

## **Chapter 19 - Betrayal At The Altar Novel by Dolores Delia (Rachel Grey & Louis Smith)**

Rosie had been with Old Mrs. Jones for a long time, and she had seen all kinds of people. All she needed was to take one look, and she could tell if someone had ulterior motives.

But Rachel was clearly different from the other women who had tried their best to marry into the Jones family.

Rachel was not scheming like other women.

She had a quality of innocence that had become almost impossible to find in most people.

When Rosie saw that the mess was almost cleared, she took the broken pieces from Rachel's hands and asked politely, "Miss Grey, do you have any food preferences?"

"I'm good with anything," Rachel replied sweetly.

A gentle smile appeared on Rosie's face. "Miss Grey, please make yourself at home. Don't be too polite, or the old lady of the house might think that we didn't do a good job at making you feel comfortable."

At that moment, they heard people exclaim from outside, "Hey, the weather changed so suddenly!"

"Oh, no!" Rosie's face changed drastically, and she rushed outside quickly. "The old lady's favorite orchid is still outside. Don't let it get wet!"

Old Mrs. Jones had green fingers and enjoyed taking care of plants to pass her time. These plants were her favorites.

When Rachel saw Rosie leaving in such a hurry, she subconsciously followed her.

There were many potted plants placed along the corridor. The most eye-catching one was an orchid which Rosie must have been referring to earlier.

When Rachel was young, she was ignorant and accidentally knocked over her grandfather's potted orchid plant. Instead of reprimanding her, her grandfather was only concerned about whether she was scared or injured.

Later, she learned from her Uncle Tom that the orchid plant she had knocked over was a very expensive one that had cost her grandfather 3 million dollars.

As Rachel spotted the orchid, she grew curious about the identity of the old lady for the first time.

She also wondered about what David was like.

When Rachel spotted the dark clouds forming, she did not have time to continue pondering. She picked up a pot of moth orchids and ran toward the greenhouse which was nearby.

Miss Grey, you should just rest, Rosie said as she looked at Rachel's slender arms and legs. "Leave the rough work to us."

Rachel replied, "It's no trouble."

It had started drizzling, and the rain was becoming heavier. Rachel hugged the pot of moth orchids in her hands and subconsciously picked up her pace.

The cobblestones along the garden path were a bit slippery. Rachel's shoes were drenched, and she suddenly slipped as she ran along the cobblestones. It was too late for her to regain balance, and she stumbled.

Rosie, who was standing not far behind her, exclaimed, "Miss Grey!"

Rachel was so frightened that her face turned pale. She closed her eyes and subconsciously hugged the potted plant in her arms.

In the blink of an eye, a strong arm wrapped around her waist, and she was pulled into a tight embrace.

Everything happened so suddenly that Rachel could not react in time.

The pain that she was expecting from the fall never came. She wondered to herself, "What is happening?"

When Rachel slowly opened her eyes, she saw David in close proximity. It turned out that he had caught her just in time to break her fall.

The man's jawline was extremely sharp, and his protruding Adam's apple looked vaguely sexy. He had a long and slender neck. One could feel an elegant aura emitting from him. He was a very attractive man indeed.

Their bodies fit together perfectly. Rachel was instantly enveloped by the man's large frame, leaving her with no space to escape.

Their gazes met without warning. Rachel could see her own reflection in the man's eyes, and it was so intoxicating.

Her heart skipped a beat. Then, it started pounding. Soon, a tinge of pink appeared on her fair cheeks.

"Have you always been so clumsy?" David's deep and mesmerizing voice rang in her ears. It was as if the man was teasing her.

His warm breath fanned across Rachel's face. It instantly felt like an electric current passing through her body, making her skin tingle and causing her to tense up involuntarily.

At this time, Rachel noticed that David's arms around her had loosened. She hastily pulled away and retorted in a low voice, "It's not that I'm clumsy. It's just that the path was too slippery..."

David caught a glimpse of the blush on her face. He suddenly thought about teasing her. With a low laugh, he said, "If we go with your logic, the cobblestones on this path should be removed."

Rachel pursed her lips and did not speak.

She squatted down and carefully picked up the moth orchid plants from

the broken flowerpot. She then gently wiped off the dirt on the roots with her fingertips. Smiling subconsciously, she said, "I'm glad the roots of the orchids are not damaged. Otherwise, it would be terrible."

David squatted down and looked at Rachel quietly. There was a tenderness in his gaze that had never been seen before.

But when his gaze shifted to Rachel's slender hands, he frowned and grabbed them.

Rachel was startled by his actions. She followed his gaze and realized there was a small cut on her wrist.

She must have accidentally injured herself earlier when she dropped the flowerpot. It was just a light scratch and not a big deal at all.

"I'm fine," Rachel said and wiped her wound with her shirt without thinking too much.

But David picked up Rachel without a word and walked toward the living room with large strides.

"The orchids!" Rachel exclaimed in shock as her arms instinctively wrapped around the man's neck. At the same time, her forehead brushed against his lips inadvertently.

David's body stiffened, but his pace did not slow down.

He entered the living room and placed Rachel on the couch. Then, he quickly found the first-aid kit and soaked some cotton balls in an antiseptic solution.

"Let me do it." Truthfully, Rachel was not bothered by her injury. If David had not brought it to her attention, she would have left the wound to scab on its own. It simply was not something to be concerned about.

However, by kicking up a big fuss over nothing, it revealed just how worried David was about her. This touched Rachel deeply, and she was unable to reject his attention.

David turned a deaf ear to Rachel's words. Holding the tweezers, he squatted before her and said, "This might sting a little. Bear with it." Then, he dabbed at her wound gently with a cotton ball that had been soaked in antiseptic.

After cleaning up the mess outside, Rosie rushed into the house. Eddie, who had just arrived, was right behind her.

Eddie saw David kneeling on one knee and carefully disinfecting the wound on Rachel's hand.

It was at that moment that Eddie realized just how special Rachel was to David. He thought to himself, "I don't think there is anyone else like her in this world."

He had never seen David kneel for anyone in his life.

Not long after, Old Mrs. Jones woke up from her slumber.

When she saw the gauze wrapped around Rachel's hand, she asked in surprise, "Are you okay? How did you get hurt?"

While speaking, Old Mrs. Jones glanced at David. There was a complicated look in her eyes.

She thought to herself, "Don't tell me that he was too forceful with her and accidentally hurt her in the process?"

Rachel smiled. "I got a scratch when I accidentally broke a flowerpot earlier. Mrs. Jones, please don't worry. It's just a minor injury."

"I'm glad you're fine." Old Mrs. Jones nodded thoughtfully. She suddenly grabbed Rachel's hand and said with a kind smile, "Since you're hurt, you should stay here tonight."

David raised his eyebrows. He chimed in, "Yeah, and it's raining outside. I don't think it's going to stop anytime soon, or at least not tonight."

"Rachel, your body is not fully recovered yet. You must not expose yourself to the rain. Since you're also injured, it would be terrible for you to get drenched," Old Mrs. Jones said seriously.

David handed a cup of tea to Old Mrs. Jones. With a small smile, he said, "Grandma's words make sense."

Rachel, who didn't have a chance to speak, was speechless. Old Mrs. Jones's proposal was out of the blue, catching her off guard. She did not know how to respond to the old woman's kindness.

Just like that, Rachel was forced to spend the night at their place. It had all happened so suddenly.

When dinner was ready, the three of them sat down at the table to eat.

Old Mrs. Jones looked at Rachel, who had an elegant dining etiquette. Her eyes sparkled as she said, "Rachel, are your parents both in Seaxas?"

At the mention of her parents, Rachel lowered her gaze. She shook her head and said softly, "My mother passed away when I was very young."

As for her father... It was better not to think about him at all.

A trace of coldness appeared in Rachel's eyes. She thought to herself, "He's as good as dead to me."

Old Mrs. Jones frowned slightly. She looked at Rachel with distress and said, "Then, are you living on your own? If you are, why don't you move in here with me? It's not safe for a young girl to live alone. If you move here, at least I can take care of you. Also, I'll get to see you whenever I miss you."

"Grandma, you shouldn't talk when you're eating. That's your own rule." David gave his grandmother a look and interrupted their conversation.

"Rules are meant to be broken!" Old Mrs. Jones snorted softly before pouting. "You're trying so hard to thwart my plans instead of helping me," she said.

David was speechless.

Rachel pursed her lips awkwardly. She then lowered her head and ate in silence.

At this moment, a hand reached toward her.

The man's hand was very pretty. His skin was smooth like porcelain. Rachel watched with fascination as he gracefully picked up a shrimp with his chopsticks.

With great skill, he peeled the shell of the shrimp in a matter of seconds.

Rachel had never seen someone who could peel a shrimp so gracefully and quickly. She had caught sight of his hand by accident, but now, her attention was fixed on his actions.

She thought, "With such beautiful hands, everything he does seems graceful."

She blushed when she thought about that exact pair of hands touching her.

David noticed Rachel's gaze on him, and a small smile appeared on his usually stern face. It was as if he could read her mind.

It was not until David placed a plate of peeled shrimps before Rachel that she returned to her senses. She gazed at David gratefully.

"Try them," David said as he looked at the dazed Rachel. His smile grew wider, reaching his eyes.

Rachel's response was delayed. She said softly, "Thank you."

She picked up her chopsticks and put one shrimp in her mouth. The sweet taste of the shrimp meat traveled from the tip of her tongue to her taste buds and finally spread to her heart.

Old Mrs. Jones raised her eyebrows and glanced meaningfully at David.

She thought to herself, "It seems that he's not as ignorant as I thought. Maybe he does understand how to pursue women."

"But..."

She looked down at her own shrimps which still had their shells and suddenly lost her appetite. David had not peeled them for her.

Old Mrs. Jones pushed the shrimps aside and asked again, "Rachel, when do you plan to come and stay with me?"

Rachel put down her chopsticks and replied sweetly, "Grandma, I'm actually staying with my grandfather."

"I see," Old Mrs. Jones said. There was a look of understanding on her face, but a trace of regret could be seen in the depths of her eyes.

Before this, Old Mrs. Jones thought that she could have David and Rachel live under the same roof. She hadn't expected Rachel to be staying with her grandfather.

When the dinner was over, David brought Eddie to the study to take care of some work affairs. After the matters had been dealt with and they left the study, they walked out into the living room and were greeted by a heartwarming sight.

Rachel was sitting right beside Old Mrs. Jones and chatting with her. The warm light in the living room illuminated her beautiful face, highlighting her sweet smile as she listened patiently to Old Mrs. Jones.

At that moment, David finally understood what home felt like.

“David,” said Old Mrs. Jones when she caught sight of David, who was in a daze at the staircase. She beckoned him over with a wave. “Since you’re done with work, you should go for a walk with Rachel. I’m tired, and I’m going to rest.”

“Alright,” David said. Then, he looked at Rachel as though he wanted her permission.

Rachel stood up. With a small smile, she said, “Grandma, please rest well.”

A wide smile grew on Old Mrs. Jones’s face as she watched the young couple leave together. Then, as if she was reminded of something, she heaved a long sigh. “I hope that rascal knows what he’s doing and succeeds in making Rachel fall for him,” she muttered to herself.

“Don’t worry,” Rosie said beside her. On the other hand, she felt that Old Mrs. Jones was worrying about nothing. Rosie looked at the disappearing back views of the well-matched couple. Smiling, she said, “Mr. Jones is an outstanding man. How could Miss Grey not fall for him?”

Upon hearing this, Old Mrs. Jones raised her eyebrows. With an intriguing smile, she said, “Do you think Rachel is any inferior compared to him?”