

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 466

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 466

### Tacit Cooperation

Rachel looked at the ward Carson pointed at, she became gloomy. No one knew what was going through her mind. "Let's go," Roger reminded Rachel gently. "Alright." Rachel nodded and walked towards the ward. Roger followed her, pushing Joey's wheelchair. Carson's arms were placed over his chest. He was lost in thoughts for a while. Just when he was about to say something, Joey spoke before him. "Mr. Jimenez." "Is anything the matter?" Roger asked. He stopped and looked at the little boy. Carson was not standing very far away. As a result, Joey could see him from the corner of his eye. He raised his eyebrows as if he was giving Carson a hint. But after taking a quick glance at him, Joey turned his gaze elsewhere. "Mr. Jimenez, I need to use the bathroom."

Rachel overheard what Joey was saying. "How about I take you there?"

"No!" Joey replied in a very decisive tone. There was a serious look on his face. "Mommy, I am a boy." There was a bathroom in Joey's ward, so it wasn't a problem for Rachel to take him to the bathroom. But at that moment, they were no longer in the ward. So it wouldn't be appropriate for Rachel to take a boy to the ladies' room, just like it wouldn't be right for her to take him to the men's room. In reaction to Joey's words, Rachel looked at both men. First, it was Roger, then her gaze fell on Carson. She didn't want to bother the former. Carson soon observed that she was staring at him. Apparently, she wanted him to take Joey to the bathroom. He coughed and refused to pay any attention to Rachel's gaze. After that, he took out his phone and turned around as if nothing had happened. He managed to give Joey a thumbs up without Rachel noticing. Then, Carson pretended like he was answering the phone. 1 "Hello, Mr. Ramos! I have read the plan you sent to me..." While talking, he headed towards the nurses

workstation. But he wasn't very good at acting. The phone's screen lit up while he was still holding it to his ear. This implied that there was no call at all! Rachel saw what just happened clearly and understood that it was all a sham. "It's okay. I will take Joey there. He is actually right. It is very embarrassing for a boy like him to be taken to the bathroom by you." Roger smiled gently. "Thank you very much," Rachel said to Roger. But when he heard those words, they displeased him. He thought that Rachel ought to have been closer to him than she was. The past few days, they got along really well. Both of them were always in one another's company. But for reasons best known to her, she still alienated him. From the look of things, Rachel still didn't love him. Roger knew that it couldn't be achieved rashly. Still, he couldn't stop himself from thinking about the night Rachel was standing outside the operating room where Victor was operated on. 2 Notwithstanding, he and Joey headed towards the washroom. After some time, Carson came back. "Where is Joey?" he asked Rachel knowingly. Rachel took a quick glance at

the phone in his hand. "Are you through with the phone call?" "What?" Carson followed Rachel's sight and took a peek at his phone. Then a smile appeared on his face. "Oh, I am through with it. I was left with no choice! My subordinates are too bad at making plans." "Of course they are!" Rachel narrowed her eyes. There was a fake smile on her face. "You're not very good at acting!" When Carson realized that Rachel knew that he had pretended to answer the call only moments ago, the smile on his face disappeared. He touched the tip of his nose and coughed to ease the awkwardness of the situation. "Don't you want to go in?" Rachel raised her head in order to look through the glass panel on the door. This ward was a suite. But from her point of view, only the living room could be seen, and it was empty. She couldn't see Victor. Rachel pushed the door open in no time and walked in.

"The doctor said Victor would lie in the bed for two months. He has to undergo half a year's rehabilitation training," Carson's voice came from behind her. "He is in a stable condition now, except..." "Get out of here!" Victor's voice interrupted Carson's speech.

Rachel stopped and saw a man in a suit coming out of the room. He looked dejected. There was a document in his hand. He ran into Rachel and Carson as soon as he came out. He was stunned at first, then his face flushed. "Mr. Scott!" A work card hung around the man's neck. It was quite noticeable. He was an employee of the Sullivan Group and the director of the project department. There was no need asking about what just happened to him. Rachel could tell from the man's expression that the project plan had been denied by Victor. He must have been driven out! Her attention was drawn to the name on the work card. His surname was what really interested Rachel -Ramos. She turned to Carson. When he looked back at her, she raised her eyebrows teasingly. "Well, this is Troy. He works as a member of the Sullivan Group's project department." Carson knew exactly what she meant by just looking at her eyes. He was at a loss for words. There were so many surnames in the world. But he had to choose Ramos. Troy recognized who Rachel was. He bowed and mentioned her name. "Miss Bennet." Rachel nodded her head slightly in response. Troy's forehead was covered with sweat. Maybe Victor had given him the scare of his life! Nonetheless, he was still holding the document tightly in his hand. "Mr. Scott, Miss Bennet, I'm going back to the company." Carson waved his hand and said, "Very well then. You should do that quickly." Immediately he heard what Carson said, Troy went out of sight in a blink of an eye. Rachel looked at the door ajar. The space was enough for her to see that Victor was sitting against the head of the bed at that given instant. "His condition doesn't seem as bad as you said. He is well and can work now." She walked to the door and pushed it open. Carson leaned against the door frame. He didn't follow Rachel in. Victor was reading some document when he heard the noise. But he didn't raise his head and say coldly, "Get out." Rachel cast her gaze on him. Victor was in a hospital gown. Rachel could still tell that his face was pale despite the fact that he lowered his head. He frowned and looked rather indifferent. If she wasn't a hundred percent sure that she waited outside the operating room for more than seventy hours half a month ago, Rachel would have thought that the man in front of her was fine. She was so entranced that she walked towards the bed subconsciously. "I asked you to go out, didn't I?" When Victor heard the footsteps, his frown intensified. He looked up at the person who was

walking towards him. But instead of speaking in his usual cold and stiff tone, he said softly, "Rachel, you are here."

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### Memory Loss

Rachel was taken aback by Victor's intimate tone, which was a first for her. Her expression changed, but Victor didn't seem to notice. In a natural gesture, he took her hand and asked, "Ivan told me that you had a cold. Is your condition improving?" Huh? Rachel grimaced as she saw Victor's worried expression and wondered what was happening. It was as if the guy in front of her had transformed into someone else. "Yes, I'm much better now," she replied after withdrawing her hand, not knowing what Victor was thinking. "That's great." Her hand caught Victor's attention. His eyes darkened in a split second. Taking her wrist in his, he inquired, "Where's your ring?" "Ring?" Rachel asked, her expression glum. Victor's grip on her hand was so firm that it caused her hand to ache. "Our wedding ring," he replied. Rachel then remembered that Carolyn took her to the jewelry store to get wedding rings shortly after Rachel and Victor were married. Rachel had been anticipating Victor's return home for some time in order to present him with the rings that night. But that night, Victor didn't come home. Instead, a contract was sent to her. When he saw Rachel have her ring on, Victor insulted her and tossed away the previous one she got him. Victor instantly relaxed his grasp after seeing that her wrist was crimson from his holding her too firmly. Rachel placed her hand behind her back. Angry because of the agony in her wrist, she felt pissed off. She scowled. "Mr. Sullivan, you have a terrible memory. Isn't it six years since we lost our wedding rings? Moreover, you and I..." "Ahem!" Before Rachel could complete her sentence, Carson, who had been resting against the door, started to cough. Both Victor's and Rachel's gazes turned to him. Carson grinned sheepishly as he touched the tip of his nose and said, "My saliva almost killed me." He coughed again as if to prove that he was telling the truth. A nurse pushed the trolley inside the room after she knocked on the door. "I'm really sorry for whatever inconvenience this will cause you. The medication we're giving Mr. Sullivan has to be changed." "Huh?" Carson's voice became a little hoarse after he coughed too hard just now. But when he heard what the nurse had to say, his eyes glowed. "Rachel, let's head outside. Have no time constraints, miss." Carson stepped forward as soon as he finished his words and reached out to grab Rachel's hand. Carson's hand stopped in the air as he lifted his hand and saw how Victor gazed at him with piercing eyes. He immediately removed his hand and touched his neck. "It's only right if we leave the room to them. Right, Rachel?" Rachel narrowed her eyes at Victor and then at Carson, her face expressionless. She wasn't dumb. Judging by Carson's demeanor, she instantly deduced that he had interrupted her on purpose just now. She was even more perplexed by Victor's statements. He seemed to have no recollection of what had transpired. Victor appeared to believe that they were in a relationship and that they were in love. Rachel didn't question Carson. She nodded and walked with him out of the room. Rachel turned to

face him as soon as the door to the bedroom was shut and asked, "Well, tell me everything I need to know, now!" Carson was taken aback. "You noticed it?" At him, Rachel snorted. Carson didn't anticipate Victor to act so differently when he met Rachel, and he even brought up the subject of their wedding ring. He had no alternative but to feign coughing when he realized that Rachel was going to tell him of their long-ago separation. He gave Rachel a glass of water and advised her, "Drink some water first; it may help you relax." In order to de-stress further, he also poured a glass of water for himself. Rachel didn't utter a word as she waited patiently for Carson to talk. Carson grimaced as he realized he hadn't yet fully digested the news. Slowly, he put down the glass after looking into Rachel's eyes. He finally opened his mouth and said something after a while. "It seems that Vic has lost his memories."

'What? How so? But how did he manage to remember me?'

Rachel's brow furrowed as if trying to hide her disbelief. Her tone dropped as she said, "Carson, this isn't funny at all." She assumed Carson was joking. "Honestly, I'm not exaggerating," Carson remarked. "I know that seems a bit silly, but that's how it is. You are the only one he remembers now." Carson regarded Rachel with concern before continuing, "He still remembers he is the CEO of the Sullivan Group. But other than you, he doesn't remember anyone else, including Lukas. Because of the trauma to his brain caused by his fall from the second floor, he has suffered from memory loss, according to the doctor. He not only lost his memories, but he also has memory issues."

Everything was apparent now. When Victor just saw her, he altered his attitude toward her and asked her where her wedding ring was. To him, they had never divorced and he was in love with her.

As far as Rachel was concerned, it was absurd. "This is an awful lie, Carson." Rachel scoffed and rose up, her face contorted into a frown. "Victor despises me and has come close to killing me several times. Now you're telling me he was hit in the head and has no recollection of anything except me? He still believes we are in love, despite the fact that we are divorced? I may have believed it if it were someone else. However, I am aware of how much he dislikes me and how much I dislike him. As far as I'm concerned, you should keep this kind of deception to some other ladies." Rachel was on her way out as soon as she finished her sentence. "Believe it or not, he doesn't detest you as much as you think. To be honest, he loves you. He really does." Rachel slowed down. Carson proceeded to the safe in the living room, used her fingerprint to unlock it, and then opened it. He pulled something from it and gave it to Rachel. Rachel took a look at it. It was a blue diamond. She noticed a speck of red in the diamond. It was absolutely stunning. She had no trouble identifying the diamond. It was the Beloved—the diamond inset in the necklace that Victor purchased for her at an auction four years ago at a hefty price. She narrowly escaped drowning at the time. She removed the necklace and put it with the body in order to convince Victor that the body found was hers. "For the past four years, he's been carrying this diamond around with him. He hasn't let it go in 1,460 days," Carson added. "He was still clutching this when he was transported to the hospital in a coma."

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Speak Now

For others, it was just a diamond. No matter how rare and precious it was, it was nothing but an object. Compared to the value of one's life, it was worthless. However, even at the last moment before the explosion occurred, Victor chose to hold it tightly in his hand. For him to do this, it could be said that this diamond meant more than just the money he spent to buy it. Since it was something that he held onto even when his life was hanging by a thread, it should have a very special meaning for him. After all, Beloved was the gift that he bought for Rachel four years ago on the cruise. At that time, he finally realized that he loved her. He intended to give it to her when he declared his love for her. It was the sign that he wanted to start over with her again. Beloved was a token that would signify the brand new chapter of their lives. Therefore, in the past four years, Victor made sure that he had been carrying it with him every day. Since it belonged to Rachel, it was the only thing that could remind him of her. "You can choose what you believe, but all I'm saying is the truth." Carson looked at Rachel seriously. "These past four years, I have seen Vic drinking alone, holding that diamond in his hand on more than one occasion. When he thought that you died... Well, to be exact, after you escaped, he almost worked every day without resting. Even when I manage to get him out of his office and go to a bar, he would just be staring at the diamond, as if he could see someone in it." While listening to Carson, Rachel narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips tightly. Seeing that Rachel didn't even try to touch the diamond, Carson took it back and forced a smile. "I know that Vic has done cruel things to you before. But it's also true that he has suffered an unbearable pain in the past four years. I just think that it is enough punishment for him already. Of course, I dare not ask you to forgive him. I'm just here to tell you all these things because I think that you have the right to know. He almost died this time, and his sheer willpower was the only thing that brought him back. At the same time, you're the only one he remembers right now..." Although Carson seemed like the typical playboy, he was reasonable enough to know what was right and not. Even though Victor was his best friend, he was aware of his shortcomings and mishaps. He didn't intend to meddle in their relationship. In fact, there were times when he felt that Victor might have deserved all of these bad luck and hardships because of what he had done to Rachel. But at the end of the day, Victor was still his best friend. As much as possible, Carson wouldn't want to see him suffer like this. "Are you done?" Rachel asked flatly after a long pause. Carson was quite taken aback by the lack of emotion on Rachel's face. He realized that it was either she didn't believe what he said, or she might have believed, but she didn't care anymore. "What I just said," "Carson!" Before Carson could continue speaking, Rachel interrupted him in a plain tone. She then raised her brows and looked straight into his eyes. Without any shred of emotion, she remarked, "You just said that you weren't asking me to forgive him, right? You also said that you just felt like telling me how much he had been missing me and how regretful he had been in the past four years. Well, in fact, I know all those things.

Unfortunately, it doesn't make much difference." Rachel then averted her gaze and looked far away. "Have you ever heard of that saying?"

"What saying?"

"Speak now or forever hold your peace," Rachel said slowly, enunciating every word. She would be lying if she said that her heart didn't skip a beat when she heard Carson say that Victor had been carrying Beloved with him every day for the past four years. In fact, it was also true that half a month ago, while she watched the door of the operating room and the red light outside it, she felt anxious and flustered. Furthermore, when she learned of what Victor had gone through when he was a child, she felt very sorry for him. Most importantly, she had also thought how perfect it was if Joey, Victor, and she could spend the rest of their lives together. <sup>2</sup> However, her scars were too deep to be healed. None of these was enough to make her forgive what Victor had done to her four years ago. The pain he inflicted on her was so real that every time she recalled it, she would definitely have nightmares. While Victor was hurting these past four years, so was Rachel. Her hate for him didn't subside even a little. Hearing such cold words, Carson impulsively moved his lips, but he didn't know what to say. Suppressing the overflowing emotion in her heart, Rachel deemed to change the topic. "Joe hasn't come back yet. I'll go look for him. If the kid wants to see his father, I will let him. When it's time for him to go back, will you be so kind to send me a message? I will come pick him up." Based on her statement, it was clear that she didn't plan on seeing Victor. Carson breathed deeply. When Rachel was about to leave, he still wanted to say something, but words didn't come out of his mouth. But then at the same time, the bedroom door suddenly opened from the inside. It was the nurse, pushing the cart out of the room. Clueless about the tension that was built up in the living room, she said, "My work's done here. If you want, you can go in there. However, he has yet to wake up. So, please let him rest up some more."

Carson looked at the door behind the nurse and nodded.

"By the way, can I ask one of you to get his examination reports?" Before the nurse left the ward, she stopped in her tracks and turned around to ask Rachel and Carson. Carson glanced at Rachel before saying, "Alright. I'll

go."

"Thank you. You can see a list at the nurse station. Come later and take the reports according to the information on the list." After informing them, the nurse eventually left the ward. At this time, Rachel and Carson were left alone in the living room again. Since she had no further business there as well, Rachel started walking towards the door. But then Carson stepped forward and reached out his arm to stop her. "Rachel..." Rachel stopped, raised her head, and looked up at him. Being stared at by Rachel's emotionless eyes, Carson had a hard time getting the words out of his mouth again.

Seeing the hesitant look on Carson's face, Rachel guessed what he was going to say to her. Thus, she already took the initiative and said, "I won't." "But... I haven't said anything," Carson replied, letting out an awkward smile. "Weren't you going to ask me if I could stay and wait in here until you brought back those reports?" "Wow! Are you a mind reader?" Carson used his last tactic and tried to please Rachel. He even gave her a thumbs up while wearing a cheeky smile. It was as if they never had that serious conversation just now. "I said no," Rachel refused bluntly again. "Come on. It will just take ten minutes at most." Carson softened his tone. "He just regained consciousness again. He needs someone to watch him at all times, but Lukas hasn't come back yet. If something happens to him while I'm away, I won't know how to take responsibility for it. Besides, you don't have to go inside. You can just stay here in the living room." Still, there was no response from Rachel. "Rach-" "Fine. Ten minutes it is. If you're not back by then, I'll leave. Is that clear?" Rachel interrupted and finally agreed. "Yes, yes. Of course!" Carson was greatly relieved. "I know you are a kind-hearted person." Rachel just scoffed at him and took out her phone, setting an alarm for ten minutes. Thus, the countdown began. "You'd better be going. You only have nine minutes and fifty-seven seconds left," Rachel warned. "Right, right." Carson immediately shut up, turned around, twisted the doorknob, and opened the door to see himself out. But before he closed the door, he suddenly came back inside. This time, his expression suddenly became a little serious. "Before I forget, I have another request... Can you not tell him that you guys got divorced? Just for the time being..."

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### Wedding Ring

Scared that Rachel would refuse, Carson added, "The doctor said that the blood clot in his brain is still pressing on his nerves. There's a huge possibility that it might get worse. The only thing we could do now is wait for it to heal. Being too emotional would only make his condition worse." "Are you insinuating that we put on a show until he remembers everything?" Rachel asked. Carson knew very well that hiding it from Victor forever was impossible. Although he was willing to put on a show, he knew that Rachel would disagree. "At least for now," Carson replied. For a moment, Rachel did not say a word. Finally, she broke her silence and asked, "How long are you going to keep it from him?" "I'll tell him when I think it's right for him to know. But for now, I'm going to need your help." 2 There was a throbbing ache brewing in Rachel's temples. She gazed at Carson, her eyes lingered on him for a moment before she looked away. "You have eight minutes and thirty-seven seconds to retrieve the reports." The countdown was still on. Carson was rendered speechless. He was about to leave when he turned around and smiled. "Rachel, that's a yes, right?" "Eight minutes and ten seconds..." Rachel replied as she looked down on the timer on her phone. She did not give him a direct answer. 2 In a blink of an eye, Carson disappeared into the hallway. With her phone in her hand, Rachel walked to the sofa and took a seat. Carson's words echoed in her mind. She put all of her efforts to try and ignore her persistent thoughts but to no avail.

She wanted to believe that it did not mean anything. Rachel heaved a heavy sigh. Her thoughts were interrupted by those sound of something falling to the floor. It came from the bedroom. Without a second thought, Rachel rushed to the bedroom. Her eyes were met by the sight of the man in the bed.

Victor was coughing. It looked as if he was feeling really uncomfortable. Struggling to help himself up from the bed, Victor tried to bend down and pick up the cup that he accidentally knocked down on the floor. The water spilled on the side of the bed. "Rachel..." Victor called out. His voice sounded hoarse. His eagerness to move led him to aggravate his wounds. The piercing pain he felt put a frown on his face.

Picking up the cup from the floor, Rachel asked, "Do you want water?" Victor's deep, piercing eyes drifted to her as he answered, "Yes, please." It was the first time he looked at her this way. Rachel felt an odd feeling in her gut. "I'm just going to wash your cup. I'll get you some warm water after." "Okay."

Surprisingly, Victor was quite amenable. One could only wonder how it was possible for a person to change so much after losing his memories. After a moment of contemplation, Rachel tried to regain the composure that she momentarily lost. She turned around and went into the bathroom with the cup in her hand. From her peripheral vision, she saw Victor trying to sit up. As if on cue, she stopped him and said, "Your wounds haven't healed yet. Don't move around too much." Hearing her words, Victor immediately stayed still. There was a smile on his face as he said, "Alright. I'll listen to you." Rachel's grip tightened around the cup after hearing what he said. She looked away and said, "Is the bed uncomfortable?" "A little." The nurse must have forgotten to readjust his bed after giving him his medicine. Because of the bed's position, Victor's waist couldn't touch the bed. It was probably what was causing his discomfort. Rachel put the cup aside and walked to the bed. With the press of a button, she managed to lower the bed's inclination. "How about now? Is this better?" she asked.

"Yes. It's much better." With a nod, Rachel took the cup and went back into the bathroom. A few moments later, she finished washing the cup and poured some water into it for Victor. Walking to the bed, she said, "Drink this and get some rest." Victor took the cup into his hands and drank. When he placed it down, the cup was still half full. He leaned against the bed. Out of the corner of her eye, Rachel glanced at her phone. Carson had five minutes left. Taking another glance at Victor, Rachel pursed her lips and said, "Rest well. I'll be in the living room. Call me if you need anything." She was about to leave when Victor suddenly grabbed her wrist. Out of impulse, Rachel wanted to take her hand back. However, she did otherwise. She was reminded of what Carson said earlier that day. "What's wrong? Do you need anything else?" "Are you mad at me, Rachel?" he asked. "I'm not." "Why are you being so cold to me then? Are you still upset because I didn't let you keep a cat?" 2 There was a look of shock on Rachel's face as she looked at him. Before she could say a word, Victor held her hand and tried to pull her next to the bed. Afraid that she might hurt his wounds, Rachel took the initiative to move closer to him. "Rachel, you must have misinterpreted what I meant. It's not that I don't want you to keep a cat. I was just worried that you would catch the germs from it



since you got it from the streets. I've already asked Ivan to take the cat to a vet for examination. It will be home in a few days," Victor explained gently. Suddenly, Rachel was reminded of the cat that Victor asked to be thrown out. It was ridiculous how he thought that they were fighting over a mere cat. Calmly, Rachel took her hand from his. "I'm not upset. I've already thought about that. I know I shouldn't keep it. The cat must've lived in the streets for quite some time now. May it would prefer things to be that way. You should ask Ivan to set it free." "Is that really what you want?" "Yeah." There was darkness in Victor's eyes as he gazed at Rachel. His eyes were staring intently at her but not a word left his lips. 2 "I really think it would be better off that way," Rachel reassured him. "Then why don't you have your wedding ring on?" Victor asked. Following his line of sight, Rachel's eyes drifted to her ring finger. She had never owned a ring. How could she possibly wear one now? "Ah! The wedding ring...I...I lost it," she replied. Victor's eyes darkened. "You lost it?" Rachel sensed the misery in his words. "Yeah. I've been looking for it for days but I can't find it." Victor stared at her. He seemed to be lost in his thoughts. 2 Whenever he looked at her, Rachel felt an inexplicable sense of oppression. Rachel tried her best to act as if nothing was wrong. She did not want to risk arousing his suspicion. It was nothing but a pair of rings. She could have just said that she left it at home. However, Rachel did not want to lie. Making up more lies to cover up this one would only cause her trouble. After all, there was never a wedding ring.

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Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 470

### Like A Spoiled Child

It was as if Victor was acting like a spoiled child in front of Rachel.

Furthermore, what surprised Rachel even more was that Victor wanted to make a new pair of rings for them.

Seeing that Victor had been silent for a while, Rachel couldn't help but purse her lips, won't be able to hold her hand this time.

Reflexively, Rachel refused and said, "It would be troublesome. Rachel is almost a hundred percent sure that Victor will be really angry when he learns that her ring is lost.

Actually, he thinks he is. really enjoy seeing this side of him

Joey raised an eyebrow, slightly amused that his dad really had the thing.

As he thought about this, he didn't know how he should react.

Joey doesn't just imagine things.

Seeing that Victor had stayed quiet for a while now, Rachel couldn't help but purse her lips.

In order to break the awkward silence, she finally said, 'It's my fault that I lost the ring.

I will keep looking for it until I find it.' No.

You don't need to do that,' Victor quickly said in a calm tone.

Rachel was quite shocked to hear this.

Before she could even reply, Victor held her hand again.

Then, with a doting smile on his gentle face, he said, 'Don't worry about it.

I'll ask Ivan to go to the designer for him to make a new pair of rings?' What?' Rachel was almost a hundred percent sure that Victor would genuinely get angry once he knew that her ring was lost.

Besides, his silence just now made her think that he was already upset.

But it turned out that she was wrong.

He might have processed the news a little slower, but he wasn't just pretending not to be angry.

He didn't really mind it.

Moreover, the other thing that surprised Rachel even more was that Victor wanted to make a new pair of rings for them.

In reflex, Rachel refused and said, 'That will be too much trouble.

I don't think it's necessary.' Of course not? Then, Victor continued in a much more decisive tone, 'We got married in such a hurry that I had to rush you back so that Victor would not be able to grab her hand this time.

Sitting in the wheelchair, Joey witnessed the interaction between his parents.

Somehow, he also felt like Victor wasn't acting like his usual self.

It was as if Victor was acting like a spoiled child in front of Rachel.

Joey wasn't just imagining things.

He knew what he saw.

Joey raised an eyebrow, slightly amused that his father actually had this hidden side.

As he pondered on this thought, he didn't know how he should react.

Although it was indeed surprising, he realized that it wasn't something bad.

In fact, he thought that he actually liked to see this side of him.

Then, Joey's grasp on his wheelchair tightened.

He remembered what Rachel told him before.

Apparently, Victor had already known his true identity.

At the same time, some memories flashed in his mind.

He remembered how Victor tried to calm him down when he broke into that room to save him.

With all his efforts, Victor was able to get the bomb off him.

Then, grabbing him tightly in his arms, they jumped down the building.

'Da...

Daddy? In a very stiff tone, Joey moved his lips and spoke in a soft voice.

This was the very first time that he called Victor this way.