noticing the uneasy expression on his face, Rachel withdrew her hand, squatted down, and looked at him. “Joe, would you like to speak to this uncle alone? Mommy’s going to wait for you outside.”

“No...” Joey frowned almost immediately and shook his head. He finally understood what was going on. This person wasn’t his mother’s friend, but a psychologist she found for him.

The little child felt so upset the moment he realized his mother’s intentions.

He disliked seeing doctors and hated to stay with people he considered strangers.

Rachel was well aware of Joey’s personality, so she didn’t inform him that she had taken him to see a psychologist. But now she realized that it was probably a big mistake to hide the truth.

“Joe, you do know it’s necessary for you to see a doctor, don’t you?” Rachel gently soothed his forehead with her thumb. Joey pressed his lips into a thin line, his eyelashes trembling. Despite hearing Rachel’s words, he remained silent. In fact, he knew that

he needed to see a doctor. The day after the car accident happened, Lukas noticed that Joey couldn't sleep well and his face was pale. He was clearly traumatized by the car accident and the gunshot. Even though the little boy pretended to be an adult at times, he was still a child. He would still get scared and couldn't remain calm when confronted with gunshot, blood, and danger at close range. Even adults were scared to witness something so horrible. After that, Lukas told Victor about Joey's condition, and Victor arranged for Joey to be counseled by a psychologist. However, Joey didn't like the idea at all.

He pretended to be fine, but deep down, he didn't want to see the psychologist any longer. He acted obedient and cooperative with the psychologist, but he refused to reveal his genuine feelings. He never mentioned his recurring nightmares in front of them. He even made Lukas and the psychologist believe that there was nothing wrong with him and that he wasn't affected by the car accident.

During the last thirty days, Rachel accompanied him to sleep. Since Joey felt safe and comfortable with her presence, his nightmare episodes gradually decreased. It was the reason why Rachel didn't realize he was still affected by the car accident. And two days ago, Joey went to Waterfront Hotel early in the morning to pick her up. But when he got home, his nightmares triggered again. That was when Rachel found out that his condition was getting worse.

Rachel held his little face and comforted him, "Don't worry, Joe. No one will hurt you here. I'm sorry for lying to you about seeing my friend today."

“Mommy, I want to go home...” Joey said in a sorrowful tone. He really didn’t want to be left with the doctor.

Rachel let go of him. She peered at his big, sad, pleading eyes and shook her head firmly.

“But Mommy, I’m really fine! I don’t need to see a doctor at all. I don’t have nightmares anymore.”

“Joe, do you still remember the story I told you about the king who got sick?” Rachel’s tone was soft, but she remained firm. “The king became ill, but he refused to see a doctor, and there was no remedy for him at the end.” Joey eventually understood what

Rachel meant, but he still felt conflicted.

He refused to acknowledge that he needed help from a psychologist.

He asserted that he was well and that his nightmares were nothing to be concerned about, and that he no longer had nightmares

Thanks to his mother’s company

Joey looked at Rachel and paused for a moment. He knew that she wouldn’t change her mind no matter what, so he had to go

with this session.

“Mommy... Will you wait for me outside?”

“Of course. Didn’t say you hadn’t seen Aunt Abby since you got back? Mommy will take you to see her after you see the doctor, okay?”

“Hmm... Deal!” Joey consented to see the doctor at long last. Rachel rose up, turned to Justin, and said, “Thank you, Dr. Hall.” “There’s no need for thanks, Miss Bennet. It’s my duty.” He had been listening to Rachel and Joey’s conversation the entire time. As an adult, Rachel didn’t force Joey to agree with her arrangement. Her tone was gentle, and she put herself in an equal position to converse with Joey, despite her firm stance. She made him listen by telling him that his refusal would lead to bigger problems

in the future.

He had seen a lot of parents that would take their kids to see a psychiatrist. Most parents treated their children harshly, which contributed to a big part of their children’s mental illness. Rachel was clearly a wonderful, gentle, and strong mother. Thinking of this made Justin smile as he took a few more glances at Rachel. “Little man, would you like to come upstairs with me and talk for a bit? What do you say?” Justin turned to face Joey with a kind smile.

As soon as Joey heard this, his first reaction was to look at Rachel. After seeing Rachel’s faint nod, he agreed with Justin and followed him upstairs.

The consulting room was on the second floor. Since psychological counseling required a peaceful environment, Rachel and Clara had to wait on the first floor.

“Dr. Jimenez, Miss Bennet, please have some tea.” The nurse, who was also Justin’s assistant, led them into the building earlier.

She treated Clara and Rachel respectfully and served them two cups of freshly brewed scented tea.

Clara was delighted to smell the faint scent of roses coming from the teacup on the table. She thanked the nurse and took a sip, and then placed the teacup down. She then looked at Rachel, as if she wanted to say something. After a moment, Clara called out to her. “Rachel.”

This immediately made Rachel turn to her.

Just now, I heard Joey call you... Mommy?” Clara didn’t notice Joey was calling Rachel his mommy at first. But later, he kept addressing her like that multiple times, which sparked her curiosity. She knew it was Rachel’s personal matter, and it wasn’t any of her business to pry. As a friend, she didn’t want to invade her privacy.

But she couldn’t help asking because it felt so natural for Joey to call her his mommy. When her eyes fell on Joey’s back, she was in a trance for a moment, as if she had seen Victor. They strikingly looked similar, and people might think of them as father and son if they stood together side by side. Did uncle and nephew look like each other to such an extent?

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Chapter 395 Homeless (Part Seven)

Rachel paused her sipping of the aromatic tea and glanced up at Clara. Clara grinned and said, “On second thought, I think heard it wrong.”

“No, you didn’t.” Rachel placed the teacup carefully. Even though she spoke in a soft voice, Clara heard it clearly.

Clara’s mouth dropped open as she gasped in disbelief. “Isn’t Odin the father of this Joey? Are you familiar with

Odin, Rachel?” “Not at all.” After Rachel was reborn, she might be said to have never seen Odin. “Joey is a wonderful child, and I decided to be his sworn mother,” “Seriously?”

Rachel nodded and ran her fingers down the rim of the teacup. She spoke it in a nonchalant tone. Once she did that, she didn’t say anything else. Having recovered from her shock, Clara saw Rachel dropping her gaze and seemed to be forlorn. Clara’s brain had a sudden epiphany, Rachel seemed to be thinking about her own kid, she reasoned.

Joey was Odin’s son, yet he had many characteristics with Victor. Besides, he had a slightly striking resemblance to Rachel. Clara was taken aback at first sight of him, much alone Rachel, who had previously fathered a child with Victor

If Rachel's kid was still alive, it would be Joey's age. That explained why Rachel adored Joey and decided to become his sworn mother. Clara's skepticism was wiped away as she contemplated this.

Justin descended from the second level at about 4 p.m.

He stepped up to them, spectacles off. When she saw him, Rachel sprang to her feet. However, he had no one to follow in his wake.

"Is this it?" Following Rachel's gaze, Clara turned around to face Justin.

"It's over for the day." Recognizing Rachel's search for Joey, Justin pinched his nose and stated, "He is still sleeping. He hasn't slept well in a while. You can go upstairs and take a look at him."

"Thank you." Then Rachel made her way to the second story. When Clara saw this, she intended to follow her upstairs, but Justin reached out his extended arm to stop her. "Hello there. You asked for my help, and yet you don't want to talk to me? The tiny man upstairs is still sleeping. I doubt he'll wake up any time soon." "Well, how about I treat you to dinner this evening? Bring your wife, of course, I am yet to meet her."

Clara recognized right away when she heard Justin's remarks that he wanted Rachel and Joey to have some alone time. "Okay, then, I'll choose the restaurant myself." "That's no issue at all."

Rachel was also making her way up the stairs at the same moment. The second floor's decor was similar to the first floor's. Visitors were made to feel at ease thanks to the thoughtful use of warm colors. The scent in the air was much more potent. A set of apricot-colored, plush sofas occupied the middle of the floor.

Joey slept out on the couch. He was just wearing a light blanket to keep him comfortable in the warm room.

Rachel took a cautious stroll across to him. “Mommy...” She could hear Joey’s mumbling as she neared him. Rachel assumed he was having another nightmare since she couldn’t hear him well. “Mommy, Uncle Quintin bullies me...”

Rachel then understood the situation. In this case, the small kid didn’t have a bad dream. Today’s dream was

exciting. She and Quintin were everything he dreamt of.

Rachel exhaled a relieved sigh. Slightly stooping, she stroked his short hair before kissing him between the brows. Rachel emerged from the room ten minutes later. Clara and Justin were having a conversation. Rachel had Joey in her arms when Clara heard footsteps behind her. Clara sprang to her feet and hurriedly approached them. Rachel held Joey in her arms as he still slept. Afraid she’d alter his sleep, Clara said in a whisper, “Rachel, why did you take him down?” “I agreed to accompany him to visit a long-lost acquaintance.” Rachel remained silent. She turned to Justin and said, “Thank you, Dr. Hall.” “It’s my responsibility. You’re welcome. However, it will be some time before he’s back to his old self. At this point, he is still quite protective. You must mentally prepare yourself. It’s going to take a lot of effort.” “I get it.” Counseling took time, and Rachel understood this better than anybody else. “If it’s good with you, Dr. Hall, you may set up the meeting. I’ll do my best to make it work with you, and I look forward to it.”

Justin agreed.

Clara ceased trying to persuade Rachel to stay when she saw that she was eager to leave. “Where exactly is that old friend, Rachel? I’d be happy to take you there.” “Thank you, but the driver has to be outside waiting now. It’s a pleasure to have you on my side today. Within the next several days, I’ll come to see you and Riley.” “Well...” Clara wanted to speak more, but seeing the tenacity in her eyes, she stopped. “All right, if you need anything, I’m at your full disposal.” “I sure will.” After saying goodbye to Clara and Justin, Rachel left with Joey in her arms.

Clara and Justin watched Rachel and Joey get into the vehicle from the gate of the estate. Eventually, the Cayenne sped away and was no longer visible to the naked eye. “Clara, your friend is a one-of-a-kind individual,” Justin said. Clara gazed towards the direction where the automobile departed. She remained quiet for a moment after hearing Justin’s words before nodding in agreement. “She’s such an inspiration.”

Justin was a little taken aback when he heard this.

Clara had always been the center of attention in the eyes of others, and it was uncommon for her to be impressed by another person.

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 396

Chapter 396 Homeless (Part Eight)

In the last days of fall, the twilight hours were shorter. It was shortly after half past five o’clock. The evening light came in through the car window. Late fall brought a nice chill to the air.

Joey had a good dream this time. Quintin followed his father and mother about in his dream as they

assisting them with carrying items and running after them. He had a big grin on his face as he slept. He was

adamant about not waking up. Finally, Rachel woke him up.

“Mommy, what’s this place?” Joey slowly got up and wiped his eye. He had a low tone to his voice. He glanced at Rachel and realized he was in the vehicle. She stepped out of the car and bent down to hold his hand.

He stepped out of the vehicle, placing his hand on Rachel’s palm. Taking a look around, he was greeted with an abundance of vegetation. Even though it was fall, it seemed that this location had not been impacted by it. They were surrounded by trees that seemed to be in full bloom. Joey spotted a large iron gate in the distance before Rachel had spoken a word. The large iron gate, on the other hand, was securely shut, leaving just a side entrance open. It could only be used by one person at a time. The phrase “cemetery” was engraved onto a sign beside the entrance.

“Didn’t I promise you I’d take you to visit Aunt Abby?” Rachel said, stroking his head. Joey had no idea where he was till then. He lifted his head and fixed his gaze on Rachel, looking for any changes in her expression. He was worried that his mom would feel sad. After all, they were at a cemetery. It wasn’t a pleasant

setting

“Let’s get moving, honey, Getting about in the dark is dangerous. I believe Abby might also be badly wanting to see you,” Rachel told him as she grasped his hand. Joey concurred and followed her to the entrance. It was impossible for Joey to avoid looking at the word “cemetery” on the sign as his shoulder brushed up against it. “What made you choose this location for Aunt Abby, Mommy?” The cemetery seemed to be a modest and rustic place to bury one’s dead. The massive iron-gate was rusty. The gate was littered with leaves and debris. Clearly, no one had taken the time to tidy this area. There was no one to keep an eye on the mountain’s trees, which grew wild and thriving. “It’s a peaceful place to be. She won’t be bothered by anybody.” Rachel’s eyes became dark as she talked. Her grip on Joey’s hand tightened unconsciously.

Joey was able to sense her remorse. “I believe it’s a good place, too,” he remarked childishly to Rachel.

As soon as she heard this, Rachel’s face softened and she smiled down at him. Joey had said it because he was worried she would be sad, and she understood that. He wanted to be there for her and help her feel better. There was no stop for almost five minutes as they made their way up the stone stairs together. It wasn’t long before Joey glanced back and saw that they had already reached the hillside. The mountain wasn’t very tall or particularly steep. They could still see the Cayenne sitting outside the gate from their vantage point. “It’s here, honey.” Rachel paused in front of a marble gravestone, her hand clasped around his, and glanced at the portrait on it.

Joey followed her eyes to the gravestone and remained there, staring at it. The marble had the word “Abby Black”

etched onto it, and it was a deep shade of black.

The top right corner of Abby's gravestone had a picture of her embedded in it. During the picture shoot, Abby said she wanted to learn how to drive. After taking the shot, Rachel wanted to include it on the application form, but Abby was taken away after the photo was processed .

The photograph had been stored in the studio. The personnel at the picture studio did not contact the Bennet family or send the photo to Rachel until three days after the tragedy. Abby didn't even get the chance to see the picture herself. Squatting down and placing her hand lightly on the photo's right side, Rachel felt a rushing sensation like she was touching something priceless. "Abby, I'm here. I came to see you," Rachel whispered. A little breeze picked up her hair and sent it flapping about. Looking at the picture, she went into a state of trance, as if she heard Abby call out to her. "Aunt Abby." Joey's voice got Rachel back on her bearings. Joey stood before the gravestone, carefully placing a flower he had just picked. "Aunt Abby, my name is Joey. I'm here with my mom. We came to see you." Rachel returned his gaze with a grin and a kiss on the back of his head. "Mommy haven't come to see you during the past years. Please don't get mad at my mommy. In fact, she must be missing you a lot. When I was a little kid, she told me a lot about you. Before I came to see you, I already liked you a lot." Joey's voice sounded innocent and lovely as he said that. "Simply vent your frustrations at me if you're still not pleased. Mommy would have visited you sooner if I hadn't been too little to come." He reached into his pocket and pulled out yet another blossom. Rachel was taken aback and puzzled as to when Joey picked the flowers. He placed the two flowers next to the grave. "Auntie, Mommy and I came in a hurry,

and we didn't get a lot of flowers for you. I simply plucked two flowers on the way and presented them to you. I'll bring you a magnificent bouquet of flowers the next time I visit, so don't get so upset with me, please." His solemn tone amused Rachel. She stroked the tip of his nose with her finger and muttered, "Aunt Abby treasures you the most. She'll never be mad at you for anything." Abby used to peek at Rachel's tummy and make educated guesses about the gender of the unborn child. Even the baby's birth present was on Abby's list of things to prepare. Abby was even more concerned about Rachel's unborn child than Rachel herself.

Abby really liked the kid. If she were still living, she might have pampered this tiny kid to the point of obsession.

It was beginning to grow dark. Rachel and Joey didn't spend much time at the cemetery. They left, probably due to the growing darkness. The driver exited the vehicle early and waited for them. He opened the rear door as soon as he spotted them exiting, so they could get inside.

They heard the vehicle radio as soon as they got inside the automobile.

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Chapter 397 Homeless (Part Nine)

"It has come to our notice that the houses on the high floors of Building A of Gentlefolk have been engulfed in flames.

Firefighters are trying their best to control the raging inferno which has already caused a heavy traffic jam. If you are going to

the places around that axis, please try to make a detour and pay attention to traffic safety. Autumn has the highest incidence of fire outbreaks. Recently, there has been a steady rise as regards the number of properties being gutted by fire in many communities far and near. It is very important to strengthen our safety consciousness. Please turn off electrical appliances when they are not in use. Remember to turn off the gas before leaving your house so as to ensure the safety of both you and the members of your family.” Joey was sitting obediently in the child seat while listening to the announcement on the radio. Then he muttered in a low tone, “Gentlefolk? Why does it sound so familiar?”

Meanwhile, Rachel was helping the boy fasten the seat belt when that particular community was mentioned. For a moment, she stopped what she was doing. The name also sounded somewhat familiar to her.

“Gentlefolk is a real estate project developed by the Sullivan Group.” When the driver looked through the rearview mirror, he noticed that Joey had a confused look on his face. So he tried to explain what he knew to the child.

A thought flashed through Joey’s mind. He seemed to have remembered something. This made him grab Rachel’s wrist. “Mommy, do you remember what Lukas said last night? Mr. Sullivan has been living in Gentlefolk.” When Rachel heard what Joey said, it dawned on her that Lukas made mention of the name of the community

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Last night, Victor gave him a call. And while they were having a conversation, he told Lukas to send a document from the study to Gentlefolk as soon as possible. When the courier came to take the document, Joey happened to be there. The child had just taken a shower. He was watching a movie on the sofa with an iPad. When he saw Lukas coming downstairs, he asked him a casual question. And Lukas replied by saying that after leaving the hospital, Victor had been living in an apartment in Gentlefolk. According to his description, the community was not far from the building of the Sullivan Group. Out of the corner of his eye, Joey glanced at the receipt in the courier's hand. It showed the specific address of Victor's apartment. This was on the twenty-ninth floor of Building A.

And just now, the announcement they just heard on the radio was about the houses on the high floors of Building

A in the Gentlefolk. They were all on fire.

Rachel was in a daze and Joey tightened his grip on her hand. When she came to her senses, she saw the worried look in the child's eyes. "You are worried about him, aren't you?" When Rachel looked at the boy's frowning brows, she was at a loss for words.

She always hoped that Victor could stay away from her and Joey. But for one reason or the other, things always went in the opposite direction from what she planned or expected.

This uncontrollable feeling made her feel so confused. She was very upset. It was as if Rachel couldn't calm herself

down.

“Is that even possible?” Joey denied immediately after Rachel finished talking. He lowered his eyes and touched the tip of his nose subconsciously. This was an action he would do when he lied.

He was evidently worried about Victor. But he knew very well that his mommy didn't like to mention his father. This was why Joey had to tell a lie. He didn't want her to be sad. There was no contesting the fact that his mother was the most important person to him. Putting this into consideration, he winked at Rachel as if nothing had happened. “Mommy, let's go back.” Rachel looked at him. Then she moved her lips and said, “Okay.”

Joey no longer mentioned anything pertaining to either the fire or Victor. With his head down, he held his mother's hand and played with her fingers as usual.

It appeared like he really didn't care or worry about his father.

The Cayenne had been driving for about twenty minutes.

Suddenly, it began to slow down. More and more cars

gathered around it. At last, it stopped in the middle of the road.

The driver looked at the traffic jam in front of them. Thereafter, he glanced at the information on his phone. “Miss

Bennet, the road before Gentlefolk has been blocked.”

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Chapter 398

Chapter 398 Homeless (Part Ten)

All of a sudden, Rachel felt a sharp pain in her fingertips. And in response to that she withdrew her hand from

Joey's. It was an impulsive reaction.

This made Joey come back to his senses. When he saw what had happened to his mother's fingers, he felt guilty. After the driver told them that the road before Gentlefolk had been blocked, Joey clenched his fists subconsciously. It was unbeknown to him that he was pinching Rachel's fingertips. "Mommy, I'm really sorry," he said remorsefully. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Rachel turned her head to look at him. She was stunned by how red his eyes had become. She was of the opinion that Joey behaved in such a manner because he was worried about the fire in Gentlefolk. To be more precise, it was actually because of his deep concern for Victor's well-being.

When Rachel noticed how sorry he felt for hurting her, she didn't want to blame him. "Joey, I'm fine, alright?" She touched his frowning brows with her thumb. "There's no need for you to feel guilty."

Joey had no reason to be so wary in front of her. It didn't matter whether or not he was really worried about Victor. She wouldn't really blame him.

“Mommy, can I blow your fingertips for you?” Joey blinked his eyes while he asked her the question in a childish voice.

“Of course, you can!” After giving him a reply, Rachel stretched her hand towards the little boy.

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The Cayenne kept on moving albeit extremely slowly. This was as a result of the traffic congestion. After about twenty minutes, the vehicle only managed to cover a distance of two hundred meters. And it was completely dark

He looked out of the window every now and then. It was as if his eyes were searching for something. But there was nothing outside except other cars just as stuck in the traffic as theirs. But if someone carefully observed Joey for some time, they would notice that he always looked in the same direction that led to Gentlefolk.

“Are you hungry, Joey?” Rachel asked him a question when he least expected it.

Joey stopped looking out of the car window and turned to look at her. “Maybe we will be stuck here for a while. Let us get out of the car in order to get something to eat. There is a snack shop over there.” Joey looked hesitant for a while. He pressed his lips

against each other. But after that, he nodded his head in agreement.

Rachel told the driver to take the car to Sue Garden alone. She and Joey alighted the vehicle. After crossing the traffic, they went straight to the commercial street across the road. The boy was still a little absent-minded. But he continued to follow Rachel closely.

Finally, they arrived at a Chinese restaurant. But Joey's mind was elsewhere. It wasn't until the waiter asked him enthusiastically what he wanted to eat that Joey came back to his senses. He saw that his mother was staring at him penetratingly. "Wed like to have these," Rachel said. Then she closed the menu and handed it to the waiter. "Okay, kindly hold on for a moment. I'll inform the chef and will serve the dishes in no time." The waiter stopped looking at Joey. When he was done talking, he took the menu from Rachel respectfully. The waiter quickly and expertly registered what Rachel ordered on the iPad. After that, he left the room and shut the door behind him. Joey could tell that his mother knew that he lied just now. Hence, a feeling of guilt unsettled him. "Mommy!" He called out to her.

"What is it?"

osobout to explain the reason behind absent mindedness, he saw that his mother didn't seem to notice

-. So, he swallowed the words. Then, he got down from his chair and walked to Rachel with his arms wide opened. Mommy, can you hug me?" Dey didn't even know what was wrong with him.

When he heard that there was a fire in the Gentlefolk, he couldn't help but think about his father who lived there. His made him very worried despite not being sure whether or not his dad was affected by the incident. Because he was afraid that his mother would find out that he was worried about his father, Joey tried his best to cover it up. -ut the more he tried to do so, the more clues he gave his mother. Rachel held the little boy up. Then she let him sit on her lap. Mommy, I'm deeply sorry that I lied to you." Joey raised his head to look at Rachel. He felt despondent. Notwithstanding, after pausing for a brief moment, he said what was on his mind. "Mommy, can I call him? I... I'm - little worried about him." Joey tried his best to hold back his concerns. But it was to no avail. He failed. Rachel was on the verge of giving him an answer when her phone started ringing.

When she took a look at the caller ID, Rachel discovered that the call was from Andy. Rachel knew that Joey still anticipated a reply from her. But when she was about to hang up, Joey answered the phone and turned on the hands-free profile.

Hello! Are you a friend of Andy? I am speaking to you from the emergency department of the Flowerence Hospital!"

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 399

Chapter 399 Homeless (Part Eleven)

When Rachel and Joey arrived at the emergency department of Flowerence Hospital, all the people in the hall were in

a mess.

Some people were injured. They waited for nurses to dress their wounds. And the others were family members of the patients. Doctors could also be seen in the hall.

There was a faint smell of blood in the air. People made different kinds of noise. This was the first time Joey was witnessing such a chaotic scene. But his mother was beside him. So he held onto her hand tightly.

All these injured patients had just been transferred from Gentlefolk. As if that wasn't enough, there was a steady stream of injured people still on their way.

'It was only a building that was set on fire. Why are there so many injured people? Where is Daddy?' Joey thought anxiously

He pressed his lips and looked around the hall. The little boy searched for a familiar figure in the crowd. But unfortunately, he didn't find what he was looking for.

"Miss Bennet, right?" A nurse walked up to Rachel.

"Yes, I am." Rachel nodded and looked behind the nurse. But she didn't see Andy.

The nurse had to make an explanation when she noticed that Rachel's gaze was focused elsewhere. "Hello, I'm the one who called you just now. Mr. Torres has been transferred to the general ward. Come along with me if you don't mind. I'll take you where he is." When she heard that Andy was fine, Rachel heaved a deep sigh. She felt relieved. Thereafter, she followed the

nurse out of the emergency hall to the inpatient building. While they were on their way there, Rachel remembered what the nurse told her on the phone. After stating her identity, the nurse informed Rachel that Andy was in a coma and someone needed to go through the admission procedures for him. Actually, the nurse called Rachel because Andy had set her number as the emergency contact in his phone.

This particular setting worked in such a way that would force Andy's phone to ring even if it was kept muted. He set Rachel's phone number as an emergency contact in order to prevent missing her calls. However, it never occurred to Andy that this setting would be of use to him at some point in time. It wasn't long before they arrived at the ward where Andy was. After looking through the window of the ward, Rachel saw that Andy was lying in the bed. He was yet to wake up. His forehead was covered with gauze, and his arm

was put in a cast.

"Don't worry, Miss Bennet. Mr. Torres suffered a broken arm but he is all right now. He is expected to wake up very soon," the nurse said gently after following Rachel's gaze. "Mr. Torres is going to recover fully as long as he rests for a sufficient period of time, without any sequela." "That's good to know. Thank you very much." In response to what Rachel said, the nurse quickly waved her hand and replied, "No trouble at all. If it's convenient, Miss Bennet, can you give me your ID card? I need to go through the admission procedure for Mr. Torres." Rachel nodded her head in agreement. She took out her ID card and handed it to the nurse.

The nurse collected it and left immediately. She still had to contact the other patients' families.

Rachel was about to open the door when Joey pulled her clothes. This made her stop what she was doing. "What's wrong?"

"Mommy, I... I have got to go to the bathroom." Joey touched the tip of his nose and his lashes trembled. Whoever observed the little boy carefully would find out that there was a trace of guilt in his tone. Looking at Joey's habitual action of touching his nose, Rachel suddenly remembered what he said in the restaurant

a short while ago. Hence, she quickly understood that he wanted to look for Victor. Rachel didn't expose Joey's lie. She wasn't oblivious to the fact that he had been absent-minded all the way. Despite being aware that her son wouldn't go anywhere if she told him not to, she still didn't refuse him. This was because if she had done otherwise, he might not be able to sleep that night. Maybe this was as a result of the blood relationship. Despite not wanting Joey to get closer to Victor, Rachel couldn't be selfish enough to ask the little boy not to have any form of interaction and communication with his father. She was conscious of the fact the child ought not to be treated as her property. Therefore, she wasn't supposed to interfere with his feelings. Rachel could tell that Joey's attitude towards Victor had been changing. She didn't know whether or not it was good for the thing to go on like this. But in that given instant, she didn't want to let Joey get affected because of the matter between her and Victor. "Alright, you can go. But make sure you keep your watch on so as to know exactly where you are at any point in time. And you can't leave this floor." When Joey heard what she said, his eyes lit up at once and he agreed. He asked Rachel to squat down. Then, he kissed

her on the cheek and said softly, “I love you!” After that, the little boy went in that direction where the nurse just left.

A few seconds later, Rachel raised her eyes to look at the sign hanging above. The bathroom was located in the opposite direction.

She touched her cheek with the back of her hand and smiled.

When she entered the ward, Andy was just waking up.

“Miss Bennet...” Andy was stunned to see Rachel. He looked around and slowly realized that he was in the hospital.

“Are you feeling comfortable? Do you need me to get the doctor?” Rachel poured a glass of warm water and put it on the bedside table.

Andy shook his head. He felt a sharp pain in his forehead. This made him inhale and exhale deeply. Then, he reached out his hand and was about to place it above his eyebrows when Rachel hit the back of his hand. There was a crisp sound. And he stopped what he was doing. “The wound on your forehead has just been dressed. You aren’t supposed to touch it!” Rachel said before sitting down. Andy cast a gaze on her face. Her countenance appeared emotionless. But her slap made him realize that Rachel was unhappy. For reasons best known to him, he felt a little guilty.

“When did you come back?” Rachel asked him a question before he could utter a word.

“The case in Baltimore came to trial yesterday. I didn’t come back until today. I had it in mind to call you tomorrow to invite you and Joey to have a meal.” In the past few days, Andy had been busy with several cases, traveling from one city to another. At the same time, Rachel was of the opinion that his work kept him occupied. But when she was about to have dinner, her phone rang. It was a call from the hospital saying that he was in a coma. Although Rachel did her best to conceal how anxious she was, her appetite had been long lost. After answering the phone call, she rushed over with Joey. On the way to the hospital, she had the same feeling when she heard that Abby was injured four years ago. When she saw that the emergency hall was full of people who were injured, she was as worried as Joey. There was a lingering fear in her mind. She was scared that she might not be able to meet Andy again. Now that she was sure that Andy was fine, Rachel was relieved. Of course, she was both hungry and angry.

“Why didn’t you have a good rest after coming back? Why did you go to Gentlefolk? How did you get injured?” The slap defused Rachel’s anger which was initially aroused by the fact that she didn’t eat because of him.

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 400

Chapter 400 Homeless (Part Twelve)

“The law firm had just accepted a difficult divorce case today, and the lawyer who had accepted this case applied for sirle leave so in the end. I was placed in charge of it. After I got off the plane, the client called me and asked me to

meet him in his apartment. I didn't expect that there a fire would go off in that building." Andy couldn't believe his bad luck. The client's apartment was just next to the one that had caught fire. When they found out about it, they quickly went downstairs through the exit stairway. But then the fire found its way to the gas cans and they exploded. The whole building trembled, and even the apartments on other floors started burning. The electricity was cut off, and it was dark in the stairwell which was filled with people who had escaped. Someone from behind pushed Andy whose mind hadn't been on the steps under his feet at that time, so he missed his footing and fell down the stairs.

Luckily the next landing wasn't that far, and Andy's legs were fine. The problem came in when he protected his head with his arms, and his elbow hit the wall sharply. His arm was broken. The pain of it was just too much and he fainted from the shock.

"By the time I woke up, i was already in the ambulance. I heard that two explosions occurred in Gentlefolk in a row and that there were several car accidents caused by the traffic jam." Probably because the effect of the anesthetic had worn off, the wound on Andy's forehead throbbed as he spoke. "Two explosions in a row... Victor has been living in Gentlefolk these days." Rachel was lost in thought. At this moment, her mobile phone vibrated in her hand. The screen lit up as a news pop-up showed on it. "Gentlefolk caught fire and two gas explosions occurred in Building A. Many people have been injured, and severa apartments were seriously damaged. It is said that Victor Sullivan... The screen was locked, so the content of the news

didn't show completely. When Rachel saw the name, her heart skipped a beat for no reason and a chilly thought formed in her mind.

‘Was Victor in Gentlefolk at that time? Did he get hurt as well?’

“I don't know if the fire is out yet or not,” Andy continued, not noticing the change in Rachel's expression.

“Which floor was your client's apartment on?” Rachel suddenly interrupted. She didn't know why she was even asking to begin with.

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Andy was stunned for a while, then he said, “The 27th floor. Is something wrong?” Rachel pursed her lips. The 27th floor was very close to the 29th floor, and a gas explosion could affect a large area. If Victor had been in Gentlefolk at that time, he would have been injured. Because in addition to the floor on fire, the floors above it and below it should have been affected greatly.

Thinking of this, Rachel didn't even notice that her fingers were trembling. Her heart sank at the morbid thoughts, making her short of breath.

Why did she get such a feeling? Why did her heart ache at the thought of him getting hurt?

If something bad happened to Victor, she should have been happy. Wasn't that what she wanted anyway? That way she could take Joey away from Apliaria and go far away. Then she wouldn't need to worry all the time that Victor would find out about Joey's

identity. And she wouldn't be afraid that the feelings between Joey and Victor growing deeper and deeper. Andy finally realized that something wasn't right with Rachel. Just as he was about to ask what happened, Rachel suddenly stood up. "I have to go now. Rest well."

Before Andy could say anything, Rachel had turned around and left the ward. Looking at Rachel's receding back, Andy was confused. What could have been on her mind? The phone on the bedside table buzzed. He looked away

from the door and picked up the phone.

It was a news alert. The very same one that Rachel had received on her phone.

As soon as Andy clicked on it, the whole news page was displayed on his screen. Gentlefolk caught fire and two gas explosions occurred in Building A. Many people have been injured, and several apartments were seriously damaged. It is said that Victor Sullivan, the CEO of Sullivan Group, is currently visiting those who were injured in the hospital.

He said that Sullivan Group would set aside some money to compensate the owners of severely damaged

apartments in Gentlefolk.'

When Rachel walked out of the ward, her mind was occupied with what had happened. She walked forward subconsciously, thinking about the explosion in Gentlefolk that Andy and the news alert on her phone had informed her about.

Bang Rachel didn't notice her surroundings and accidentally touched the flowerpot on the nursing station with her hand, The flowerpot fell to the floor immediately and broke into pieces, which shocked the nurse who was on duty at the station. The nurse quickly walked out she didn't care about the fragments on the floor but instead asked with

concern

“Miss, are you okay? Did you get hurt?” Rachel came to her senses and her sight became clearer. She looked at the broken flowerpot and apologized, “I'm fine. I'm sorry. I didn't notice it there. How much is it? I'll pay you for it.” “It was a gift from a discharged patient. I don't know how much it is, but it shouldn't be too expensive. You don't have to pay for it. The flowerpot was supposed to be placed inside, but I was so busy just now that I forgot it. So I can't really blame you for breaking it.” The nurse smiled. “But you don't look well though. Is something wrong?” Rachel smiled, then she said softly, “I am fine. How about this? Please give me your number. Then I'll go to the flower market tomorrow and see if there's the same flower. If there is, I'll buy it put it in a nice vase, and send it to

you.”

After all, she was the one who had broken the flowerpot. There was no need to let others take the consequence for her actions.

Seeing that Rachel was determined, the nurse didn't refuse anymore. “Alright.” Rachel nodded, unlocked her phone with her thumb, and saved the nurse's number on her phone. As soon as Rachel did that, the nurse was called away by her colleague.

She said goodbye to Rachel in a hurry. Rachel was about to turn off the screen, but then she opened the phonebook by mistake. She had just come back and had gotten a new number. So there were only a few people's phone numbers on her phone, and they all fit into one page of it. Looking down, the last line of the address book was Victor's number.

Rachel looked at the number, lost in thought once more.

Beep!

All of a sudden, the phone rang. When Rachel came to her senses, she realized she had somehow pressed the dial key by mistake. The name 'Victor' was flickering on the screen, meaning that it was calling his phone. Rachel wanted to hang up on reflex, but her finger just hovered above the red button for a long time. She didn't

press.

The beeping lasted for nearly a minute. Looking at the screen that told her that no one answered, Rachel unconsciously bit her bottom lip. Perhaps she didn't even realize that she was frowning. The gnawing feeling in her gut was growing stronger "Sorry, the mobile subscriber you dialed cannot be reached. Please try again later." The beeping stopped, and the female voice replaced it. Then the phone hung up, and the screen returned to the phonebook page. For some reason, Rachel felt as if her heart was being squeezed in her chest. When the phone hung up, her heart didn't hurt anymore, but it was now a little numb, and even her fingers were slightly numb as they held the phone.

“The man who was sent over just now is quite handsome. Does he work in Sullivan Group? Or is his surname Sullivan? He is so badly injured. I don’t know if he can survive.” Suddenly, a loud sigh came from behind them.