

Want Nothing But You Chapter 476

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 476

His Memories

In the ward Carson sat on the couch while working on his laptop. He tapped the screen twice, and the word "sent" popped up.

After confirming that the email had been sent, Carson couldn't help yawning. He then glanced at the man on the bed.

"When are you going to tell her you have regained your memories?"

Carson closed the laptop and placed it aside.

Just then, Victor threw the file he had been reading into his lap.

"Redo it." Carson picked it up and opened it.

He raised his eyebrows as he looked up.

"It's just a fake statement. Why are you so serious?"

Victor just cast an indifferent glance at him as his jaw ticked.

"Okay, fine. I'll tell them to redo it right away."

Carson shivered slightly at the icy stare.

One of these days, he would literally freeze over if he continued staying with Victor.

"But seriously, do you really want Rachel to take your son back to the Bennet family?" Victor picked up another document and opened it.

He lowered his eyes to read what was in it.

Just as Carson was about to ask more questions, Victor went first.

"Send more men to guard the Bennet family and keep them safe."

Hearing this, Carson immediately realized that Victor had no intentions of stopping Rachel. He was a little surprised.

"You can just ask Ivan to do it. Your men must be better than the losers who work for me."

If Carson's men, who all used to be hit-men, ever heard that, they would be furious.

"I can't use my men for now." Victor still didn't look up as he said this.

Carson was making corrections on the document that Victor threw at him.

When he heard those words, he slowly put down the pen.

"When are you going to end this? Do you really want to sacrifice the Sullivan Group?"

Again, Victor didn't care to answer. His eyes darkened at the thought.

"Forget it. If the Sullivan Group is doomed, you are more than welcome to come and work for the Scott Group. It would thrill my dad to have you."

Folding his hands at the back of his head, Carson smiled.

"With you there, I'll be free to do whatever I want." Carson meant it.

He really hoped that Victor could consider working in the Scott Group.

A month before Victor came from abroad, Carson had gone abroad to see him, and even then, he had proposed the same thing.

Although the Scott family was less rich and powerful when compared to the Sullivans and the Jimenezs, it still had its place in Apliaria.

And Carson knew Victor's capability for business better than anyone else.

When Carson had just entered college, his family had encountered a serious financial problem.

It had been so critical that one wrong step would have been enough to wipe out everything.

He had been so worried, but there was not much he could have done back then.

When Victor, who had been out of the country, knew that something had happened to his family, he helped them out without hesitation.

He pulled some strings and settle the problem.

Later, he offered them some advice, which not only got the Scott family out of trouble, but also helped them thrive.

It was no exaggeration to say that he had single-handedly saved the Scott family.

as no Carson was sure that if Victor ever wanted it, his father would hand over the Scott Group to him with no hesitation, But they all knew that Victor didn't want any of it.

If he did he would have already taken over the company while Carson was still in college.

If he could manage the Scott Group's business and help it grow stronger while reserving the Scotts' family name, it would be the best outcome.

No one would object to it.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Victor's attending doctor came in with his assistant and nurse.

"Mr.Sullivan, Mr.Scott." Victor nodded.

Mr.Sullivan how are you feeling today?"

The doctor went on to check on Victor without waiting for his answer while his assistant was making notes in his notebook.

Carson thought of something just then.

"Doctor, I have a question."

"Go ahead, Mr.Scott."

"Didn't you say before that the blood clot in his brain has been pressing on his nerves? Now that he has fully regained his memories, does it mean that the blood clot is gone?"

Carson had been so busy that he hadn't had time to visit the hospital.It was not until Victor called his name and started scolding him that he realized Victor had regained his memories.

"Generally speaking, that is correct. It's exactly why I came here."

The attending doctor paused and stroked his chin.

"However, the CT results came out, and they weren't what we expected."

"You mean the blood clot is still there? In his brain?"

Carson stood up in shock.The doctor looked at Carson and then turned to Victor.

“Yes. The reason Mr. Sullivan regained his memories is simply that the blood clot has moved from his memory nerves.” Carson frowned.

“So when will it be gone completely?” Victor asked in a low voice.

The doctor looked sheepishly to the side.

“Mr. Sullivan, I’m sorry. I can’t give you a sure answer yet.”

“What will happen if it continues to stay there?”

“At present, the blood clot isn’t touching any of your nerves. If it stays where it is now, everything will be fine. You might only experience a loss of appetite and some sleep. But there’s medicine to cater for that.”

The doctor eyes kept shifting from Victor’s as he spoke.

“Stays there? It’s only been a month and a half and it has already moved away from his memory nerves.”

Although he had no experience as a doctor, Carson could very well understand what was going on. The doctor pressed his lips and said nothing.

The speed at which the blood clot moved was indeed much faster than they had expected.

They had been treating it for one and a half months, but it still hadn’t dissolved completely.

“Tell me, what will happen if the blood clot continues to move?” Carson asked the question in everyone’s mind.

“Well...” The doctor hesitated.

It wasn’t hard to tell why the doctor was acting like that.

After all, it was Victor he was treating.

If he got mad, the doctor would be doomed.

Carson looked at the intern who stood with her notebook behind the doctor.

“You, tell me.”

The intern, who hadn’t realized she was being addressed at first, was stunned. She looked at her teacher subconsciously and adjusted her glasses nervously.

“The brain structure is very complicated and remains a mystery to us.

There are countless nerves in one’s brain, even the slightest change of one nerve could affect the whole body.”

“Cut the crap.I didn’t ask for a lecture.”

“Okay.We have checked the cases in recent years and found that when the blood clot moved to the patients’ nerves, some patients lost their sense of smell, while a few were even paralyzed.”

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The King Of Hearts

So, in the worst-case scenario, Victor would be paralyzed? Although the intern said it very carefully, the word ‘paralyzed’ made everyone in the room silent.

“Mr.Scott, Mr.Sullivan, although we can’t guarantee that the blood clot will not cause paralysis, the chance of it happening is still very low.We have checked many cases and out of them, there was only one patient who got paralyzed.”

The doctor rushed through the words hoping to brighten the situation.

There was only one case, but that didn’t mean it wouldn’t happen again.

Carson remained silent, not knowing what to think. Sweat appeared on the intern’s forehead.She looked at the expression on Victor’s face while carefully avoiding eye contact.

Victor’s eyes darkened.

“Can the blood clot be removed through surgery?”

“Not yet.”

The doctor paused and shook his head.

“Don’t worry, Mr.Sullivan.We will watch it carefully.Once we are able to perform the surgery, we will.”

“Didn’t you say that only one patient was paralyzed by this?” Carson frowned.

“How are they doing now? Did the blood clot disappear in the end? Or was it removed?”

The room was silent once more.

The doctor didn't dare to speak and neither did those with him.

The intern raised her hand and wiped the sweat off her forehead.

Just then, her eyes met Carson's.

Her heart sank and she immediately understood what he wanted. She swallowed and looked at her teacher for help.

"He has passed away."

Seeing that the doctor didn't even look up the whole time, the intern answered just to ease the pressure of Carson's gaze.

"He was paralyzed because the blood clot had been pressing on his nerves for years. Half a year later, he suddenly passed out. The doctors did everything they could, but he was already brain dead."

There were two ways to tell whether a person was dead or not.

One was that their heart stopped.

Once the heart stopped, it meant that there was nothing to pump blood anymore, and all organs would stop working altogether.

The other way was brain death.

The central nerve of the brain controlled the breathing system.

Once one's brain died, they would stop breathing and eventually even their body would die too.

Therefore, brain death was also a signal that a person was already dying.

Suddenly, The tension in the room grew even worse.

"So you mean that we can only count on luck now? If Victor is lucky, the blood clot in his brain will disappear and everything will be fine. But if he isn't, then not only will he be paralyzed, but also die?"

"Theoretically speaking, that is the case."

The intern lowered her head, not sure why she was put in such a position.

Then she quickly added, "But, we will try our best to make sure it doesn't happen."

Carson frowned and looked at Victor.

It was the first time he was so angry, but he had nowhere to direct his anger.

He really wanted to yell at the doctors, but what good would it do? It certainly wouldn't help with Victor's situation.

Victor closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"You can leave now."

Hearing what he said, the doctor and nurses were more than relieved. They turned around and left the ward without hesitation.

"I will call some foreign experts and ask them to come up with a plan as soon as possible. I don't believe that no one can remove the tiny little blood clot."

Carson tried to process all the information as he didn't want to think of the possibility that had been offered.

"Okay."

Compared to the seething look on Carson's face, Victor was much calmer and way more composed.

"Why are you so calm?" Carson paused and asked out of curiosity.

Victor signed the last page of the document before closing it.

"Call my lawyer for me."

"Lawer? Why do you need your lawyer? The most important thing for you now is to get some rest. You shouldn't even be working anymore."

"I need to make a will."

Victor words sounded so obvious as if there was nothing wrong with them.

Carson stopped in his tracks.

After a while, he came to his senses and blinked a few times.

"What did you just say?"

“No one else can find out about this; we need someone we can trust.” Victor lowered his eyes and thought for a while.

“Do you have Andy’s phone number? Ask him to come tomorrow.”

Call Andy? Make a will? When Carson heard Victor’s words, he immediately realized what the man was planning to do.

“Vic, do you really think that Rachel will be so impressed by this?”

Because of the possibility of him dying, Victor wanted to make a will in advance and leave everything he had to Rachel. And there was only one person he could trust who had the power to make sure that Rachel got the properties, Andy.

Once again, Victor didn’t answer his question. He only turned to the side and placed the document on the bedside table.

“I’m tired. You may leave.”

“Okay, okay. No one can change your mind once you’ve decided, I know.”

Carson shrugged his shoulders. It was better to call the medical experts as soon as possible rather than stay there arguing with Victor.

He took his laptop and yawned wearily.

“After everything ends, I will have a good, long, well-deserved sleep. I am exhausted.”

Victor glanced at the bags under Carson’s eyes but said nothing.

“Oh, by the way, I’ve investigated the phone call you received the other day and couldn’t find anything on the owner or its IP address. But I received an interesting resume, which was sent to my e-mail this morning. Guess whose it was.” Carson smiled.

“The King of Hearts,”

Victor replied without any hesitation, as he looked through another document.

Carson was surprised.

“How do you know?” No answer.

“The King of Hearts disappeared for six years, and now he suddenly came back and sent his resume to my e-mail. Don’t you think that’s weird?”

Victor looked up at him without saying anything, waiting for him to continue, "Although no one knows what he has been doing in those six years, with his ability, he could get any job he wants. So why does he want to work for the Sullivan Group?"

Carson went on to analyze.

"There are only two possibilities for such a person to do this. First, he has a mission, which has something to do with the Sullivan Group. Therefore, to complete it, he has to get into the company itself. Second, there is something he wants that's in the Sullivan Group. No matter what the reason is, if he wants to get into the Sullivan Group, he couldn't use his own name, or they would ignore his resume without even getting to us. Therefore, he had to find another way. Coincidentally, Joey was kidnapped, and he could use this as an opportunity. After helping you, he sent his resume to me. With his status and the fact that he had rescued your son, we wouldn't be able to refuse him. Wow, he is indeed very smart. Everything is very well planned."

"What do you think we should do then?"

Victor's voice held none of the excitement in Carson's.

"I've heard of his name a long time ago. It would be interesting to meet him in person."

Carson smirked with a glint of mischief in his eyes.

"I have told Ivan to inform him he should come to work tomorrow."

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Trust Me

The next day In the CEO's office of the Sullivan Group Ivan pushed open the door after knocking twice and entered, saying, "Mr. Scott, Mr. Finch just got here."

Wallace, who had been standing behind Ivan, entered the room as soon as he was done speaking. He stared at Carson, who was seated behind the desk, and inadvertently scanned the whole room.

Then he smiled broadly.

"Mr. Scott, it's a pleasure to meet you. Wallace Finch is my name."

Casually, Carson dropped the pen and leaned back slightly.

He scanned Wallace's face and saw that he reminded him of someone he'd met before.

He got a distinct impression that he'd seen Wallace before, but he'd seen far too many individuals be certain, and Wallace was his own sex.

He had no idea where he'd run across him.

As a result, he decided to give up.

He rose, went up to Wallace, and extended his hand.

"We are delighted to have you here, Mr.Finch."

"I'm also thrilled to have joined the Sullivan Group.Thank you very much for giving me this chance."

Wallace greeted him pleasantly, shaking his hand.

"Mr.Finch, you're being a little too humble.On behalf of the Sullivan Group, I'd want to thank you.This is the first time I've seen the King of Hearts in person, and it's such a shame having heard so much about you."

Carson was kind and professional while he was at work.

"When I saw you just now, I felt some sort of familiarity with you.I have a vague sense that I have seen you before, and you deviate somewhat from what I pictured you to be."

The words stunned Wallace, who stared into Carson's eyes and scowled in an imperceptible way upon hearing them.

Had Carson ever met him? Did he realize he was not the real King of Hearts? No, it was out of possibility.

How could Carson not remember him at all if he had previously met him? Furthermore, Shelia had never publicly acknowledged her status as the King of Hearts while she was still alive.

Only the core members of the Red Hackers were aware that the King of Hearts was a woman.

Despite the thoughts whizzing through his head, he didn't seem to be showing any signs of discomfort.

In response to Carson's statements, he said, "Then how come I seemed familiar at first?"

Carson signaled Wallace to take a seat.

Then he cast a sideways look toward Ivan.

Turning around and heading to prepare coffee, Ivan understood what he was saying and promptly exited the office.

Carson sat down with his legs crossed. He sat on the couch, slumped over the back, looking drowsy.

"I don't know how to express it," Carson said.

"I was quite startled to learn that the King of Hearts was a guy since I had assumed that only a woman could bear the title."

Wallace's wide grin froze for a split second.

Ivan entered at the same moment with the coffee he had made and disrupted the two people's chat.

"I heard Mr. Sullivan was badly hurt a while ago. How is his recovery?"

Wallace came psychologically prepared since he wasn't the real King of Hearts.

Even if someone realized he was a fake, he wouldn't have any proof to back it up since Shelia was already dead.

The true King of Hearts was no more.

The Red Hackers, on the other hand, had changed a lot in the last six years.

While sipping his coffee, Carson's eyes narrowed, almost imperceptibly.

After that, he furrowed his brows and exclaimed, "You've heard? I'd love to know who informed you about that. Mr. Finch. Mr. Sullivan has taken some time off."

Wallace's heart was racing by now. He quickly recognized that he was still somewhat thrown off by Carson's statements.

"I'm sorry," he said, hastily adjusting his demeanor, "Mr. Finch, please taste the coffee. Ivan is Mr. Sullivan's helper, and he always makes an excellent cup of coffee."

The coffee tasted nice to Wallace, so he turned to Ivan and said, "Your coffee is certainly excellent."

"Thank you for your appreciation," Ivan answered in a straightforward manner.

Carson up and said, "Now that we've met and had coffee together, Mr. Finch, I must return to my business. You may always go to Ivan for assistance if you run into any issues."

"Let me take you to your office, Mr. Finch," Ivan said, glancing at Carson.

Wallace acknowledged him with a nod and was ready to exit the office.

However, after just two steps, he suddenly remembered something and halted, before turning around.

"Mr. Scott?" Wallace called out to Carson.

"I've only just arrived, and I'm a little lost. I don't want to bother you or Ivan, so I'm wondering whether I may access the archive here so that I can learn more about the Sullivan Group and its initiatives."

"You said the archive?" Carson inquired with an arched brow.

Wallace gave a nod.

"The archive is not a private area. You have complete freedom to go whenever you wish. Employees are invited to visit the Sullivan Group's archive to explore the company's history." Carson said the words in a casual tone.

"Mr. Scott, you misinterpreted me."

Carson squinted his eyes in bewilderment.

"I wanted to know whether I could see all of the contracts of Sullivan Group."

The contracts kept in the archive, on the other hand, were a well-guarded secret.

Carson's eyes became gloomy.

Even though he had anticipated it, he was nevertheless taken aback by Wallace.

He had a certain feeling that Wallace was here for a specific reason.

In order to determine whether or not the guy behind Wallace was their target, he let him in.

As a result, Wallace's request for access to their private contracts came as no surprise to Carson.

What surprised him was that Wallace didn't try to disguise it.

Carson was a bit perplexed by this.

“Only Mr.Sullivan and Mr.Scott have access to all project contracts, Mr.Finch.” Ivan said icily.

“It’s clear to me.” Wallace gave a nod of approval.

“It is, however, imperative that I learn more about the Sullivan Group because I am now a member.If you’re concerned about my leaking secrets, Mr.Scott, you may disregard my request at this time.”

Wallace then went on to say, “Because of my admiration for Mr.Sullivan and Mr.Scott, I decided to join the Sullivan Group.

Even before we met, I had a sense that you two were very astute when it came to spotting potential talents.

It seems to me that you allowed me in because you believed that I could be trusted, Mr.Scott.”

Carson grinned and said, “Well, that’s something right there.I’m going to have to believe you now that you’ve made a compelling case.”

Wallace maintained his silence while wearing a small grin.

In silence, Carson fiddled with the pen he had in his hand.

“I’ll ask Ivan to grant you a key to the archive’s inner chamber.There are all of the Sullivan Group’s contracts over the last three decades.You’re free to come in and look whenever you want.”

At this point, a reporter’s voice came through the TV, which had been muted for the duration of the meeting.

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I Miss You (Part One)

In the Bennet family’s house, Rachel asked the new servant to make some soup.

As she walked out of the kitchen, her eyes drifted to Joey, who was sitting on the sofa.

“Joe, have some soup first.” she said.

Not a word left Joey's lips.

His eyes stared intently on the television.

The servant was welcomed by this scene as she walked out of the kitchen.

"Miss Bennet, let me call him for you," she said.

"No. It's fine."

Rachel walked towards the living room.

She was about to pat the little guy's shoulder when she was interrupted by the sound of the news coming from the television.

"Yesterday, the Industrial and Commercial Bureau, the Public Security Bureau, along with the other departments, carried out a spot check on a number of major developments in Baltimore. As they were looking into one of the Sullivan Group's projects, an unfortunate incident happened. A slate suddenly fell off, causing serious injuries to one of their workers. He was reported to be unconscious during the said tragedy. The cause of this terrible accident is currently still under investigation. However, according to one of the inspection experts present, the poor quality of the materials used during the construction was one of the probable causes of the accident."

One of the Sullivan Group's projects had gone wrong.

Suddenly, Rachel's phone buzzed.

It was an update from the stock market.

"The Sullivan Group is suspected to be unsafe materials for their infrastructures and hastening the construction process for quick profit Baltimore's government agencies are currently holding an investigation regarding this matter."

Rachel continued to scroll on his phone for other news.

"The stock price of the Sullivan Construction plummeted by a staggering 15%. Shareholders are demanding a report from the senior executives of the company."

The unfortunate news Rachel saw through her phone put a frown on her face.

It wasn't until then that Rachel noticed that Joey was watching the news about the Sullivan Group from his tablet.

Suddenly, she recalled the look on Carson's face as he answered the calls yesterday. He certainly did not look amused.

That must have been the time of the accident.

Once again, Rachel unlocked her phone and clicked on Quintin's number.

"Have you heard of the accident in Baltimore? Can you please take a look at how they're handling things?"

In the midst of her typing, Rachel suddenly stopped. She pursed her lips as her eyes scanned the words that she typed on her phone.

'What the hell am I doing? This has nothing to do with me. I can't believe I'm asking Quintin for help,' she thought. After deleting the message, Rachel looked at Joey.

She finally understood why he did not have the appetite to eat.

"Miss Bennet?"

The servant noticed that Rachel and Joe were taking too long.

"Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. Keep the soup warm. Joe has just eaten. He probably doesn't have the appetite to eat more," Rachel answered.

Finally, Rachel's voice seemed to have registered into Joey's ears, shaking him back to his senses.

Hastily, he turned his head and called, "Mommy."

Joey was so deep into the news broadcast that he did not take notice of Rachel's presence.

Quickly, he put his tablet down and reached out for the remote, changing the station.

It almost looked as if he was afraid that Rachel would know what he was thinking.

"Watching the news is really boring," he complained.

But of course, Rachel knew exactly what was going on in his head.

Gingerly caressing his head, she said, "I have a meeting later this afternoon. You will have to stay home by yourself. Is that okay?"

"Yeah, it's fine. I'll wait for you at home," Joey replied, nodding his head.

Rachel pinched his rosy cheek and said, "I'll cook something really good for you when I get home."

Hearing that Rachel was going out, the servant gazed outside to check the weather.

Quickly, she fetched her a coat and said, "It might rain later tonight, Miss Bennet. You should take a coat with you."

Rachel looked out the window. She nodded at the servant in response.

Indeed, the sky was dark and gloomy.

At the hospital "Mr. Sullivan, you can't leave the hospital yet!"

Lukas persuaded.

He had just come back from the Sue Garden.

His eyes drifted towards Victor, who was clad in a hospital gown, standing in front of him.

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I Miss You (Part Two)

"Get out of my way," Victor ordered with a frown.

Lukas was still refusing to give up.

Today, Victor was allowed to get out of bed and walk for fifteen minutes a day but he couldn't strain his body more than that.

He couldn't stand for long because of his injuries.

Furthermore, the blood clot in his brain showed no signs of disappearing.

The doctor even proposed that he stay in the hospital for nine months rather than just six months.

Victor sprung out of bed as soon as the doctor left the room, intending to leave the hospital.

"Sir, please tell me what you want. I'll take care of it. The doctor said that you can't be out of bed."

“Lukas, I’ll say it the last time. Get out of the way!”

Victor cut him off.

“I can’t,” Lukas answered sincerely.

“I have promised your grandma that I would take care of you. I’ll be murdering you and failing her if I let you go now! She had been so kind to me; I can’t possibly let her down now.”

Victor’s eyes clouded.

“Mr. Sullivan, please return to bed and get some rest,” Lukas said with concern.

“If you are concerned about the Sullivan Group, Mr. Scott assured you that everything would be alright, correct? Even though Mr. Scott looks to be a playboy, I can tell that he is reliable. You should have confidence in his ability to lead the Sullivan Group now that you’ve given him the reins.”

Victor understood that Lukas stopped him because he had taken him as family.

“Fine!” Victor gave in.

“So, you’re not going to leave?” Lukas inquired with a wry grin.

Victor coughed abruptly.

“Mr. Sullivan, are you in any discomfort? Please get back into bed.”

Lukas became concerned when he heard his cough.

“I’m okay. Perhaps because I’ve been standing for so long, my chest feels a little congested,” Victor remarked in a low voice and stopped Lukas.

“Congested?”

“Yes, please call the doctor.”

Lukas quickly nodded and added, “I will now call the doctor. You’d be better off going back to bed, sir.”

Turning around, Victor headed towards the bed.

Without hesitating, Lukas made a U-turn and left the ward.

But after Lukas left the ward, Victor turned around and stepped out of the room.

As soon as the two bodyguards outside saw Victor emerge, they stood straight and greeted him in unison.

“Mr.Sullivan!”

“Get the car ready,” Victor said in a cold voice.

The bodyguards were surprised and unconsciously glanced back.

When Lukas had just departed, he told them to pay attention to Victor before he went.

Luke also reminded them that if anything occurred, they should phone him immediately.

But now, Victor was leaving the hospital.

“Mr.Sullivan, where do you want to be taken?” asked one of the bodyguards.

“To the Bennet family.”

The preparation for the welfare home project was almost complete, but Rachel couldn't find a proper partner due to the project's high need for finance and the fact that there would be little return in the near future.

At last, she accepted to work with the Jimenez Group.

It was not that she couldn't withdraw the money straight from her bank account in the Red Hackers.She didn't have a problem with it.She had the financial means to back the Bennet Group financially.

But she needed the Jimenez Group's notoriety.She was going to do a good job on this endeavor since she had determined to do it.

Nevertheless, it would take a long time and perhaps would not work out so well if she was doing it alone.

The Bennet Group seemed to be on the verge of bankruptcy to the general public.

A charity project wasn't a very good idea at the time since people would think they wanted to do a rug-pull before their demise.

The Jimenez Group was the ideal partner. Now that the project had officially begun, the Bennet Group and the Jimenez Group met to examine its progress by listening to the project manager's report.

Since Rachel was the one who started this initiative, she had no intention of handing it over to anybody else except herself.

In the conference room, the project manager placed the laser pointer on the desk and said, "Miss Bennet, Mr. Jimenez, my presentation is complete. The issues we've experienced so far have been steadily addressed. After the media learned that we were working together to build a welfare home, they published several stories and the reaction has been positive."

Roger signed the paper he had in his hands.

After that, he turned to the other members of the project team and said, "I appreciate all of your efforts, and I especially want to thank you. I've instructed my assistant to reserve a special dining room at Valmead Club just for you to use for dinner."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Jimenez."

Everyone rose to their feet and thanked Roger with excitement after hearing this.

Rachel also signed the agreement and gave it to the project manager.

"I think we've wrapped up the meeting. You may now head back and prepare for dinner."

"Miss Bennet, that's alright. We'd love to have you join us," requested the project manager.

She could see the rain coming down the French windows from where she sat.

Rachel remarked with a sigh, "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to be joining you today; I have other plans. Have a good time, guys. In addition, you may not be able to fully appreciate the experience if I'm present."

"How so? We can't wait to have dinner with you."

Once she gained control of the Bennet Group, Rachel restructured and eliminated all unnecessary regulations, removed managers who couldn't do their duties, and shook up the board of directors to teach them a valuable lesson in business ethics.

Rachel was despised only by those who were unable to do their jobs properly.

Aside from individuals who had been brought in via their connections, all of the project team members were ambitious and skilled workers.

They finally had their opportunity after Rachel came, so it was only natural that they'd love her.

Another guy added, "Miss Bennet, please come with us."

"I'm pressed for time. After our next meeting, I'll take everyone out to enjoy the hot spring."

Rachel grinned as she stood up.

The project manager agreed and stated, "Sure. Miss Bennet, then I guess this is goodbye for now."

Rachel nodded, then the group filed out of the room.

Within less than a minute, just Rachel and Roger remained.

Rachel's phone rang on the desk.

When Rachel took it, she saw a message.

Seeing it, her face burst into a grin.

"Was it sent by Joe?"

Roger inquired after seeing the gleam in her eyes.

"Yes."

Roger cocked his head and gazed out the window at the rain.

"Rachel, are you going home?" he inquired as he picked up his suit from the armrest of the chair.

Rachel put away her phone and answered, "I told Joe I'd go home early and make him something lovely. I'm so sorry I won't join you for dinner!"

"Rachel, I've made it clear to you that we're friends," Roger said.

"You also did say we could be friends, didn't you? Then stop apologizing so much." Rachel grinned while lowering her eyes.

"It's pouring, and the road is likely to be slick. I'd be happy to drive you home."

The screen of Rachel's phone suddenly lighted up as she was ready to decline.

She noticed the message Joey sent her just now and that she promised Joey she would think about her relationship with Roger.

"Sure." She nodded.

Meanwhile, the doorbell rang as soon as Joey got off the couch after texting Rachel.