

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 401

### Chapter 401 Failed To Rescue

The elevator tinkled to a halt on the fourth floor of the emergency facility. After a long and deliberate opening of the elevator doors, a long and slender corridor was revealed. The operation room was at the end of the corridor, with a closed door. The sound of the elevator's doors opening jolted Rachel back to reality. Seeing the operation room's red light after exiting the elevator, it became clear to her where she was! "Miss Bennet? Outside the operation room, the guy heard the clatter of the elevator. Then he turned around and saw Rachel there, which caught him off guard. Rachel turned to face the guy as she heard him speak. For some reason, Rachel's vision was blurry for a time before she could make out the man's face properly because of the bright red light on the operating room door. "It's you, Ivan," Rachel said. As Ivan approached, she instinctively gripped her phone.

"I..." Words became trapped in Rachel's throat as she tried to speak.

What brought her here ?

Rachel blinked and her soft lips opened, but she had no idea what to say. She had no idea what she was doing here The elevator doors had already opened by the time she regained consciousness. After arriving from the inpatient facility a few hundred meters away, she stood here and entered the emergency building. She

was listening to two nurses talk about a patient who had been brought in from Gentlefolk shortly before that. Sullivan Group, a guy with the surname Sullivan who had significant injuries... After hearing this, Rachel could not help but think about Victor's face. His phone was unanswered when she tried to contact him again. Then, here she was.

On the way here, she was still certain that the guy mentioned by the two nurses was not Victor, despite the fact that the man's surname was identical to Victor's. The moment she saw Ivan, the little hope she still had in her dwindled. Because of this, Rachel could count on the fact that there were thousands of individuals who had the Sullivan surname. The Sullivan Group employed a large number of people, and it was probable that the individual with the surname Sullivan worked there. Ivan's presence was just not fitting into the picture. Ivan was Victor's personal assistant, and he exclusively followed Victor's directions. Ivan was now standing outside the wounded man's surgery room. Why wasn't anything making any sense?

It possibly could be Victor in the operating theatre.

Rachel's heart instantly ached as she realized this.

"Gentlefolk was ablaze. As a result, Andy was seriously injured while trapped within the burning building at that particular moment." Eventually, Rachel spoke in a scratchy voice, but her gaze was continually drawn to the closed door behind Ivan as if she were afraid to look away. It felt as if a small hammer was pounding on her temples, telling her that the guy laying inside was the man named Victor. "Does Andy seem to be doing well?" Ivan inquired, oblivious to Rachel's poor appearance. Rachel

made a conscious effort to avert her gaze. She took a deep breath and tightened her grip on her phone once

again. “He seems to be doing alright. He has a fractured arm. He’ll be fine after a while of relaxation.”

“That’s great.” That was the last thing Ivan said before he headed to the surgery room.

When Rachel saw Ivan’s side face, she paused.

She had a question for Ivan about his purpose for being here. Who was there in the surgery room? Was Victor inside his apartment during the Gentlefolk explosion? However, who was she to ask? What was the underlying motivation behind her inquiry? If Victor were to die, wouldn’t she be the happiest person? Was it possible for her to be concerned for Victor’s well-being?

The red light outside the operation room was switched off with a click. Immediately, Ivan and Rachel were alerted to

the sound of the light being turned off in the silent hallway. The operation room door was pushed open. Before the doctor could get out of his dark green surgical gown, he walked out of the room. Ivan took a few steps ahead. Eventually, Rachel decided to follow him after a brief moment of hesitation. “Please accept my apologies. We failed to save him since he was severely hurt and had lost too much blood,” the doctor said somberly and lowered his head slightly in sortow. The doctor then turned and entered the operation room, leaving the nurse in charge of communicating with Ivan. With a death notice in hand, the nurse

pointed to the spot on the document where Ivan would be signing it. Rachel, on the other hand, was unable to make out what the nurse and Ivan were saying. The doctor's words, "We failed to save him," reverberated in her ears. In no time, Ivan had signed and returned the nurse's pen to her. "Thank you," he responded with respect. "You're doing a good job." The nurse shook her head, catching a glimpse of Rachel behind Ivan. "Miss, are you okay?" she asked upon seeing Rachel's pale face.

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### Chapter 402 Why Are You Crying

Rachel's face was pale and ashen at the nurse's words. Her eyes were dull and lifeless and she looked as if she was about to faint the next minute.

"Y" Rachel felt a wave of pain flow through her. The kind of pain that hit her like a flood and as much as she tried

she couldn't block it out. It died down and left her hollow before surging up in her heart once more making her

unable to breathe smoothly.

Rachel moved her lips as she tried to say something, but the words were stuck in her throat.

“I’m fine.” Her voice was hoarse and trembling when she finally got control of it. She tried to calm herself down but it didn’t work.

“But you don’t look good, miss. How about I help you sit down?” The nurse was worried about Rachel and was afraid that she was about to faint, so she reached out and held on to her. Rachel moved away from the nurse’s reach quietly, but then accidentally she saw the clipboard in her hand. The paper on the top was printed with the two words “Death Notice.” And just like that the unbearable pain was back. Rachel opened her mouth slightly. Her eyes never left the two words and her mouth was dry once more. After a long pause, she asked with difficulty, “Did he die in pain?” “What?”

The nurse only heard Rachel’s voice but her words were incomprehensible. Following her gaze, she looked at the death notice in her hands. Seeing how devastated Rachel was, the nurse assumed that she was a family member of the dead and comforted her. “Miss, please don’t let your grief control you. The dead are already gone. You must cheer up and move on with your life. He would have wanted that.” Rachel gripped her phone tightly and pinched the edges of the phone cover with her nails. She didn’t reply. She didn’t know how to. She didn’t even have an idea of what was wrong with her. She felt like bawling her eyes out, but at the same time, no tears came from them. Her mind had frozen over, and only the pain in her heart told her that everything was real.

“Miss Bennet, do you...” Ivan didn’t know that Rachel thought the man lying in the operating room was Victor. After catching

some parts of the conversation between her and the nurse, Ivan thought Rachel knew the dead. Why else would she look so pale herself? As he was about to ask her more about how she knew the man, the elevator doors opened. Before Ivan could open his mouth and ask, he saw the person coming out of the elevator from the corner of his eye. “Mr. Sullivan.”

At the same time, a child’s voice came from the elevator.  
“Mommy!”

Rachel suddenly turned around and saw Joey in a man’s arms. Joey waved at Rachel with a smile, struggled trying to free himself from the man. The man had to put Joey down probably because he was afraid that the kid would fall down in his excitement.

As soon as his feet hit the floor, Joey couldn’t wait to rush to Rachel. He threw himself into Rachel’s arms and then placed his tiny hands on her thighs. Looking at the man who stopped just a few steps away from her, Rachel’s face became even paler as if she had seen a ghost

Her right hand was clenched into a fist, and her nails pressed against the palm of her hand almost hard enough to

draw blood. The pain in her palm told her that it wasn’t an illusion. The man in front of her was Victor.

But if Victor was standing there, who was the man who had died in the operating room? Who was he?

Before Rachel could fully regain her composure, Joey hit her suddenly and although it was light, she staggered a few steps back.

Noticing that Rachel wasn't steady on her feet, Victor moved toward her subconsciously and wanted to support her. "Mommy, what are you doing here? I couldn't find you when I came back just now." Joey, who didn't notice the expression on Rachel's face, asked sweetly. 17 \* Rachel opened her mouth, but couldn't get any words out. She wanted to look away from Victor, but just like her lips, her eyes weren't obeying her mind.

She felt pain as her fingernails pierced into her palm. But it still wasn't enough to get her out of the trance she was

"Is the operation over?" when Victor looked down, he saw Rachel's tightly clenched hand. His eyes darkened as he mistook it for a sign that Rachel didn't want to see him, so he looked away and kept reminding himself not to look at her. He looked at Ivan and asked him about the matter at hand. "Mr. Sullivan, I'm sorry. The doctors failed to rescue him." After a moment's silence, Ivan handed the death notice to Victor. "He only has a grandmother who is confined to her bed by sickness all year round. I'm afraid his grandmother can't handle this kind of news." Looking down at the death notice, Victor reached out his hand and said, "Cancel everything on tomorrow's schedule. I'll go to his home and pay a visit to his grandmother in person. Due to her health, just keep his death a secret from her for now."

Ivan nodded agreeing to Victor's strategy.

Joey released his hold on Rachel's thighs as he listened in on the conversation. He asked in confusion, "Who are you guys talking about?" "It's Mr. Sullivan's driver." Ivan sighed. "Before Gentlefolk caught fire, I had asked him to get some documents on a project from Mr. Sullivan's apartment. He said he was on his way back to the company, but later he called to say that he had left something there, so he went back to get it." A few hours before, when the driver went back, Gentlefolk had already been burning. The driver had planned to drive away immediately, but before he could leave, an old woman grabbed his arm and begged him to save his little grandson.

The woman's grandson had fallen asleep in their apartment on the twelfth floor. With the disabled elevator and her painful legs, she couldn't climb up the stairs all the way to the twelfth floor. No matter how anxious she was, she couldn't reach her grandson in time. Her worry and fear only increased when she saw people coming out of the stairwell, but none of them was her grandson. She kept begging them to save her grandson, but no one paid attention to her as they ran to save their lives. The driver looked at the old woman and felt pity. Maybe it was because at that very moment he saw his own grandmother in her eyes begging someone to save him. Luckily, the fire hadn't spread completely.

However, no one expected that when the driver found the woman's grandson and was about to take him downstairs, the gas tank exploded. He protected the child subconsciously, but the back of his head took a hit on the corner of a wall, and then he tumbled down the stairs.

Dizzy and exhausted, the driver tried several times but failed to get up, and then the second explosion happened.



He lost his consciousness before he could make another move.

Looking at the death notice, Ivan felt a little guilty. If he hadn't asked the driver to go back for the documents, perhaps none of that would have happened. Then, the old woman who was confined to her bed, waiting for her grandson to come back wouldn't have to experience the pain of her grandson's death after her son had died early. "Santiago? is that his surname?"

Joey pointed at the name on the notice. "Mr. Santiago is a good man. If his grandmother knows about this, she will be proud of him. My mommy said good people go to heaven and become angels after they die. Am I right?" As Joey spoke, he turned his head to look at Rachel. He wanted her affirmation, but he didn't expect to see his mother's eyes had turned red. He was stunned and asked, "Mommy, why are you crying?"

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### Chapter 403 Blow On It

Rachel raised her hand and gently touched her cheek when she heard this. Only then did she realize she was crying.

Warm tears ran down the back of her hand.

Dazed and confused, she gazed down at the tears on the back of her palm. She didn't even know when she began to cry.

Why was she crying? She didn't understand at all.

“Mommy...” Joey looked at Rachel with a worried face.

Rachel regained her composure almost immediately and gazed into Joey's eyes. She was able to calm herself down and placed her hand on Joey's head. “I'm okay. Sand got in my eye just now.”

“Sand?”

“Yes,” Rachel replied casually. She sensed that someone was staring at her. It made her feel very conscious and she couldn't ignore it at all.

Rachel knew that the man who fixed his gaze on her was none other than Victor.

She gently placed her hand on Joey's shoulder and bent her fingertips unconsciously. Her lashes slightly drooped, casting a faint shadow over her eyelids, and the outer corners of her eyes were still a mix of red and pink.

“Let me blow on it for you, Mommy.” Joey easily bought it and offered to help Rachel. He grabbed her hand and raised his head.

With a nod, Rachel pressed her lips together and squatted down.

“Mommy, close your eyes first,” Joey instructed. As Joey said, Rachel closed her eyes. After a few seconds, Joey slowly lifted her eyelids with his warm fingers and leaned closer, and softly blew on her eyes. Even if he wasn't very good at it. He was pure and gentle. Victor was a few steps away. His eyes darkened as he

stared at Rachel, his gaze fixed on her red eyes. Victor felt very upset as the events of that night at Waterfront Hotel went through his head again..

Since that night, Victor hadn't seen Rachel in two days. The past two days felt like an eternity. He almost locked himself in the company's office by drowning himself with work. That night, he knew he couldn't let Rachel go, but he also knew she would resist him, so he was afraid of frightening her. He kept himself busy by doing all sorts of work, thinking it would calm him down.

He was worried about losing control, and that he might hurt Rachel. But even though he was focused on his work, he couldn't stop thinking about Rachel, the night at Waterfront Hotel, and the scene the next morning when Rachel fell asleep in the corner.

Victor was lascivious as he looked at Rachel, who had her eyes lowered and a tiny smile on her face. His black eyes were as dark as the deep ocean, and they glowed with danger. If Rachel looked up at Victor right now, she would notice that his demeanor was precisely the same as it had been the night when they were all alone in the villa.

Victor's lustful look indicated that he wanted to have sex with Rachel.

Did Rachel know that the tears in her eyes were a fatal temptation to Victor?

Victor gulped and came to his senses. He unbuttoned his shirt cuff and rolled it up. It seemed like the only way to

let himself breathe and divert his attention away from Rachel. |  
“All done.” Joey put his hands down. “Mommy, are you feeling better?”

Rachel smiled as she gently opened her eyes and said, “I feel much better.” “Let’s go home!” Joey took the initiative to take Rachel’s hand as he cheered. In the next moment, Rachel found herself being led to Victor when she came to her senses.

Unexpectedly, Rachel and Victor glanced at each other at the same time. But soon, Rachel held Joey’s hand tightly and tore her gaze away. “Ivan, it’s getting late. I’ll take my leave and bring Joey with me,”

Ivan, who was suddenly mentioned, felt surprised. What was going on?

Ivan was not a fool. He could easily tell the standoff between Rachel and Victor, but he had already been used to it.

After all, the two of them used to go against each other all the time four years ago. However, Ivan certainly didn’t expect that he would be in a pickle because of them one day. Although Victor was standing in front of Rachel, she simply ignored him and only talked to Ivan. Ivan was in a bind. Victor was looking at him with cold eyes, which made him shiver. He couldn’t decide whether or not to respond to Rachel. He had no idea where to look. To look at Rachel? Then he might be given the cold shoulder and die tonight alongside the driver. To look at Victor?

Ivan would rather die than look at Victor.

It was the end of autumn, yet Ivan was breaking out in cold sweat because of the matter between Victor and Rachel. He swallowed hard as he looked at Victor from the corner of his eye and asked, “Miss Bennet, how about we send you back?”

“No, thanks. Joey and I went out with the driver.” “But...” Ivan sensed Victor’s cold stare shift away from him as soon as he said that. However, with Rachel’s refusal, the feeling reappeared not long after it had faded.

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 404

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 404  
Let Him Go

For a fleeting moment, something flashed across Joey’s mind as he stood next to Rachel. “Mornrny, i saw the driver downstairs just now”

“Really?” “I thought you came to the hospital to see Uncle Andy and assumed we would be home very late. And the driver told me that his child was waiting for him at school, so...” Joey drawled. He raised his hand to nudge the tip of his nose but stopped halfway. Instead, he brought his hand to touch the back of his head to rid himself of the embarrassment that was hitting him and look natural. “So, I let him go first.”

Rachel did not know how to respond to that. “I’m sorry, Mommy,” Joey apologized as he innocently fluttered his eyes in an attempt to be exonerated. Face to face with the pitiful and innocent look smeared across Joey’s face, Rachel did not have the heart to blame or even reprimand him. After all, he was a child who was clueless about some things. Besides, it was hard to admit but she was nowhere near Andy’s ward at that time, so even if Joey intended to tell her that he let the driver go on without them, he would still not be able to find her. And if she only knew that the driver’s child was waiting for him at school, she might have asked the driver to pick up his child first. That was not something she should be strict about

“In that case, let me send you and Joey back,” “We can hail a taxi,” Rachel interrupted Ivan. Without sparing Victor a glance, she took out her phone to call for a taxi through a car-hailing app. Rachel made it obvious how she was shunning Ivan by cutting him off mid-sentence, and so the latter could not say anything more. As soon as Rachel finished her words, she took Joey by the hand and was about to leave. But as she stared at her phone screen after two minutes, she did not expect that not a single cab was available at the moment to pick up their request.

All of a sudden, a notification prompted from the car-hailing app, but it was not what she was hoping for. “Dear customer, at present, there are a few cars that you can take, and the estimated waiting time is 45-90 minutes.”

At least nearly an hour? The app alerted her that there were no cars near the hospital. Aside from that, the map showed that several roads near Gentlefolk had been blocked, making it difficult to pass through at present. It would take nearly half an

hour to go back to Sue Garden from where they were. Although Sue Garden was not that far away from the hospital, it was not that near either. On another note, some of the roads were blocked because of the explosion that occurred in Gentlefolk. If they wanted to go back, they had to take a detour, making the journey back even farther. Normally, this could not have been a problem since Rachel could afford paying a higher fare, but now she could not call a taxi and not even a single taxi was in sight.

Rachel glanced at the time on the top right of the phone screen, and it was already half past eight in the evening Joey was with her and it was getting pretty late.

“Mommy, what’s wrong?” Joey felt strange seeing Rachel stopping in her tracks and frowning right after taking two steps.

Rachel turned off the screen, switched her attention to the worried Joey, and said, “Nothing Let’s go

“Okay,” Joey answered. He stole a glance at Victor, but the man stood there, indifferent to what was about to happen

-it was as if he couldn’t care less whether Rachel left or not. Joey could not remind Victor openly in any possible way since he was trying to match Rachel’s pace, so he could only

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open his eyes wide in anxiety. When Rachel was about to pass by Victor, Joey could only silently sigh and look away despite being confused. ‘What’s wrong with Daddy? Didn’t he say that he would do whatever it took for my mother to be with him again?’

Why is he so calm now? Mommy is going to take me away, yet he's doing nothing! Forget it.

I couldn't do anything since he is not even the least bit concerned! "I'll drive you home." Right when Rachel was passing in front of Victor, the latter suddenly held her wrist and spoke in a low voice. Rachel stopped. "Mommy, how about we let Mr. Sullivan drive us home? Besides, I'm really hungry. I didn't have dinner in the restaurant just now." Joey shook Rachel's hand and spoke like a spoiled child. "Okay? Please, Mommy!"