

# Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 382 by Adolf Dunne

Looking in the direction the voice came from, Rachel called out, "Who is it? Show yourself!"

There was no answer.

Rachel frowned as her eyes surveyed the living room. She reached for the switch to turn on the light.

It was then that she heard footsteps coming towards her from behind. Her heart beat fast. She turned around, picked the vase near her, and threw it at the direction of the footsteps.

Pak! The vase broke into pieces.

Rachel hurriedly turned on the light, picked up broken glass from the floor, and looked intently at the person following her. It was a man.

Dazzled by the light, the man raised his hand to cover his eyes.

Rachel saw the man's arm was bleeding. He must have used his arm to block the vase thrown at him.

Rachel recognized the man.

"Victor? Why are you here?"

Victor put down his arm, and Rachel could now fully see his face.

Rachel thought she had underestimated Susan. She thought all along that Susan would send someone else to rape her. So, she threw the vase at the man. She never thought it would be Victor.

"What are you doing here?"

Rachel pursed her lips when she saw blood flowing down Victor's wounded arm.

Still, she was holding a fragment of vase in her hand.

Even if it was Victor and his arm was wounded, Rachel felt she should be on her guard.

In her eyes, Victor was more dangerous than the others.

Victor frowned when he noticed the fragment in Rachel's hand.

He wanted her to let go of the fragment, lest she hurt herself.

But when he saw the vigilant look in her eyes, his expression turned stony. He was utterly dumbfounded. He didn't know how to answer Rachel.

Carson told him that she was in this villa.

Without thinking, Victor came. It had been half a month since they last saw each other. Victor had been missing Rachel like crazy. He had been suppressing his feelings for her. He so wanted to see her. Looking at Victor, Rachel grimaced at seeing blood oozing out from his arm. She knew that he had just been discharged from the hospital, and now he got hurt because of her. She felt guilty. And seeing blood, she felt dizzy. "Look, I'll call a doctor to treat your wounded arm." Rachel momentarily set aside her wanting to know why Victor came.

She felt it was more important to call a doctor, and then, she would leave. "Don't," Victor said in a low voice. Beep! Beep! Two short alarm sounds came from Rachel's phone. That meant that her phone battery was going down. And in a little while, her phone went dead. Rachel couldn't believe it. How could she now make a phone call? How could she forget to charge her phone before she went out? "My phone died. I'll have to go out and find a doctor for you," Rachel said. Seeing that Rachel was going out, Victor grabbed her wrist. "Rachel..." Victor groaned in pain. Feeling Victor's warm hand made Rachel jump, and she accidentally cut the fragment into the back of his hand. Seeing blood spurting from a new wound on the back of

Victor's hand, Rachel was stunned. She didn't expect she would act so fast. "You don't have to go. There is no doctor on duty here," Victor said, letting go of her.

Rachel was stunned.

"How do you know?"

Adam's apple bobbed in his throat and he looked away.

"Waterfront Hotel is owned by the Sullivan Group."

He was the owner of the hotel.

Of course, he knew there wasn't a doctor here.

"Where is your phone? Call Ivan." Victor looked at Rachel again.

"Are you worried about me?"

Rachel was stunned by Victor's question, but she quickly recovered.

"No, I am \_ not," she answered him emphatically.

Victor kept quiet. He just gave Rachel a doleful look, making her feel uncomfortable.

Victor then walked to the sofa and sat down with his back to her.

"You can go now," he said, sounding a bit strained.

"Don't worry about me. I won't die."

Were it not for his wounds, Victor thought that he might not be able to control himself.

He leaned forward with his elbows against his knees.

He held his two hands, and as he exerted strength, the wounds on his arm and the cut on the back of his hand would hurt. Only in this way Victor could suppress the effect of the drug. He thought that as long as he could control himself, the drug would lose its effect

soon. But he was wrong. He had underestimated Susan. He then heard footsteps from behind, fading until the sound disappeared. Rachel was gone. Victor reached for the glass of iced water on the table and drank it. This could help keep his mind clear. Then, he leaned back and closed his eyes, thinking of Rachel's face.

"Give me your hand." said a familiar voice. Victor opened his eyes and saw Rachel standing in front of him. Smiling a lop-sided smile, he said softly, "Am I having an illusion?" His voice was barely audible that Rachel didn't quite hear what he said. 'Has he lost too much blood?' she thought. "Victor?" Rachel said hesitatingly. Victor didn't reply. He thought that it must be the drug making him see things. He thought that the illusion was so vivid that he felt good about it. The look on his face was inscrutable but Rachel thought he was going to faint. Rachel frowned.

She then put a hand to his forehead to check for a fever. Feeling Rachel's cool hand, Victor grabbed her wrist. "Rachel?" he said tentatively. Rachel pulled her hand from his and said in a cold voice, "Since you are conscious, give me your hand." "I thought you left?" Victor was thinking clearer now that he could still feel the warmth of Rachel's hand. Rachel put the medicine box on the table beside the sofa. She opened it and took out some cotton swabs and iodine. All this while, she didn't say a word. Victor realized she had gone looking for the medicine box so she could clean his wounds. Victor felt his heart skip a beat. Rachel dipped a cotton swab into the iodine bottle and then said, "Give me your hand."

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Victor held out his hand, looking at Rachel intently.

The sofa was slightly higher than the coffee table, so Rachel had to sit at the edge to take a look at his wound. She held Victor's hand and examined the abrasion on the back of it. She

used great force when she cut the back of his hand, so the wound was deep. She lowered her gaze and wiped the blood off with a cotton swab.

"It's going to hurt," Rachel said.

She wanted Victor to brace himself at least. She then proceeded to pour one cap of antiseptic straight over his hand.

When the solution came into contact with the wound, Rachel's eye twitched as if she was the one in pain.

She instinctively looked up at Victor, only to find that he was looking stoic.

He didn't even blink once, as if he couldn't feel the pain at all.

If Rachel hadn't experienced the pain when the antiseptic was flowing over her wound, she would have wondered if it didn't hurt at all.

Rachel hastily averted her gaze, cleaned off the gash with a cotton ball, and placed a patch on Victor's wound.

Now that she was done treating the back of his hand, she was going to deal with the wounds on his arm.

Rachel felt terrible. His arm suffered more severely.

His whole limb was covered in blood.

Rachel was unsure whether or not to treat his wounded arm.

She was afraid that if she didn't handle it right, she'd end up killing Victor.

"Are you scared?"

Noticing that Rachel stopped moving, Victor spoke in a low voice. He could tell what she was thinking.

Rachel glanced at him quietly. She grabbed a cotton swab and some iodine solution again but didn't know where to start.

Victor blocked the vase with his arm.

When the vase collided with his body, it shattered immediately.

The tiny broken fragments caused several small cuts and the huge fragments sliced his arm open.

There were also bruises on the side of his arm that weren't penetrated by the impact.

The vase was completely aimed to kill Victor.

Rachel considered whether it was safe to fill another cap with antiseptic and pour it over Victor's wounded arm.

However, before she could decide, he abruptly grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer.

In an instant, the disinfectant washed all over his laceration.

"Are you crazy?!" Rachel's eyes widened in disbelief. She quickly drew her hand back and got up. More than half of the bottle of the iodine solution fell from the containing, stimulating Victor's pain receptors. His face became a little pale and he slightly frowned, but he didn't complain. The reddish-brown liquid dripped down slowly, staining the sofa. "Keep going." That was all he said. To lessen Rachel's burdens, Victor disinfected the wounds himself. Rachel pressed her lips together in frustration. Her jaw tightened, staring at the small bottle in her hand. She should have known that Victor was a lunatic, but she didn't expect him to be so reckless when it came to himself. She placed the bottle on the table and sighed deeply.

She thought she had to work quickly to prevent his wounds from becoming infected again. Thinking so, Rachel bent down and carefully applied the ointment at the edge of a wound with a cotton swab. It was an anti-inflammatory ointment. With Rachel being so close to him, Victor couldn't help but stare at her beautiful face. He could see her drooping eyelashes as though they fluttered like butterflies. He watched as Rachel frowned, trying hard not to touch his open wound. Suddenly, a faint scent coming from Rachel's body lingered on Victor's nose. His impulse, which had been temporarily suppressed by the pain he was feeling, abruptly gushed out, and his throat became dry.

He had the urge to kiss Rachel, his desire demanding more. His impulse was growing stronger and stronger by the minute. Seeing her in a strapless gown was driving him crazy. He could clearly see Rachel's soft, delicate neckline and her pale, pinkish skin. Her veins were showing plainly, tempting people to bite her. Rachel somehow felt that Victor was looking at her, so she raised her head and instantly met his intense gaze. She gulped, seeing his hypnotized look and feeling the lust in his eyes. She stopped applying the ointment and maintained eye contact with him. A strong sense of crisis triggered her, making her want to stand up and take a step back. But everything was too late.

Victor's wounded hand suddenly seized her wrist and drew her closer to him.

The thread of his sanity had finally snapped.

"Rachel..." Victor called out, his voice hoarse.

Rachel tried to break away from Victor's grip, but when she noticed the patch on the back of his hand, she could only lean forward with her torso.

"Let go of me," she said in a demanding tone.

She noticed that his hand was strangely hot and it bothered her.

But Victor didn't listen and continued to hold her tightly.

Rachel thought he must've lost his mind.

All at once, he raised his other hand to caress her face.

Rachel immediately turned her head to avoid Victor's touch.

"Don't forget what you said!" she yelled and gritted her teeth.

Victor's hand froze and his eyes darkened.

Her words were echoing in his mind, making his temples throb.

No matter how much he tried to fight it, his body kept telling him that he wanted to take Rachel and make her his.

Victor desired for Rachel to stay by his side, and he was willing to go to any length to achieve this, even if it meant locking her up.

“Rachel, I regret it...”

Victor cupped Rachel’s chin, forcing her to look at him.

He pressed his thumb on her soft, pink lips and said, “I thought I could do it, but I was wrong. What do I do?”

Rachel glared at him.

This was never in her plans.

For a moment, she didn’t know whether she should be furious with Victor for breaking his promise or with herself for being too soft enough to stay and tend to his wounds. “Rachel, even if you keep hating me, I don’t care,” he said as he looked at her luscious lips. “I’ll never let you go until I die.” “Victor, don’t you dare! I’ll kill you with my own hands!” Rachel’s threats seemed to have no effect on him. He leaned closer, making their noses touch. “Then let’s be together till death.”

Victor wrapped his strong arms around Rachel’s waist, turned them both over, and pressed her body against his. Before Rachel could react, he kissed her directly. Rachel let out a light gasp. Victor’s desires were uncontrollable, and the effects of the drug had unleashed all of his need for Rachel. It was instinct taking over. “Victor!” Rachel’s pupils were rapidly dilating. She shoved Victor’s shoulders with both hands as hard as she could. It was enough to make Victor break their kiss. When he looked at her, Rachel saw the burning lust reflected in his eyes. “Victor! Let me go!”

Out of nowhere, Rachel felt a pang on her neck. Victor had sunk his teeth into her skin. Rachel took a deep breath and bent her knees, trying to fight him off. But to her surprise, Victor placed his long legs on top of hers, preventing her from moving. “Why did you bite me, Victor? Are you a dog or something?!” Enraged, Rachel clenched her teeth and slammed her fists into Victor’s shoulders. Dissatisfied with Rachel’s resistance, Victor grabbed her wrists with one hand, raised them above her head, and pinned them against the armrest of the sofa.

He dipped his head low and lovingly licked the teeth marks on her neck as though he was penitent for biting her roughly earlier. Drunk in the sensation, he let his free hand roam



around Rachel's waist, making her tremble slightly. His hand moved slowly from her slender waist, sliding up along her backside until he touched the zipper of her gown.

His fingertips gently brushed against her flushed and hot shoulder blade, making her bite her lip. There was excitement and thrill in the way he explored her body, but Rachel didn't like this feeling. She tried to pull her hands back, but Victor was unstoppable. He was utterly consumed.

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Victor's body was very hot.

Rachel could feel his temperature through their clothes.

And that didn't seem normal.

It suddenly occurred to her that when she came back with the medicine box, he was drinking a glass of iced water.

"Victor!" She raised her head and looked at him.

"Were you drugged?"

"Yes," he responded in a very low voice.

And when he spoke, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

From the look of things, it wasn't clear whether or not Victor heard what she said. He went on to kiss Rachel on her collarbone.

This left Rachel at a loss for words.

But it soon dawned on her that he had been drugged! She thought about a way of escaping his presence as soon as possible.

They were the only ones in the villa.

Therefore, nobody would be able to come to her rescue.

Rachel became somewhat tense and bit her lower lip.

For some reason, Victor could tell that she was nervous. He held her wrist and gently rubbed it with his thumb, as if trying to make her relax.

This act of his came to him almost instinctively. He might not be aware of what he was doing at that given instant. He had bitten Rachel, and this made her rather vigilant.

When he tried to make her relax, her beautiful eyes turned red and tears began to flow down her cheeks.

Victor couldn't help but pause for a moment.

After letting go of Rachel's hands and wiping her tears, he pinched her chin and kissed her.

Rachel tried to resist him.

But the kiss became more intense. It was as if his action was done on purpose.

He touched her zipper and tried to unzip the dress she was wearing.

After several futile attempts, he became a bit rude.

Rachel moved a step backwards. She tried to avoid his kiss.

He had let go of her hands.

And she saw it as an opportunity to escape. If nothing was done quickly, she might end up being trapped. Rachel made up her mind and hit him on his wounded arm hard. The wounds

on his arm hadn't been treated properly. As a result, blood began to ooze out anew. "You've got to wake up!" Rachel said while trying to pull his hand away, despite being a little bit out of breath. Nonetheless, Victor still persisted as if he couldn't hear what she said.

Then, there was a crackling sound. Victor pulled her zipper! Rachel felt a sense of crisis. But before she could take any action, her dress was already unzipped. She felt a chill down her spine. "Victor!" "I want you, Rachel." Victor whispered in her ear. She could feel the warmth of his breath. His voice was deep and low. This made her feel like a child being coaxed against their will. "Let go of me!" Rachel warned him. A frown was written all over her face.

"Leave me alone!" But Victor was insouciant. He bit her earlobe. And his hands didn't stop caressing every inch of Rachel's body. At some point, his palm was on her waist. Rachel bit her lower lip. And hot tears fell down her cheeks again. She had never felt so humiliated. This made her recall what happened four years ago. The memories rushed to her like a flood. "No!" Rachel tried her best to break free, but to no avail.

Four years ago, she was almost raped by him.

However, given that he listened to her plea for mercy, it could still be regarded as a more tolerable experience.

This time, the man didn't seem so merciful. He was drugged and not in his right mind.

Victor lowered his head and cast a penetrating gaze into her eyes.

"Do not cry." He kissed Rachel.

"This isn't the time for that. So save your strength."

After that, he kissed her gently on her eyebrows, eyelids, nose tip, and lips. He couldn't just get enough of her! Rachel gritted her teeth in response to what he was doing.

However hard he tried, it proved impossible to stick his tongue inside her mouth.

This made him frown. Victor put his hand on her waist.

Rachel was very sensitive around her hips.

And Victor's move made her feel very uncomfortable.

When she reacted to his touch, he took the opportunity to stick his tongue into her mouth.

That was soon followed by a wild kiss.

Rachel kept avoiding his tongue every time he tried.

However, Victor was too domineering and she could no longer keep up with her resistance.

As he was feeling hotter and hotter, Victor loosened his grip around her waist. He felt that her dress was getting in the way. He decided to touch her thighs.

As his hand slid up, she felt very unsettled.

When his fingertips finally reached her belly, he was unhappy that she didn't reciprocate his touch. He bit the tip of Rachel's tongue gently in order to punish her.

After that, he kissed her more fiercely.

"No! No!"

Rachel cried out in horror. Fear was evident all over her. She grabbed his arm and pinched the wounds with her nails.

This caused him to bleed. And her nails became stained with blood. Victor groaned in pain! But this didn't stop Victor continued to touch

It appeared to be a s

ign from further venting her anger. He felt something on her skin.

Rachel closed her eyes because she was scared. Her fingernails pierced into the wounds on Victor's arm. The sharp pain stimulated his nerves, and he was jolted back to reality in a moment. There was a rough feeling under his hand. When he lowered his eyes, it dawned on him that Rachel's tears had wetted a part of the sofa. She maintained her resistance despite appearing really stressed out. Victor's fingertips touched the scar on her belly and he felt as if he had been struck by something.

Rachel's eyes were still closed. After noticing that he didn't take any further action, she opened her eyes. By this time, the lust in his eyes had faded a little. Victor did nothing but

stare at her. "How did you get this scar?" Victor asked. Rachel didn't expect that he would suddenly wake up. It took a little while before she replied, "Four years ago, I hit a reef when I jumped into the sea. That's how I got it." This came as a shock to Victor.

Seeing that he was in a daze, Rachel pushed him away immediately and covered her chest. Then she got up from the sofa and kept stepping back to keep a distance from him. Victor came back to his senses and realized that she kept retreating. "Watch out!" There was a flower rack behind Rachel. He reached out to pull the woman away, not minding the pain in his arm. But she dodged. As a matter of fact, Rachel didn't want to be caught by him again. She looked at him warily. "You have got to stay away from me!"

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Rachel took another step back, Victor halted his approach and stated, "Okay, I'm not going there."

Rachel was a bit relaxed to see that Victor did not get any closer.

The zipper on her garment was damaged, so she couldn't turn around and go.

For her, there was no leaving! Rachel's lips were pallid as she pressed them firmly.

Victor's fingers were still warm to the touch.

It was the heat emanating from Rachel's body.

Victor's temples throbbed even more.

At this point, the medication was still having an impact on him.

As much as he tried, Victor was unable to control himself.

While staring into Rachel's eyes, he ached even more.

Moments later, he said, "Forgive me."

In silence, Rachel kept an eye on Victor, but she didn't utter a word.

Victor's body had not lost its ability to absorb the medication.

He was well aware that if he stayed with Rachel any longer, he would go off the deep end again.

After apologizing, he walked to the second-floor bedroom.

As part of his effort to stay sober, he switched on the bathroom's cold water faucet and poured cold water over his head.

Rachel stood in the living room, watching Victor walk upstairs, before leaning against the wall and taking a flimsy seat.

All of her energy appeared to have vanished.

As a result of her dress's damaged zipper, Rachel was unable to go out for some time.

She had no choice but to remain there.

In the end, she wasn't sure whether Victor would return downstairs.

She leaned against the wall, afraid to shut her eyes in case he came downstairs unexpectedly.

When Rachel woke up, it was almost daylight.

With her arms wrapped over her knees, she was able to fall asleep.

A chilly wind wafted in just as the sun came up.

It was cold inside.

Rachel knelt and buried her face between her knees.

She was sleeping so deeply that she didn't know the door to the second-floor bedroom was opened.

Victor was numb from head to toe after a night of taking an ice-cold shower.

In a stroke of luck, the medication's effects had faded. He wasn't sure if he had harmed Rachel or not last night, but he was concerned that if he went downstairs, he might scare her again, so he chose to wait till dawn.

He sent a message to Ivan, in which he requested that he bring two sets of clothes to him. Afterward, he opened the door and headed downstairs. He found the living room empty. As Victor's eyes darkened, so did his expression. He believed Rachel had gone, but he spotted her curled up out of the corner of his eye. Rachel was still in her dress, but she seemed terrified and unsure of herself. That reminded Victor of the scar he had tampered with the previous night. She must have had a lot of stitches because he could feel how deep the scar was when he touched it.

Rachel sustained the wound when she plunged into the sea, Rachel's situation made Victor feel bad. The maritime condition was problematic. To say nothing of Rachel, not even a diver with excellent swimming skills could hope to make it through. At the moment, it could be seen that Rachel was willing to die rather than be with him. Victor held his fists so tightly. Despite the fact that the medication had taken effect and he was unable to control himself, he remembered what he had said. He expressed his regret and said that he didn't intend to let Rachel go and that he'd rather die with her. He was certain that these were his thoughts since he recalled them so well.

He attempted to let her go, but that didn't turn out to be the case. To be honest, after hearing Carson state that he envisaged Rachel with Roger at the moment, it dawned on him that he would never let her leave him, gladly or not. Rachel would never end up with another guy so long as he was still breathing. Before Victor got to the villa, he went to an extent of premeditating ruining the Jimenez family and leaving Roger with nothing and hence forcing Rachel to be with him by any means, if he was really with her. Victor approached Rachel and took her in his arms.

A nagging unease persisted even as Rachel slept. She scowled and subconsciously whispered, "Don't come over..." Victor's eyes hardened as he saw her scowling brows. He instinctively tightened his grip on Rachel, even though he was unaware of it. "Rachel, I'll not let you go this time, mark my words," Victor said. Anyone who attempted to interfere with him would eventually die. It was almost noon by the time Rachel awoke again. The dream jolted her out of her slumber. She jerked herself out of bed, a thin film of perspiration forming on her brow.

No matter how many times she pleaded, Victor acted deaf in the dream. He snatched her neck and declared coldly and viciously that she was approaching death, all the while disregarding her fight and tearing off her clothes. When Rachel woke up, she couldn't shake the feeling that the dream was genuine. Rachel's vision began to improve. The softness of the object next to her was only apparent after that. She looked down and saw a cozy blanket draped over her, keeping her warm and cozy. Rachel's pupils dilated rapidly.

All she could recall was the fact that she slept in the living room's far corner.

She couldn't possibly be in bed right now, could she? Why hadn't she noticed it? Lifting the blanket, she saw that her clothing had been changed.

Her expression shifted instantly. Her physical response indicated that she had no intercourse with a guy, but when was she brought to this room? When did she get her clothes switched? Was it possible she slept that well? Rachel clenched her lips and tightened her jaw.

She closed her eyes, attempting to recount the previous night's events.

The door swung open just then.

Rachel sprang out of bed and grabbed the table light on her bedside table as soon as she heard the noise. She was on high alert.

After all, what she learned last night was still fresh in her memory.

"Mommy!"

Rachel heard a young voice from the door and immediately recognized Joey.

Joey's appearance stunned Rachel.



Joey never saw Rachel's countenance shift.

In his excitement, "Mommy, surprise!"

He launched himself into her arms.

"Who brought you here?"

Rachel felt less apprehensive when she realized that it was Joey. She placed the light back on the bedside table carefully, for fear it might injure Joey, and dropped her head to inquire.

Joey raised his head and looked at his mom.

"I requested that Ivan bring him here," said a man when he got to the door.

It was Victor.

Rachel's brow furrowed once again.

When he looked at his mother's face, Joey could tell something was off, but he had no idea what had transpired the night before.

He took the effort to explain since he assumed his mother was upset when she saw Victor.

"Actually, I called D—Mr. Sullivan and requested him to bring me here to see you. You never came to sleep with me last night. So I requested Lukas to phone Mr. Sullivan early in the morning after having a nightmare."

Joey was on the verge of calling Victor his dad, but he quickly stopped himself.

Because Victor had focused only on Rachel, he missed Joey's mistaken statement.

"Lunch has been served. After you finish cleaning up, you should come downstairs for lunch." Victor's demeanor was icy as he looked away. He then walked away after he said that. Rachel's nervousness spiraled out of control even though she did not speak. She was completely unaware that her fingers twitched when she spotted Victor. She had no desire to eat and was ready to leave this place as soon as possible. Joey abruptly grasped her hand and was going to walk out just when she was about to tell him she would eat lunch with him once they got home. "Mommy, we should go now. No need to be concerned.) solicited

feedback from others. Waterfront Hotel has the best chefs in the venture. The cuisine they provide is superb." "Joey..." When Rachel saw Joey's beautiful eyes and grin, she couldn't declare she didn't want to eat. So she brushed that off. "Is everything okay?" Joey asked, puzzled. "It's... Nothing. We should be on our way," Rachel said as she squeezed Joey's cheek. Joey's dimples were clearly visible in his broad smile. His two exposed canine teeth demonstrated his purity and simplicity. Because of this, Rachel couldn't bring herself to let him down. They headed downstairs hand in hand. Their first sight upon getting downstairs was of a cleaning woman at work, Joey was friendly in his greetings to the cleaning

woman.

The maid was overjoyed. She returned a hasty grin before turning to Rachel and calling out, "Miss Bennet." "How come you know my identity?" It was apparent that the cleaning woman had already seen Rachel before, though Rachel couldn't recall meeting her. "I nearly forgot about it. You were practically sleeping at the moment. It's understandable that you don't recognize me. Miss Bennet, I changed your clothing," the cleaning woman explained with a grin as she touched her forehead. Stounded, Rachel said, "Did you really do that?" "Mr. Sullivan requested that I change your clothing, but I'm a sloppy person.

I'm very sorry. However, it's clear that Mr. Sullivan goes out of his way for you. He specifically instructed me not to disturb you while changing your clothing." She brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. She worked in a low-wage job. She never had changed clothing for anybody, particularly Rachel, who had sensitive skin. It was the cleaning lady's greatest fear that she might offend Rachel and so be fired. "Nothing." Rachel's pupils constricted. The cleaning woman was the last person she expected to be responsible for changing her clothes, not even Victor. Rachel muddled Victor's meaning.

Rachel's emotions were conflicted when she realized this. She couldn't figure out why. Victor was already seated at the table when they entered the dining room. Rachel was welcomed to have a seat by Joey, who kindly pulled out a chair for her and invited her to do so as a little gentleman. In the end, they appeared like a family sitting together. The chef served the food after the three had settled. Rachel spooned soup into her mouth.

She caught a glimpse of Victor slicing up the steak and handing it to Joey out of the corner of her eye. Her ears were filled with the echo of the cleaning lady's words. Victor was dressed in a different outfit. His tall frame was flaunted in a white shirt and black slacks. While his clothes were simple, his demeanor was chilly and aloof, making it impossible for anybody to get near him. A long-sleeved shirt was Victor's choice to hide his wound, but the bandage on his hand reminded Rachel of what transpired the previous night.

