

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 4

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 4—Four Years Later

A man clad in a suit pounced on Rachel like a wolf and forcefully pressed her below his body.

Her clothes were ripped off as the man recklessly preyed on every inch of her skin. However, she could not hold out against him at all.

The man had domineeringly occupied her and she could feel as if her body was being split into half.

She really wanted to see the man's face clearly, but the room was foggy and her vision of the man's face was blurred where she could only see his pair of eyes.

That pair of eyes were as sharp as an eagle's. Even though they were rolling in the hay, there was not even the slightest bit of emotions in his eyes.

Rachel was frightened by such a gaze and her heart jolted before she opened her eyes all of a sudden.

"Mommy, did you have a nightmare?"

A soft voice emerged beside Rachel, and it was only then did she realize in a shock that she actually had such a dream while on the plane.

She dreamed of the scene that night on her 18th birthday party, when Shirley set her up...

In fact, Rachel had already forgotten it after so many years, so she wondered why she would even dream of that man now...

Meeting her son's clear eyes, Rachel blushed in embarrassment. "Mommy's fine. I'm just a little exhausted from this long flight."

Casper Yates poured a cup of warm water and passed it to her. "Mommy, you'll feel better after having some water."

Then, he took out a fluffy pillow and placed it behind her back. "And this will make you more comfortable."

Now that her heart had melted, Rachel kissed her son's cheeks. "Casper, the luckiest thing to have happened to me is to have you two sweethearts."

A satisfied smile spread across her face as she glanced at the young girl sitting beside her and fast asleep.

Four years ago, she risked her life to escape from the fire and was finally saved.

Back then, the two kids were born premature and on the verge of death. In fact, the hospital had even issued several notices of critical status.

Casper was brought back to life due to his stronger body, but the doctors had declared that they had no way to save Olivia Yates.

As such, Rachel had no choice but to bring her children abroad to seek treatment.

Toward the end, Olivia's life was saved, but...

While Rachel was lost in thought, the little girl woke up.

Her alluring eyes were dark yet clear and resembled juicy grapes, and at the same time, they looked like twinkling stars in the night sky.

However, upon a closer look, one would realize that there were no emotions in this pair of beautiful eyes.

Suppressing her regret and distress, Rachel smiled gently and said, "Hey Olive, good morning. Would you like some milk or water?"

However, there was no response to Rachel's question.

With a usually cold and distant look on her face, Olivia stared blankly at the white clouds outside the window of the plane.

Rachel pressed her lips.

Olivia's autism was worsening, and that was one of the reasons why she suddenly chose to return to the country.

"I made you some milk, Olive. Come, hold the cup and drink it like this... There you go. Be careful not to stain your clothes."

Casper passed the milk to Olivia and patiently taught her to drink it. Although there was no response from her at all, he still prattled on.

Rachel caressed Casper's hair as she thought the best thing to ever happen to her was a son like Casper.

If it wasn't for Casper, she didn't know whether she would have been able to pull through the past four years...

"Mommy, my hair is going to lose its shape if you continue caressing it," he grumbled unhappily.

She laughed and teased him, "As a little boy, you have actually started caring about your hair at such a young age!"

Time quickly passed by as the mother and son had a hearty chat. Soon, the plane landed at Seaview City.

Rachel was leading the two kids to collect their luggages when a ruckus was heard from the front all of a sudden.

A boy around the age of four darted toward Rachel in a fluster and threw himself into her arms.

The aloof kid wore a jacket and a cap whereas his outfit was complemented by a pair of leather shoes. It was evident from a glance that he was a young master from a wealthy family.

Rachel had no intention of getting into trouble, so she took a step back after helping the boy to regain his balance.

However, the kid grabbed her hand and blurted, "Someone is catching me. I'll grant you a wish if you agree to help me."

Damian Ford lifted his delicate chin to look at the woman in front of him and spat in an aggressive manner.

"Who's catching you?" Rachel asked calmly. For some reason, she felt her heart being squeezed like it was bitten by something when she stared into the boy's eyes.

Just as Damian was about to answer Rachel, a group of men caught up with him.

"Young Master Damian, please stop running away. Master is exasperated now!"

"Please come back with us, Young Master Damian!"

A few bodyguards implored piteously.

Damian turned to hide behind Rachel and tightly grasped the back of her dress.

"Don't grasp my mommy's dress!" Casper walked over and pushed Damian away, who was then caught by the bodyguards. "Young Master Damian, please stop fooling

around. Master is coming soon. If you continue to run away, the consequence will be dire...”

Damian was bogged down by the bodyguards.

He gazed at Rachel and had a desire to see this woman again in the future for some reason.

Pressing his lips, he asked, “Miss, what’s your name?”

“What does that have to do with you?” Casper retorted coldly and held Rachel’s hand.
“Mommy, our bags are here.”

Rachel cast a glance at the strange kid before she held her two children’s hands and went to collect the bags. In no time, she disappeared in the crowd.

On the other hand, the Second Young Master of the Ford Family, who was known to be naughty and stubborn, was so upset that his eyes reddened.

“I’ll go back with you guys, but you have to get your hands on every information about that woman in three days’ time,” he said.