

Want Nothing But You Chapter 471

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 471

Mrs. Sullivan

Victor's gaze shifted to Joey after hearing that.

Meanwhile, Rachel's gaze lingered on Victor's brow, as if she were attempting to decode his thoughts.

Carson claimed that Victor lost his memories and could only recall her, implying that he had forgotten about Joey.

She thought it was odd and couldn't believe that Victor had completely lost his memories.

She searched for evidence that Victor was lying, but she came up empty-handed.

She watched him closely to see how he would react as Joey called him Daddy.

Joey likewise stared at him uneasily, but Victor gave him barely a minute of his attention before looking away.

'Okay, you make the call,' he said, looking back at Rachel.

He was disinterested in Joey.

Rachel was a bit stunned and reflexively glanced at Joey.

She saw Joey's frown and pursed lips as she looked at him.

It dawned on him that maybe he was speaking too softly, so he lifted his voice and yelled out again.

'Daddy.' Victor Only Preview [click here to read full book ease.](#)

'Carson Scott!' Rachel knew what he meant and responded in a cautionary tone upon hearing it.

Carson squinted his eyes and blinked them.

While Victor was distracted, he implored Rachel in a quiet voice, 'Don't worry, I'll have it done in no time?' Rachel had a headache but did not express it.

Carson smiled and said, 'Thank you!' Rachel remained silent.

In Carson's opinion, she had acquiesced since she hadn't said yes or no.

He grabbed the report and left right away.

Rachel wanted to leave as soon as she saw that he had departed.

Victor sneezed and inquired, 'Where are you going?' Rachel was compelled to halt and turn around to face him.

' I have no plans to leave here.

Help yourself to a nap? she responded, with her fists clenched.

She lowered the bed so he could lay down more comfortably.

When she saw that he was gazing at her, she added, 'I have no intention of leaving.

Take a few deep breaths and close your eyes?.

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A Chance For Us

Maybe it was because he was still sleepy and tired, but Victor fell back to sleep right away. Rachel stayed by his side and watched him sleep for a few minutes.

After ensuring that he was deep in sleep, she walked out of the ward. She went straight to the nursing station and asked them to look after Victor while she was away. After that, she proceeded to head back to Joey's ward. Arriving at the door, she pushed it gently. Through the slightly opened door, she could already see Joey asleep in the bed.

On the sofa, Roger was sitting while looking down at his phone, probably texting someone. Rachel walked in and closed the door behind her.

Hearing the slight noise, Roger raised his head and saw her coming in.

"Rachel," he called out silently, putting his phone away. Rachel walked over to the bed. She looked down at Joey's sleeping face and stroked the short hair across his forehead. It made Joey crease his eyebrows slightly. She rubbed the crinkled linings with her fingertips gently. Joey must have felt someone touching him, so he unconsciously smacked his lips.

Not wanting to wake Joey up, Rachel withdrew her hand. She then turned to Roger and said, "Thank you."

Picking up the insulated lunch bag on the side, Roger walked up to her.

“Joey fell asleep as soon as he was taken here. The doctor came and examined his condition earlier. He said Joey has recovered well.”

“I see,” Rachel muttered.

Roger looked at her.

“He hasn’t eaten the millet porridge that my sister cooked for him. I had it put in the kitchen in the meantime to keep it warm. When Joey wakes up, you can ask the nurse to bring it here.” Roger had always been this considerate.

Rachel opened her mouth slightly to thank him when she noticed the look he gave her. Roger intercepted and didn’t let her continue.

“I know what you want to say. If you want to thank me, have some of this.”

Roger raised the insulated lunch bag in his hand. Rachel looked at him and the bag, confused.

“My sister knows you’ve had a lot on your plate lately, taking care of Joey and worrying about his condition. At the same time, you have to deal with the

Bennett Group. It’s been hectic for you that you’ve been skipping meals, so she cooked something for you,” Roger explained.

Rachel’s eyelashes fluttered and her lips pursed a little. But before she could say anything, Roger spoke again.

“Should we eat outside? Joey has just fallen asleep. I’m afraid we’ll disturb him if we eat here.”

Looking at the insulated lunch bag that Roger said Clara prepared for her,

Rachel agreed and nodded.

The corners of Roger’s lips immediately turned upwards. There was a special area for kids to play in just outside the pediatric ward. Next to it was a sofa for adults, where they sat.

Roger took out the contents in the bag one by one.

“The insulation of the bag is pretty good. The food is still warm. You can enjoy them like they’re newly cooked.”. He set down three lunch boxes on the table across them and

opened them. Several desserts of different kinds were neatly placed inside. It was obvious how they were packed with significant effort.

“You said people were likely to change their preferences once they got older,”

Roger said as he sat down opposite Rachel.

“I didn’t say anything at that time.” Rachel looked up at him. Roger wiped the plate with a tissue and put it in front of her.

“It doesn’t matter if your preferences have changed or you don’t like the same kinds of dishes now as before, Rachel. I can and I’m willing to take the time to know more about what you like now.” Rachel didn’t say anything and just continued to stare at him.

“I don’t know if you like these dishes, but just tell me if you don’t. Next time, I’ll…”

“I like them.” Rachel didn’t let him finish. She took a forkful of the cake and ate it.

“Please send my thanks to Clara” Roger understood what she meant by her actions. Rachel didn’t want him to do something like this again. She had done it

again, drawing a hard line between them and never giving him any chance.

Roger shrugged off the ache in his heart and said, “Sure, but you should call to thank her personally. She also cares a lot about you.”

Rachel nodded and ate some more of the other dishes until she was full. She then put aside her fork. Roger noticed it, so he handed her a piece of tissue. He then looked at her intently, hesitating to speak for a moment until he finally did.

“Rachel, about you and Victor…” “What do you mean?”

“Nothing. I just heard that Victor was designing a wedding ring for you, so I wanted to know if you are going to forgive him?”

“I don’t think I’m in a position to forgive him,” Rachel muttered. She knew Roger had been meaning to ask about this since earlier.

“The only person who should give him forgiveness is Abby.” Roger was not relieved in the least, hearing this.

“Then is it because of Joey? Victor is his biological father, so you want to get back together with him for your son?” he asked again.

“We’re not getting back together.”

“But what about the wedding ring? Aren’t you…”

“Victor has lost his memories,” Rachel cut him off. Roger couldn’t believe his ears and went momentarily stunned.

“He lost his memories?” Rachel picked up the fork again and cut a piece of the chocolate cake, which felt a little greasy in her mouth. She took a sip of water to wash the greasy taste down.

“Yes,” she then said, looking at Roger.

“He has a blood clot at back of his brain affecting his memory, which caused him to have temporary amnesia.”

“But I don’t think he lost any of his memories by the way he has been treating you,” Roger said, recalling how Victor held Rachel’s hand back in his ward

earlier. Rachel fell silent for a moment.

“I don’t know. Carson said he has temporary amnesia, but he only remembers me and the time when I didn’t divorce him yet.”

The expression on Roger’s face darkened slightly.

“The blood clot can’t be removed by surgery, so Victor can only take medicine to dissolve it naturally. It would be hard to tell when he’ll fully regain his memories,

and there’s also the possibility that he won’t be able to,” Rachel said in a rather calm tone.

“He mentioned about the wedding ring because he doesn’t remember about the divorce.” Roger frowned, still perplexed. After telling Roger everything, Rachel lowered her head and remained silent.

“You’ve been divorced since four years ago. Even though he has no recollection of that moment in your lives, that doesn’t mean it didn’t happen.” Roger paused before continuing, “Aren’t you going to tell him about it?”

Rachel looked up at him.

Roger knew his question was out of line, but he was afraid that he might lose his chance if he didn’t know what she was thinking. He just wouldn’t sit still and wait.

“If you feel like you can’t tell him yourself, let me do it for you.”

“Roger, you...”

“I’m sorry, Rachel.” Roger looked her straight in the eyes.

“I know I shouldn’t have said that, but I just want you to give the two of us a chance”

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Not Your Godson

When Rachel returned to Joey’s ward, he had just woken up. His tiny body looked so frail against the headboard. When he turned and saw Rachel, his pale lips arched in a soft smile.

“Mommy.” Rachel could tell that he was still sad about what had happened in Victor’s ward.

“Are you hungry? Mr. Jimenez brought you some millet porridge. I’ll serve it for you, okay?” Rachel walked over and gently patted the hair on Joey’s forehead.

Joey nodded obediently as his eyes followed Rachel to the side.

“Mommy, where is Mr. Jimenez? Has he already left?” “Yes. He has something to deal with in the company and will probably be very busy from now on. He won’t be able to come here for the next few days.” Rachel paused and withdrew her hand. She bit her lip subconsciously when she noted the disappointment in Joey’s eyes.

“But he said he will come to pick you up when you leave the hospital.”

“Okay.”

Rachel adjusted the height of the bed to a comfortable angle for Joey. After making him lean properly against the pillow, she turned around and left to get the millet porridge.

After a while, she came back with a bowl in hand.

Joey held the spoon with his uninjured hand and drunk the porridge carefully, as he didn’t want to spill any.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Rachel thought for a while. How could she make her son understand the situation?

“Joey, Victor...”

“Mommy, is there any more left?” The porridge in Joey’s mouth muffled his words. When Rachel mentioned Victor, he interrupted her.

“This porridge is sweet. I want to have one more bowl, okay?”

It was the first time that Joey had eaten so much in one go.

Rachel smiled, looking at the unfinished bowl in Joey’s hand.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you another one after you are done. But the doctor said that you need to take good care of your stomach. Although millet porridge is good for you, it won’t be so good if you eat too much at once.”

“Okay, I know.” Rachel ruffled Joey’s hair with a doting smile. Joey finished the rest of the millet porridge and held the empty bowl. After wiping Joey’s mouth, Rachel was about to take the bowl over and fill it again for him, but he moved it to the side as she reached out.

“Mommy, I think Mr. Jimenez is a good man.” Rachel’s hand froze mid-way. She blinked twice before her eyes met Joey’s.

“Joey, you like him?”

“Mr. Jimenez is very nice to me and you. Why wouldn’t I like him? I like everyone who is good to you.” Joey’s eyes blinked,

She pursed her lips, seeing where the conversation was heading.

“What about you?” Joey searched Rachel’s eyes.

“What?”

“Do you like Mr. Jimenez?”

Although his voice was always childishly soft, his tone was serious. Rachel’s eyes never left his as she fell into silence. She didn’t know how to answer his question even though she had caught on to what he was trying to imply. In her eyes, Roger had always been nothing more than her friend, and being with him had never even crossed her mind. But when she saw the eager look in Joey’s eyes, Rachel couldn’t get the words out of her throat.

“Joey, that’s a thing between us adults. But as a friend, I like Roger very much.” After saying that, Rachel stood up and reached out to take the bowl from Joey.

“Then do you want to marry him?” It seemed that Joey needed the answer to that question so much so that he had chosen to be blunt.

Rachel frowned as she looked down at him.

“What’s wrong, Joey?”

“Mommy, I...” with his eyelashes drooping, Joey pursed his lips as he avoided Rachel’s gaze.

“I just think Mr. Jimenez is a good man. It wouldn’t be too bad if he could be my stepfather.”

“Joey?”

With his head down. Joey scratched his fingernails and pouted.

“Victor doesn’t want me, anyway. But it doesn’t matter. I also don’t want him anymore.”
Victor’s words

”Who are you?” rang in Joey’s mind, shattering his expectations along with his heart. He still couldn’t forget, no matter how hard he tried. Rachel put away the small table and sat down on the bed before picking up Joey. She held him gently in her arms.

“Joey, do you want to know the reason?”

“No, I don’t.” Joey buried his head in Rachel’s chest.

“I don’t want to hear it. Mommy, please don’t say it.”

“Okay, tell me when you are ready to hear everything.” Rachel knew that no matter what she said at that moment, Joey wouldn’t really listen to it. He might even think that it was a lie she specially made up to comfort him. It was better to let him calm down for now.

“As for the question about you wanting Mr. Jimenez to be your stepfather...” Rachel touched the back of Joey’s head before adding, “I will think about it.”

“Mommy, will you consider accepting Mr. Jimenez?” Joey raised his head and looked into his mother’s eyes.

After a moment of silence, she smiled a little.

“Maybe.”

Time passed quickly. Before they knew it, it was already winter. After staying in the hospital for a month and a half, Joey was finally getting discharged.

The cast on his arm would be removed later, but his other injuries had almost healed. That day, Joey woke up very early. He couldn’t wait to leave the ward. Seeing that Joey

had been clamoring about changing back into his own clothes, Rachel smiled helplessly, but still let him do it on his own.

“The discharge formalities are almost done. We can go home after the doctor checks your arm.” With a pile of reports in his hand, Andy came in.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Joey swung his legs and said, “Finally, I can go out. I’m so bored here.”

Rachel flicked Joey on the forehead and pinched his cheek lightly. “Even if you are being discharged from the hospital, you still have to rest at home for some time. You can’t always be thinking about going out.”

“That’s way better than being in this hospital.”

Andy took out a gift box from his briefcase and handed it to Joey. “This is a gift for getting discharged. Last week, I went to the Philipsburg for a business trip. I heard that there are wind bells specially used for praying there. They were very beautiful, so I went to ask for one.”

Joey opened the gift box with one hand and indeed there was an exquisite wind bell inside. Just as he picked it up, the wind blew in through the window, blowing around the piece of colorful paper held under the wind bell. Immediately, the silver bell made a pleasant tinkling sound.

“Thank you, Uncle Andy! I like this gift very much.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

Just then, there was a knock on the door. The doctor came in, followed by another person. Joey was smiling at first, but when he saw the person at the door, his smile froze before fading.

“I heard the wind bell from afar. It turns out it came from here.” Carson came in with a space model in his hand.

“Joey, this is a gift for you.” Glancing at the model, Joey suddenly remembered the one he had spent more than half a month to make and it hadn’t been sent out yet. He looked away and avoided any eye contact with Carson, as he silently put away the wind bell.

“You haven’t seen me for such a long time. You don’t look excited at all.” Carson raised his eyebrows, not sure what was wrong.

“Are you blaming me for not coming to see you? Well then, it’s really my fault. I apologize to you. So you can forgive me, your godfather, okay? I am just very busy.”

“I’m not your godson!” Joey suddenly raised his voice and shouted at Carson.

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Go Back Home

Carson’s reaction was one of disbelief Even those present were taken aback.

They weren’t prepared for Joey’s outburst.

Joey had not uttered Victor’s name in the previous one and a half months.

Except for Joey’s mild depression during the first several days, everything else was normal.

Rachel was concerned that Joey would keep his feelings bottled up.

For a few days, she kept an eye on him and found that he was eating properly and sleeping well.

She no longer feared for his safety.

“Joe...”

It dawned on Joey, too, that he’d blown it.

He climbed out of bed and said, “Mommy, I need to use the restroom.”

He entered the restroom without waiting for Rachel’s response. Carson grimaced as he saw the model Joey threw on the floor and then turned to Rachel.

His gaze on Rachel suggested that he wanted to know what was going on, even if no words were said, A lot of work had kept him occupied recently.

Moreover, when Victor previously met Joey, he was not there, so he was unaware of what had transpired.

Something had gone wrong during their encounter, it appeared.

“Is he not in the loop?” Carson asked

“He’s not,” Rachel said.

“He wasn’t in the mood to hear it at that time. So I didn’t tell him.”

Carson peered sideways at the closed door and was about to speak when a phone call interrupted him. He checked the caller ID to see who was calling. It came from one of the company's employees.

He answered the telephone.

"Everything good?"

Someone on the other end of the phone line said something.

Carson's mood deteriorated as a result of this.

"Okay. I'll be there soon. Until then, we can't talk."

Then, Carson ended the call.

When Carson's mood changed, Rachel noticed.

She told him, "You may return first if you need to attend to anything. I'll first take this gift to Joey."

Carson had meant to speak with Joey after he emerged from the restroom.

But there was something more pressing that prevented him from doing so.

He nodded and said, "Please tell him that I'm glad he's discharged from the hospital."

"Sure."

Carson nodded at Andy.

His back was to the door at this point, as he prepared to exit the ward. He appeared to recall something at the last second. He came to a halt and then turned around.

"Are you returning to Sue Garden, by the way? After I complete my job, I plan to go there. Even if Joey is angry with his own father, he must not bring me into the picture."

"It's unlikely that we will return to Sue Garden." Rachel's eyes clouded as she spoke.

"Why?"

"I stayed in Sue Garden earlier because of Joey. But I don't believe Joey will want to return at this point in time," Rachel said under her breath.

"The Bennet family's home has always been vacant. Andy has hired maids to clean the home. Joey and I will stay in there."

The phone rang again as Carson was about to say something, It was the same employee calling once again.

Carson hung up the phone with a frown on his face.

After a lengthy pause, he inquired, "Did you tell Vic."

"Not yet.And after Joey leaves the hospital, I won't return.Carson, just tell him the truth," Rachel said.

Rachel had been invited to Victor's ward by Lukas from time to time over the past month.

A lot of work had kept him occupied recently.

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Rachel had been invited to Victor's ward by Lukas from time to time over the past month.

Victor would often inquire about Rachel's whereabouts when he complained to Lukas of feeling unwell or having a headache.

Finally, Lukas had to ask Rachel to meet Victor.

After a month and a half, Victor still had not recovered his memories, Carson was able to sense that Rachel was adamant, so he opted to be quiet.

He had done all he could, and now the rest was in God's hands.

“All right, I appreciate your efforts over the last several days.”

His phone rang again as soon as he finished speaking.

Carson’s phone had already rung three times in the space of a few minutes.

He grinned at Rachel and answered the phone.

After that, he hurriedly exited the ward.

Rachel’s eyes fluttered as she watched Carson’s back drift away from her.

Some big event was about to happen, she thought.

However, it was just for a little period of time until she calmed down.

The bathroom door swung open.

Joey slid the door open a little.

Rachel and Andy exchanged looks, and then they both grinned helplessly.

Rachel came over.

When Joey heard the sound, he slammed the bathroom door shut for a second time.

Laughing, Rachel approached the door and knocked.

“Come on, Joey. He’s gone now. Isn’t it time for you to go back home? The doctor has been waiting.”

In the bathroom, a new noise was heard.

Joey opened the door to the ward after a while and had a peek around.

He waited until he was sure Carson had gone before he came out.

Rachel gave Joey a gentle head massage.

Joey approached the bedside and saw the model on the table.

He bit his bottom lip.

“I’ll toss it away if you don’t like it.”

Rachel was well-versed in Joey's character. She guessed what he was thinking when she saw him standing there. She approached him promptly.

"Don't get rid of it."

Joey, as predicted, grabbed the model right away.

Rachel's brows furrowed a little.

Joey grasped the model while frowning.

"This model is quite costly. It would be a shame to toss it away."

"Well, then give it to some other kid. What about the boy in the next ward? He can have it."

Rachel acted as though she didn't comprehend Joey's hesitancy or uncertainty.

"No," Joey responded.

"But you didn't seem to love it, right? Giving it to another kid isn't a waste." Joey raised an eyebrow at Rachel before blinking.

His mouth moved, but he couldn't utter anything.

Rachel stopped making fun of Joey.

"Let me take care of it. If you wish to play with it, I'll give it to you. Deal?"

Rather than saying anything, Joey just gave Rachel the model to indicate his agreement. She had no problem reading his body language.

Roger was waiting for them at the entrance of the inpatient department building, as promised.

After seeing Joey and Rachel coming, he took the initiative to approach them, taking Rachel's bag and placing a hand on Joey's head.

"Congratulations, Joey, on your release from the hospital."

"Thanks, Mr. Jimenez."

"It's nearly time for lunch. What will you have? Let me first take you for lunch."

After uttering those words, Roger's gaze shifted to Rachel.

For the last month and a half, they hadn't seen each other since their conversation outside the ward.

When Roger stared at Rachel, he couldn't help but recall Rachel's "sorry." He was in anguish.

"I want to eat some seafood." Joey grinned.

"Mr. Jimenez, can you take us out to eat seafood? I'd love it."

"Seafood? The weather isn't ideal today, and I don't recommend eating cold meals. My buddy has launched a seafood hotpot restaurant, so let's go there together. How do you like that?"

Roger inquired after he pondered for a moment.

Joey nodded and said, "Mommy, what do think? Please say yes!"

Rachel glanced into Joey's eyes and recalled the last thing he had spoken to her.

She nodded while smiling.

"You can get in the car first. I need to go to the bathroom."

"Then I'll sit in the car with Joey and wait for you," Roger told her.

After a time, Rachel nodded to Roger.

"Sure."

She then turned around and proceeded towards the restroom, as indicated by the sign.

Roger was taken aback when he realized Rachel's attitude toward him had shifted somewhat. He feared that Rachel would be estranged from him once again.

Joey followed Roger's gaze which fell on Rachel.

Then, he glanced aside and questioned, "Mr. Jimenez, what are you staring at?"

"Me? Nothing significant." When Roger regained his composure, he took Joey's hand.

"It's time to get in the car. According to the indications, Rachel made a turn. She was oblivious to her surroundings until she bumped into someone and their phone dropped to the ground.

"I'm very sorry."

Rachel offered her apologies right away and was going to pick up the phone for the person.

The guy grinned as he instinctively gripped Rachel's arm and said, "Don't bother. You're a woman; how am I supposed to ask you to pick it up? Plus, you, in particular, are a stunning lady."

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Wallace

Rachel pulled her hand and stepped backward to keep her distance from the man. The man picked up the phone.

The screen lit up.

Rachel saw a dialog box pop up with a name on it.

Wallace Finch. Her eyes widened.

Rachel couldn't believe it when she saw the name.

The phone screen light went off as quickly.

Rachel didn't get a longer look at the name. Her eyes darkened and her expression changed. Her hands curled up imperceptibly as she pursed her lips.

Wallace was still jailed in the international prison.

This man couldn't be him.

Finch was not an uncommon surname.

Perhaps this man had just the same first name and surname as Wallace.

Could it be that this man was indeed Wallace? But Quintin was keeping eye on Wallace. He would know if Wallace had been out of prison.

Rachel was lost in her thoughts, but she didn't show it on her face. She lowered her eyes and saw a long and slender hand.

There was a small mole between the thumb and index finger of the hand. She thought it made the hand look more beautiful.

Rachel looked up as the hand moved.

The hand belonged to a man who was a head taller than Rachel. He looked blandly urbane that even if he wore casual clothes, he carried them with elegance. He wore sunglasses, but Rachel could tell that he was handsome from his beautiful chin, straight nose, and thin lips.

“Thank you,” Rachel said softly as the man steadied her.

“This is what a gentleman should do,” said the man.

“But I feel that I should apologize. I seem to have scared you.”

Rachel shook her head.

“Maybe you’d like to check your phone. Should there be anything wrong with it, let me pay for it.”

“No, thanks.”

The man shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s just a phone. It’s fine with me if it gets broken.”

Rachel’s eyes squinted slightly.

It was her carelessness that she bumped into this man. He might not seem to care about his phone but such things mattered to her.

She wanted him to see this.

Rachel took out a small card from her bag and handed it to the man.

“This is my business card. Should there be something wrong with your phone, please contact me on this number. I’m willing to pay for the damage.”

The man arched an eyebrow but he took Rachel’s business card.

His sunglasses hid the expression in his eyes.

He was smiling though. His every move did not betray anything out of line. But it made Rachel feel a bit uncomfortable.

“Rachel Bennet.” The man read Rachel’s name aloud from the business card.

“Your name is beautiful and it fits you.”

"You're flattering me." The screen of the mobile phone lit up again.

The man put away the business card.

"I'll keep this. I hope that the next time we meet, it won't be about the mobile phone. Maybe I'll call you to invite you for dinner." Rachel didn't respond.

"I'll have to excuse myself now. I have something else to do, Miss Bennet. I hope we can meet again soon."

Before Rachel could say anything, the man had left.

Rachel stood still for a moment, frowning.

She regretted giving the business card to the man.

The man was smiling, but his smile made her uncomfortable.

The man walked a little farther from Rachel before he took out her business name card from his pocket.

The man's assistant was waiting for him. He walked towards the man.

"Sir, the car is waiting."

"Okay"

The man slowly took off his sunglasses with one hand, revealing a pair of beautiful eyes.

"How's my dear brother? Any new information about him?"

"Yes. I have. Mr. Sullivan is still unable to get out of bed. Much of the operation of the Sullivan Group is left to Ivan and Carson. I also heard that Mr. Sullivan has lost his memories."

"He lost his memories?"

The man narrowed his eyes.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Not a hundred percent, sir. But most likely he had," the assistant said.

"It is not easy to go in and out of the VIP ward. We can't really confirm it."

“That’s interesting.”

The man smiled in a crowing way.

“I wonder how my brother will react when he receives my second gift, especially now when he seems to have lost his memories.”

The man’s first gift to Victor was to endanger his life.

The second gift... The man walked briskly towards the entrance of the in-patient department building.

He saw a car parked not far from the foot of the stairs.

The man saw a boy seated in the back seat of the car.

Joey saw the man and looked at him intently.

“Sir, that’s Mr.Sullivan’s child.” said the assistant in a low voice.

“Sir, let’s get in the car.There are many people in the in-patient department.I’m afraid someone will...”

“The boy looks like Victor,” the man cut in.

The assistant turned his head to look at the boy in the car.

The boy had already looked away.

Even more, the window had been rolled up partially so that only half of the boy’s face could be seen.

Inside the car

“Joey, what are you looking at?” Roger asked, who was sitting in the driver’s seat.

“Oh, nothing,” said Joey.

He looked away and rolled up the window.

“I’m just wondering why my mommy hasn’t come back yet.She’s taking too long in the bathroom.”

Roger laughed and said, “She should be here soon.Why are you already hungry, Joey?”

“No.”

Joey shook his head and looked out of the window again. He didn't tell Roger the truth. He was not really wondering why his mommy hadn't come back yet. He was looking out of the window because he was waiting for someone.

Sadly, he didn't see whom he wanted so much to see.

Joey told himself that he didn't care about it.

If Victor abandoned him, then he didn't want him either. He wouldn't treat Victor as his father. He hadn't had his father's companionship in the past three years.

It was not a big deal for him.

But Joey couldn't help but hope his father would come out and tell him that he was joking that day, or perhaps tell him that there were other reasons.

Joey had been having this ambivalent feeling towards Victor for a month and a half now.

The boy sighed. He rolled down the window again and saw a man.

His eyes lit up.

His surprise at seeing the man was fleeting, though.

The man was not Victor, but he looked like Victor.

Joey tried to look at the man more closely.

"He looks familiar," Joey said almost to himself.

He wished he could see the man more clearly. He couldn't remember where he had seen the man before.

"Achoo!" Joey sneezed.

"Joey, don't get so close to the window. You might catch a cold," Roger said as he quickly rolled up the window and turned up the heat in the car.

Joey nodded and moved himself to the middle of the car seat.

When he looked out of the window again, he didn't see the man anymore. Instead, he saw Rachel walking towards the car.