

## Want Nothing But You Chapter 491

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 491

Let Him In

Rachel tried to break free from Victor's hold, but she stopped to look at him.

Victor wasn't really awake.

He must be dreaming, and was saying sorry to her in his dream.

Early the next day The sky was its bluest blue like it didn't rain heavily the previous day.

The sun was bright, but was cozy when its rays fell on the skin.

Knock, knock, knock.

It was Lily on the other side of the door.

"Mr.Sullivan, are you awake? Is it convenient for me to come in?"

Rachel was awakened by Lilia's voice.She slowly opened her eyes.

The sun had already peered through the windows and her eyes were adapting to the light.

She was a bit disoriented as she looked around her.

She tried to raise her hand to rub her throbbing temples but she couldn't move her hand. What had happened the previous night was slowly coming back to her.She was in the guest room where Victor slept.She remembered that when she was about to leave the room, Victor grabbed her hand.

Holding her tightly so that she couldn't pull away from him, he said sorry to her.She thought that he was having a nightmare.

If she pulled her hand from his grasp, she was afraid that he would wake up.

She clearly remembered how she fed Victor medicine.She didn't want to stay until he woke up.She didn't want him to remember how she fed him medicine.

Explaining why she did it would be troublesome.

Rachel sat by the bed and let Victor hold her hand to rem Πme She thought that she could take her hand back and leave the room when Victor was deeply asleep.

But she fell asleep with her head against the headboard.

While Rachel was recalling last night's event, she looked at her wrist which was still being held by Victor.

Pursing her lips, she slowly wriggled her wrist free.

Lila knocked on the door again.

"Sir?"

While Lila was contemplating opening the door and entering the room, the door suddenly opened. It was not Victor but Rachel who appeared at the door.

Surprised, Lila called out, "Miss Bennet!"

"Good morning, Lila," Rachel said in a soft voice.

Perhaps because she had just awoken, her voice sounded a little lazy.

"Good morning."

Lila was in a daze. She couldn't believe this.

'Rachel didn't sleep in her room last night? Why is she in Victor's room now?' It didn't look like Rachel got up early to go to his room to see him.

It seemed that she slept in the guest room last night.

Lila, however, knew her bounds.

Rachel was the homeowner.

Victor was the guest.

She was a house help and she had no right to ask her about these things.

"Miss Bennet, has Mr. Sullivan's fever gone?" Lila asked after a while.

"Yes, his fever has gone down," Rachel answered.

"Oh, good!"

Lila breathed out a sigh of relief.

“Miss Bennet, what would you like for breakfast? I’ll go downstairs and prepare it for you.”

“I’d like some millet porridge.”

“Okay.”

After breakfast, the doorbell rang.

Lila walked out of the kitchen and saw Rachel, who was texting Andy in the dining room. She said, “That should be Mr. Jimenez.”

Andy had been busy with his case these days.

Knowing that the Bennet Group’s welfare housing project was about to start, he took the time to send Rachel a message to ask about the progress of the project.

He sent the message last night.

Rachel was asleep at that time and she was unable to reply promptly.

As Rachel was sending her message, she overheard Lila.

“Roger? Did he say he was coming today?”

“Oh, my God! How could I forget it?”

Lila slapped her forehead.

“Mr. Jimenez called early this morning. He said he would come here today. He had asked his friends to buy a model for Joey.”

“An aerospace model?”

“Yes, yes, an aerospace model. Mr. Jimenez said it’s quite rare.”

As Lila spoke, she had already gotten to the porch.

She turned on the monitor and was about to open the door.

Her brows knotted when she was the person on the monitor screen. It was not Roger.

“Who is he?”

Rachel came out of the dining room when she heard Lila’s surprised voice. She went straight to the monitor to have a look at it.

Simultaneously, the doorbell rang again.

The monitor showed an eye-catching red Ferrari convertible.

In the driver's seat was a man wearing sunglasses.

Lila didn't know the car or the man in it.

But Rachel did. Her phone rang.

Rachel looked at the name on the caller ID.

It was Carson, the owner of the red Ferrari.

"Miss Bennet, do you know this man?" Lila asked.

"Yes."

Lila let out a sigh of relief.

Andy had told her how Joey got his wounds.

So when a stranger appeared outside the house, Lila would be really cautious.

The house was huge, but only Rachel and Joey lived in it.

Lila thought that if someone wanted to do them harm, a woman like Rachel wouldn't be able to handle it.

Lila was about to open the door and let Carson in, but Rachel stopped her.

"I know him but not well enough," Rachel said.

"Don't open the door just yet, Lila. Let him wait outside."

"Well..."

Lila turned her head to look at the sports car on the monitor screen and then looked at Rachel who had already walked back to the dining room.

Lila knitted her eyebrows in confusion, but she was sensible enough not to ask more questions.

She just nodded and said, "I'll be in the kitchen and do the dishes first, Miss Bennet."

"Okay."

Rachel's phone rang again. It was Carson.

She hung up.

Just as soon, her phone alerted her of a text message. It was from Carson.

"Rachel, how about letting me in to see my good friend?"

Rachel rolled her eyes. She wasn't about to talk to Carson and she deleted his message. She would be going to the Bennet Group.

There were businesses that she had looked into.

They had been put on the backburner when Joey was in the hospital.

While the Bennet Group had not yet turned around its affairs, things were getting better and better.

All the people in the group were working hard together.

Since she was the head of the Bennet Group, she must work harder.

"Lila, I'll go upstairs to wash up," Rachel called out.

"Don't open the door no matter what the man outside says or does."

Lila poked her head out of the kitchen and said, "Yes, Miss Bennet."

Rachel went upstairs to her room. She took a shower, did her make up, and dressed up for work.

An hour later, she was downstairs. She found Lila on the porch looking at the monitor.

"What is it, Lila?" Rachel asked.

"Miss Bennet, are you going out?" Lila asked as she turned around to face a dressed-up Rachel.

"Oh, the man is still outside."

Rachel took out her phone and saw six messages and five calls from Carson.

"Well, Lila, it's almost time. You can open the door now and let him in," Rachel said in a casual tone.

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 492**

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 492

### Injured (Part One)

Carson spent an hour outside waiting.

When he saw the gate of the Bennet family's house finally open he immediately stepped on the gas, worried that Rachel would shut it again.

As soon as he pulled over on the driveway, Rachel came out to see him.

"Rachel," Carson said as he stepped out of the car and gave Rachel an apologetic smile.

In a low voice, Rachel checked her watch and said, "You still have half an hour to take him back. If you're still here after thirty minutes, I will call an ambulance and send you and Victor to the hospital."

Carson shivered as he looked into Rachel's cold eyes, realizing Rachel had run out of patience. It was almost as if she was warning him.

"Okay, okay. I promise I'll take him away right away."

Carson raised his hand and gestured "Ok" with his fingers.

He was well-known in the Apliaria's upper class, but he was always a little timid in front of Rachel, which was strange for him.

After saying that, Carson examined Rachel up and down and raised his eyebrows.

"Are you going out?"

"Yes."

"Where to? I can give you a ride. Just take it as my apology. I didn't mean to do that last night. I never expected my car to break down on the way here. And when you called me again, my phone fell into the water and instantly died."

As if afraid that Rachel wouldn't believe him, Carson took out his new phone and showed it to her.

"It was a hassle, really," he complained.

"I asked my assistant to get a new one this morning, and I came here as soon as I got the phone."

There was still half an hour before the scheduled meeting time.

Rachel glanced at the phone in Carson's hand and eyed him coldly.

"You have twenty-eight minutes left," she reminded.

In the Bennet Group When Rachel finished the meeting and returned to her office, she stood in front of the French windows and looked down, recalling the heated discussion among all departments just now.

Now that the welfare house project had begun with the participation of the Jimenez Group, the Bennet Group had received numerous benefits publicly.

Gradually, one or two investors began considering joining their other projects.

The Bennet Group was getting better.

The people in the meeting also discussed the situation and had different opinions.

One faction believed they should quickly launch a new product line when the Bennet Group was popular to accelerate the project's progress, aiming that the Bennet Group would return to its prosperous state as soon as possible.

The other faction disagreed and thought they should proceed slowly and be more selective in choosing projects and investors.

They didn't want to be duped and lose what the Bennet Group had.

Everyone was firm with their beliefs and argued endlessly, making Rachel very upset.

She wasn't good at scheming against others in the business circle.

The only reason she managed to keep the Bennet Group going was because of her promise back then.

Shelia had promised the real Rachel that she would always protect the Bennet Group no matter what.

Knock, knock, knock.

The assistant opened the door, came in, and said, "Miss Bennet, I brought your coffee.No sugar and milk.

"Thanks."

Rachel turned around and sat on the chair behind her desk.

She reached for the coffee cup and took a sip -the mellow taste of the ground coffee beans spread in her mouth, allowing her to relax.

“Miss Bennet, you have an appointment with the Tucker representatives in the Asian Pacific region at lunchtime,” the assistant reminded.

“You don’t look good.Did you sleep well last night?”

When she heard this, Rachel subconsciously touched and pressed the back of her neck.

It was so sore.

“It’s okay.You can send me the information of the people in charge to my e-mail.I’ll look into it later.”

Indeed, Rachel didn’t sleep well last night.She leaned against the head of the bed with her head slightly tilted for the entire night.

When she woke up, her neck was sore.She thought she was lucky enough not to have a stiff neck.

The assistant nodded silently and left the office right away.

After a while, Rachel received a detailed email regarding the person in charge of the Tucker in the Asian Pacific region.

Although Rachel was irritated by the discussion in the meeting, she confirmed one thing.

The Bennet Group would collaborate with Tucker to launch a joint product line.

Since Rachel wanted the company to grow, they couldn’t work on the welfare house project all the time.

The founder of Tucker was someone who was born in this country but grew up in another.

The Tucker named their brand after the founder’s surname.

Rachel did some investigations about the founder as well.

Although their brand was built by an entrepreneur from this country and gained popularity in Europe, there was little information about them.

People only knew the entrepreneur was a woman.



Rachel didn't choose to work with the Tucker.

The Tucker's founder contacted her personally and said that the person in charge of the Asian Pacific region admired Rachel for daring to start the welfare house project when the Bennet Group was in such a difficult situation.

And because the Tucker happened to expand its operations in this country, the founder proposed collaborating with the Bennet Group.

This proposal was like a timely rain.

But because it was too convenient, Rachel became more vigilant, especially since she could only find little information about the Tucker's founder.

Rachel had asked Quintin to investigate the woman and found nothing suspicious about her, so she was relieved and agreed to get in touch with her.

After drinking half a cup of coffee, Rachel felt a little better.

Soon, the assistant knocked on the door again.

But instead of going inside, she only stood by the door and said, "Miss Bennet, it's time for us to go."

Rachel took her coat from the hanger and nodded as if she was telling herself that she was ready. She then proceeded to walk out of the office, her assistant trailing behind her. She entered the elevator, took out her phone, and opened the e-mail. She read the content immediately since she had little time until the lunch meeting.

After scanning the e-mail, Rachel could say that the person in charge had rich experience and was a young and promising talent.

"Did he grow up abroad?" Rachel asked.

Standing behind Rachel, the assistant answered, "No. Kyle went abroad to continue his study after finishing his university at home. After completing postgraduate courses, he stayed abroad to develop his expertise. He just joined Tucker three months ago."

Kyle joined the company three months ago but quickly rose to a high position as the Asian Pacific region manager. It was apparent he was not a simpleton.

"Do you have any photo of him?" Rachel asked.

The assistant shook her head.

Just then, the elevator came to a halt on the first floor.

Rachel didn't give it much thought.

She put her phone away and headed to her car, preparing to meet Kyle.

They had planned to have lunch at a Western restaurant not far from the Bennet Group.

When they arrived at the place, the assistant went into the restaurant first to speak with the staff.

It had to be perfect.

After all, the lunch would determine the success of the Bennet Group and the Tucker's collaboration.

Rachel was about to follow.

As soon as she stepped out of the car, she noticed a wild cat leaping out from the side and pouncing on her.

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 493**

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 493

Injured (Part Two)

Subconsciously Rachel moved to the side, but she didn't notice the stone that was next to her.

As she stepped on it, she lost her balance and stumbled backwards.

Her assistant, who had just finished talking with the staff in the restaurant, came out and saw that Rachel was about to fall.

She shouted in distress, "Miss Bennet!"

Rachel tried to stand steadily, but it was too late. She was standing by the roadside.

If she fell, she would land on the road.

Not far away, a speeding car was heading in her direction.

With the little distance between them, it wouldn't be able to stop in time.

The assistant's eyes widened in shock. She moved forward to grab Rachel's arm, but she was too far away from her.

There was no way she could have made it in time.

Rachel thought she couldn't escape it, so she just covered her head as much as possible.

Maybe that way she would at least survive.

Just then, her arm was grabbed and she was pulled back.

The car brushed a few inches past her, causing the wind to blow across her face.

The blinding pain she had been expecting never came.

Neither did the sound of her getting hit by the car.

Rachel felt as if heart wanted to jump into her throat. She tried to calm herself down and stop her body from trembling.

But even as she stood there, her mind was still in shock. She had almost died.

"Miss Bennet, are you okay? Are you hurt?"

The assistant trotted over.

"I'm fine." Rachel tried to control herself but the fright was just too much.

After all, she had just seen the car zoom past her, with barely any distance between them.

Her face was a little pale and even her voice came out a little hoarse.

Then she finally noticed the hand on her arm and the person standing beside her. She was stunned for a while and turned to look at him.

The man also noticed the look in Rachel's eyes and relaxed his grip on her arm.

"Thank you."

Knowing that this man had just saved her life, Rachel thanked him sincerely and bowed slightly to him to show her gratitude.

"It's not a big deal. Anyone in my position would have done the same thing."

The man wore sunglasses and half of his face was covered by them.

Rachel could only see the other half.

He smiled as he said those words "It might not be a great deal for you, but you have saved my life."

As Rachel spoke, she took out a business card from her bag and handed it to the man.

"If there is anything I can do to help you, just call me. I will try my best to do just that."

The man took the card from Rachel and looked at it. Then he read the name on the card, "Rachel Bennet."

"That's me." Rachel smiled.

"Miss Bennet, do you believe in fate?"

The man suddenly asked this question, which confused Rachel.

"I once heard that if two people are able to meet three times by chance, then they are destined to be together."

The man smiled and looked at Rachel through the sunglasses.

Rachel pursed her lips.

She couldn't see the expression on the man's face, but for some reason, she felt that the way he looked at her was strange.

"You shouldn't take that seriously," said Rachel, trying to suppress the discomfort in her heart.

The man just smiled at that.

But he didn't reply.

The assistant then whispered in Rachel's ear, "Miss Bennet, it's time for us to meet with Kyle."

Rachel nodded and was about to say goodbye to the man, but before she could, the man spoke first.

"It seems that you have something important to deal with, so I won't waste anymore of your time."

"If we get a chance in the future, I'll treat you to dinner."

Rachel's tone was polite as always, but the lack of the sincerity that was once there was obvious.

"I'm looking forward to our next meeting then."

The man smiled and waved the business card in his hand.

Rachel thanked him again and then went into the Western restaurant with her assistant.

"Meow!"

"The man, holding the business card with his index finger and middle finger, slowly took off his sunglasses and turned around.

His subordinate in a black suit walked towards him with a wild cat in hand. He had pinched the back of the neck of the wild cat and used it to hold it up in the air.

The cat probably felt uncomfortable being in such a position.

It meowed and struggled several times.

"Sir."

The face of the man in black was expressionless as he called out respectfully.

His attention never seemed to leave the cat which was still trying to escape.

The man put the business card into the left breast pocket of his suit before stretching out his slender index finger towards the wild cat.

"Sir, this cat is still wild. Be careful not to be scratched," the man in black reminded him.

The man smiled, and the mole under the corner of his eye was more conspicuous and it somehow made his whole face enchanting.

Even though the warning, he didn't stop.

As expected, as soon as he reached out his hand, the cat's hair bristled up.

It stared at the man with a pair of sharp green eyes and hissed before throwing its sharp claw at the man. However, since its neck was pinched, it had no chance to do as it intended.

It never even got to touch the man's hand.

The man narrowed his eyes and looked at the cat's sharp claw.

If he had been scratched, then there would have been bloodstains.

"Its claws are quite sharp."

The man withdrew his hand and put it in his pocket.

"I like it."

"Sir..."

"Kill it. Cut off its claw and make it into a specimen."

The man smiled while staring at the cat.

Although it was winter, the sky was blue and the sun was shining brightly.

Generally speaking, when people felt the sunlight, they became warm.

But when the man in black heard his master's orders, all of the warmth he felt froze over. His master was used to saying the cruelest things in such a casual tone.

"Okay."

The man in black only hesitated for a second, and the shock in his eyes only flashed for a moment, before he remembered that he was used to it.

Then he nodded and agreed.

The man put on his sunglasses again and looked up at the dazzling light.

A moment later, he walked towards the entrance of the restaurant, Rachel and her assistant had been waiting in the room for fifteen minutes.

"This is the third time you have looked at your phone. What's so interesting?"

Rachel took a sip of the coffee that had just been served.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her assistant take out her phone once more and stare at the time.

Rachel was usually serious.

Her assistant had worked with her for at least two months and she knew that Rachel was not the kind of indifferent people who were genuinely unapproachable.

Rachel was easy to get along with; it was just that she was cold in nature.

Hearing this, the assistant frowned and said discontentedly, "Miss Bennet, fifteen minutes has passed since the time Kyle scheduled to meet with you."

"It's just fifteen minutes."

Compared with her assistant's anxiety, Rachel was calm and composed.

"Didn't you say that people in foreign countries are very punctual? Does Kyle mean to display his strength to us through this? Does he come late on purpose?"

The assistant couldn't help but think too much.

After all, this cooperation with Tucker would be a great boost to the Bennet Group's development.

They couldn't miss it.

On the surface, Kyle intended to cooperate with their company, but they all knew that truly it was the Bennet Group actually needed their help.

"Maybe," Rachel said lightly before slowly sipping her coffee.

"Miss Bennet, aren't you anxious about this?"

The assistant was surprised to see that Rachel was just calm and unbothered while she was panicking.

Someone knocked on the door and opened it.

"Sorry, I'm a bit late," a familiar voice said as the person came in.

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 494**

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 494

Injured (Part Three)

Hearing this, the assistant immediately turned around and looked at the door.

When she saw the person standing outside, she was quite taken aback "You are."

The assistant couldn't even speak properly as she stared at the man in front of her in disbelief. The man wore thick sunglasses, so they couldn't see his face properly.

But through the glasses, he glanced at the assistant and smiled at her reaction.

Then, he turned to Rachel and said, "Miss Bennet, we meet for the third time"

This man was the one they met outside the restaurant just now. He was the one who had saved Rachel's life.

Obviously, Rachel didn't expect to meet this man so soon But compared with her assistant's astonishment, she was able to remain calm.

With a deep breath, she stood up and politely reached out her hand, "Mr.Bentley"

The man instantly raised an eyebrow and asked, "Miss Bennet, why are you so sure that I am Kyle? What if I'm just his assistant, just like the beautiful woman beside you"

The man let out a faint smile, looking down at Rachel's fair and beautiful hand In fact, Rachel was not really into manicure that much.

When she was still in the Red Hackers headquarters, she often needed to use a keyboard, so it was inconvenient for her to keep her fingernails long.

Hence, she would trim them neatly.

The edges of her fingernails were round, with a light pink color.Her fingernails looked elegant and very pleasant to see

"Mr.Bentley, you must be joking."

Seeing that Kyle didn't shake her hand after some time, Rachel withdrew her hand quietly.

Then, her attention was caught by the letters on his sleeve.

"The two-color thread really deserves its reputation.It looks very distinct."

These letters were made of the two-color thread that was specially developed by the Tucker.

The dark blue thread was surrounded by the golden thread.

After undergoing a special process of polishing, the two colors mixed together, reflecting a faint light.

It was indeed amusing and unique.

However, this kind of two-color thread required artificial processing, which consisted of dozens of steps to complete it.



The entire process was extremely complicated, so the Tucker only used this kind of thread to make their finest and exquisite works.

The two-color thread on the cuff of the man wasn't actually that noticeable.

But for people who knew about it and the Tucker, they could detect it at a glance.

The rare two-color thread was used to sew the letters "Tucker x K", which also made it more obvious.

Without a doubt, this kind of fine work was customized.

Moreover, although there might be several people who could have the two-color thread sewn on their sleeve, none of them could be a mere assistant.

"Well, I must say that you really are smart, Miss Bennet,"

Kyle remarked with smile.

"I didn't expect you to see through my real identity because of such a small detail."

"I just know that only a few select people can use the two-color thread."

Of course, Rachel didn't think that this man in front of her was praising her sincerely, Since he was just acting according to the circumstances, Rachel could just answer indifferently.

For some reason, even though this man had just saved her, Rachel still felt that something about him made her uncomfortable.

This discomfort seemed to spread from the bottom of her heart, making her dislike him subconsciously.

It seemed so strange to her because this was the first time that she had such a feeling towards a stranger.

Ironically, even though she was uncomfortable with him, Rachel also somehow felt a sense of familiarity, which she did not know where was coming from.

After a while, there was a knock on the door.

Then, a waiter came in and asked respectfully, "Sir, what would you like to drink?"

"Cafe Americano. Thank you."

The waiter quickly wrote the order down and left the box silently.

Meanwhile, Rachel glanced at the coffee in her hand and took a sip.

Out of nowhere, something occurred to her, and so she asked, “Mr. Bentley, you just said that we have met three times, didn’t you? But if my memory serves me right, it should actually be just our second time meeting each other.”

“No. This is definitely the third time.”

Kyle put his slender fingers on the table and tapped it lightly.

While Rachel tried to assess Kyle, something suddenly flashed on her mind.

“You are…”

“Miss Bennet, do you remember now?” Kyle asked with a smirk.

“At the hospital… Was that you as well?”

She remembered that when Joey was discharged from the hospital, she accidentally bumped into a man in the bathroom.

That man also wore sunglasses back then.

But of course, Rachel was not entirely sure because the sunglasses were her only basis.

“You do have a good memory, Miss Bénnet.”

As soon as Kyle finished commenting, the waiter knocked on the door again, brought Kyle’s order in, and carefully handed it over to him.

Confirming that her hunch was right, Rachel was really surprised this time.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t recognize you right away.”

Kyle wore huge sunglasses that covered at least half of his face.

Of course, it would be hard to recognize him that easily.

However, before they continued their conversation, Rachel added, “Mr. Bentley, are you going to talk about the cooperation while wearing those sunglasses?”

They had met thrice, and all those times, Kyle wore his sunglasses.

Rachel didn’t know if this was just a fashion statement.

Since they were talking about something important, she thought that it might be better if she could see him properly.

“I had an operation on my eyes a few days ago, so it’s actually inconvenient for me not to wear a pair. They still hurt when there’s too much light. Please forgive me, Miss Bennet,” Kyle explained.

Rachel tapped the edge of the coffee cup with her fingertips and nodded.

After hearing Kyle’s reasonable explanation, she didn’t insist further.

“Then, you must really love your work. You’ve just undergone an operation, but you’re already working again.”

Kyle just let out a smile and took a sip of the Americano.

Rachel also cast a subtle glance at her assistant who immediately understood what she meant.

Immediately after, the assistant took out the project plan they had already prepared and handed it over to Kyle.

“This is the preliminary plan for the cooperation between the Bennet Group and the Tucker. Mr. Bentley, please have a look at it and see what you can say. I hope that our plan won’t be in vain. After all, you’re still working so hard right after your operation,” Rachel said seriously and firmly.

Meanwhile, in the Bennet family’s house, Lila knocked on the door of the guestroom, where Victor was currently staying.

“Mr. Sullivan, are you awake? I have cooked some porridge. I thought you may want some.”

However, there was no response from the other side of the door.

Lila waited outside for a while, but it seemed like she was waiting for nothing.

While Lila was hesitating whether she should go inside or not, Carson suddenly appeared and took the porridge from her.

“It’s okay. Let me do it instead.”

“Oh, okay. Thank you, Mr. Scott.”

Carson slightly chuckled and said, “It’s not a big deal. But I actually have to ask you for help.”

Lila didn't know much about Carson's personality.

Therefore, when she saw his bright smile, she thought Carson was very approachable, and he wasn't one of those typical arrogant rich men.

"What is it, Mr. Scott?"

"Well, I know you heard Rachel saying that she would only give me half an hour. By that time, I should have taken Victor away already."

Lila nodded but was still confused at what his main point was.

"Lila, Victor is still recovering, and it's still early in the morning. Someone who's as weak as him needs more rest. I bet that he can't walk properly yet. So, thirty minutes is too short! Besides, if Victor is still sleeping, it will be too troublesome to wake him up and force him to leave just like that." Carson sighed.

"Victor hasn't acquired enough rest to fully recover. If something happens on the way back to the hospital, it will be bad."

After hearing this, Lila realized that Carson's points were reasonable.

So, she nodded and agreed.

"Then, what exactly do you need my help with?"

"Lila, did Rachel say what time she will come back today?"

"Hmm... Not really. But she did say that I don't need to cook lunch for her."

"I see. For now, I'll let Victor have the porridge you made."

Carson clapped his hands tightly.

"Lila, I know you have a good heart. Let my poor friend have more time to rest. Please don't tell Rachel about this!"

## **Want Nothing But You Chapter 495**

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 495

Injured (Part Four)

Lila didn't think it was a good idea she opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but Carson smiled and thanked her sincerely she was too stunned to speak

When Carson entered the room with a bowl of porridge in his hands, the man in the bed was still sleeping.

He could see that the man's face was pale even from a distance. He closed the door gently and tried to walk silently to avoid causing any disturbance to the patient.

As soon as he put the porridge on the bedside table, he raised his head and saw that Victor was staring at him.

Carson raised his eyebrows "When did you wake up"

"When she woke up "

Victor had a fever that night, and the wounds on his body were burning. He felt dizzy throughout the night but he had to bear with that. He was awake when Rachel came into the room the previous night and fell asleep not long after. Afraid of disturbing her and frightening her away again, he kept quiet and didn't make a move.

Late at night, when he heard her steady breath, he opened his eyes. Trying his best to suppress the urge to spit out blood, he looked at her with affection, and traced every inch of her face with his eyes. He reached out his hand, carefully and cautiously hooked her little finger with his and smiled.

It was as if they were making a promise. If only things would always be like this! He didn't sleep for the whole night.

How could he when Rachel was finally this close to him? At dawn, she moved a little. Afraid that she would wake up.

Victor loosened his grip on her little finger and reluctantly closed his eyes again. He stared at her the whole night, but he still wasn't willing to take his eyes off her.

When the sun came out, Rachel woke up. He only heard the rustling sound, and then Lila knocked on the door.

Rachel quickly stood up and left the room.

It was not until Rachel left that Victor finally felt sleepy.

The wounds had pained him the whole night and he had become numb from it. He felt as if the pain was more bearable. He had a light sleep which didn't last long. He woke up in half an hour.

Carson noticed the red streaks in Victor's eyes.

As his friend, he was angry and helpless when Victor didn't care about his life at all. He wanted to persuade him against it.

But they were friends and he knew Victor well.

Even if he tried his best to convince the man, Victor would not change his mind.

"What are you going to do next? Stay in Rachel's house?" Carson asked.

He didn't expect an answer.

And Victor didn't give him one.

Seeing the look in his eyes, Carson somewhat knew what Victor was thinking.

He coughed slightly to hide his laugh.

"Rachel has already given you an ultimatum. She wants me to take you to the hospital today. She said if we are still here by the time she comes back, she will call for an ambulance to send us to the hospital. Both of us!"

That was to say, he would also need an ambulance if she found them there. He was a man and he wouldn't allow himself to be defeated by a woman.

However, as a gentleman, one of his principles was to never fight with a woman.

And Victor would definitely take Rachel's side if it ever came to it.

If that happened, then he would be maimed for sure. He also knew how Rachel worked.

She didn't make false promises and would make sure that it would happen.

"I'll go back to the hospital," Victor said in a low voice.

Since Rachel had said so, he didn't want to cross her.

When Carson heard that Victor had changed his mind, he almost thought he had misheard.

He paused and stared at Victor.

"You want to go back to the hospital?" Victor glanced at him.