

Chapter 71 Then She Could Accompany Her Baby Down There

With a loud thump, Rachel was pushed to the wall again.

This time, however, she covered her lower belly with both hands before she hit the wall, protecting her unborn child. Unfortunately, this prevented her from knocking Victor's hand away, and he grabbed her slender, white neck.

"Rachel, you're asking for this!" he bellowed in fury.

He ruthlessly squeezed his hand, tightening his grip on her neck. The color on Rachel's face quickly faded, and she started wheezing in a struggle to breathe.

She raised one hand and feebly tried to pry his strangling hand off whilst protecting her lower belly with the other. Victor's eyes were murderous, though, and he didn't let go.

After having a few words with the nurses, Clara left the operating room. When she saw Victor strangling a feeble Rachel in anger, her face turned pale. "Let go of her, now!" If you don't stop, you will kill her!"

"Good. Then, she can accompany her baby down there!"

Clara froze when she heard that.

'Accompany her baby?'

In her shock, her gaze shifted to the paper on the floor, and understanding dawned on her. Her eyes darted to Rachel, who was now making gurgling sounds. Clara could tell she was dying.

"Victor, the baby is still alive!"

the doctor screamed. Victor stiffened when he heard that. His grip loosened, and Rachel crumpled in a heap, passing out before her body hit the ground.

"What did you say?" Victor asked, turning to look at Clara with wide eyes. His anger had already evaporated.

Clara didn't have the time to answer him, though. She ran past him instead and crouched in front of Rachel to check if she still had a pulse. Her expression worsened, and she quickly took out her phone and rang the nurse station, asking them to send nurses over immediately to take Rachel to a ward.

The nurses arrived quickly, and Rachel was placed on a gurney and wheeled away. A while later, Clara was standing beside a hospital bed, watching IV fluid drip from the infusion bottle into Rachel's arm. She seemed lost in thought.

Suddenly, her phone rang out loud, jolting her from her reverie.

She took the phone out of her pocket and checked the caller ID displayed on the screen. Then, she snuck a glance at Rachel, who was still unconscious. Satisfied that Rachel hadn't woken

up and wouldn't hear her, Clara answered the call right there.

"Clara, are you busy?" A gentle male voice echoed through the phone. It was her brother.

"I was a little busy, so I missed your call earlier. Is anything wrong?" Clara replied with a smile. It was easy to discern from her gentle tone that she loved her brother very much.

"No, there's nothing wrong. I just want to tell you I'll be back home next Wednesday," Roger Jimenez said. He was standing in front of the French window with one hand in his pocket.

Clara's eyes lit up with joy, and she exclaimed, "Are you coming back?"

"Yes, and this time, I'll stay forever," he replied.

"Dad and mom will be very happy! You don't know how much they have looked forward to your return," she said with a bright smile. "Besides, Riley is almost two years old, and you haven't seen her yet."

Roger smiled and looked out the window, taking in the towering, luxurious buildings that filled the metropolis. "I really look forward to seeing her."

"What time will your flight arrive next Wednesday? I'll come to pick you up at the airport."

"I haven't bought a ticket yet. When I buy it, I'll tell you the time of arrival. You don't have to come and pick me up if you're busy. I can go home myself."

Clara smiled. "No matter how busy I am, I'll make time to come pick you up. You are my dear little brother. Nothing is more important than you."

"Okay, that's settled then,"

Roger said. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door behind him. He turned around and shouted, "Come in."

The door opened, and someone came in with a document. "Mr. Jimenez, this document needs your signature."

"Put it on the table. I'll sign it later," he replied with a dismissive wave.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jimenez, but I'm afraid you'll need to sign the document now. It's of great importance," the man said respectfully.

Roger sighed and shifted his attention back to the call. "Clara, I have to go. There's something I need to deal with right away. When I come back, I'll treat you and my brother-in-law to dinner. How does that sound?"

"Great! Okay then, you should get back to work," Clara said with a warm smile. Suddenly, her gaze shifted to Rachel for a moment. After a brief hesitation, she said, "Roger, you—"

But before she could go on, Roger had hung up.

Clara slowly lowered the phone and pursed her lips, staring at the blank screen for some time. Then, she decided to leave the ward and let Rachel rest.

When she opened the door, she saw Victor waiting outside. "Miss Bennet is fine. Since she was severely shaken up, she will need to rest properly for a few days," she said right away.

Victor eyes darkened. "Thank you, Miss Jimenez," he replied.

Clara was shocked that Victor had recognized her so quickly. However, as someone very experienced, she had long since expected him to discern her true identity at some point, albeit not this soon. She quickly regained her composure and said, "You're welcome. I'm just doing my job." She made to leave but stopped after a few steps, visibly debating within herself. After a few moments of silence, she said, "Miss Bennet didn't have an abortion. However, she was terrified, and that's bad for her and the baby. Please, I implore you, don't be violent with her again. The first three months of pregnancy are the most dangerous, as the fetus hasn't fully developed yet. The chance of a miscarriage is very high, and even mental duress can trigger it!"

With that, she walked away without looking back. She had said all she could, after all.

As Clara's footsteps dissipated down the hallway, Victor stood there, staring at the ward's door. The scene of Rachel crumpling to the ground played in his mind over and over again.

Her face, which was as white as a sheet, was the feature that showed most vividly in his head. There was blood oozing down both sides of her mouth. During the struggle, she had bitten her lips so hard that she had drawn blood. The blood had accentuated her paleness.

Even after she had fainted, her brows remained furrowed. It was as though she was still in great pain. At that moment, she didn't exude her regular domineering aura; she was just vulnerable.

Victor clenched his fists hard. He had yet to come to terms with the fact that he almost strangled her to death. When his hand was wrapped tightly around her neck, he wasn't pleased. As he watched her lose consciousness after struggling so much, his heart tightened as though it was being squeezed by an equally powerful hand. Every breath he took at the time brought him a lot of pain.

The sound of approaching footsteps interrupted his thoughts. The footsteps belonged to Ivan; he had completed the paperwork for Rachel's hospital admission. "Mr. Sullivan, it's done. I have also gotten the results of Miss Bennet's medical examination," he reported.

Victor's eyes narrowed, and he said in a deep voice, "Tell me."

"Miss Bennet is indeed six weeks pregnant, but all her biological measurements are almost below the recommended levels. If they continue to fall, the fetus will be in danger, I'm afraid," Ivan replied. It had been more than an hour since he found out that Rachel was pregnant, yet he was still in shock.

Even more shocking was the fact that she was carrying Victor's baby.

Fate really was the ultimate trickster. Its tricks could nail just about anybody.

Ivan could tell by how furious Victor had been that he wanted to keep the child. However, the child's mother was Rachel, a woman who Victor was not the least bit fond of. He would care for the child, though, and this will be a weakness that Rachel could exploit. When the time came, she could demand that he remarry her. After all, she was the child's mother.

Ivan didn't think he had gone too far with his assumptions. He had witnessed—with his own eyes—the evil acts Rachel committed in the past. He knew what she was capable of.

If Rachel ended up getting her way and remarried Victor, what would the future hold?

He didn't dare imagine any further and shrugged those thoughts away. He looked at Victor and wondered what he was thinking.

"Mr. Sullivan, do you want to go in and see Miss Bennet?" Ivan asked after a moment of hesitation.

Victor's expression turned cold. He stared at the door a bit more before turning around.

"Have someone stand guard here. When she is discharged, bring her to my villa," he coldly ordered.

Then, he left without another word.

Chapter 72 Confinement In The Hospital

That night, Shelia had a long dream. All the memories of her past life, and everything she experienced as Rachel were entangled together. She was overwhelmed by this dream. In addition, there were strangers chasing after her in the dream.

Through the darkness, she ran as fast as she could, for fear that if she stopped, those people would drag her into the abyss, and she would never be able to escape it.

All of a sudden, Shelia saw a beam of light ahead of her. She kept running towards it as a relieved smile appeared on her face. She then reached her hand out to touch the light, but someone appeared in the light abruptly. The moment she recognized who it was, she stopped dead in her tracks. She couldn't help but tremble in fear as her face paled.

"Rachel, you can never escape from me." The next second, a man walked out of the light. He was talking to her, and his eyeballs were completely black and filled with malice.

Instinctively, Shelia stepped back. The figure of the man in front of her was reflected in her eyes.

"No!" She woke up, breaking into cold sweat, and sitting upright with her chest heaving up and down.

Around this time, the nurse was just about to check on Rachel. When she pushed the door open, she saw Rachel sitting on the bed with a pale face, clearly scared out of her wits. The nurse approached her, and asked gently, "Miss Bennet, are you okay?"

Upon hearing that, Rachel regained her composure.

"I..." When she looked around, she realized that she was in an unfamiliar room. She wanted to ask where she was, but the moment she tried to speak, her throat began to hurt, and her voice sounded hoarse and weak.

Subconsciously, she wanted to touch her neck, but the nurse quickly held her wrist to stop her. "Miss Bennet, we've only just applied an ointment on your neck. Please don't touch it. Otherwise, it'll be rubbed off."

'An ointment?'

Rachel looked down and saw the red mark on her wrist. Within an instant, everything that happened between her and Victor before she passed out flashed through her mind like a movie.

All these bruises on her body were caused by that man.

"Please try not to touch the wounds on your wrists and neck, okay? In a few days, those bruises will heal up with the help of the ointment I was talking about." The nurse informed Rachel about her situation when she noticed that Rachel was staring at her bruises.

The first time the nurse saw Rachel's bruises, she was horrified. She wondered what kind of person would be horrible enough to mistreat a woman like this. And because she was a

woman too, the nurse felt sorry for Rachel. She looked at her with eyes filled with empathy, and said, "Miss Bennet, if there's anything you need, just let me know, and I'll do my best to help you."

"Can you get me a glass of water?" Rachel said in a hoarse voice. Every word she uttered made her throat feel like it was breaking. The pain was so bad that it distorted her face every time she felt it.

At once, the nurse nodded and poured a glass of warm water for Rachel.

Enduring the pain, Rachel took a few sips of the water to moisten her throat. "How long was I unconscious for?"

"About four hours. Are you feeling hungry? Would you like me to run down to the canteen to get you some food?" the nurse asked with concern.

"No, thanks."

"Even if you're not hungry, I'm sure that baby in your womb is." All of a sudden, the door opened from outside. With one hand in the pocket of her lab coat, Clara walked in.

The moment Rachel heard Clara's voice, she glanced at the door and saw two bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses guarding the door. On their chests were droplet-shaped brooches made of obsidian, indicating that they were working for Victor.

Upon seeing Clara, the nurse greeted, "Hello, Dr. Jimenez."

With a modest smile, Clara nodded in response. "Oh, hi. I think you should go to the canteen to buy some light porridge for Rachel. After all, pregnant women can't be starved."

The nurse nodded in agreement, put down the ointment she was planning to apply on Rachel, and then she left the ward.

Not long after, Clara opened the ointment, sat at Rachel's bedside, and said, "Let me help you apply the ointment."

Without waiting for her to respond, Clara applied the ointment on her neck using a cotton swab, and then applied it on her wrist. Clara's movements were so gentle, and she was focused on the task.

"Sorry for breaking my promise." Once she was done applying the ointment, Clara wrapped the cotton swab with a tissue and threw it into the trash bin. Seeing Rachel like this, Clara could only blame herself.

To her surprise, Rachel smiled and shook her head. "You don't have to feel bad. Honestly, I should thank you. If it weren't for you, I would've been dead by now." Suddenly, something dawned on her, and she subconsciously put her hands on her lower abdomen. Reluctantly, she said, "Dr. Jimenez, how is—"

"You can rest assured that your child is fine." Clara inferred what Rachel was about to ask, so she answered the question before Rachel could even finish her sentence.

Upon hearing her answer, Rachel breathed a sigh of relief.

"But if you're determined to keep this baby, you're gonna have to be more careful from now

on. Right now, you're too exhausted, and all your biological measurements are just slightly over the lowest recommended level for pregnant women, which is very bad for you and that baby," Clara said seriously.

Gently, Rachel stroked her belly as she nodded along.

A while later, the nurse returned with a bowl of porridge in hand. After asking the nurse to help Rachel eat, Clara left. When Clara opened the door and left the room, Rachel caught a glimpse of the two guards outside while she was eating the porridge with a spoon.

Once she finished the porridge, Rachel told the nurse that she was tired and that she wanted to rest, so that the nurse would leave.

Now that the nurse was gone, Rachel wanted to call Abby to inform her that she was safe. Rachel had been out cold for four hours, and in totality, she had been unreachable for five hours straight since she left the company with Caroline. Abby was worried when Rachel refused to bring her along. It had been a while, so she must be very anxious right now.

Rachel knew how much Abby cared about her.

What worried her the most however, was the fact that Abby might come to Caroline to ask of her whereabouts. If that were to happen, not only would Abby fail to find out Rachel's whereabouts, she would also be putting herself at risk, because Caroline might get furious and then want to get rid of her, too.

When that thought crossed Rachel's mind, she looked around the room in search of a phone. Ten minutes later, she found nothing.

Her phone wasn't here.

Rachel pursed her lips while thinking of something. And then, she went to the door to open it. The two guards instantly blocked her path when they heard the door open.

"Miss Bennet, Mr. Sullivan has ordered us to not let you leave this ward," said one of the bodyguards.

"Get out of my way," Rachel replied coldly. "I'm sorry, but we can't let you leave.

Please go back inside." It didn't seem like the bodyguards were fazed by her intimidation.

With that in consideration, Rachel looked them dead in the eye and asked, "What if I'm determined to leave this place today? Will you knock me out or tie me up, so that I won't be able to escape?"

"If you insist on leaving, I'm afraid we might have to do so."

Rachel clenched her fists; her eyes, brimming with fury. She just stood at the door, staring at the bodyguards in silence. Moments later, one of the bodyguards noticed that Rachel was determined to leave, so he thought that they shouldn't just stand like this all day. 'Perhaps I should call the boss and ask for his opinion,' he thought. Just then, Rachel broke the silence.

Chapter 73 Back To The Sue Garden

"Fine, I won't leave," said Rachel.

She remembered what Clara had told her. Now that she was pregnant, she shouldn't put herself through stressful situations. She wasn't allowed to be angry, nor exhausted. Otherwise, it could endanger her child. These bodyguards were fiercely loyal to Victor. Without his approval, she would never get out of this place. Wasting her time with these bozos was pointless, so she decided to give up for now.

"Thank you for cooperating, Miss Bennet." In a solemn expression, the bodyguard said, "If there's anything you need, just tell us. We'll do our best to satisfy your needs."

"I want to make a phone call."

Three days later.

Clara was standing at Rachel's bedside, checking her wounds and bruises. "Once your discharge papers are signed, you can leave the hospital. However, your bruises still haven't recovered completely, so keep applying the ointment on them when you go home."

Rachel nodded in response.

Then, Clara turned to look at the men standing guard at the door. Over the past three days, there had been three pairs different bodyguards taking shifts, and they were all sent by Victor.

"I'm off duty this afternoon. Do you need me to send you home?" Clara asked while looking at Rachel.

Rachel looked back at her. Upon seeing the concern in Clara's eyes, she immediately understood why Clara asked that question. It was clear that she was worried that those men at the door would maltreat her just like Victor.

"I appreciate the kind offer, but no. I can get home by myself." Rachel had no idea why Clara pretended as if they haven't met before, but she still didn't want to get this woman involved in her own problems.

"I see. In that case, I'm going back to work now. Take care, Rachel." A puzzled and concerned look flashed in Clara's eyes. Since Rachel seemed adamant on her decision, she decided to let it go, and left the ward.

Soon, Ivan showed up.

Upon his arrival, Rachel was looking at the garden of the hospital from the balcony. It was already autumn, and what once were green leaves had now turned yellow. As the wind blew by, the yellow leaves danced in midair, until they finally landed on the ground.

As Ivan looked at Rachel's back, he was taken aback for a moment.

She was standing in front of the balustrade, reaching out to catch one of the leaves, and her hair was fluttering with the breeze. This scene was so picturesque. Rachel was dressed in a

blue and white hospital gown. The one she was wearing was the smallest size, but it still looked a bit loose on her. Her figure looked frail and vulnerable. It was difficult to perceive her as the same woman who showed no sign of fear despite being tortured by Victor three days ago.

"Miss Bennet." After collecting his thoughts, Ivan said, "Your discharge papers have been signed."

Rachel then turned to look at him calmly. It didn't surprise her that Ivan was here to help her sign the discharge papers. As she walked back inside from the balcony, she said, "I'm just going to change my clothes."

Afterwards, she picked up the clothes she was wearing three days ago, and went into the bathroom. Ivan was surprised by how calm she was at this moment. He had initially thought that Rachel would ask him why he was here, or perhaps demand him to let her go.

He had imagined a myriad of reactions from Rachel, but never did he expect her to be this calm. At this point, he had no idea what was going on in her mind.

Moments later, Rachel came out of the bathroom and said to him, "Let's go."

"Miss Bennet, where are we going?" Seeing that she was headed for the door, Ivan frowned and stopped her.

"Shouldn't I be the one to ask that question? I'm assuming you came here to sign my discharge papers under Victor's orders, didn't you? So, lead the way," Rachel said indifferently.

For a moment, Ivan tried to read her thoughts by examining her expression. But in the end, he failed. He could only clear his mind, and order the bodyguards to follow him and Rachel. Not long after, the group left the hospital.

The Maybach had been driving along the road for about forty minutes now. While Rachel was surveying the scenery outside, she soon figured out where they were heading. They were on their way to the Sue Garden, the place she once lived for two years.

Named after Victor's late mother, the garden was his retreat; a place in memory of his biological mother.

Victor being an illegitimate child of the Sullivan family was not a secret to the public. Before he turned seven years old, he was living alone with his mother. However, when he turned seven, his life underwent a tremendous change.

Since Tomb-sweeping Day was approaching, he and his mother hitched a ride back to their hometown to pray at his deceased maternal grandparents' grave. However, along the way, a truck's brake was busted, and it crashed against their car. The driver couldn't react fast enough, and it resulted in a collision with the oncoming truck.

Three people died on the spot in that accident, and Victor was the only survivor.

Later on, when Victor's paternal grandmother heard about what happened, she sent someone to take him back to the Sullivan family, and decided to raise him.

Soon, the Maybach drove into the Sue Garden. It had already passed through the front garden, and finally pulled over on the open space in front of the main building.

Ivan opened the door for Rachel and said, "Miss Bennet, we're here."

When she got off the car, she saw a row of servants standing in front of the building with varying expressions.

Who would've thought that Rachel, who had once been driven out of this place in such a humiliating way, would ever come back here one day? Neither she nor those servants ever expected that God would play such a cruel prank on them.

"Ma'am," the butler greeted her as he approached.

Lukas the butler used to work for Victor's grandmother. When the old woman passed on, he continued to serve Victor. He remembered back when she was still alive, she loved and doted on Rachel so much. Thus, despite the many brazen acts that Rachel had done, Lukas still treated her with respect.

Shelia knew who this butler was. He was the only person who had ever been nice to Rachel aside from Victor's grandmother. Everyone else in the Sue Garden was either indifferent or mean towards her. On top of that, Shelia still remembered on the day she was reborn, Lukas was the one who begged Victor to have mercy on her. This man was the one who saved her life.

And so, whether she was Rachel or Shelia, she was eternally grateful to Lukas.

"Lukas, I'm not Victor's wife anymore. Just call me Rachel from now on," Rachel said with a smile as she looked back at Lukas.

He was taken aback by what she said, and he immediately noticed the change in her personality. In the span of one month, she had changed from inside out. In the past, Rachel was a resentful and vindictive woman. Even though she held a certain degree of respect for Lukas, she still acted arrogant and petty around him.

But now, she was a lot like her mother, Elisa, the most famous female socialite.

The autumn breeze blew past them, and it was now getting colder by the minute.

Lukas noticed that Rachel was wearing thin layers of clothing, so he suggested, "Miss Bennet, it's cold out here. Let's go inside, shall we?"

She then looked at the gate, and realized that her only choice was to enter the house. No matter how much she wanted to leave, she must wait for Victor to come back first.

After a moment of contemplation, she nodded and followed Lukas into the house.

As Rachel's figure disappeared from her sight, Ivan got in the car and ordered the driver to take him back to the company.

Not long after, Lukas led Rachel to the third floor, and opened one of the doors. "Miss Bennet, this shall be your bedroom from now on. You have everything you might need inside. And if you need anything else, please don't hesitate to tell me. I'll send someone to buy it as soon as possible."

Chapter 74 Thanks To You, Little Baby

When Lukas left, Shelia walked into the room. She stood by the bed, taking in her surroundings. The room was well-lit and cozy. The queen-sized bed was dressed in bright yellow sheets and the floor was covered with a fluffy light grey carpet. All sharp edges in sight had been baby-proofed.

"Well, little one, all this thanks to you," she said softly, putting a hand on her belly.

This was much different than the storage room she had called "her room" in the past month and a half. She walked out to the balcony and was surprised to discover that she could see the garden from up there. The wind blew across the small pond in the middle of the garden, creating countless ripples on its surface. Occasionally, a koi fish would jump up and then dive back into the water. While Victor's grandmother was still alive, she would take Rachel to that same pond, where they had tea and chatted. That had been the time of Rachel's life.

Even Victor's indifference wouldn't ruin her mood after a day like that.

But after the old lady passed away, Victor hardly ever came back home. If Rachel wanted to see him, she had to go to the Sullivan Group. Victor's grandma had always looked after her, taking her under her wing and when she died, Rachel was left without protection. The servants had started being disrespectful towards her and no one cared enough to stop them. After all, who would stand up for her, a woman scorned by her own husband?

Lukas had been the only exception. He had always treated Rachel with respect, but he was usually busy and besides, he was getting on in years, so he couldn't watch her back all the time.

Knock, knock.

The sound

dragged Shelia out of her reverie. She walked back into the room and opened the door. It was Lukas, holding a glass in his hand. "Miss Bennet, I brought you some milk with cinnamon and honey."

The smell of the hot milk hit Rachel's nostrils, bringing about a wave of nausea.

"Lukas, I..."

Before she could finish, her stomach lurched violently. She covered her mouth and ran into the bathroom, barely managing to reach the sink before the contents of her stomach made their appearance.

Lukas, startled by this strange turn of events, left the glass on the table and followed Rachel. He hesitated in the bathroom's doorway. "Miss Bennet, are you okay?"

Still gripping the edges of the sink so tight that her knuckles had turned white, Rachel nodded. She washed her face and rinsed her mouth and smiled weakly at Lukas. "Don't worry. I'm fine."

"Was it the milk?"

"The smell, yes. But it sounds delicious. Why don't you drink it?" As Rachel walked out of the bathroom, she saw the offending beverage on the table and quickly covered her nose.

"But, the doctor said that milk and honey is really good for the fetus."

Rachel looked at the glass, then at Lukas's stubborn face and forced a smile. "Lukas, even if I do drink it, I will just throw it up later. You know what? I'll try again later, when my stomach isn't so sensitive."

Lukas still looked unconvinced.

"I really can't drink it now," Rachel said in a hoarse voice, her throat still raw from throwing up.

"Alright. You should get some rest. I'll ask the maid to make you another one later," Lukas finally relented. He took the glass and turned to leave, but Rachel called out, "Wait..."

"Is there something else you need, Miss Bennet?" Lukas asked, turning back to Rachel.

Rachel bit her lower lip before asking hesitantly, "Do you know when will Victor be coming back?"

She knew Abby was still waiting for her but she couldn't leave this house until she had asked for Victor's permission. She didn't know what he planned to do with her. There were several guards in the house as well as in the garden outside, so it would be impossible to sneak out. And even if she did manage to get out and go back home, Victor would surely track her down and drag her back by the hair. So there was only one way out of there.

She had to talk Victor into letting her out.

"I don't know, Miss," Lukas replied kindly. "Perhaps you could call him and ask?"

Call Victor?

Lukas had already left the room when Rachel realized that she didn't even have Victor's phone number. In fact, she had never been given his personal number. She had always used his work number, but he had blocked her a long time ago.

If she wanted to get to Victor, she had to reach Ivan.

She just stayed there sitting on the bed, looking at Ivan's number on her phone screen. Would she really dare press that button and ask to talk to Victor? After a while, she put her phone on the bedside table and laid down.

She couldn't make that call.

Not out of fear, but because she was certain that if Victor knew she needed to see him, he would take his sweet time returning just to spite her. It would be best if she just waited.

On the thirty-third floor of the Sullivan Group, Ivan knocked on the CEO's office door twice before entering. He handed the newspaper in his hand to his boss. "Mr. Sullivan, the KD Group has let go of Dennis. It's all over the paper. The FBI has started a formal investigation on him." 1

If everything went as planned, that bastard's career would come to an end, and he would be sent to jail for a long, long time. In less than a week, Dennis, a promising candidate for the position of the CEO of the KD Group, had been fired and marked a spy. Everyone in the business world was shocked by the revelation.

It was such a pity, some said, that a man of Dennis' potential ended up imprisoned. Others, though- the smarter of the bunch- were wondering who on earth did Dennis offend and got himself in that spot. Because come to think about it, he had kept all his indiscretions secret for the past two years, so it would take a lot of digging to bring them back to the light.

"The scandal has resulted in the stock price of the KD Group plummeting this morning. Our company bought a lot of their shares through the accounts of individual investors. Plus we bought more shares from several minor shareholders, and as a result, our group is now the largest shareholder of the KD Group," Ivan finished his report.

It wasn't until the complaint was emailed to the board of the KD Group that Ivan realized Victor had never truly intended to do business with the KD Group. He had never intended to finance the company in exchange for a share of its profits.

All he ever wanted was to take control of the whole company.

Victor's eyes scanned the cover of the newspaper. The headline read 'The KD Group's Project Manager Fiasco'.

"There is one more thing, sir."

"Out with it, Ivan."

"Miss Bennet was discharged from the hospital. She is at the Sue Garden," Ivan said.

Victor's eyebrows shot up in surprise. He turned to Ivan and asked, "Did she say anything?"

"No." Ivan paused, before adding hesitantly, "She had a quarrel with the bodyguards when she first woke up, but in the next three days, she seemed much more compliant. She didn't ask questions or caused any trouble. I went to the hospital myself to pick her up today at noon and took her back to the Sue Garden. She didn't argue at all; she just came quietly."

Chapter 75 Victor Decided To Keep This Baby

Surprisingly, Rachel was being cooperative. But the more she cooperated, the stranger she seemed to Victor.

"I see. You may take your leave," he said.

Ivan nodded in response before he left the office.

Slowly, Victor cast his gaze upon the floor-to-ceiling window, staring at the scenery outside; his eyes glinted with suspicion.

'Rachel, what are you up to?'

That night, in a private room of the Crown Club, several colorful lights were flashing in the room, shining on the people seated at the sofa from time to time. Along with the lights, the deafening music went on and on.

"Hang on, what did you just say?" Carson couldn't help but raise his voice. He sprang to his feet, staring at Victor with widened eyes.

The moment he finished talking, the music in the room suddenly stopped, and the half-naked dancers on the miniature stage also halted. Now, the entire room fell silent.

Carson pinched himself and cried out in pain. "Damn, that hurts! So, this really isn't a dream, huh? I didn't mishear you, did I? Victor, are you saying that you're going to be a father?" he exclaimed.

Victor raised his head to look back at him, speechless. At the moment, it appeared as though he was staring at an idiot.

"Oh, my God! This is shocking news!" Carson covered his face with both hands, flinging himself unto the sofa.

"Mr. Scott, Mr. Sullivan is the one who's about to be a father, not you. Why are you so worked up about this?" Ivan really didn't get why Carson was freaking out, although, he, himself had also been utterly shocked for days since he found out about Rachel's pregnancy.

Carson glanced at Ivan and said mournfully, "How could I not be upset, Ivan? Victor is a divorced man, and yet he's about to be a father! My dad has been urging me to get married. If he finds out that Victor's about to become a father, it will make my life even more difficult than it already is! Just think how much my dad will pester me to get married after hearing about this. I don't even have a prospect of meeting a suitable woman right now!"

Ivan fell silent. 'You already have a woman in your arms right now...' he thought. However, he couldn't speak his mind aloud.

"Hold on." Carson shivered at the thought of how much his life would get worse in the future, but something dawned on him all of a sudden. He turned to Victor and asked, "You got Rachel pregnant?"

Victor looked back at him without saying anything.

Carson relaxed upon realizing that. "Oh, God, that's a relief! You hate that woman. I don't think you'd want to keep that baby." He paused for a moment, and continued, "Wait, would you?"

"Actually, I am planning to keep the baby."

The smile on Carson's face disappeared. He stared at his best friend in disbelief. "You're going to keep this baby?"

While taking a sip of his wine, Victor answered concisely, "Yep."

Upon hearing his answer, Carson put on a serious face. "Don't you loathe Rachel?"

"I do, but the fact remains that the Sullivan Group needs a successor," Victor said flatly.

He had no plans on getting married again, which meant that it was nigh impossible for him to have a child in the future. For the time being, the Sullivan Group appeared to be stable and peaceful. But in reality, the members of the board of directors had their own ulterior motives. Many of them supported Victor's half-brother, Odin, to become the company's successor instead of Victor, for Odin was the Sullivan family's legitimate heir. But to everyone's surprise, the illegitimate son, Victor, took over the Sullivan Group, disrupting their devious plans. In addition, during the past two years since he took office, he had taken drastic measures to deprive those scheming scum of their power.

Although the company was growing and expanding further day by day, those people hardly got any benefits out of it. They certainly harbored a lot of resentment against Victor, and none of them gave up on the idea of helping Odin take control of the company.

When Victor got married, the board members had tried to reason with his grandmother one after another in order to prevent the wedding from happening. Because once Victor got married, it was highly likely that he would have a child. And if that were to happen, even if they managed to force Victor to step down one day, his child could still contend with Odin for the control over the company. But no matter what they told Victor's grandmother, she wouldn't change her mind. She insisted that Victor must succeed the Sullivan Group. The members of the board had no choice but to accept her decision, and give up. Once again, their plan was foiled.

Later on, they found out that Victor hated his wife, Rachel, so they assumed that the couple would never have a child. Hope returned to their hearts, and they soon began to make new plans. Their desire for Victor's resignation was rekindled. They tried to convince Odin to come back from abroad several times.

During Victor's first day in office, his first act as president was to assign Odin to take charge of their overseas business operations. That was why all these years, his brother had been working abroad. If it wasn't necessary, Victor would never allow him to return.

Therefore, when Victor decided to get a divorce, the first reaction of the board of directors was to stop him. Only if he stayed married to Rachel could they rest assured that he would never marry someone else and have an heir. They even faked sincerity as they tried to persuade Victor not to get a divorce, saying that they had all been through the same

situation. They told him that fights were common in a marriage, and that a couple must learn to forgive and forget. In order to prevent him from divorcing Rachel, they said a lot of nice things about her against their will, completely forgetting that two years ago, they portrayed her as a worthless, despicable woman in front of Victor's grandmother.

Unfortunately for them, their plan was a total failure again. Victor and Rachel still got divorced. They knew that they must find a way to bring Odin home before Victor got married again. Since time wasn't on their side, they tried to come up with several "bright" ideas. For instance, they had repeatedly proposed to transfer Odin back home during meetings, and they had requested to hold a general shareholder's meeting.

Carson knew about all these political shenanigans within the company.

Now that he had heard Victor's response, he immediately understood what his friend was planning. "Are you planning to use this child to make those board of directors completely give up getting Odin transferred back home?"

Victor took another sip of wine. "No, that's not it. I think after the shareholder's meeting, Odin will come home sooner or later."

"Don't mess around with me," said Carson. "If you don't want him to come back, he'll never be able to do so. Fine. Let's say that he manages to return to the country. But even so, he could never be the Sullivan Group's CEO. Whether he comes back or not, their plans will not work. The only difference is that if he does come back early, they'll be made aware of that fact earlier."

Victor raised his head to look at Carson.

When Carson looked into his eyes, he knew how serious Victor was. Carson pondered for a moment, and said, "Have you really made up your mind? Once that baby is born, Rachel will be its mother. If she uses your child as an excuse to badger you—"

"She'll never have that kind of opportunity," Victor said coldly.

Just then, his phone rang. When he looked at the caller ID, he saw that Lukas was calling him. He didn't answer it, but he put down his wine glass, picked up his suit jacket, and stood up. "I have something important to deal with, so I'll be heading out."

After saying that, Victor left the room with Ivan without waiting for Carson's reply.

As he watched Victor walk away, he raised his eyebrows and smiled with interest. Carson sat on the sofa, crossed his hands at the back of his head while casually resting his legs on the coffee table. "I hope so," he said.

Upon hearing that, the girl snuggled into his arms was confused. In a sweet voice, she asked, "Mr. Scott, what are you hoping for?"

'What am I hoping for?

Well, I'm hoping that Rachel wouldn't badger Victor after giving birth to their baby. However, once the child is born, will they really be able to cut ties with each other completely?'

Carson lowered his head, biting the apple offered by the woman. He grabbed her chin and

transferred the apple into her mouth using his tongue. "Doesn't your boss teach you any manners? You shouldn't ask your guests questions that you're not supposed to ask. Don't stick your nose into your customers' private affairs."

He then shoved the woman away from him, wiping his mouth in disgust. As he got up, he grabbed his coat and headed to the door.

The woman was stunned. "Mr. Scott, I..."

But before she could even finish talking, Carson had already left the room.