

# Captivation: Want Nothing But You

## Chapter 1

### Chapter 1 Rebirth And Divorce

“Rachel, you fucking bitch. GO TO HELL!”

On the king-size bed, the man’s face was a mask of fury, his black eyes burning with hate. The veins stood out on his forehead and his arms as he wrung the woman’s slender neck.

The woman was still half-asleep, but she could feel something was wrong. She couldn’t breathe!

Rachel Bennet opened her eyes wide, still groggy from sleep. She felt a pair of hands on her neck, choking the life out of her. She was confused and consumed by fear and panic.

As her lungs started screaming for air, her survival instinct kicked in. She raised her hands to her throat, trying to fend off her attacker.

But the man wouldn’t budge. Instead, he tightened his grip on her neck, causing her face to turn a deep red and her vision to blur.

Bam!

The door was thrown open and the butler rushed in. His face paled at the sight before him, but he didn’t lose a minute. He hurried to the bed and grabbed the man’s arm, shouting, “Mr. Sullivan! Mr. Sullivan! Please let go of her! You’re killing her!”

“She deserves to die!” The man had an unhinged look in his eyes and spit came out of his mouth along with his words.

The butler knew that couldn’t stop the man physically, so he knelt by the bed and started begging for Rachel’s life. “Mr. Sullivan, please! If you kill her, your grandma will roll over in her grave. She won’t be able to rest in peace!”

Grandma?

Hearing the butler’s words, Victor Sullivan loosened his grip slightly.

Rachel grabbed the opportunity to escape his grasp and crawl away. Her back hit the headboard and she stayed there curled in a ball, looking at Victor with wide, fearful eyes.

The butler saw the change in Victor's attitude as a sign to keep pushing. "Mr. Sullivan, be patient! Today your divorce will become official. You will never see her again! Spare her life for her mother's sake. Her mother once saved your grandma, remember? Please calm down!"

Victor seemed to see the reason behind his butler's words. He got out of bed, put on his pajamas in silence. When he was done, he turned around and spoke, in a voice cold as ice.

"I'll tell Ivan to send the divorce papers here. Sign it and then get the hell out. I don't want to see your face ever again."

With a final look filled with hatred, he left the room, followed by the butler.

The door slammed behind him, the sound hurting Rachel's ears. She covered herself with the bedcovers, still in shock. Her face was deathly pale, her heart fluttering in her chest.

She lowered her head and looked at her body. She was completely naked and dark bruises marred her otherwise flawless skin.

The adrenaline coursing through her veins had dulled the pain until now. But when the worst had passed, Rachel felt that her entire body was sore. She hurt everywhere.

Rachel couldn't find any women's clothes in the closet. It contained only men's shirts and black suits.

She grabbed a shirt and a pair of suit pants and put them on. The pants were ridiculously large for her, dragging on the ground.

On top of the pain she already felt, she could feel a terrible headache coming on. Groaning, she walked to the sofa and sat down. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Memories that didn't belong to her started flooding her senses.

Moments later, she opened her eyes again. Those memories belonged to the former owner of this body, the woman named Rachel. After quietly sorting things out in her mind, she finally came to two conclusions.

She had been reborn, from Shelia Davis to Rachel Bennet.

The one inhabiting this body before her was a worthless girl madly in love with Victor. Her mother had gotten sick and died a while ago and her father was a pathetic scumbag.

There was a knock on the door.

The sound startled Rachel out of her reverie. A cold voice came from the other side of the door. "May I come in?"

She hastily rolled up the bottom of the pants and hurried to open the door. A tall and dull-looking man st

ood there, holding a stack of papers in his hand.

"Ivan." Rachel quickly searched her memories and retrieved the man's name.

His face expressionless, Ivan Chavez handed her the documents and a pen. "Mr. Sullivan asked me to see you out. As soon as you sign the divorce papers."

Rachel glanced at the documents, recalling what the butler had said earlier. Today was the second wedding anniversary of Victor and Rachel, but from now on, it would also be the end of their marriage.

Was the divorce agreement cooked up in less than an hour? Victor must really hate Rachel.

She took the agreement and started turning pages, signing "Rachel Bennet" neatly wherever it was necessary. She was done in less than thirty seconds.

"There you go," Rachel said, as she returned the papers to Ivan and clicked the pen.

Ivan looked at her in astonishment, eyebrows raised. He didn't expect it to be so easy. When Victor asked him to bring over the agreement, he told Ivan that Rachel didn't want to sign it, so he might have to use force.

"Don't you want to read it first?" Ivan said, still not reaching out to take the papers.

Rachel raised her eyebrows and replied flatly, "No."

"Aren't you curious about what you are getting out of this divorce?" Ivan was frowning now, looking more and more confused.

Rachel raised her eyebrows while hitching up her pants. She flashed Ivan a smile. "There is no need to read it. I know that there are two possible outcomes. One is that I am in a world of debt and go bankrupt soon, and the other is that I have to leave this marriage without a penny. I am sure Victor put together a team of exceptional lawyers to work on the best option for him."

Ivan's eyes darkened. He took the divorce papers and said, "Mr. Sullivan just wants you to walk away without getting any of his assets."

"Well, make sure you thank him on my behalf." Rachel really didn't give a shit about it at all. It was this body's former occupant that loved Victor, not her. She didn't even care if the man lived or died.

She didn't want a violent man like him for a husband. A man that would strangle his own wife to death. She now had another chance to live and she intended to make the best of it.

Ivan's eyes fell on Rachel's neck.

"Would you like me to call a doctor for you?"

Rachel was at a loss for a moment. Then she remembered the bruises around her neck and raised her hand to touch them. The feeling of suffocation came back to her and she had to shake her head to get rid of it.

"No, thanks. I'm fine. It's not that bad," she replied, shrugging.

"Then please pack your things." Ivan's tone was back to normal: cold and businesslike.

She nodded and left Victor's bedroom barefoot, still pulling up her pants. She had a long way to go to reach her own bedroom. Victor hated Rachel so much that he didn't even want to bump into her in the corridor, so her room was all the way to the other side of the huge house.

It took her nearly two minutes to get there.

Her bedroom had originally been a storage room, but soon after Rachel and Victor's wedding, Rachel moved in here. She pushed the door open and walked through the narrow doorway nimbly.

The room was really small. It only contained a bed and a dressing table, the furniture was so close together that there was no room to walk around properly.

Rachel didn't have much to pack. Except for her cosmetics strewn all over the dressing table and a few clothes, she didn't have much else. She changed into her own clothes and stuffed the rest of her things into a suitcase.

"Okay, I'm all packed. I'm leaving now. I hope I will never see you again, Ivan! Goodbye!" Rachel said in a carefree, cool voice as she dragged her suitcase across the hall.

"Rachel, where do you think you are going?" Suddenly, the elevator doors slid open, revealing a woman in a business suit. Her high heels clicked on the marble floor, the sound crisp and curt, matching her sharp voice perfectly.