

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 396 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 396 Homeless (Part Eight)

In the last days of fall, the twilight hours were shorter. It was shortly after half past five o'clock. The evening light came in through the car window. Late fall brought a nice chill to the air. Joey had a good dream this time. Quintin followed his father and mother about in his dream as they

assisting them with carrying items and running after them. He had a big grin on his face as he slept. He was

adamant about not waking up. Finally, Rachel woke him up.

"Mommy, what's this place?" Joey slowly got up and wiped his eye. He had a low tone to his voice. He glanced at Rachel and realized he was in the vehicle. She stepped out of the car and bent down to hold his hand.

He stepped out of the vehicle, placing his hand on Rachel's palm. Taking a look around, he was greeted with an abundance of vegetation. Even though it was fall, it seemed that this location had not been impacted by it. They were surrounded by trees that seemed to be in full bloom. Joey spotted a large iron gate in the distance before Rachel had spoken a word. The large iron gate, on the other hand, was securely shut, leaving just a side entrance open. It could only be used by one person at a time. The phrase "cemetery" was engraved onto a sign beside the entrance. "Didn't I promise you I'd take you to visit Aunt Abby?" Rachel said, stroking his head. Joey had no idea where he was till then. He lifted his head and fixed his gaze on Rachel, looking for any changes in her expression. He was worried that his mom would feel sad. After all, they were at a cemetery. It wasn't a pleasant

setting

"Let's get moving, honey, Getting about in the dark is dangerous. I believe Abby might also be badly wanting to see you," Rachel told him as she grasped his hand. Joey concurred and followed her to the entrance. It was impossible for Joey to avoid looking at the word "cemetery" on the sign as his shoulder brushed up against it. "What made you choose this location for Aunt Abby, Mommy?"

The cemetery seemed to be a modest and rustic place to bury one's dead. The massive iron-gate was rusty. The gate was littered with leaves and debris. Clearly, no one had taken the time to tidy this area. There was no one to keep an eye on the mountain's trees, which grew wild and thriving. "It's a peaceful place to be. She won't be bothered by anybody." Rachel's eyes became dark as she talked. Her grip on Joey's hand tightened unconsciously.

Joey was able to sense her remorse. "I believe it's a good place, too," he remarked childishly to Rachel.

As soon as she heard this, Rachel's face softened and she smiled down at him. Joey had said it because he was worried she would be sad, and she understood that. He wanted to be there for her and help her feel better. There was no stop for almost five minutes as they made their way up the stone stairs together. It wasn't long before Joey glanced back and saw that they had already reached the hillside. The mountain wasn't very tall or particularly steep. They could still see the Cayenne sitting outside the gate from their vantage point. "It's here, honey." Rachel paused in front of a marble gravestone, her hand clasped around his, and glanced at the portrait on it.

Joey followed her eyes to the gravestone and remained there, staring at it. The marble had the word "Abby Black"

etched onto it, and it was a deep shade of black.

The top right corner of Abby's gravestone had a picture of her embedded in it. During the picture shoot, Abby said she wanted to learn how to drive. After taking the shot, Rachel wanted to include it on the application form, but Abby was taken away after the photo was processed .

The photograph had been stored in the studio. The personnel at the picture studio did not contact the Bennet family or send the photo to Rachel until three days after the tragedy. Abby didn't even get the chance to see the picture herself. Squatting down and placing her hand lightly on the photo's right side, Rachel felt a rushing sensation like she was touching something priceless. "Abby, I'm here. I came to see you," Rachel whispered. A little breeze

picked up her hair and sent it flapping about. Looking at the picture, she went into a state of trance, as if she heard Abby call out to her.

“Aunt Abby.” Joey’s voice got Rachel back on her bearings. Joey stood before the gravestone, carefully placing a flower he had just picked. “Aunt Abby, my name is Joey. I’m here with my mom. We came to see you.” Rachel returned his gaze with a grin and a kiss on the back of his head. “Mommy haven’t come to see you during the past years. Please don’t get mad at my mommy. In fact, she must be missing you a lot. When I was a little kid, she told me a lot about you. Before I came to see you, I already liked you a lot.” Joey’s voice sounded innocent and lovely as he said that.

“Simply vent your frustrations at me if you’re still not pleased. Mommy would have visited you sooner if I hadn’t been too little to come.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out yet another blossom. Rachel was taken aback and puzzled as to when Joey picked the flowers. He placed the two flowers next to the grave. “Auntie, Mommy and I came in a hurry, and we didn’t get a lot of flowers for you. I simply plucked two flowers on the way and presented them to you.

“I’ll bring you a magnificent bouquet of flowers the next time I visit, so don’t get so upset with me, please.” His solemn tone amused Rachel. She stroked the tip of his nose with her finger and muttered, “Aunt Abby treasures you the most. She’ll never be mad at you for anything.” Abby used to peek at Rachel’s tummy and make educated guesses about the gender of the unborn child. Even the baby’s birth present was on Abby’s list of things to prepare. Abby was even more concerned about Rachel’s unborn child than Rachel herself.

Abby really liked the kid. If she were still living, she might have pampered this tiny kid to the point of obsession.

It was beginning to grow dark. Rachel and Joey didn’t spend much time at the cemetery. They left, probably due to the growing darkness. The driver exited the vehicle early and waited for them. He opened the rear door as soon as he spotted them exiting, so they could get inside.

They heard the vehicle radio as soon as they got inside the automobile.

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Chapter 397 Homeless (Part Nine)

"It has come to our notice that the houses on the high floors of Building A of Gentlefolk have been engulfed in flames. Firefighters are trying their best to control the raging inferno which has already caused a heavy traffic jam. If you are going to the places around that axis, please try to make a detour and pay attention to traffic safety. Autumn has the highest incidence of fire outbreaks. Recently, there has been a steady rise as regards the number of properties being gutted by fire in many communities far and near.

It is very important to strengthen our safety consciousness. Please turn off electrical appliances when they are not in use. Remember to turn off the gas before leaving your house so as to ensure the safety of both you and the members of your family." Joey was sitting obediently in the child seat while listening to the announcement on the radio. Then he muttered in a low tone, "Gentlefolk? Why does it sound so familiar?"

Meanwhile, Rachel was helping the boy fasten the seat belt when that particular community was mentioned. For a moment, she stopped what she was doing. The name also sounded somewhat familiar to her.

"Gentlefolk is a real estate project developed by the Sullivan Group." When the driver looked through the rearview mirror, he noticed that Joey had a confused look on his face. So he tried to explain what he knew to the child.

A thought flashed through Joey's mind. He seemed to have remembered something. This made him grab Rachel's wrist. "Mommy, do you remember what Lukas said last night? Mr. Sullivan has been living in Gentlefolk." When Rachel heard what Joey said, it dawned on her that Lukas made mention of the name of the community

Last night, Victor gave him a call. And while they were having a conversation, he told Lukas to send a document from the study to Gentlefolk as soon as possible. When the courier

came to take the document, Joey happened to be there. The child had just taken a shower. He was watching a movie on the sofa with an iPad. When he saw Lukas coming downstairs, he asked him a casual question.

And Lukas replied by saying that after leaving the hospital, Victor had been living in an apartment in Gentlefolk. According to his description, the community was not far from the building of the Sullivan Group. Out of the corner of his eye, Joey glanced at the receipt in the courier's hand. It showed the specific address of Victor's apartment. This was on the twenty-ninth floor of Building A.

And just now, the announcement they just heard on the radio was about the houses on the high floors of Building

A in the Gentlefolk. They were all on fire.

Rachel was in a daze and Joey tightened his grip on her hand. When she came to her senses, she saw the worried look in the child's eyes. "You are worried about him, aren't you?" When Rachel looked at the boy's frowning brows, she was at a loss for

words.

She always hoped that Victor could stay away from her and Joey. But for one reason or the other, things always went in the opposite direction from what she planned or expected.

This uncontrollable feeling made her feel so confused. She was very upset. It was as if Rachel couldn't calm herself

down.

"Is that even possible?" Joey denied immediately after Rachel finished talking. He lowered his eyes and touched the tip of his nose subconsciously. This was an action he would do when he lied.

He was evidently worried about Victor. But he knew very well that his mommy didn't like to mention his father. This was why Joey had to tell a lie. He didn't want her to be sad. There was no contesting the fact that his mother was the most important person to him. Putting this into consideration, he winked at Rachel as if nothing had happened. "Mommy, let's go back." Rachel looked at him. Then she moved her lips and said, "Okay."

Joey no longer mentioned anything pertaining to either the fire or Victor. With his head down, he held his mother's hand and played with her fingers as usual.

It appeared like he really didn't care or worry about his father.

The Cayenne had been driving for about twenty minutes. Suddenly, it began to slow down. More and more cars

gathered around it. At last, it stopped in the middle of the road.

The driver looked at the traffic jam in front of them. Thereafter, he glanced at the information on his phone. "Miss

Bennet, the road before Gentlefolk has been blocked."

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Chapter 398 Homeless (Part Ten)

All of a sudden, Rachel felt a sharp pain in her fingertips. And in response to that she withdrew her hand from

Joey's. It was an impulsive reaction.

This made Joey come back to his senses. When he saw what had happened to his mother's fingers, he felt guilty. After the driver told them that the road before Gentlefolk had been blocked, Joey clenched his fists subconsciously. It was unbeknown to him that he was pinching Rachel's fingertips. "Mommy, I'm really sorry," he said remorsefully. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Rachel turned her head to look at him. She was stunned by how red his eyes had become. She was of the opinion that Joey behaved in such a manner because he was worried about the fire in Gentlefolk. To be more precise, it was actually because of his deep concern for Victor's well-being.

When Rachel noticed how sorry he felt for hurting her, she didn't want to blame him. "Joey, I'm fine, alright?" She touched his frowning brows with her thumb. "There's no need for you to feel guilty."

Joey had no reason to be so wary in front of her. It didn't matter whether or not he was really worried about Victor. She wouldn't really blame him.

"Mommy, can I blow your fingertips for you?" Joey blinked his eyes while he asked her the question in a childish voice.

"Of course, you can!" After giving him a reply, Rachel stretched her hand towards the little boy.

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The Cayenne kept on moving albeit extremely slowly. This was as a result of the traffic congestion. After about twenty minutes, the vehicle only managed to cover a distance of two hundred meters. And it was completely dark

He looked out of the window every now and then. It was as if his eyes were searching for something. But there was nothing outside except other cars just as stuck in the traffic as theirs. But if someone carefully observed Joey for some time, they would notice that he always looked in the same direction that led to Gentlefolk.

"Are you hungry, Joey?" Rachel asked him a question when he least expected it.

Joey stopped looking out of the car window and turned to look at her. "Maybe we will be stuck here for a while. Let us get out of the car in order to get something to eat. There is a snack shop over there." Joey looked hesitant for a while. He pressed his lips against each other. But after that, he nodded his head in agreement.

Rachel told the driver to take the car to Sue Garden alone. She and Joey alighted the vehicle. After crossing the traffic, they went straight to the commercial street across the road. The boy was still a little absent-minded. But he continued to follow Rachel closely.

Finally, they arrived at a Chinese restaurant. But Joey's mind was elsewhere. It wasn't until the waiter asked him enthusiastically what he wanted to eat that Joey came back to his senses. He saw that his mother was staring at him penetratingly. "Wed like to have these," Rachel said. Then she closed the menu and handed it to the waiter. "Okay, kindly hold on for a moment. I'll inform the chef and will serve the dishes in no time." The waiter stopped looking at Joey. When he was done talking, he took the menu from Rachel respectfully. The waiter quickly and expertly registered what Rachel ordered on the iPad. After that, he left the room and shut the door behind him. Joey could tell that his mother knew that he lied just now. Hence, a feeling of guilt unsettled him. "Mommy!" He called out to her.

"What is it?"

osobout to explain the reason behind absent mindedness, he saw that his mother didn't seem to notice

- So, he swallowed the words. Then, he got down from his chair and walked to Rachel with his arms wide opened. Mommy, can you hug me?" Dey didn't even know what was wrong with him.

Vhen he heard that there was a fire in the Gentlefolk, he couldn't help but think about his father who lived there. his made him very worried despite not being sure whether or not his dad was affected by the incident. Because he yas afraid that his mother would find out that he was worried about his father, Joey tried his best to cover it up. -ut the more he tried to do so, the more clues he gave his mother. Cachel held the little boy up.

Then she let him sit on her lap. Mommy, I'm deeply sorry that I lied to you." Joey raised his head to look at Rachel. He felt despondent. Jotwithstanding, after pausing for a brief moment, he said what was on his mind. "Mommy, can I call him? I... I'm – little worried about him." oey tried his best to hold back his concerns. But it was to no avail. He failed. Rachel was on the verge of giving him an answer when her phone started ringing.

When she took a look at the caller ID, Rachel discovered that the call was from Andy. Rachel knew that Joey still anticipated a reply from her. But when she was about to hang up, Joey answered the phone and turned on the hands-free profile.

Hello! Are you a friend of Andy? I am speaking to you from the emergency department of the Flowerence Hospital!"

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Chapter 399 Homeless (Part Eleven)

When Rachel and Joey arrived at the emergency department of Flowerence Hospital, all the people in the hall were in a mess.

Some people were injured. They waited for nurses to dress their wounds. And the others were family members of the patients. Doctors could also be seen in the hall.

There was a faint smell of blood in the air. People made different kinds of noise. This was the first time Joey was witnessing such a chaotic scene. But his mother was beside him. So he held onto her hand tightly.

All these injured patients had just been transferred from Gentlefolk. As if that wasn't enough, there was a steady stream of injured people still on their way.

'It was only a building that was set on fire. Why are there so many injured people? Where is Daddy?' Joey thought anxiously

He pressed his lips and looked around the hall. The little boy searched for a familiar figure in the crowd. But unfortunately, he didn't find what he was looking for.

"Miss Bennet, right?" A nurse walked up to Rachel.

"Yes, I am." Rachel nodded and looked behind the nurse. But she didn't see Andy.

The nurse had to make an explanation when she noticed that Rachel's gaze was focused elsewhere. "Hello, I'm the one who called you just now. Mr. Torres has been transferred to the general ward. Come along with me if you don't mind. I'll take you where he is." When she heard that Andy was fine, Rachel heaved a deep sigh. She felt relieved. Thereafter, she

followed the nurse out of the emergency hall to the inpatient building. While they were on their way there, Rachel remembered what the nurse told her on the phone. After stating her identity, the nurse informed Rachel that Andy was in a coma and someone needed to go through the admission procedures for him. Actually, the nurse called Rachel because Andy had set her number as the emergency contact in his phone.

This particular setting worked in such a way that would force Andy's phone to ring even if it was kept muted. He set Rachel's phone number as an emergency contact in order to prevent missing her calls. However, it never occurred to Andy that this setting would be of use to him at some point in time. It wasn't long before they arrived at the ward where Andy was. After looking through the window of the ward, Rachel saw that Andy was lying in the bed. He was yet to wake up. His forehead was covered with gauze, and his arm

was put in a cast.

"Don't worry, Miss Bennet. Mr. Torres suffered a broken arm but he is all right now. He is expected to wake up very soon," the nurse said gently after following Rachel's gaze. "Mr. Torres is going to recover fully as long as he rests for a sufficient period of time, without any sequela." "That's good to know. Thank you very much." In response to what Rachel said, the nurse quickly waved her hand and replied, "No trouble at all. If it's convenient, Miss Bennet, can you give me your ID card? I need to go through the admission procedure for Mr. Torres." Rachel nodded her head in agreement. She took out her ID card and handed it to the nurse.

The nurse collected it and left immediately. She still had to contact the other patients' families.

Rachel was about to open the door when Joey pulled her clothes. This made her stop what she was doing. "What's wrong?"

"Mommy, I... I have got to go to the bathroom." Joey touched the tip of his nose and his lashes trembled. Whoever observed the little boy carefully would find out that there was a trace of guilt in his tone. Looking at Joey's habitual action of touching his nose, Rachel suddenly remembered what he said in the restaurant

a short while ago. Hence, she quickly understood that he wanted to look for Victor. Rachel didn't expose Joey's lie. She wasn't oblivious to the fact that he had been absent-minded all the way. Despite being aware that her son wouldn't go anywhere if she told him not to, she still didn't refuse him. This was because if she had done otherwise, he might not be able to sleep that night. Maybe this was as a result of the blood relationship. Despite not wanting

Joey to get closer to Victor, Rachel couldn't be selfish enough to ask the little boy not to have any form of interaction and communication with his father.

She was conscious of the fact the child ought not to be treated as her property. Therefore, she wasn't supposed to interfere with his feelings. Rachel could tell that Joey's attitude towards Victor had been changing. She didn't know whether or not it was good for the thing to go on like this. But in that given instant, she didn't want to let Joey get affected because of the matter between her and Victor. "Alright, you can go.

But make sure you keep your watch on so as to know exactly where you are at any point in time. And you can't leave this floor." When Joey heard what she said, his eyes lit up at once and he agreed. He asked Rachel to squat down. Then, he kissed her on the cheek and said softly, "I love you!" After that, the little boy went in that direction where the nurse just left.

A few seconds later, Rachel raised her eyes to look at the sign hanging above. The bathroom was located in the opposite direction.

She touched her cheek with the back of her hand and smiled.

When she entered the ward, Andy was just waking up.

"Miss Bennet..." Andy was stunned to see Rachel. He looked around and slowly realized that he was in the hospital.

"Are you feeling comfortable? Do you need me to get the doctor?" Rachel poured a glass of warm water and put it on the bedside table.

Andy shook his head. He felt a sharp pain in his forehead. This made him inhale and exhale deeply. Then, he reached out his hand and was about to place it above his eyebrows when Rachel hit the back of his hand. There was a crisp sound. And he stopped what he was doing. "The wound on your forehead has just been dressed. You aren't supposed to touch it!" Rachel said before sitting down. Andy cast a gaze on her face. Her countenance appeared emotionless. But her slap made him realize that Rachel was unhappy. For reasons best known to him, he felt a little guilty.

"When did you come back?" Rachel asked him a question before he could utter a word.

"The case in Baltimore came to trial yesterday. I didn't come back until today. I had it in mind to call you tomorrow to invite you and Joey to have a meal." In the past few days, Andy had

been busy with several cases, traveling from one city to another. At the same time, Rachel was of the opinion that his work kept him occupied. But when she was about to have dinner, her phone rang. It was a call from the hospital saying that he was in a coma.

Although Rachel did her best to conceal how anxious she was, her appetite had been long lost. After answering the phone call, she rushed over with Joey. On the way to the hospital, she had the same feeling when she heard that Abby was injured four years ago. When she saw that the emergency hall was full of people who were injured, she was as worried as Joey. There was a lingering fear in her mind. She was scared that she might not be able to meet Andy again. Now that she was sure that Andy was fine, Rachel was relieved. Of course, she was both hungry and angry.

“Why didn’t you have a good rest after coming back? Why did you go to Gentlefolk? How did you get injured?” The slap defused Rachel’s anger which was initially aroused by the fact that she didn’t eat because of him.

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 400 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 400 Homeless (Part Twelve)

“The law firm had just accepted a difficult divorce case today, and the lawyer who had accepted this case applied for sirlle leave so in the end. I was placed in charge of it. After I got off the plane, the client called me and asked me to

meet him in his apartment. I didn’t expect that there a fire would go off in that building.” Andy couldn’t believe his bad luck. The client’s apartment was just next to the one that had caught fire. When they found out about it, they quickly went downstairs through the exit stairway. But then the fire found its way to the gas cans and they exploded. The whole building trembled, and even the apartments on other floors started burning. The electricity was cut off, and it was dark in the stairwell which was filled with people who had escaped. Someone from behind pushed Andy whose mind hadn’t been on the steps under his feet at that time, so he missed his footing and fell down the stairs.

Luckily the next landing wasn't that far, and Andy's legs were fine. The problem came in when he protected his head with his arms, and his elbow hit the wall sharply. His arm was broken. The pain of it was just too much and he fainted from the shock.

"By the time I woke up, I was already in the ambulance. I heard that two explosions occurred in Gentlefolk in a row and that there were several car accidents caused by the traffic jam." Probably because the effect of the anesthetic had worn off, the wound on Andy's forehead throbbed as he spoke. 'Two explosions in a row... Victor has been living in Gentlefolk these days.' Rachel was lost in thought. At this moment, her mobile phone vibrated in her hand.

The screen lit up as a news pop-up showed on it. "Gentlefolk caught fire and two gas explosions occurred in Building A. Many people have been injured, and several apartments were seriously damaged. It is said that Victor Sullivan... The screen was locked, so the content of the news didn't show completely. When Rachel saw the name, her heart skipped a beat for no reason and a chilly thought formed in her mind.

'Was Victor in Gentlefolk at that time? Did he get hurt as well?'

"I don't know if the fire is out yet or not," Andy continued, not noticing the change in Rachel's expression.

"Which floor was your client's apartment on?" Rachel suddenly interrupted. She didn't know why she was even asking to begin with.

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Andy was stunned for a while, then he said, "The 27th floor. Is something wrong?" Rachel pursed her lips. The 27th floor was very close to the 29th floor, and a gas explosion could affect a large area. If Victor had been in Gentlefolk at that time, he would have been injured. Because in addition to the floor on fire, the floors above it and below it should have been affected greatly.

Thinking of this, Rachel didn't even notice that her fingers were trembling. Her heart sank at the morbid thoughts, making her short of breath.

Why did she get such a feeling? Why did her heart ache at the thought of him getting hurt?

If something bad happened to Victor, she should have been happy. Wasn't that what she wanted anyway? That way she could take Joey away from Apliaria and go far away. Then she wouldn't need to worry all the time that Victor would find out about Joey's identity. And she wouldn't be afraid that the feelings between Joey and Victor growing deeper and deeper. Andy finally realized that something wasn't right with Rachel. Just as he was about to ask what happened, Rachel suddenly stood up. "I have to go now. Rest well."

Before Andy could say anything, Rachel had turned around and left the ward. Looking at Rachel's receding back, Andy was confused. What could have been on her mind? The phone on the bedside table buzzed. He looked away

from the door and picked up the phone.

It was a news alert. The very same one that Rachel had received on her phone.

As soon as Andy clicked on it, the whole news page was displayed on his screen Gentlefolk caught fire and two gas explosions occurred in Building A Many people have been injured, and several apartments were seriously damaged It is said that Victor Sullivan, the CEO of Sullivan Group, is currently visiting those who were injured in the hospital

He said that Sullivan Group would set aside some money to compensate the owners of severely damaged

apartments in Gentlefolk.'

When Rachel walked out of the ward, her mind was occupied with what had happened. She walked forward subconsciously, thinking about the explosion in Gentlefolk that Andy and the news alert on her phone had informed her about

Bang Rachel didn't notice her surroundings and accidentally touched the flowerpot on the nursing station with her hand, The flowerpot fell to the floor immediately and broke into pieces, which shocked the nurse who was on duty at the station. The nurse quickly walked out she didn't care about the fragments on the floor but instead asked with

concern

"Miss, are you okay? Did you get hurt?" Rachel came to her senses and her sight became clearer. She looked at the broken flowerpot and apologized, "I'm fine. I'm sorry. I didn't notice it there. How much is it? I'll pay you for it." "It was a gift from a discharged patient. I don't

know how much it is, but it shouldn't be too expensive. You don't have to pay for it. The flowerpot was supposed to be placed inside, but I was so busy just now that I forgot it. So I can't really blame you for breaking it." The nurse smiled. "But you don't look well though. Is something wrong?" Rachel smiled, then she said softly, "I am fine. How about this? Please give me your number. Then I'll go to the flower market tomorrow and see if there's the same flower. If there is, I'll buy it put it in a nice vase, and send it to you."

After all, she was the one who had broken the flowerpot. There was no need to let others take the consequence for her actions.

Seeing that Rachel was determined, the nurse didn't refuse anymore. "Alright." Rachel nodded, unlocked her phone with her thumb, and saved the nurse's number on her phone. As soon as Rachel did that, the nurse was called away by her colleague. She said goodbye to Rachel in a hurry. Rachel was about to turn off the screen, but then she opened the phonebook by mistake. She had just come back and had gotten a new number. So there were only a few people's phone numbers on her phone, and they all fit into one page of it. Looking down, the last line of the address book was Victor's number.

Rachel looked at the number, lost in thought once more.

Beep!

All of a sudden, the phone rang. When Rachel came to her senses, she realized she had somehow pressed the dial key by mistake. The name 'Victor' was flickering on the screen, meaning that it was calling his phone. Rachel wanted to hang up on reflex, but her finger just hovered above the red button for a long time. She didn't press.

The beeping lasted for nearly a minute. Looking at the screen that told her that no one answered, Rachel unconsciously bit her bottom lip. Perhaps she didn't even realize that she was frowning. The gnawing feeling in her gut was growing stronger "Sorry, the mobile subscriber you dialed cannot be reached. Please try again later."

The beeping stopped, and the female voice replaced it. Then the phone hung up, and the screen returned to the phonebook page. For some reason, Rachel felt as if her heart was being squeezed in her chest. When the phone hung up, her heart didn't hurt anymore, but it was now a little numb, and even her fingers were slightly numb as they held the phone.

“The man who was sent over just now is quite handsome. Does he work in Sullivan Group? Or is his surname Sullivan? He is so badly injured. I don’t know if he can survive.” Suddenly, a loud sigh came from behind them.