

Want Nothing But You Chapter 446

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 446

Joey's Whereabouts

In the Sue Garden

The silence was broken by a sudden ringing of phone, disrupting the thoughts of the three people in the living room.

It was Roger's, when he saw the caller ID, he glanced at Rachel and Andy before walking away to answer the call.

"Okay, I see." After listening to the report of the man from the other end of the line, Roger's expression shifted. The call had ended, but it took a while for him to process the news.

At this time, Quintin had finally found out where the commercial vehicle was and the possible hiding place of the three mercenaries.

As soon as Rachel received the location, she immediately closed her laptop and stood up to leave, completely ignoring her injured ankle. The message pop up on the screen caught Andy's attention, but he didn't get the chance to read it because Rachel acted fast.

"Miss Bennet, where are you going?"

Only when Rachel took a step did she feel the pain in her ankle. The pain made her wince, but she ignored it. "I know where Joey is."

Andy was stunned.

Having no intention of explaining further, Rachel took another step towards the door.

This was when Roger came back. When he heard what Rachel said, he subconsciously looked down at her swollen ankle. Thinking about the phone call he just received, he hesitantly held Rachel's wrist. "Rachel."

Rachel looked up at Roger in confusion. His troubled eyes somehow made her feel more worried.

No matter what, Rachel was determined to find Joey. She tried to withdraw her hand when she heard Roger say, "The rain is too heavy outside. It's not safe to drive on the countryside road. How about..."

"How did you know it is the countryside road?" Rachel was smart enough to catch a clue from Roger's words.

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Glancing at the phone in his hand, Rachel asked, "Have you received any news? Is it about Joey?"

Roger only looked at Rachel and didn't say anything. Hearing their conversation, Andy walked up to them and asked in a worried tone, "Mr. Jimenez, do you know something? How is Joey now?"

"No..." The glimmer of hope in their eyes made it difficult for Roger to relay the news. "I just said it casually. After all, if they were in the urban area, our people should be able to find them soon."

"That's right." Andy fell for Roger's lie.

On the contrary, Rachel didn't completely believe his explanation.

There was a loophole in Roger's explanation, and it made her anxious. She wanted to rush out and save Joey right away.

Thinking of this, she ignored Roger's explanation and bypassed him.

"Rachel." Once again, Roger caught Rachel's wrist.

Although she understood why he wouldn't let her go, Rachel still couldn't help but feel a little angry at Roger for stopping her.

"Mr. Jimenez, if you're afraid of being in danger, you don't have to come with me. I can go there by myself." Her cold tone left Roger astonished.

Roger didn't expect that Rachel would misunderstand him. "Rachel, that's not what I mean."

"Well, I don't care about what you're trying to say. All I know is that my son is out there and he needs me! I'm the one who gave birth to him. His life mattered to me more than mine! Do you understand? I can't just sit here and wait as calmly as you. My son is in the hands of kidnappers who wouldn't even blink when they kill people. If you think it's too dangerous for you to go out there, I understand. After all, Joey is just my child. I have no right to ask others to do anything."

"Rachel, do you really think I'm a coward?" A bitter smile appeared on Roger's face.

"No," Rachel answered inwardly.

To be honest, she knew that Roger was just worried about her safety. He wasn't a coward at all.

But Rachel really didn't have time to explain it now, so she pursed her lips and moved aside, determined to leave.

The thunder rolled once more.

And the lightning flashed outside the window.

Seeing that the two of them were in a stalemate, Andy thought for a while and said, "Miss Bennet, the rain is too heavy outside. Besides, I think Mr. Jimenez is just being reasonable. If we go there at this time, it may alert those people. What can we do against them? Maybe we should call the police and let them..."

The moment Rachel turned around to meet his eyes, Andy immediately stopped talking.

"Mr. Jimenez, please get out of the way." It seemed the Rachel wouldn't give up.

"Rachel..." After a while, Roger finally let her go.

Rachel endured the pain in her ankle and walked towards the door.

Conflicted, Roger closed his eyes. Just as Rachel was about to walk out of the door, he spoke again. "Rachel, you don't have to go."

Even so, Rachel didn't stop.

Roger turned around to look at Rachel's back as she walked out. "I just received the news that the three mercenaries were dead. Carson and Victor have found Joey."

These words finally halted Rachel.

Delighted by the news, Andy asked, "Well... Did you mean that Joey have been saved? Isn't it a good thing? Oh, my God! Joey is safe!"

As he looked at the relieved smile on Andy's face, Roger felt even more conflicted.

Unlike Andy, Rachel was still not relieved. She clenched her fists and turned around to face Roger. "You still have something to say, don't you?"

11J II

"Just tell me. I can stand it." Trying her best to calm down, Rachel continued, "Is Joey hurt? Is he severely injured? What happened to him?" 1

In fact, even if Roger didn't say it, Rachel already had a feeling that something like this might have happened.

Mother and son could feel each other's experience. Rachel used to sniff at that. It was not until she really became a mother that she knew it was true. Every time Joey was hurt, Rachel could feel it.

She was mentally prepared.

The worst result was that Joey was seriously injured. But it didn't matter, she knew so many international authoritative experts. As long as Joey was still alive, she would definitely think of a way to cure him.

Even if Joey's injuries couldn't be cured, she would still be with him.

"Joey is injured? Mr. Jimenez, what happened to him? Is he in the hospital now?" The smile on Andy's face gradually disappeared.

Meanwhile, Roger felt like his heart was in his throat. This was the first time that he felt it so hard to speak out about something. 2

In the end, he walked up to Rachel and warned her, "Rachel, promise me that no matter what I'll say next, you will remain calm."

"I... Okay."

"Victor arrived before Carson and his men. My men said he killed the three mercenaries, but they don't know the specific situation yet." Looking straight into Rachel's eyes, Roger continued, "When they arrived, there was an explosion on the second floor. Victor and Joey were on the second floor at that time."

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Retaliation

In the space of an hour, one could observe the door of the operating room opening and closing on several occasions.

Carson's eyelashes drooped while he leaned against the wall. No one could figure out what was going through his mind at that given instant.

He had maintained that position from the moment the red light in the operating room turned on around sixty minutes ago.

Ding! The elevator doors opened.

A man in black suit came out of it and walked towards Carson. "Mr. Scott," he said respectfully.

"Has it been done?" Carson raised his eyes. He didn't react to the medical personnel going in and out. But on hearing the voice of his subordinate, he finally moved.

"Yes, it's been done." The man nodded in response to the question. "But the people from the Roaring Tiger insist that they don't know who asked Norton to do it. Mr. Scott, do you want US to..."

He was still speaking when Carson's phone vibrated in his pocket. He stood upright and looked at the global news on his device's screen.

It had been barely ten minutes since the international criminal police were involved in a furious gun battle with dozens of mercenaries. They had captured a batch of smuggled arms.

All the mercenaries ended up dead. Below the news, there was a picture of a particular one who was shot. He lay lifeless on the ground.

The photo was not very clear and as a result, the dead man's face was blurred. But Carson and his subordinate saw the tattoo with the shape of a tiger's head on the back of his hand at a glance. Hence, the dozens of mercenaries were all elite members of the Roaring Tiger.

There was no denying what a great loss it was for the Roaring Tiger.

"No. Even if the headquarters of the Roaring Tiger is blown up, they won't know who did it!" When he was done talking, Carson put away his phone.

Carson's words left his subordinate in a state of confusion. "Mr. Scott, I don't understand. Since you know that those people from the Roaring Tiger have no clue as regards who asked Norton to do that, what's the point in your still wanting to do something to them? These individuals are exceptionally ruthless. What if they take revenge on US?"

As a matter of fact, it was Carson who had given the international criminal police a hint about the arms mentioned in the news.

The dozens of mercenaries who got involved in the gun battle were also part of Carson's well-orchestrated plan. He made sure his men retreated in time.

"Are you afraid that they might take revenge on you?" Carson asked his subordinate while staring at him.

"Of course not! You and Mr. Sullivan saved my life. If that wasn't the case, I would have died long ago. So how could I be afraid of their revenge?"

Carson turned his head to look at the red light in the operating room. He didn't say a word.

The subordinate paused for a brief moment before continuing, "I... I'm just worried about your safety." "There is no need to worry. They wouldn't dare!" Carson leaned back again. His straightened waist bent down slightly. After that, he said, "This is a debt they owed."

"I don't understand. What do you mean by that?" The subordinate was even more confused by the statement.

But before Carson could give him an answer, the door of the operating room suddenly opened.

A nurse came out and asked, "Is there a member of Joey's family here?"

"Yes, I am. How is he?" Carson replied with immediate effect. Then he walked over.

"His forearm is fractured and he has a concussion. But he isn't in grave danger. Having said that, he will still be hospitalized for about half a month. But the plaster will be removed after three months." The nurse flipped through the document with information pertaining to Joey. "He hasn't recovered from the anesthesia yet. The effect will wear out after an hour. When it does, he will eventually awake albeit with a feeling of dizziness and an urge to vomit. Don't give him anything to eat for another two hours. After that, he can start with something very light. Is that clear?" "Yes." Carson nodded his head.

The nurse then turned back and went into the operating room.

It wasn't long before Carson saw a nurse pushing a movable hospital bed out of the inner room from another door. She was heading towards the children's ward.

The light in the operating room was still on.

Carson looked away. He took out his phone and opened the address book. He was hesitant for a brief moment before finally dialing a number.

In no time, the line connected.

He hadn't eaten or drank any water for the whole day. His voice was a little hoarse because of this. "Miss Bennet," he said after clearing his throat.

"This is Roger." A man's voice came from the other end of the line.

In response to that, Carson moved his phone away from his ear and looked at the word on the screen. "Roger? Why are you on the line? Where is Rachel?" "She has gone out," Roger replied.

"What?"

Before Carson could figure out what Roger meant, the elevator doors slid open again. When he turned around, Rachel was seen running out barefooted. She was soaked from head to toe.

Carson was shocked by what he just witnessed. He hadn't even turned off the cell phone in his hand.

Before he could mention her name, she slapped him in the face!

Rachel's eyes were red when she hit Carson with all her strength.

It was unexpected. The slap made Carson's head turn. His teeth touched the corner of his mouth, and blood flowed out immediately.

"Where is Joey?" she asked, trembling. Her voice was croaky. However, it was unbeknown to her that she was shaking.

Carson took off his coat and was about to put it on Rachel when he caught a glimpse of her ankle. As soon as he realized that she was bleeding, his eyes darkened. "Your ankle is injured. Sit down."

Rachel pushed Carson's coat away and asked again, "Where is Joey? Answer me!"

Carson looked at her red eyes. He also felt a nasty pain as a result of the slap. "Just sit down alright? I'll tell you later." He pressed his cheek with the tip of his tongue.

From the look of things, Rachel was going to fall down at any time.

Victor was in the operating room. Nonetheless, if he was her like this, he might blame Carson.

On the other hand, Rachel pressed her lips.

The last thing Carson's subordinate expected was a woman suddenly appearing and giving his boss a slap without saying a word. Seeing that Rachel was still not cooperating, he couldn't keep quiet any longer. "Miss, you hit Mr. Scott as soon as you came up. But due to his broad mindedness, he still asked you to sit down. I hope you won't be ungrateful."

Rachel raised her head and looked at the person who was speaking apathetically.

Carson's subordinate shivered when she fixed her gaze on him.

'No one will take you as a mute if you don't speak.' Carson glanced at his subordinate with a frown.

"He really didn't mean that, alright? The slap just now was a job well done. I deserve it! What my subordinate said was very wrong. I'll have his mouth sewed up later." Carson coughed to clear his throat. "The floor is cold. Take a seat, alright? I'll ask the nurse to get a set of clean clothes for you."

Rachel still looked at him coldly.

While she was focused on Carson, the elevator doors opened again.

This time it was Roger and Andy that arrived.

Carson took a good look at the two of them. Then, he turned back to Rachel. He touched the tip of his nose and said, "Don't worry. Joe is very lucky. He has been transferred to a general ward."

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Sign It

Carson's words made Rachel feel a little better.

Carson, however, quickly added, "But..."

Again, Rachel's heart went down in her chest. "But what?"

"The small boy has an arm injury." Carson tapped the tip of his nose with a small twist of his index finger. "His forearm is fractured, but there is no cause for alarm. After a few months, he'll be back to normal. It wasn't a major issue, according to the doctor."

Rachel pursed her lips and regarded Carson, whose face had grown scarlet after being struck. It dawned on her that she'd been acting a little too rashly just now.

"Carson. I'm very sorry about that smack," she said.

1 Carson was taken aback for a second. He gazed into her eyes while touching his face. He gasped in anguish. Rachel hit him a lot harder than he expected.

It was not like he didn't earn it. It was he who brought Joey out, giving Norton's men the opportunity they had.

"It's not a big deal. I'll go back and put some ice on it." Carson said dismissively.

Rachel kept her mouth shut as she narrowed her gaze. Roger was anxious about her injured ankle. He said softly, "Rachel, you may rest easy now that Joe is doing well. I'll ask my sister to bring a set of her clothing so that you may get changes and get treatment for your ankle injury."

Carson sucked the blood from the corner of his lips, took a glance at Roger, and placed his coat over Rachel's shoulders after hearing Roger's comments.

"Mr. Jimenez couldn't be wrong. You'd best get changed beforehand. Even yet, the rain hasn't stopped. If I recall properly, the office of Dr. Jimenez is quite far from here, isn't it? I'm not sure we should disturb her. I'll have someone bring you a patient's gown so that you can change into it. Since Joe has just received the anesthesia, it's unlikely that he'll awaken very soon."

Roger was going to put his coat on Rachel when Carson took the initiative.

He slipped his coat over his arm and turned to face Carson, their eyes meeting in mid-air.

Carson arched his brows at him before returning his gaze to Rachel. He had to be wary of Roger for Victor's sake.

Carson breathed a sigh of relief. Having such a good buddy like him was a real blessing for Victor.

Rachel's mind was occupied with Joey at this point, so she was oblivious to Roger and Carson's scuffle. She just responded with a nod.

Soon, the nurse brought Rachel a dry hospital gown and led Rachel to the changing room.

Carson was relieved to see Rachel enter the dressing room and remarked to Roger and Andy, "You are now free to see Joe. The fifth floor is where he's being admitted."

Leaning against the wall, he unfastened his collar. It was a gray and dreary day, with a brisk wind outside. A half-open window didn't alleviate his suffocation.

The operation room's locked door was opened again a short distance away.

A flurry of medical personnel rushed in and closed the door behind them.

Andy nodded in agreement after hearing Carson's words. While Roger waited for Rachel to change, he went to Joey's ward to see how he was doing.

Roger could see the physicians and nurses entering and exiting the surgery room.

"How's Mr. Sullivan doing?" Roger inquired.

Carson didn't respond right away when he heard this. After a while, he finally answered, "I wouldn't know for sure."

He wasn't sure at all.

When the explosion occurred, he was on the ground floor. Since he didn't know whether there were any additional explosives in the area, another explosion could happen at any moment. Because of this, he was left with little choice except to remain quiet and wait for the police.

After he delivered the command, his men discovered Joey and Victor unconscious in the open area under a window.

They leaped out of the window just in time to avoid being hit by the blast, but they were both badly injured and knocked out.

Victor had a more severe injury. His arms wrapped around Joey to keep him safe.

Victor was drenched in blood when Carson arrived. Apparently, he wasn't totally spared by the blast. Furthermore, he struck his head on a stone as he tumbled to the ground.

He was on the verge of death when he was rushed to the hospital for treatment.

Rachel heard Carson reply "I don't know" after she had changed her clothing and treated the wound on her ankle.

Roger saw her almost right away. "Rachel, how's that wound now?" he said after he turned around.

"I'd say better." Rachel nodded and glanced down at the coat she was holding. Carson went over just as she was going to return it to him.

"Wear it. I asked my people to purchase some warm soup and send it to Joey's ward. You should get some as well."

"Thank you," Rachel responded after a little pause.

"It doesn't matter. Joe was harmed because of my carelessness, after all," said Carson.

Despite her desire to ask about Victor as she stared at the closed door of the operation room, Rachel remained silent. Instead, she said, "I'll see Joe first."

Roger was concerned about her ankle. "Rachel, you just attended to your wound. Shall I carry you there?" The operating room door was opened as soon as Rachel said no, and a doctor rushed out in a hurry.

"Is Victor Sullivan's family here?"

Rachel came to a halt. When she heard Victor's name, she shook and her heart appeared to stop for a second. She didn't even recognize it.

"He's my family." Carson approached.

"He's in critical condition after suffering a bleed in his chest. We're doing our best, but you should be ready for any eventuality." As he spoke, the doctor flipped open the folder. "This is the critical illness notification. You may sign your name in the space provided."

A serious illness alert.

Rachel's eyes widened as she turned around.

Carson was taken aback as well. He forced a smile and asked, "Are you kidding me? Is this a joke?"

"Nobody will make light of such a serious matter. Time is not in our favor, sir. Are you a member of his family? Sign here quickly, please," the doctor advised.

"I'm not related to him," At that point, Carson abruptly laid down the pen.

The doctor's expression was stern. "You aren't? Then, is there a member of his family here?"

A few feet away, Carson caught a glimpse of Rachel.

In silence, Rachel kept her lips pursed.

Roger's eyes darkened upon seeing this. He looked Carson in the eye and stated, "Rachel and Mr. Sullivan are no longer married. She..."

"Joe is Victor's sole remaining family member." Carson removed the notice and pen from the doctor's hand and gave them to Rachel. "Joe is still a minor, and you are his guardian. Thus, only you can sign this."

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Joey Woke Up

Rachel lowered her gaze to the critically-ill notice in Carson's hand but didn't take it. It looked as though she was trying to process a lot on her mind.

The doctor pressed, "Please, hurry up and sign your name here. We don't have all the time."

Roger frowned, creases appearing on his forehead, as he looked at Rachel. He moved his lips in an attempt to speak. "Rachel, if..."

But before he could finish speaking, Rachel grabbed the pen and the notice from Carson's hand and signed her name on it. Seeing that she had signed it, the doctor rushed forward to collect it. After confirming that the signature was correct, he swept a glance at them. 2 "You can just wait outside. We don't know when the operation will be over for the time being." with that, the doctor swiftly disappeared into the operating room.

When the door of the operating room was closed again, Rachel still had the pen in her hand. She stared blankly as she couldn't get the words "critically-ill notice" out of her mind.

"Rachel?" Roger called with concern. 3

Rachel snapped back to reality, she closed the pen lid, then turned to look at Roger. Her lips slightly parted as she wanted to say that she was fine, but she couldn't find her voice, she tried to force a smile but failed. It felt as though a boulder was on her chest, making it hard for her to breath.

'What happened to me?' she thought.

"Let's go see Joe, shall we?" Seeing Rachel's expression, Roger suddenly felt a sense of powerless, as if he would lose her again if he didn't say anything.

He was not stupid. He understood the look on Rachel's face. Because he was once like that.

She might have just not realized it yet, but he could tell that her feelings for Victor were not as casual as she thought.

"Joe will wake up soon." Carson took the pen from Rachel's hand, and slid one hand in his pocket. "You should go see him first. I know you'll be the first person he would want to see when he wakes up."

Rachel's eyelashes fluttered, but she said nothing.

"I'll wait here," Carson added.

Rachel raised her eyes to meet Carson's gaze, and only after a long while did she speak in a hoarse voice. "Okay. Call me if anything happens."

When Rachel and Roger walked into the ward, Joey was still asleep. Andy was standing beside the bed, looking at the boy with concern all over his face.

Only when they got closer did Rachel see Joey's face clearly.

His forehead was wrapped in gauze, and there were visible bruises on his right cheek.

"I've asked the doctor. He just bumped his head a little. The gauze was to prevent infection. The bruises will heal in a few days, and there will be no scars left," Andy said. Rachel nodded slowly and walked to the bedside, gently stroking Joey's face in a bid not to hurt him.

When her fingertips touched his soft cheek and she felt his body temperature, Rachel felt so relieved that everything that had held her emotions together broke loose. Her eyes quickly reddened as the urge to cry hung in her throat.

Roger gently placed his hand on her shoulder and handed her a piece of tissue. "It's all over now. He's safe."

Only then did Rachel feel the warm trickle of tears on her cheeks.

She took the tissue and wiped her tears. Glancing at her watch, she said, "Andy, Roger, it's been a long day. It's getting late and you haven't eaten anything yet. why don't you eat something and go home to rest? I will watch him."

"Can you do it alone?" Andy asked with concern.

"I'll stay too. We may need to call the doctor to check on Joe as soon as he wakes up. Besides, once the anesthetic wears off, he will feel pain and may find it hard to sleep again. You have had a long day. We can take shifts to take care of him," Roger said.

"I can handle this. You should leave now."

"Rachel..."

Rachel insisted, "Roger, you've done enough today and I appreciate it. But I'm sorry, I want to be alone now." Roger's Adam's apple moved up and down, but he didn't insist. With a wry smile, he nodded and said, "okay, but if you need anything, just call me at any time. My phone will be on tonight."

Rachel pursed her lips, saying nothing.

Roger took her silence as his cue to leave. He turned towards the door as he and Andy exited the ward.

The door of the ward creaked gently as it closed behind them.

Rachel sat on the edge of the bed, her gaze falling on the door for a moment, she shifted her gaze back to Joey, who was still in a coma. Looking at his face, which was a replica of Victor's, she suddenly remembered what Carson had just said. 2

"Joe is Victor's sole remaining family member."

"Only you can sign this."

Those words hit her so hard, like a hammer.

"Mommy..." Joe stirred, slightly opening his eyes. He subconsciously wanted to move his right hand, but couldn't as the pain seared through him.

His voice was nearly above a whisper but was clear enough to be heard in the quiet ward.

Rachel quickly put herself together. "Joe, are you okay?" Joey's blurry sight slowly gave way to the clearness of the fluorescent light in the ward and the white-painted walls. He looked around and then looked at Rachel, saying in a low voice, "Mommy, it hurts."

Immediately, his eyes travelled down to see his arm, covered with a plaster.

"Your arm was broken and the effect of the anesthetic has worn off, so it will hurt a little. Honey, just bear a little more," Rachel said softly as she gently stroked Joey's face.

Seeing his injured arm, Joey's memory before the coma became clearer and clearer. He gradually remembered what had happened.

"Mommy, where is Daddy?" He remembered jumping down from the window with Victor and just as they jumped, he heard an ear-splitting explosion. He barely had time to look before he felt a strong force, then he blacked out.

Rachel stopped stroking his face and said, "He..."

Not missing the awkward look on Rachel's face, Joey asked anxiously, "Mommy, what happened to Daddy?"

Where is he?"

Rachel met Joey's gaze, her eyes blinked involuntarily. She quickly looked away and said in a feigned relaxed tone, "He's fine. He was injured, just like you. He's in another ward now."

"Really?" Joey asked in doubt. "Is Daddy truly okay?"

He remembered Victor holding him tightly in his arms when the explosion happened. Even with Victor's protection, he was still injured. Wouldn't Victor's injury be worse then?

"Yeah," Rachel said, almost in a whisper.

"That's good." with that, Joey heaved a sigh of relief.

"Mommy, can I go see Daddy later?"

"No, you just woke up. You can't move about."

"I'm fine." After a pause, Joey added, "Or you can go see him and take a video of him for me. I want to confirm that he's fine."

Rachel only looked at him with no words coming from her.

As if remembering something, Joey added, "By the way, Mommy, it seems that Daddy has known my identity..."

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He Died

"How so?" Rachel asked Joey as she tucked him in.

Joey shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "I'm stumped, too. I simply know it."

"Joey, do you want to stay in bed for a little longer? I'll see the doctor and pick up some oatmeal. So that you have something to eat when you wake up." Rachel was unable to explain to Joey that he was correct and that Victor's life was in danger, so she was forced to shift the subject.

Joey's arm began to hurt as the anesthesia wore off, and he grimaced.

"Mommy, it's painful!" Joey said. "I cannot find any sleep." Rachel felt bad for Joey after seeing his pallid face, "okay, I'll blow it for you. Just put up with it. It will only hurt for a while."

"Mommy, you haven't made any promises yet." Joey blinked his eyes and shifted the conversation back to it again.

After some hesitation, Rachel said, "I'll record a video for you later."

Joey grinned for the first time since he woke up when he heard Rachel's promise. "Mommy, please assist me in blowing it out so it stops hurting."

After the anesthesia had worn off, Joey was in so much agony that his eyes grew crimson, yet he refused to shed a single tear.

Rachel had no choice except to softly console him as she stood by him.

Joey eventually slept off after some time, probably because he was exhausted or numb from the discomfort. Rachel walked out of the ward around four o'clock in the morning. The hallway of the ward was quite dim. Nurses working at the nursing station couldn't keep their eyes open and ended up falling asleep.

After a long day, Rachel must be fatigued.

In her body, she could sense that it was urging her to go to sleep.

But that was not about to happen.

Ding!

The doors of the elevator gently slid open.

Rachel didn't realize until now that she had reached the floor where Victor was receiving the operation. 1

Still, the operating room's door remained locked and the red words "in operation" were still displayed.

"Miss Bennet." After hearing the elevator doors open, Lukas turned around and spotted Rachel.

Rachel exited the elevator and greeted him in a sleepy voice.

They exchanged a gaze, she could see the white hair on his temples at a glimpse in the dim light. For no apparent reason, she felt that Lukas had aged significantly.

"How is Joey doing, Miss Bennet?" Lukas inquired with concern. "I'm genuinely concerned about Mr. Sullivan; I didn't go visit Joey right away."

"He's in good condition. However, the anesthetic was worn off and his arm started hurting. He just dozed off," Rachel explained.

"That is good news." while he exhaled a sigh of relief, Lukas' expression remained grave.

Rachel questioned, "Lukas... when did you get here?"

"I arrived a little later since I needed to pack Mr. Sullivan's clothing." Lukas wished he could grin, but he failed. "When I came, I saw Mr. Jimenez and Mr. Torres leaving."

Rachel approximated the time upon hearing this.

Lukas had been present for eight or nine hours, meaning the procedure had taken about ten hours, and it was still ongoing. 1

"There's nothing wrong with you taking a break, Miss Bennet. Do you need a rest? You're not in such good shape either," Lukas said, concerned.

"I'm all right. Right now, a look will do me way better."

Lukas nodded and then turned to face the operation room's closed door. "I pray that Mr. Sullivan comes out of this victorious."

Rachel remained silent as she looked away.

Carson sat on a bench with his head down and his elbow resting on his thigh.

Knowing that Rachel's ankle was hurt, Lukas advised her to take a seat on the bench.

Rachel knew Lukas would continue to pay attention to her if she insisted on standing there. This time, she didn't say no. she nodded before taking a seat on the bench.

As soon as she sat down, Carson abruptly said, "It's been sixteen years since he spent that much time in the operating room."

Rachel was taken aback, she finally figured out to whom Carson was alluding after some time.

Sixteen years ago...

Victor was only fourteen years old at the time.

Carson went on before she could respond. "The procedure lasted two days and two nights. That operation involved the participation of ten highly regarded experts. Mrs. Sullivan did everything in her power to keep him alive. But even the most renowned

surgeon in the world shook his head and indicated that Victor couldn't be rescued at that moment. Victor's injuries were severe. The fact that he had been able to continue breathing with all said and done was a miracle."

Such phrases would seldom be uttered by doctors. They wouldn't say such things if they could rescue Victor. Victor couldn't be saved since they said it.

Carson lifted his head up. His eyes were red because he had stayed up too late and was exhausted.

He sat back and gazed at the ceiling. "Vic, on the other hand, survived. Two days and two nights, Mrs. Sullivan stayed outside the operating room and waited. She had signed the critical illness notification six times at the time."

Rachel's recollection of Carolyn dwindled with time.

However, she was able to recall the scene in the garden where Carolyn, dressed in a cheongsam, stood with a stick and smiled. Rachel could not envision the situation when Carolyn stood outside the surgery room after hearing Carson's description.

Six critical illness notifications

She had only signed one of those. The moment she signed it, she was overcome with despair and found it difficult to take a breath, she couldn't even hold the pen in her hand.

At that moment, Carolyn had signed it six times and had been disappointed six times.

Rachel eventually managed to calm herself and ask, "How did he get harmed last time?"

"A kidnapping," Carson answered.

When Rachel heard the word, her heart fell.

"I thought he was sent to study abroad when he was fourteen, right?" Rachel asked. How could Victor go overseas if he had been abducted and injured so severely? "He was unable to leave the hospital for two years because of the abduction." Carson swiveled around to face Rachel. "What do you think of the possibility of Victor studying abroad in such a situation? Well, Mr. Sullivan hired someone to disguise as Victor and study abroad."

"What occurred after that? what happened to the kidnapper?" Rachel asked.

"He died today," Carson said, smiling.

