

Want Nothing But You Chapter 481

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 481

I Miss You (Part Three)

Lila, the servant, came out from the kitchen. Wiping her hands with a washcloth, she murmured, "It must be Mige Bennet."

"oh, good!" Joey was ecstatic.

"I'll open the door. Just get on with your work."

Lila was about to go back to the kitchen when she saw Joey walking out of the living room towards the porch.

"Joey, take an umbrella with you," she reminded him.

"Okay." Joey took an umbrella from the umbrella stand before stepping out on the front porch.

"Joey, be careful," Lila called out.

"The road is slippery on rainy days."

Joey turned around and raised his hand, making an OK gesture.

Seeing Joey rushing headlong to the garden path, Lila turned around and went to the kitchen to continue cleaning.

The drizzle beat gently on the umbrella as Joey walked across the small garden.

The rain went pitter-patter and gave out water spray as he walked on the cobblestone path.

All this while, Joey was thinking about asking his mother to cook something delicious for him.

When he was about to reach the gate, he raised his head and looked out.

"Mom?"

The smile on his face was wiped out.

Joey turned around to go back to the house. A man stood on the other side of the gate.

“Joey,” he called out when he saw the boy.

Joey stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at the man.

Face flushed, he wanted to leave the man alone. But he didn't.

Instead, he walked towards the gate.

“What are you doing here?” Joey asked, his jaw raised slightly in a stubborn way.

“Didn't you ask me who I was that day? And now, here you are, knowing who I am.”

“I heard it from Ivan.” Victor's eyes darkened.

“I'm here for your mommy.”

‘So, he didn't come for me’

Joey didn't know what he was looking forward to. He felt a sense of loss when he heard what Victor had said. His knuckle turned white as he held the umbrella tightly.

“My mommy is not at home, so you may leave now.”

“Did she go out?”

“Yes, and she won't be back anytime soon,” Joey said harshly.

“She went out with my future daddy.”

Joey then turned around and hurriedly walked back to the house, leaving no chance for Victor to ask more questions.

‘Bad dad! You don't want to admit that I am your son, and yet, here you are looking for my mother! Ha! I won't let my mommy be with you! I shouldn't have tried to bring you two together’

Joey was seething in anger. He stomped on the ground.

The rainwater splashed and wetted the hems of his trousers. Lila heard Joey walk across the porch to the living room. She thought that his mother was not far behind. She came out of the kitchen to greet Rachel but found Joey alone.

The boy wore a long face and his eyes were red.

Joey was fine when he went out a while ago. Why did he come back like this?

“Joey, what’s wrong with you? Where is Miss Bennet? Didn’t she come with you?”

Lila asked Joey, her eyebrows furrowed with concern for the boy.

Joey shook his head and said, “My mommy hasn’t come back yet.”

“Then…”

“Lila, can I go upstairs now? I just want to sleep,” Joey said in a low voice, blinking away his tears.

Lila nodded, understanding how Joey felt.

“I’ll call you when Miss Bennet comes back.”

Joey nodded, walked past Lila, and went upstairs to his bedroom.

Lila watched him go and then turned her head to look at the small garden outside the porch. She saw what looked like a man standing outside.

“That is not Miss Bennet” she thought.

She wondered who the man was.

Joey’s mood changed just when he met the man outside.

Lila thought that it would be wise to go out to have a look.

But she heard Joey call out from behind her, “Lila, can I have a glass of milk?”

Lila turned around and said, “Of course. I’m going to heat milk for you, Joey.”

“Thank you.”

Lila started to walk back to the kitchen and then remembered the man standing at the gate.

She hesitated for a moment and then asked, “Joey, I saw a man standing outside.”

“Yes. A passer-by who is taking shelter from the rain,” Joey said in a flat tone.

“Taking shelter from the rain, huh? But the doorbell just rang.”

“He might have pressed accidentally,” Joey replied, shrugging his shoulders.

“Lila, I’m really sleepy. Can you bring me the milk quickly?”

Lila could take a hint. She knew Joey didn't want to be asked any more questions. So, she walked towards the kitchen, putting aside her desire to know about the man.

Joey went back to his room. He lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling for a long time.

The drizzle had turned into pouring rain.

Joey thought that he didn't see Victor holding an umbrella.

Had Victor been discharged from the hospital? Did he recover fast? These questions kept popping up in Joey's mind, and he couldn't get rid of them.

So, he tossed and turned in bed, unable to sleep. Just then, Lila knocked on the door.

"Joey, the milk is warm. Shall I bring it to you now?"

Joey sat up in bed.

Lila's voice was a welcome relief to his broodings.

"Yes, Lila, do come in. The door is not locked."

"Okay," said Lila and she then pushed the door open so he could enter Joey's room.

She put down the glass of milk on the bedside table.

When she came face-to-face with Joey, she noticed the dour look on the boy's face.

"Joey, is something the matter?" she asked worriedly.

"No, I'm just sleepy."

Joey shook his head.

"Here, drink your milk so you can have a good sleep," Lila said, feeling the temperature in the room.

The rain was now pouring and it was cold.

"Let me turn on the heater for you, okay?"

Lila glanced upon Joey's trousers and noticed that the hems were wet.

"Joey, you might catch a cold in your wet pants," she said as she turned around to get some clothes for the boy.

But Joey stopped her.

“I am fine, Lila. I can change myself.”

Lila turned again to look at Joey.

Her worry was etched in every line on her face.

Rachel was not yet home now and Joey was under her care.

She didn't want him to catch a cold.

Joey knew what was on Lila's mind.

“I'm going to get some dry and warm clothes.”

Then he went to his cabinet.

Lila smiled.

“Joey, don't forget to drink the warm milk before you go to bed. I think I'll make some soup for your mother when she gets home. It will warm her.”

Lila then walked out of the room.

Joey took out a fresh pair of pajamas and went to the bathroom.

After changing clothes, he walked back to his bed and saw the warm milk on the bedside table.

His lips pursed, and he thought about what Lila said before she left.

It was a really cold day with the rain in winter.

Getting wet in the rain would make a person sick, even for someone healthy like him.

Joey took the glass of milk and walked to the balcony mindlessly.

When he came to his senses, he was already on the balcony.

He looked down and saw someone at the gate. It was Victor.

He hadn't left yet.

He was standing under the waiting shed, but with the wind blowing in the rain, the hospital gown that he was wearing was already wet.

From a distance, a Bentley was approaching.

Want Nothing But You Chapter 482

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 482

I Miss You (Part Four)

“That’s strange. It looks like someone’s standing outside Miss Bennet’s house,” the driver remarked.

Rain was pouring heavily, so he couldn’t see it clearly. He could only make out a person’s figure standing there from a distance. Rachel and Roger turned to look at the house.

Roger looked outside as well, worried that it could be someone suspicious.

When they saw the lurking figure, they instantly recognized who it was.

Subconsciously, Roger turned his head toward Rachel. He swallowed and attempted to say something, only to find that Rachel had already looked away as if she didn’t care.

Roger would have assumed Rachel would not react emotionally when she saw Victor if she hadn’t clenched her hands on her knees.

The gate of the house slowly opened as the car approached.

Lila, who was inside the house, had noticed that they had returned and opened the gate for them.

As the car had gotten closer, the driver’s eyes widened a little in surprise after recognizing the man standing at the front door.

The first thing he did was look up at Rachel and Roger in the rearview mirror.

“Mr. Jimenez, it appears to be Mr. Sullivan.”

The driver couldn’t help but remind them.

Roger’s eyes darkened as he lowered his gaze to Rachel’s clenched fists.

“Stop the car.”

The driver stepped on the brakes.

Confused, Rachel gave Roger a puzzled look.

Roger's mouth twitched slightly, and a faint, bitter smile flashed on his face.

"Perhaps Mr. Sullivan came here for you, Rachel." Rachel pursed her lips and remained silent.

"He seems to be doing better now, but he's still wearing the hospital gown. He probably just got discharged from the hospital. I'm not sure how long he's been standing here."

Although he said that, Roger somehow hoped that Rachel would say it had nothing to do with her.

After hesitating for a while, Rachel took out her phone and searched for Ivan's phone number.

"I'll call Ivan and ask him to pick Victor up." She scrolled through her list of contacts and dialed Ivan's phone number.

A wave of relief washed over Roger when he heard this.

It seemed that Rachel really wanted to make a clean break with Victor.

The phone rang incessantly, but there was no answer.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unattended. Please try again later."

"I guess the Sullivan Group is swamped as a result of yesterday's events. Ivan should be dealing with a lot of things right now. He might not pick up the phone for the time being," Roger said.

Since they were in a closed space, he could clearly hear the audio prompt from Rachel's phone.

Feeling a bit troubled, Rachel gripped her phone tightly.

"Roger's right. Ivan and Carson are probably handling the problem since Victor's still recovering from his injuries"

"I think Mr. Sullivan came to your house after leaving the hospital. How about I ask the driver to send him back to the hospital for now?" Roger suggested.

While Roger was speaking, Rachel sent a message to Carson and asked him to come and get Victor.

Rachel paused after processing Roger's words.

"But I don't want to bother you..."

“Don’t worry about it.It’s no trouble at all.”

Roger then turned to the driver and gave him some instructions.

After that, he walked over to the front and opened the car door for Rachel while holding an umbrella.

“Thank you,” Rachel whispered.

The moment she got out of the car and stood on the side of the driveway, she felt like she was being watched.

Without even looking, she knew who it was.

Eventually, Lila exited the maid’s room with an umbrella.She found it weird that the Bentley didn’t come in, and she was a little worried.

“Miss Bennet.”

Lila dashed toward Rachel with a worried face. Rachel nodded and quietly stepped away from the umbrella Roger was holding for her.

She then proceeded to share an umbrella with Lila and asked, “Where’s Joey?”

“Joey is sleeping in his room,” Lila replied with a smile, eyeing Roger curiously.

“The man is very handsome.Is he Rachel’s boyfriend?” Lila thought.

But before she could figure out the answer, Roger had already noticed her gaze and known what was on her mind.

He smiled politely at Lila and said, “Nice to meet you, Lila.My name is Roger Jimenez.I’m a friend of Rachel.”

So he wasn’t actually Rachel’s boyfriend? But Lila wasn’t naive when it came to these things.

After all, who could miss the way Roger looked at Rachel? The affection in his eyes gave it all away.

Lila instantly concluded even if Roger wasn’t Rachel’s boyfriend now, he would be soon.

Seeing that he was not only handsome but also humble, Lila was very satisfied to know that Rachel was in good hands. She smiled back and greeted Roger.

“Hello, Mr.Jimenez.”

Victor's eyes were glued to Rachel the entire time.

In the rain, the blue and white hospital gown easily stood out.

Despite Rachel's best efforts to ignore it, she caught a glimpse of Victor out of the corner of her eye.

"Rachel, the rain is getting heavier. You and Lila go in first. I'll take Mr. Sullivan to the car."

Rachel slowly nodded.

Roger turned around and walked up to Victor straight away. It wasn't until then that Lila came to her senses.

She was taken aback to see Victor.

'Wait a minute, isn't this the man Joey mentioned earlier who was sheltering from the rain?'

"Lila, let's head back first."

Before Lila could assess the situation, Rachel interrupted her thoughts.

"Ah, yes, Miss Bennet," Lila answered in a hurry.

"I made some ginger soup. It's perfect for a rainy cold day, and it's good for your health. I'll serve some to you and Mr. Jimenez later." Rachel nodded.

"That'd be great. I appreciate it, Lila."

Just as they were about to leave, a loud cough brought them to a halt.

Thud! Victor placed a hand on his chest, his back making a dull sound as it collided with the railing. Rachel turned her head to look along with Lila.

When Lila saw this, she exclaimed, "Goodness me... His face is ghostly pale!"

Rachel couldn't help but check on Victor. He was indeed very pale and weak.

If a strong wind suddenly came, he could easily tumble down.

Seeing this, Roger rushed to help Victor out, but before he could touch him, Victor leaned against the railing and yelled in a low voice, "Get away from me!"

Rachel frowned.

She didn't like how Victor was behaving "Mr.Sullivan, you don't look good right now.I'll ask my driver to send you back to the hospital."

Instead of getting offended, Roger withdrew his hand and approached Victor calmly.

Victor heard him clearly, but he didn't say anything. His stubbornness pissed Rachel off even more.

"Roger, just leave him alone and let him wait for death here."

After saying that, Rachel stormed off in the pouring rain, not caring that she would get drenched.

"Rachel... Ahem..."

"Mr.Sullivan!"

"Oh my God! You're bleeding!"

Roger and Lila exclaimed.

This made Rachel stop again.

When she turned around, she noticed blood dripping out of Victor's mouth.

His blue and white hospital gown was almost dripping wet, and his hair was damp against his forehead.He looked at Rachel with deep, dark eyes even in such a situation.

"Rachel..."

Victor murmured and felt like suffocating, causing him to get dizzy.He staggered unconsciously and was on the verge of collapsing.

The next thing he knew, he was being held by someone.

Victor felt warm, then smelled the faint scent of a woman's body wash.He opened his eyes and blinked, then looked at Rachel, who was holding him.He didn't dare to press all his weight on her.

"I miss you, Rachel."

Want Nothing But You Chapter 483

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 483

My Clothes Are Wet

“Victor, you haven’t fully recovered. You’re not even sober yet,” Rachel said in a cold tone.

“I’ll ask someone to send you back to the hospital.”

“No. I won’t go back.”

Victor held Rachel’s wrist tightly.

Rachel tried her best to shake off his hand, but Victor was strong enough despite his condition.

Moreover, she felt that his hand was very hot. She instantly frowned and asked, “You have a fever, don’t you?”

Hearing this, Roger stepped forward and took Victor’s other arm to support him.

“Mr. Sullivan, if you’re still not feeling well, it’ll be best if we send you back to the hospital.”

However, Victor shook off Roger’s hand and said in a sullen voice, “I don’t need your help, and I’m not going anywhere. Why don’t you get out of here instead?”

While the two men were having a confrontation, Rachel took the opportunity to withdraw her hand.

Then, she took a few steps back to keep a distance from Victor.

Victor looked at Rachel, and all he saw was the indifference in her eyes.

His face darkened.

Meanwhile, the rain became heavier.

In just a few moments, Victor became totally drenched in the rain.

“Mommy...”

Just as Rachel was thinking about leaving Victor alone in the heavy pouring rain, Joey’s voice echoed from behind her.

It turned out that he came over, bearing an umbrella.

Lila saw Joey, who was wearing thin clothes, suddenly appear.

She hurriedly went to him and said, "Oh, Joey, why aren't you wearing a raincoat? It's cold outside. You might get sick!"

Then, Lila quickly took off her coat, intending to put it on Joey. But before she could do that, someone had already put on a coat on Joey's shoulder.

"Mr. Jimenez."

Seeing Roger wrap the coat around him, Joey raised his head and gave him an innocent smile.

"Mr. Jimenez, you shouldn't get wet in the rain. Here, I'll lend you my umbrella."

Delighted by the kid's concern, Roger smiled and picked Joey up.

"Then, why don't we share the umbrella so both of us won't get wet?"

Joey nodded and took the initiative to wrap his arms around Roger's neck.

Out of the corner of his eye, he couldn't help but look at his stubborn father. He actually heard what Victor said just now, and he felt kind of depressed.

When he saw Roger and Rachel, he couldn't help but go downstairs to see what was going on.

Now, Joey could see Victor's pale and miserable face, with blood trickling from his mouth.

Before, he told himself that since Victor abandoned him, he couldn't be softhearted.

But since Victor had such severe injuries after he saved him, Joey couldn't bear to see his father in such a way.

"Mommy, Mr. Jimenez, aren't we going in yet?" Joey asked softly.

The three of them had been locked in a situation that wouldn't really lead anywhere.

Due to the rain getting stronger, it was not a good idea to go on like this.

Realizing that Joey made sense, Rachel pursed her lips and looked at Victor.

"Can you walk?"

With his eyes on the ground, and his whole body dripping wet, Victor looked very pitiful.

Hearing Rachel's words, Victor looked up, revealing his long eyelashes with drops of water hanging on them.

In a deep and low voice, he answered, "Yes."

"Then, let's go inside for now. I've sent Carson a message and asked him to pick you up as soon as possible."

Rachel's face remained expressionless.

As she turned around, she noticed that Roger's clothes were also drenched.

Hence, she paused in her tracks and told him, "Lila made some ginger soup, Let's go in and have some."

Carrying Joey in his arms, Roger nodded.

They were just fine when they came out.

But when they went back, everyone was soaked in rain.

As soon as Lila returned inside the house, she went to the kitchen, "I've just finished cooking the ginger soup, so it's still a little hot. Be careful not to be scalded when you have some."

Then, Lila brought the ginger soup to the people sitting in the living room one by one.

There was only one bowl left, which was intended for Victor, Lila picked it up carefully and was about to hand it over "No, Lila!"

"Wait."

Two people spoke at the same time.

Hearing this, Lila was quite startled.

Then, she looked at Joey and Rachel in confusion.

"What's wrong?" Lila asked with furrowed brows.

Joey suddenly pursed his lips, acting a little unnatural.

On the other hand, Rachel was able to make a straight face, and she was the one to reply first.

“Mr.Sullivan couldn’t drink the ginger soup yet since he is injured.You can just pour a glass of warm water for him.”

Reminded by Rachel, Lila immediately recalled that Victor spat out blood while they were outside.

Although she didn’t know why, she could just assume that it was due to an injury.

Hence, it was indeed not suitable for him to drink the ginger soup.

“Oh, right.I’m going to get a glass of warm water.”

While taking a sip of the ginger soup, Rachel saw that the clothes of Victor and Roger were wet.

She stood up and said to Roger, “Andy has been living here before I came back.He still have his clothes here.You are about the same height and built.Your clothes are dripping wet.I’ll get his clothes so that you can change into.”

“Okay.”

Roger smiled gently and didn’t refuse.

Rachel was already about to head upstairs.

However, after just taking a couple steps forward, Victor coughed again.

In a faint and hoarse voice, he said, “Rachel, my clothes are wet too.”

Want Nothing But You Chapter 484

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 484

I’m Glad

Rachel took a little pause before continuing up the stairs.

Lila handed Victor a warm glass of water and remarked, “Mr....”

Suddenly, Lila realized that she had no idea how to address the guy in front of her.

Taking the glass from Lila, Victor drank a gulp of warm water to flush the blood from his mouth.

It seemed like Victor had picked up on Lila’s thoughts, so he put down the glass and said, “I’m Rachel’s husband.”

“What?”

Lila’s eyes widened in astonishment.

‘Husband? Miss Bennet’s husband? Then how come Andy and Miss Bennet have never mentioned it?’ Furthermore, Lila had enquired about Joey’s father before and Andy had told her that he was not present.

Why was Joey’s father not present? Joey was a good boy.

Rachel was a beautiful and talented woman.

Any other guy would have no intention of abandoning them.

Lila was unable to grasp the significance of such complex issues.

She, therefore, concluded that Joey had lost his father through an accident or some illness.

For this reason, she was really sad for Joey for a long time.

When she saw Joey, she only saw how poor the kid must have been! Joey had lost his father at such an early age.

When Victor revealed that he was Rachel’s husband, Lila was taken aback.

After a time, Lila was able to calm herself and inquire, “If that’s the case, are you Joey’s dad?”

“I’m not.”

Victor’s eyes became darker.

Before Lila could react, she saw that Joey, who had been sitting on the couch, got up and walked out of the room.

“Hey, Joey?”

“I need some sleep.”

Joey walked away, sulkily stating his case.

Victor’s eyes hardened as he saw Joey’s back.

His eyes were filled with emotion, but no one knew what was on his mind.

Roger's jaw clenched slightly when he heard Victor introducing himself to Lila in such a manner, and he eventually stopped smiling, but he did not immediately reveal Victor.

He was well aware that Victor barely remembered anything.

In addition, Rachel hadn't yet informed anybody else that she and Victor had split.

Even if he wanted to, he couldn't.

Rachel saw two sets of pajamas in Andy's room and was about to go to the living room when she ran into Joey.

When she saw Joey's sluggishness, she asked, "Joey, what's the matter?"

"Mommy, nothing is wrong. I'm just a little tired."

Rachel checked Joey's temperature by touching his brow.

She instantly deciphered that he didn't look this way because he was in discomfort or tired; it was all because of Victor.

In spite of Joey's claim that he didn't care for Victor, he really cared the most about him.

"Joey, you misunderstood. Actually,"

"You don't need to, Mommy." Joey yawned.

That had occurred twice; were they all just misunderstandings? He didn't think so.

"Mommy, I'm so tired. I'm going to bed in my room now."

Joey bolted up the stairs before Rachel could respond.

In the corner of the stairs, Rachel saw Joey's back vanish.

Then, she walked towards the living room.

She saw Lila leaving the living room with a confused look. What just happened here?

"Lila?"

Lila returned to her senses abruptly.

"Miss Bennet..."

"What's the matter? What's going on?"

“What? Not at all! I’m just figuring out what to cook later,” Lila said.

“What do you feel like eating, Miss Bennet?”

Rachel, recalling Joey’s glum expression, said, “I’ll prepare the meal. Take the day off.”

“Miss Bennet, will you cook the meal yourself?”

“Yes, I promised to prepare Joey something by myself,” Rachel replied with a nod.

“Lila, please go home early. It’s already raining.”

Lila was Rachel’s maid, but she didn’t reside in the house.

She would get here at six in the morning and return to her own residence around ten at night.

Rachel was concerned about Lila, and she arranged for a driver to take her up each morning

“Okay then... But I’d be more than happy to provide a hand, Miss Bennet. It’s still so early. Even if I return home, there is no one there, and there is nothing to do.”

That was enough to change Rachel’s mind, and she nodded.

“Then I will go clean up a little.”

Immediately, Lila made her way to the kitchen.

As soon as Rachel walked into the living room, she noticed a suffocating and oppressive feeling in the air, as if the air had stopped moving.

The two men didn’t look at each other, but Rachel had a feeling that they were fighting.

Seeing Rachel, Roger kept his emotions in check and smiled at her.

“Rachel, did you get the clothes?”

“Yes. However, they may not be the right size for you.”

Rachel gave Roger a grey checkered shirt and a pair of casual pants.

“Make the most of these.”

“That isn’t important to me,” Roger remarked with a shrug.

“It’s useful to have a change of clothing.”

“That’s the bathroom.” Rachel indicated a direction.

“I recently requested that Lila turn on the hot water. Before you put on these clothes, you’ll need a good, hot bath. You will be less likely to develop a cold.”

“If that’s what you say.”

Roger stood up and took the clothes off Rachel’s hands.

Inadvertently, he saw Rachel holding another pair of clothing. His eyes became dark, but he hid it well.

“Rachel, I’m overjoyed.” Rachel was puzzled by Roger.

“I’m grateful that you’re so concerned about my well-being. It’s good to know that you won’t put up much of a fight against me after all.” Roger was quite serious.

Rachel’s lips pursed and she shifted the conversation.

“You’d better go get changed.”

Roger was aware that he couldn’t rush. He had been paying attention to Victor out of the corner of his eye.

Victor’s face altered slightly when Roger claimed that Rachel didn’t resist him so much.

Roger purposefully stated that so that Victor could hear it.

This time, he sensed that Victor had recovered his memories when he saw him.

However, from the time he entered the room until now, Victor behaved as if he had really lost his memories.

His gaze was almost solely focused on Rachel. Roger, on the other hand, would not let go of Rachel even if Victor had restored his memories.

“Do you have any dietary restrictions, by the way?” Rachel inquired.

“I’m not a fussy eater.”

“That’s great news. Driving in the rain is difficult. Please stay for a meal if you don’t have anything else to do!” Rachel offered.

Roger nodded with a grin and no qualms. He then took the clothes and went to the restroom thereafter.

Only Rachel and Victor remained in the living room.

Rachel looked at the remaining garments in her hand and added, "You may also change your clothes. There is a restroom on the second floor. Go upstairs and take a left; you'll see it."

When Rachel spoke to Victor, her tone was much more distant than when she spoke to Roger.

Rachel turned around and was going to leave after saying that.

Out of nowhere, Victor sprang to his feet and seized her wrist.

His fingers were numb.

"Rachel... Are you in love with him?"

Want Nothing But You Chapter 485

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 485

He'd Rather Die

Rachel turned her head to look at Victor but for a brief moment only.

"It may not be convenient for you to go upstairs because of your wounds. But you can use the small washroom over there so you can change your clothes and take a shower after Roger comes out," Rachel said in a bland tone as if she hadn't heard Victor's question. Victor held the clothes tighter. His eyes darkened.

"I'm fine," he said, his voice taut.

"I can go upstairs and change my clothes."

"Okay." Rachel replied frostily.

"I'll go now and see if Lila needs my help."

"Are you inviting Roger to stay for dinner?" Victor couldn't help but ask.

"Yes, I am. Didn't you hear my invitation?"

Victor noticed that Rachel had this habit of frowning when something displeased or annoyed her. He raised his hand instinctively. He wanted to smoothen the frown lines between her eyebrows.

Rachel saw Victor's raise hand, and she turned her head away from him. Victor pulled back his hand but not before his cold fingertips touched Rachel's face.

Looking forlorn at her, he said, "I'm hungry, too."

"Carson just texted. He should be here soon," Rachel said as she stepped backward to keep a distance from Victor.

"If you are hungry, I'll ask Lila to make some rice paste for you so you can eat some. When you get back to the hospital, you can eat some more."

"I'm not going back to the hospital." His eyebrows drawn together, Victor asked, "Rachel, are you still mad at me?"

Rachel just shook her head.

"Then why would you want to live here? Why not in our home? Why are you driving me away?" The hurt in Victor's voice was discernible.

"Rachel, I am jealous." Rachel was dumbstruck for a moment. She didn't expect to hear the word "jealous" from Victor, and he was pertaining to himself.

"You are jealous?"

"Yes, Rachel, and for a good reason. You asked me to go back to the hospital but you're letting Roger stay here. How do you that makes me feel? If you're angry at me, let me know. Throw your temper at me if you have to. Just don't do this to me." Rachel narrowed her eyes.

"Victor, I think I should tell you something. You know that the two of us have already..."

"Ahem!" Victor suddenly coughed, interrupting Rachel. He put a hand on his chest and coughed again.

Rachel opened her mouth but words were stuck in her throat when she saw Victor's face turning face.

"Rachel, I feel so cold," Victor said, his voice trembling a bit.

Rachel clenched her fists, still looking at Victor. He had coughed at a critical moment and it interrupted her as she was about to say they were divorced. And Victor had done that several times. He suddenly coughed when she and Roger were about to enter the

house a while ago, and his back even hit the railing with a thumping sound. Was that a coincidence?

That was too much of a coincidence that Rachel even doubted if Victor did it on purpose. She wondered if Victor had regained his memories.

Rachel scanned Victor's face to see if there was anything strange with him. His face was losing color. She felt her temples throbbing. She thought that it would be more worrying if Victor fainted in front of her.

She looked at her watch and reckoned that Carson should be on his way here. Victor wouldn't be staying for long.

With this on her mind, Rachel softened her tone and said, "of course, you'll feel cold. You got wet in the rain. Now, go upstairs and change your clothes."

Rachel then turned around and left the room.

Victor watched Rachel go. He stood in his place for some time before he walked to the second floor.

Carson had just finished a meeting. He had three meetings, one another after. There were some problems in the Baltimore project so they had to think of viable solutions. After everyone had left the meeting room, he took out his phone and saw the message sent from Rachel. There were also missed calls from Lukas. The message read, "Victor's here with me. Take him back please."

Carson frowned.

'Is Victor crazy? He could barely get out of bed, and yet, he left the hospital on a rainy day!'

As soon as Carson texted Rachel back, he picked up his coat on the armrest and walked to the door. In his haste, he bumped into Ivan who had some documents in his hands.

"Mr. Scott, are you going out?"

"Yes." Carson put his phone in his pocket.

"Go and pick up your boss."

Ivan's eyes widened in confusion.

"Mr. Sullivan?" he asked uncertainly.

“Why, do you have other bosses?”

“But Mr. Sullivan is in the hospital. Is the matter so serious that you’d want Mr. Sullivan to leave the hospital and personally solve it?” Ivan didn’t think that whatever it was, it wouldn’t warrant Victor’s attention.

After all, the Sullivan Group had gone through all kinds of ups and downs during these years.

“It’s not a big deal. I can handle it,” Carson said with a smirk. “Then…”

Carson pursed his mouth and then said, “Victor is not in the hospital now.”

“Not in the hospital!” Ivan exclaimed.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. He is at Rachel’s home.” Carson took out his phone again and accessed Rachel’s message. He then threw his phone to Ivan so he could read the message himself.

“He’s unbelievable! What was he thinking?” Ivan shook his head after reading the message. Just then, the phone rang. The two men looked at the caller ID. Victor’s name appeared on the screen.

“Of course, he could call at an opportune time, just when we are talking about him.” Carson took back his phone to answer the call. In an ingratiating tone, he said, “Mr. Sullivan, what can I do for you?”

“Where are you?” Victor’s voice was low and hoarse.

“Where else would I be? I’m on my way to pick you up and send you back to the hospital.” Victor was silent for a moment.

Standing in front of the washbasin in the bathroom, he felt dizzy for a moment. He held the edge, closed his eyes, and said in a deep voice, “You don’t have to come here.”

“Do you want to die?”

“I won’t die.” Victor could barely spoke. He felt blood in his mouth. He suppressed the sense of suffocation from his chest.

Then, he hung up the phone.

Carson could only stomp his feet in frustration. He wasn’t able to tell Victor what was on his mind.

“Mr. Scott, what did Mr. Sullivan say?” asked Ivan tentatively.

Carson showed Ivan his phone on which the screen showed that Victor had already hung up.

“You want to know what Victor told me? He said that he’d rather die in Rachel’s home.” Carson angrily put his phone back in his pocket and threw his coat on the chair.

“Mr. Scott...” Ivan could tell that what Carson said was not the truth. He knew that Carson was just angry with Victor. From what he knew of Victor, he knew what Victor would say without asking.

“Don’t worry. He won’t die.” Carson knew what Ivan was worried about.

“Look, Rachel doesn’t want to be with Victor anymore. But for the sake of his life, she won’t be cruel to leave him.”

Carson looked at the rain outside the French windows. He didn’t know if it was good for the two people to keep on pestering each other like this.