

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 391 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 391 Homeless (Part Three) One tablet of sildenafil was insufficient to attain the desired results. So the aphrodisiac effect was only inhibited because there were other substances. If the aphrodisiac chemicals didn't get flushed out of his system, one would be able to feel the effects after a while. Victor had been taking the medication for half a month. It was indeed half a month's dosage.

"Dr. Turner recommended this medication for you, Mr. Sullivan. Is it possible that Dr. Turner was the one who..." Ivan was unable to complete his thoughts, but the truth was clear. Everything was handled by Dr. Turner, from the prescription through Victor's first dose of the medication. The medicine couldn't have been tampered with by anybody else if not him.

However...

"What could be Dr. Turner's reasons for doing that?" For financial gain? Victor gave him a salary of almost \$10 million every year. In addition, the hospital paid him a salary. Prior to employing Dr. Turner, Ivan had conducted a thorough background check on him. Dr. Turner's family was well-off and in good health. He didn't have a lot to spend his money on. More than half of the additional healthcare subsidies he received were donated to a nearby welfare home. He didn't seem to be the kind to do anything like that for money. Ivan scowled, puzzled as to why Dr. Turner would take the risk of tampering with the medication. Victor remained silent, his black eyes fixed on the clear bag containing the tablets in Ivan's hands.

The look on his face shifted when he heard Victor's question. Whatever he was thinking, only he could tell. "Mr. Sullivan, I'll request that someone immediately bring Dr. Turner here." To understand Dr. Turner's motivations, this was the quickest and most convenient route to take. With his thumb rubbing across his knuckles, Victor made a minor adjustment to his index finger. A line was drawn between his small lips. His jaw was well-formed. When he wasn't talking, the atmosphere was always tense. No one could tell Victor's mood. Ivan concluded that his silence meant that he concurred with his proposal.

If Victor didn't say anything, it signified that he didn't object to the situation. Ivan sent his men to the hospital right away and bring Dr. Turner with them. Ivan's guys called him ten minutes later. He scowled significantly after picking up the phone. "What time did he leave?" After a while, Ivan ordered, "Continue your search for him."

Increase the number of guards at the hospital." After Ivan ended the call, he turned to Victor, who stared at him deeply. "Mr. Sullivan... The head of the hospital said that Dr. Turner requested an annual leave this morning and he has left the hospital," Ivan finally responded after a period of contemplation. "Ah, I see," Victor said softly as if he was unsurprised by the outcome. ?

Seeing Victor's indifference, Ivan asked, "Mr. Sullivan, could you possibly know Dr. Turner's whereabouts?" "I don't have any information about that." That was all he said. "Dr. Turner just asked for leave this morning. If he is going to leave Apliaria, he probably hasn't left the city yet." Ivan peered through the French window. The clouds were dark and heavy, and it seemed as though it might rain hard. "Today and tomorrow are expected to be very wet days. As a result, all trains and flights will be grounded for a while. I'll ask our people to keep an eye on the hospital, airport, and railway stations. Whenever Dr. Turner shows up, we'll have him in our grasp."

Victor shook his head and peered out of the window. "I don't think he'll be leaving Apliaria." "How so, sir?" Ivan was taken aback at first, but his shock quickly gave way to confusion. Why would it be a surprise if Dr. Turner switched the medication and then requested an annual leave? Was it possible that Dr. Turner imagined that the most perilous location on Earth was also the

safest?

This puzzled Ivan. "Where could Dr. Turner go if he didn't intend to leave Apliaria?" "Get your men out of the hospital." Victor's voice sounded huskier and colder. "Send people to monitor the Salazar family's residence." 'The Salazar family? Does it have anything to do with the Salazar family?' Ivan was abruptly struck by something. Was Dr. Turner connected to the Salazar family in any way? According to what Ivan had found about the Salazar family, Dr. Turner had just a few interactions with them.

No.

Among the Salazar family, there was one individual that Dr. Turner had met and known. That was obviously Susan. Dr. Turner and Susan, the birthday celebration, the drugging... Ivan saw a brief glimpse of what seemed to be an invisible thread linking these three things.

Rachel contacted Clara twice on the night of the birthday celebration, but Clara was busy taking care of Riley, so she didn't answer the phone. There was no response when Clara tried to call again, and the phone number she dialed was off. Clara assumed the call was a sales pitch and stopped calling. It wasn't until the second day that she discovered just how much news was on the internet about Susan. She had just gotten out of bed when she heard on the television about what had occurred the previous night at Waterfront Hotel.

Ameer and his mother afterward paid a visit to the Jimenez family. Megan and Clara's mother talked about what happened at Waterfront Hotel. They all had a collective loathing for Susan. Clara, who was sitting next to them, did not want to join in the conversation. She was responding to a colleague's text message on her cell phone. Ameer's mom had been talking about this with other rich ladies at least five times in the preceding two days. Ameer so badly wanted to get out of that place when he heard the topic again.

Megan stopped him by grabbing his hand and asked, "Where are you going? Your cousin just arrived. You can't miss dinner today." "I'm going for a brief stroll. Furthermore, I've had enough of hearing what you're discussing." "You holy terror..." "Let him leave if he wants to. I, too, am itching to venture out for a little. In fact, it's been a long time since Ameer visited us here. I'll take him out to the yard." Clara despised the slanderous chitchat of the other women.

She didn't give a second thought to the gossip. Let alone Ameer, she would be fed up with the same rumors. That was why she decided to speak for him. Megan remained silent after hearing this. She allowed Ameer to go. Having been granted permission by his mother, Ameer departed from the living room and headed for the backyard. Clara was right behind him. She got a phone call from one of her coworkers. She answered the phone and talked to her coworker for a while. After hanging up, she saw Ameer staring at his phone in a daze

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Chapter 392 Homeless (Part Four)

Clara patted Ameer on the arm. She did so gently and stood beside him. "What are you thinking about? You appear to be lost in thoughts." Ameer put his phone away in a hurry. He calmed himself down and touched the tip of his nose. "I am not thinking about anything." But it didn't look like nothing was on his mind. Clara didn't believe what he said. Still, she refused to ask him any more questions. Instead, she led him along the path in the backyard, Ameer heaved a sigh of relief since Clara didn't continue to ask questions. He put his left hand into his pocket and touched the edges of the mobile phone. There was a trace of hesitation in his eyes. He stared at her and asked, "How is Riley?" As soon as Clara heard what he said, she stopped and turned around. She didn't understand what he meant. "Riley?"

"Yes. Didn't he have an allergic reaction on the night of the birthday party?" Ameer looked at her.

"Oh, I wasn't quite sure about what you were talking about at first. Well, she is at her grandmother's at the moment. And she is doing fine." A soft smile appeared on Clara's face. After that, she thought of something. "But how did you know that she had an allergy?"

On the night of the birthday party when Riley suffered from an acute allergic reaction, Clara took her to the lounge on the second floor. The two of them just stayed there for a short time. But after noticing that Riley was really uncomfortable, Clara quickly asked the driver to take her to the hospital. This was done without the knowledge of

anyone.

Clara recalled that Ameer had been absent-minded with his phone in his hand. After taking a guess, she asked him tentatively, "Did Rachel tell you about it?" "Yes, she did. I met her on the way." Ameer touched his neck subconsciously while he was still talking. "She asked me

for your phone number and also made mention of the fact that Riley had an allergy. She went out to buy the medicine. She tried to contact you. But it was to no avail.”

Two days passed, yet Ameer couldn't stop himself from thinking about the night when they were in Waterfront Hotel. Rachel was sitting alone on the big stone. The breeze blew her hair. At that time, the light was not bright. The faint moonlight shed a soft glow on her. As a result, it was as if half of her body was almost hidden in darkness. There was a perceivable coldness in her. The scene looked like a painting.

Her figure had gotten so stuck in Ameer's mind that it couldn't be erased. Ameer sent Clara's phone number to her that day. And in the process of doing so, he got Rachel's number. Just now, he had been staring at her number on his phone. He had been very hesitant to give her a call.. “Oh, now it figures! At that time, my attention was on Riley. I was taking care of her. It didn't occur to me to check my phone. It was later that I saw two strange calls. They must have been from her.” Clara looked at Ameer's face. She appeared to be somewhat surprised. She knew that Ameer had a crush.

And judging from his burning passion for Rachel, Clara was quite convinced that he really loved her. It was only one night. How could such a big change have happened during that time? “Ameer, you...” Clara opened her mouth and wanted to say something. But she didn't know how to express her opinions aptly. It was quite difficult to say that Rachel was not a good match for him. There was no denying the fact that her own brother was deeply in love. He could not even extricate himself. Clara had tried to persuade him. But in the end, it was all in vain. Ameer was her cousin. Notwithstanding, she wasn't sure whether or not it was possible for her to talk about this. “Is there a problem?” Ameer felt strange. He wondered why Clara didn't finish what she was saying.

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“No, there isn't,” Clara replied with a smile. “How long have you known Rachel? Are you very familiar with each other?” Ameer anticipated her response. Clara pursed her lips. She turned around and walked forward. Ameer followed her. There was a glimmer of light in his eyes. She could not resist his penetrating gaze. Therefore, Clara had to talk to him. “Ameer, you know that Rachel is two years older than you, don't you?”

“Yes, I do.” It was quite obvious that he didn't expect what Clara said to him. Ameer looked like a shy boy whose secret had just been exposed. His earlobes became slightly red and he touched his neck. “So you figured it out, huh?”

"Of course. It is quite obvious." Clara inhaled and exhaled deeply. At this juncture, she opened up to him. "I don't think Rachel is right for you."

In the wink of an eye, Ameer's countenance changed. He forced a smile and said, "Why is that so? You are the second person to tell me that." "Artt who is the first person to mention that to you?"

"Rachel." After a brief pause, Ameer continued, "She told me the same thing. She said that we were not right for each other. I asked her why. Do you know what response she gave me?"

"What was her response?"

"Rachel told me that she didn't like tall men."

At first, Clara was a little surprised that Rachel had already refused Ameer. But when she suddenly heard the reason behind it, she choked on her saliva and coughed several times. After that, she couldn't help laughing.

Ameer looked at her without a trace of laughter on his face. "Well, that sounds like something Rachel would say." Clara found it a little too much to smile so happily in front of someone who had been rejected by his love. And the man in question happened to be her cousin. So she quickly suppressed the laughter. Notwithstanding, the smile at the corners of her mouth could not be hidden. On the other hand, Ameer seemed like he couldn't care less. "Does she always use such outrageous reasons to refuse others? This is the first time that I've heard such a reason. I am too tall. Isn't it ridiculous?"

Clara didn't know if she had ever used the same reason to refuse others. But it wasn't unlike Rachel to behave in such a manner. And it was quite understandable why Rachel said so. She didn't want Ameer to keep being fascinated by her. Clara's mind wandered. She recalled what Rachel had said to her four years ago at the hospital. Both of them were sitting on the balcony of the ward and looking at the scenery outside. Rachel told her that she liked freedom.

At that time, she just got divorced. Everyone thought that Rachel loved Victor so much that she even did everything to stay with him. Clara thought so too. However, Rachel was no longer in love with Victor. She made it clear that she wanted to escape. She wanted to be free. And when the time was right, Rachel went away! After waiting for a long time without getting any response from Clara, Ameer had to speak to her a little louder than usual. "Are

you even listening to me?" he asked discontentedly. "What?" Clara came to herself and smiled. "Oh that! I heard everything you said."

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Ameer sighed slightly. It was evident that he was a little upset. Clara looked at him and said, "You have to listen to

me. Give up before you get any deeper."

Ameer had thought that she would be supportive as regards what he felt for Rachel. He found it hard to believe that

when he finally loved someone, everybody kept on persuading him not to go on with it.

"You are not a good match. And as a result, you can't be with her," Clara said earnestly. "Even if it was not because of your height, there would have been something else. You ought to know that the reason why Rachel said so was that she wanted you to give up." Ameer heard everything Clara was saying to him. It made his face darken.

He understood that she was making a point.

Still, he couldn't get Rachel out of his mind.

Suddenly, Clara's began to ring She took a look at the caller ID. It was a strange phone number. But as soon as Ameer saw it, he could tell who was

calling

"The call is from Rachel," Ameer said.

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Chapter 393 Homeless (Part Five)

Seeing the look on Ameer's face, Clara immediately realized that what she said to him was in vain.

Ameer and Roger had been best of friends since childhood. Their closeness caused them to have many similarities

For instance they were both determined and stubborn. If there was something they liked, nothing and no one could

stop them from pursuing it. Unfortunately, they fell in love with the same woman. Considering their characters, who would want to back down? Clara sighed at this thought. On the other hand, Ameer excused himself since he knew Clara and Rachel had something private to talk about. "I'm a little thirsty. I'll just go fetch some water." With that, he turned around and left

The phone kept ringing. It looked like Rachel wouldn't stop calling her. As Clara watched Ameer's receding figure, she answered the phone. "Hi, Rachel."

During the first few weeks of this month, the weather was cold. Luckily, today, the sun rose high in the sky so it was warm.

From a distance, Clara saw a Cayenne approaching the villa where she was waiting. When it pulled over, she walked closer to greet the woman who just got out of the car. "Hi, Rachel."

Clara and a nurse wearing a pink uniform welcomed Rachel. "Hi, Clara." Rachel smiled at the two women politely. The door on the other side opened and closed, revealing a small figure of a boy. Joey walked to Rachel and held her hand tightly. Then, he looked up at Clara with a hint of curiosity in his eyes. Clara was surprised when she saw Joey. It was her first time to see Joey. When she noticed how much the kid resembled Victor, she was astonished. "Is he Mr. Sullivan's nephew?" "Emm...yes." Rachel could only give a vague answer.

In order to change the topic, she looked down at Joey and introduced Clara to him. "Joe, this is Clara, a great doctor. Only then did Clara come back to her senses. She bent down and offered her hand to Joey for a handshake. "Hello, little guy. Nice to meet you." "Nice to meet you too. My name is Joey. Since you are my mommy's friend, you can call me Joe, too." Joey's innocent face and his sweet greeting captured Clara's heart immediately. Perhaps she was too focused on his cute little face that she subconsciously ignored how he addressed Rachel.

The nurse behind Clara stepped forward and reminded them, "Dr. Jimenez, Miss Bennet, it's almost the time for the appointment." Hearing this, Clara glanced at her watch and then at Rachel. "Let's go inside." What Joey knew was that his mother came here to meet a male friend. Therefore, when he saw a beautiful female and heard about the appointment, he was a little confused. "Mommy, is Aunt Clara the person you're going to meet? Didn't you say you'll be meeting a male friend?" . The nurse walked ahead of them, leading the way. Clara was beside Rachel and Joey, so she heard what he said. She figured that her friend didn't tell the kid what kind of place this was.

But Rachel didn't answer any of Joey's questions.

The inside of the villa appeared to be completely different from the outside. This three-story structure had been constructed for a few years and its outer walls were clad in Boston ivy. The leaves of the Boston ivy turned yellow in the late fall season, which added to the melancholy vibes of the villa from the outside as if an old man was resting in a rocking chair, peacefully bathing in the sun.

But the interior of the villa was relatively different from the exterior. It was simple, and the color palette that had been used was warm. Below their feet was the floor made of wood. Above was the high ceiling where the sunlight streamed through. There was a slight floral scent in the air, which could help people feel a little relaxed. When Joey was thinking about where his dad's rival in love was, he heard footsteps coming from the stairs. "Clara." A gentle voice of a man rang in the quiet villa.

In an instant, Joey became vigilant. He looked in the direction of the voice and saw a man wearing casual clothes

walking towards them. Clara greeted him first. "Hi, Justin. Long time no see." "I'm surprised that you remember me. I couldn't believe it when you called me this morning. How long haven't you contacted me since you graduated from school?" As Justin teased Clara, he took a glance at Rachel and Joey.

He frowned at the feeling the latter gave him. It was as if the little boy was looking at a thief. But this feeling quickly disappeared, which made Justin think that he was just imagining things. When he looked at Joey again, the little boy lowered his head while holding Rachel's hand, seemingly lost in thought.

"You have the nerve to blame me, huh? Aren't you the one who's always busy? You're always nowhere to be found, either giving a speech or furthering your study somewhere." Although it sounded like an accusation, Clara was smiling "If it is you who asks me out, how can I not spare time to meet you?" Justin joked. After that, he looked at Rachel and asked Clara, "aren't you going to introduce her to me?" "This is the person I told you about this morning. She's Rachel, my friend." Turning her attention to Joey, Clara added, "This is also the first time I've seen this cute little boy. He is my acquaintance's child. My friend will take care of him for a while."

The man reached out his hand in front of Rachel. "Hello, I'm Justin Hall!

"I'm Rachel." The handshake was brief because Rachel quickly took back her hand. As always, when it came to other

people, she was cold and aloof.

It was the first time that Justin had met a woman who didn't hesitate to show her resistance to him.

It somehow sparked his interest. "Would you like some warm water? Since you are Clara's friend, then you can consider me as your friend too. Although we're in my office, you don't have to treat me as a doctor. Don't be nervous, okay? You can say whatever you want to say as long as you feel comfortable." Yes, the reason why Rachel called Clara this morning was to ask for help in making an appointment with the best psychologist she knew.

It was not that Rachel didn't know any. In fact, the headquarters of the Red Hackers had hired some professional psychologists. It was just not convenient to go there at this moment. She urgently needed a psychologist. Therefore, she asked Clara for help. It just so happened that Justin thought Rachel was the patient, so she corrected, "Dr. Hall, I think you misunderstood me." Her tone was always cold, giving people a sense of alienation. "It's not me who wants to see you. It's him."

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Chapter 394 Homeless (Part Six)

Justin was stunned

Joey, who had been fidgeting with Rachel's fingers, was also taken aback and raised his head and glanced at Justin right away

"I'm sorry, I thought you were the person Clara told me about Justin immediately came to his senses and apologized Although he was surprised, he had seen a lot of patients who needed psychological help As a psychologist, it was his job to help patients

with their problems. He was known to be one of the best in the field of psychotherapy at home

"Mommy?" Joey looked at Rachel in confusion, Rachel said she was going to see her friend. Why did he seem to be the center of

their discussion? He clenched Rachel's finger unconsciously

Noticing the uneasy expression on his face, Rachel withdrew her hand, squatted down, and looked at him. "Joe, would you like to

speak to this uncle alone? Mommy's going to wait for you outside."

"No..." Joey frowned almost immediately and shook his head. He finally understood what was going on. This person wasn't his mother's friend, but a psychologist she found for him.

The little child felt so upset the moment he realized his mother's intentions.

He disliked seeing doctors and hated to stay with people he considered strangers.

Rachel was well aware of Joey's personality, so she didn't inform him that she had taken him to see a psychologist. But now she

realized that it was probably a big mistake to hide the truth.

"Joe, you do know it's necessary for you to see a doctor, don't you?" Rachel gently soothed his forehead with her thumb. Joey pressed his lips into a thin line, his eyelashes trembling. Despite hearing Rachel's words, he remained silent. In fact, he knew that he needed to see a doctor. The day after the car accident happened, Lukas noticed that Joey couldn't sleep well and his face was pale. He was clearly traumatized by the car accident and the gunshot. Even though the little boy pretended to be an adult at times, he was still a child. He would still get scared and couldn't remain calm when confronted with gunshot, blood, and danger at close range. Even adults were scared to witness something so horrible. After that, Lukas told Victor about Joey's condition, and Victor arranged for Joey to be counseled by a psychologist. However, Joey didn't like the idea at all.

He pretended to be fine, but deep down, he didn't want to see the psychologist any longer. He acted obedient and cooperative with the psychologist, but he refused to reveal his genuine feelings. He never mentioned his recurring nightmares in front of them. He even made Lukas and the psychologist believe that there was nothing wrong with him and that he wasn't affected by the car

accident.

During the last thirty days, Rachel accompanied him to sleep. Since Joey felt safe and comfortable with her presence, his nightmare episodes gradually decreased. It was the reason why Rachel didn't realize he was still affected by the car accident. And two days ago, Joey went to Waterfront Hotel early in the morning to pick her up. But when he got home, his nightmares triggered again. That was when Rachel found out that his condition was getting worse.

Rachel held his little face and comforted him, "Don't worry, Joe. No one will hurt you here. I'm sorry for lying to you about seeing my friend today."

"Mommy, I want to go home..." Joey said in a sorrowful tone. He really didn't want to be left with the doctor.

Rachel let go of him. She peered at his big, sad, pleading eyes and shook her head firmly.

"But Mommy, I'm really fine! I don't need to see a doctor at all. I don't have nightmares anymore."

"Joe, do you still remember the story I told you about the king who got sick?" Rachel's tone was soft, but she remained firm. "The king became ill, but he refused to see a doctor, and there was no remedy for him at the end." Joey eventually understood what

Rachel meant, but he still felt conflicted.

He refused to acknowledge that he needed help from a psychologist.

He asserted that he was well and that his nightmares were nothing to be concerned about, and that he no longer had nightmares

Thanks to his mother's company

Joey looked at Rachel and paused for a moment. He knew that she wouldn't change her mind no matter what, so he had to go

with this session.

"Mommy... Will you wait for me outside?"

"Of course. Didn't say you hadn't seen Aunt Abby since you got back? Mommy will take you to see her after you see the doctor,

okay?"

"Hmm... Deal!" Joey consented to see the doctor at long last. Rachel rose up, turned to Justin, and said, "Thank you, Dr. Hall." "There's no need for thanks, Miss Bennet. It's my duty." He had been listening to Rachel and Joey's conversation the entire time. As an adult,

Rachel didn't force Joey to agree with her arrangement. Her tone was gentle, and she put herself in an equal position to converse with Joey, despite her firm stance. She made him listen by telling him that his refusal would lead to bigger problems

in the future.

He had seen a lot of parents that would take their kids to see a psychiatrist. Most parents treated their children harshly, which contributed to a big part of their children's mental illness. Rachel was clearly a wonderful, gentle, and strong mother. Thinking of this made Justin smile as he took a few more glances at Rachel. "Little man, would you like to come upstairs with me and talk for a bit? What do you say?" Justin turned to face Joey with a kind

smile.

As soon as Joey heard this, his first reaction was to look at Rachel. After seeing Rachel's faint nod, he agreed with Justin and followed him upstairs.

The consulting room was on the second floor. Since psychological counseling required a peaceful environment, Rachel and Clara had to wait on the first floor.

"Dr. Jimenez, Miss Bennet, please have some tea." The nurse, who was also Justin's assistant, led them into the building earlier.

She treated Clara and Rachel respectfully and served them two cups of freshly brewed scented tea.

Clara was delighted to smell the faint scent of roses coming from the teacup on the table. She thanked the nurse and took a sip, and then placed the teacup down. She then looked at Rachel, as if she wanted to say something. After a moment, Clara called out to her.

"Rachel."

This immediately made Rachel turn to her.

Just now, I heard Joey call you... Mommy?". Clara didn't notice Joey was calling Rachel his mommy at first. But later, he kept addressing her like that multiple times, which sparked her curiosity. She knew it was Rachel's personal matter, and it wasn't any of her business to pry. As a friend, she didn't want to invade her privacy.

But she couldn't help asking because it felt so natural for Joey to call her his mommy. When her eyes fell on Joey's back, she was in a trance for a moment, as if she had seen Victor. They strikingly looked similar, and people might think of them as father and son if they stood together side by side. Did uncle and nephew look like each other to such an extent?

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Chapter 395 Homeless (Part Seven)

Rachel paused her sipping of the aromatic tea and glanced up at Clara. Clara grinned and said, "On second thought, I think heard it wrong."

"No, you didn't." Rachel placed the teacup carefully. Even though she spoke in a soft voice, Clara heard it clearly.

Clara's mouth dropped open as she gasped in disbelief. "Isn't Odin the father of this Joey? Are you familiar with

Odin, Rachel?" "Not at all." After Rachel was reborn, she might be said to have never seen Odin. "Joey is a wonderful child, and I decided to be his sworn mother," "Seriously?"

Rachel nodded and ran her fingers down the rim of the teacup. She spoke it in a nonchalant tone. Once she did that, she didn't say anything else. Having recovered from her shock, Clara saw Rachel dropping her gaze and seemed to be forlorn. Clara's brain had a sudden epiphany, Rachel seemed to be thinking about her own kid, she reasoned.

Joey was Odin's son, yet he had many characteristics with Victor. Besides, he had a slightly striking resemblance to Rachel. Clara was taken aback at first sight of him, much alone Rachel, who had previously fathered a child with Victor

If Rachel's kid was still alive, it would be Joey's age. That explained why Rachel adored Joey and decided to become his sworn mother. Clara's skepticism was wiped away as she contemplated this.

Justin descended from the second level at about 4 p.m.

He stepped up to them, spectacles off. When she saw him, Rachel sprang to her feet. However, he had no one to follow in his wake.

"Is this it?" Following Rachel's gaze, Clara turned around to face Justin.

"It's over for the day." Recognizing Rachel's search for Joey, Justin pinched his nose and stated, "He is still sleeping. He hasn't slept well in a while. You can go upstairs and take a look at him." "Thank you." Then Rachel made her way to the second story. When Clara saw this, she intended to follow her upstairs, but Justin reached out his extended arm to stop her. "Hello there. You asked for my help, and yet you don't want to talk to me?"

The tiny man upstairs is still sleeping. I doubt he'll wake up any time soon." "Well, how about I treat you to dinner this evening? Bring your wife, of course, I am yet to meet her." Clara recognized right away when she heard Justin's remarks that he wanted Rachel and Joey to have some alone time. "Okay, then, I'll choose the restaurant myself." "That's no issue at all." Rachel was also making her way up the stairs at the same moment. The second floor's decor was similar to the first floor's. Visitors were made to feel at ease thanks to the thoughtful use of warm colors. The scent in the air was much more potent. A set of apricot-colored, plush sofas occupied the middle of the floor.

Joey slept out on the couch. He was just wearing a light blanket to keep him comfortable in the warm room.

Rachel took a cautious stroll across to him. "Mommy..." She could hear Joey's mumbling as she neared him. Rachel assumed he was having another nightmare since she couldn't hear him well. "Mommy, Uncle Quintin bullies me..."

Rachel then understood the situation. In this case, the small kid didn't have a bad dream. Today's dream was

exciting. She and Quintin were everything he dreamt of.

Rachel exhaled a relieved sigh. Slightly stooping, she stroked his short hair before kissing him between the brows. Rachel emerged from the room ten minutes later. Clara and Justin were having a conversation. Rachel had Joey in her arms when Clara heard footsteps behind her. Clara sprang to her feet and hurriedly approached them. Rachel held Joey in her arms as he still slept. Afraid she'd alter his sleep, Clara said in a whisper, "Rachel, why did you take him down?"

"I agreed to accompany him to visit a long-lost acquaintance." Rachel remained silent. She turned to Justin and said, "Thank you, Dr. Hall." "It's my responsibility. You're welcome. However, it will be some time before he's back to his old self. At this point, he is still quite protective. You must mentally prepare yourself. It's going to take a lot of effort." "I get it." Counseling took time, and Rachel understood this better than anybody else. "If it's good with you, Dr. Hall, you may set up the meeting. I'll do my best to make it work with you, and I look forward to it."

Justin agreed.

Clara ceased trying to persuade Rachel to stay when she saw that she was eager to leave. "Where exactly is that old friend, Rachel? I'd be happy to take you there." "Thank you, but the driver has to be outside waiting now. It's a pleasure to have you on my side today. Within the next several days, I'll come to see you and Riley." "Well..." Clara wanted to speak more, but seeing the tenacity in her eyes, she stopped. "All right, if you need anything, I'm at your full disposal." "I sure will." After saying goodbye to Clara and Justin, Rachel left with Joey in her arms.

Clara and Justin watched Rachel and Joey get into the vehicle from the gate of the estate. Eventually, the Cayenne sped away and was no longer visible to the naked eye. "Clara, your friend is a one-of-a-kind individual," Justin said. Clara gazed towards the direction where the automobile departed. She remained quiet for a moment after hearing Justin's words before nodding in agreement. "She's such an inspiration."

Justin was a little taken aback when he heard this.

Clara had always been the center of attention in the eyes of others, and it was uncommon for her to be impressed

by another person.