

Chapter 156 I Followed You

Alicia's eyes darkened as Victor left the room. She stood up and was about to come after him.

"Where are you going?" Out of the corner of his eye, Carson caught sight of Alicia's rising frame. He immediately turned around, quick enough to block her way.

"I... I'm going out for some air." After saying that, Alicia attempted to walk past him, hoping he would let her go.

Carson noticed what she was trying to do and blocked her only way out.

Meanwhile, the door of the box was closed, and Victor disappeared.

Alicia creased her brows and stared at Carson, who was obviously doing everything he could to not let her out. "You're blocking my way. Please move aside."

"Sorry. I didn't notice it." Carson turned sideways with his eyebrows raised, giving way to Alicia.

Alicia knew that Victor was about to walk far if she did not dash out that instant. Regardless of whether or not Carson did it on purpose, she walked past him in a swift maneuver, unbolted the door of the box and chased after Victor who, she wildly guessed, was walking towards the elevator.

But as she emerged from the box, there was no one in the lavishly decorated corridor except the waitress who just came out of another box. No matter where she looked, there was no trace of Victor anymore.

Clenching her fists, Alicia pursed her lips.

Just as she was about to let out a grunt, footsteps filled her ears, resonating from behind.

'Could it be Victor?' The idea flashed through her mind in a split second, and her eyes sparkled in anticipation. Alicia turned on her heels, and before she could see clearly who the person walking behind her was, she readied a beaming smile and said, "Victor... Carson, why are you here?"

The smile at the corners of her mouth froze. Her face visage showed a gloomy appearance as Carson materialized in front of her out of all people.

"You seem to be dismayed when you see me, Alicia." With his hands tucked in his pockets, Carson's eyes narrowed as he smiled playfully.

"Are you following me?" Alicia looked at him skeptically.

Carson looked around as if inspecting the area and said, "I noticed that there are only two directions in the corridor as I went out of the corridor. Like you, I just want to get some fresh air as well. If you think I'm following you just by that, I think it's not fair on my part."

"I..." Alicia opened her mouth and wanted to retort but ended up closing it the next second. She was aware that he was doing it on purpose—perhaps to annoy her—but what he said was reasonable, and she could not find any words to contradict him.

And when she looked at his bantering eyes, Alicia felt that she had been seen through. She was disturbed knowing how he could easily read her. But when she thought of Carson's family background, she had no choice but to take a deep breath to suppress the impulse to argue with him.

Although his family was not as powerful as the Sullivan family, it would do her no good to underestimate what they were capable of doing.

Drake used to be Victor's teacher and Maria was her aunt. No matter what she did, Victor would let her go for the sake of them.

But it was different with Carson.

Carson would not be so easy to deal with if she offended him. Besides, now that Drake had left Apliaria, no one could protect her if she messed with the Scott family.

So even if she knew that Carson followed her on purpose to irk her, she had to hold back her anger. "I'm sorry. I guess I think too much. In this case, I won't keep you from getting some fresh air."

It had not been long since Victor left. Maybe he did not take the elevator downstairs but walked to the left instead. Perhaps that was it. It was not too late for her to catch up with him now.

While thinking, Alicia started to walk in another direction.

However, just after she turned around and took two steps, Carson also followed suit. Alicia paused for a moment and frowned slightly. She could not figure out what he was thinking, let alone what he wanted to do, but she had to go on walking.

The two of them walked past the box they were in.

After walking for a while, Alicia still did not find Victor. Besides that, Carson had been following her the whole time, which made her even more irritable.

Suddenly, she stopped, anger burning in her eyes. She turned around and bellowed, "Carson, what the hell do you want to do?"

Carson blinked innocently.

Alicia took a deep breath as if that would eke out her exasperation. Still, she felt uncomfortable when she saw his enchanting face smeared with a contradicting playful smile. "You just said that you weren't following me and that was a coincidence. But when I turned around, you did too. This time, do you still want to say that you aren't following me?"

"Oh, I followed you this time," Carson said frankly.

Alicia had initially thought he would make up some excuses to argue with her again, and she did not expect him to admit it, which surprised her. The expression on her face froze, and she choked on her words for a moment.

"Since we both want to get some fresh air, and being alone outside is boring, isn't it more fun that we do it together? What's more, it's late at night. You're a girl running around in a club. It's not safe out here."

Alicia was at a loss for words. If it was someone else who told her that, she might actually believe it and thought he was only looking out for her. But these words coming from Carson's mouth had nearly no credibility.

"Or, maybe you're not out here to get some air. Huh?" Looking down at her pale face, Carson bent over and leaned close to her.

His face was too close to her that Alicia was shocked and took two steps back.

"I..." Alicia tried to explain.

"It seems that I disturbed your plan, whatever it was." Carson sighed, pretending to be disappointed.

In another box

After coming out, Rachel walked to the left for a short distance. Then, she walked into an empty box and stayed there. The waiter who was following her was confused.

About five minutes later, just when the waiter started to think that Rachel was going to stay in the box the whole time, the woman walked out. She was familiar with the way, but every time she walked a distance, she would enter an empty box and wait again.

At first, the waiter thought she was only stalling. But every time, just before she went out, a man would happen to pass by the box. The waiter could not help but wonder why it was such a coincidence. It seemed that Rachel knew who would pass by the corridor in advance. There were a lot of turns and forks in the corridor. Even if she could tell when a person was passing by, it was impossible for her to know whether the person was a man or a woman.

Rachel not only piqued that waiter's curiosity, but also the people in the box who were watching her. She left them utterly puzzled.

"What is this? Is Rachel cheating? That's no fun at all."

"That's right. And why hasn't she run into any man yet? That's bizarre." ①

"It's been what? Twenty minutes? Is something ever going to happen?"

"Damn it! Did I miss something? Was she playing games on her phone? Why does she look so sure that she won't meet a man?"

"Well, maybe all the men are hiding from Rachel."

Some women noticed how the men were staring at Rachel the whole time, and jealousy was starting to infect them. What was so good to see about that deserted woman?

At this moment, Alicia and Carson both came in. Upon hearing their conversation, they tilted their heads to look at the screen.

Looking at Rachel's indifferent face, Carson could not help the surprise from sully his fine face. She was better at this than he thought.

Beside him, Alicia was biting her lower lip, her fists curled into balls. She threw a sideways look at Lori who was sitting not far away.

"The cake arrived. I'll go downstairs to get it," Lori said the moment their eyes met and immediately stood up.

"The cake is here? Just let a waiter bring it up. Why bother going downstairs?" someone replied casually.

Lori sneaked a cautious glance at Alicia and pursed her lips. "I... I can't afford to have them accidentally drop it. It's better if I go downstairs to get it myself."

Lori rose from her seat and scurried out, not waiting for the others to speak.

Lori was about to pass by them, and Alicia glanced at Carson from the corner of her eye. He was going to follow Lori out again, but she hurriedly stopped him and said, "I want to thank you for coming with me to catch some fresh air. I really appreciate it. Perhaps I owe you a drink for that."

The playfulness that once pranced on Carson's eyes vanished. After a while, he returned a smile and simply said, "Okay."

The door of the box was pushed open, and Lori walked out, not in any less vigor than when she left her seat.

Chapter 157 Clue

At the fire exit staircase

Rachel went down the flight of steps and the waiter followed. They reached the second floor. It was so odd. The moment she got out of the room, he thought she would meet a man every square inch. With this many people in the club, how was it that no men bumped into her?

"Victory!" A voice echoed, shocking the poor waiter that he almost fell.

He took a deep breath, steadied himself, and stared at Rachel's phone.

The dim lights in the stairwell intensified the backlight from her screen. He could see Rachel's delicate face reflected on it. She was playing a game, tapping on the phone.

Despite the challenge, she looked unbothered. It seemed as though she wasn't afraid of running into any man at all.

How strange!

Did she have some kind of super power?

The waiter observed the surroundings and shivered as if something gave him the creeps.

Then, Rachel suddenly stopped and looked back at the waiter. "You seem nervous."

Click!

The phone slipped from the waiter's grasp, rolled down the stairs, and finally stopped at Rachel's feet.

She looked down to see that the screen was broken.

"I..." The waiter swallowed and his pupils trembled. How could she tell?

They were alone in the poorly-lit staircase, staring at each other in silence. A terrifying idea dawned on the waiter as he looked at Rachel. He felt her presence like a flood waiting to devour him and drown him in her depths, just as he had seen in disaster movies.

Rachel raised her eyebrows. She had never seen anyone go so deathly pale from fear. He looked like he could pass out anytime.

She looked at her phone screen again.

If someone took a closer look, they could see that there was an unnoticeable square on the upper left corner of her phone. Every time it turned from black to red, Rachel would walk into a nearby box.

Rachel turned around and continued to walk forward, looking down at the app on her mobile phone.

Suddenly, a message popped up.

She opened the notification. "You'll arrive at the underground garage in about one minute. The shameless couple will have arrived by then."

"Okay." Rachel tapped the button in response.

Looking at the codes constantly rolling on the screen of another computer, Quintin couldn't help but smile. "What do you think of the program I designed for you? Is it fun? But why did you need this warning app out of the blue? Steering clear from men within fifty meters?"

Rachel arrived at the underground garage at the same time she received the last message. Why?

It was to teach Alicia a lesson.

Rachel knew Alicia was going to get her. Quintin's intel came just right on time.

The shameless couple were also coincidentally at Crown Club.

While everyone else was partying, she planned the whole thing with Quintin and waited for Alicia to make a move.

With Quintin's program, Rachel could connect to the internal monitoring system of the club for a few minutes and change the condition to trigger a warning. If a man was fifty meters away from her, the small black square would automatically turn red to warn her.

That was enough to avoid meeting any man.

Leaving Quintin on read, Rachel looked out the exit and saw luxury cars parked in the area. There was no sign of the shameless couple.

She flipped her phone again to ask him where the targets were.

Quintin studied his monitor, but something took him aback. He put down the snack in his hand, his expression darkening.

"They're at the parking lot entrance. But guess who I saw."

"Who?"

Quintin immediately sent her a screenshot.

Rachel clicked it open.

"Interesting. I met this man before by chance. His name is Jason, the chief officer of the information security department of Teskesh." ①

Rachel looked at the man in the picture sitting in the back seat of the car. He seemed to be in his 40's. His face was thin and had the typical features a person from the Teskesh, golden brown short hair and green eyes.

The head of the information security department in Teskesh?

Why was such a big shot with Wallace and Tara?

Suddenly, the events from three years ago flashed in her memory. That time, there was an accidental information leak that almost destroyed the Red Hackers. In the final result of the investigation about that incident, all evidences pointed out to one person. Rachel.

She had investigated it herself in private, but every time she found a clue, it would vanish without a trace.

In the end, she failed to find the true criminal and she received a three-year jail sentence.

"Quintin."

"Yes? What do you need me to do?"

"Find out when this Jason arrived in Apliaria."

"Okay. Got it. Now that he's in the country, do you think we should inform them?"

"Not for now. We don't need to rush."

After sending the message, Rachel exited the game interface. She took a look at the small black square in the upper left corner and took the last step down the staircase.

There was a slight change in her plans.

With Jason's sudden appearance, she thought of waiting a little longer to confront the couple. If she were lucky enough, perhaps she could find out who was responsible for her plight three years ago.

She clearly knew it was neither Wallace nor Tara.

If it were them, they would tell her to brag after giving her poison.

Besides, they weren't smart enough for it.

But she was sure about one thing; they were accomplices to the mastermind. She still had doubts about it, but seeing them with Jason solidified her judgment.

Rachel walked across the other side, avoiding the entrance where Wallace and Tara lingered.

Suddenly, she saw a red dot on her phone. She gritted her teeth.

She walked into such an open place with nowhere to hide. If she bumped into a man, she would have to fulfill the bet.

The only way was to hide behind a car and she quickly bent down the nearest one.

"Stop hiding, Rachel. I know you're here." .

A man's husky voice drew nearer. Through the rearview mirror, Rachel clearly saw a middle-aged man in a security uniform looking in her direction. He was terribly overweight that his clothes squeezed him hard and she could only see a pair of malicious eyes. "Come out now!"

Rachel felt her heart jump.

He was coming for her.

How obscene was he to stalk her!

She needed to get away quickly.

Just as she was thinking of what to do, she heard tires screeching.

A Maybach suddenly stopped in front of her, blocking the pervert's advances.

Rachel blinked in surprise. As she tried to think where she had seen the familiar car before, the door opened and a cold, domineering voice reached her ears.

"Get in the car."

Chapter 158 Shameless

'Victor? What is he doing here?' Rachel frowned the moment she realized who it was.

Seeing that she kept squatting and wasn't going to budge anytime soon, Victor's inhaled sharply. He stepped out of the car and spoke in a condescending manner. "I said get in the car. Are you deaf?" ❶

Rachel sighed and regained her composure. She was about to stand up when she sprained her ankle and lost her balance.

Victor instinctively caught her in his arms. "Now you can't even stand? How ridiculous."

"You don't need to worry about me, Mr. Sullivan. I can walk by myself." ❶

Her ankle still hurt, and the anger that had been bottled up for the entire evening finally burst out. She yanked her arm away angrily and stepped away. She leaned against the car window for support and kept walking, enduring the pain.

It happened so quickly. Victor stood there motionless. His arm was still hanging in the air. He slowly clenched his hand and let it fall to his side in disappointment.

Before he had the time to check his feelings, an unfriendly groan came from behind. "Hey! Who are you? You almost ran me over, you punk! How dare you get in my way?"

A fat man stepped forward, his face filled with anger. Since he was a lot shorter than Victor, he could only raise his head to look at him. The difference made him feel inferior. ❶

The moment he saw Victor's face, he choked. Not only was he taller, but he was also even more handsome.

The man was furious thinking that Victor ruined his plans. He was already on the short end of the stick.

"Did you do it on purpose? You stopped in front of me because you wanted to kiss her, didn't you?" The fat man leaned closer with a knowing look, and stood on his toes. "I was here first, got that? You can't just cut in and interrupt us! I was so close to kissing her!"

"What did you say?" Victor glared coldly at the stranger.

Even the air started feeling tensed and frigid.

The pervert looked at Victor as if he had been paralyzed with fear. If he could even move an inch, he would have fallen to his knees.

"You... Dammit!" The man's forehead broke into a cold sweat.

"Rachel, I'll give you five seconds to get in the car, or else I'll break your leg," Victor demanded. ❶

"What? You're so..." Rachel gasped in disbelief. She hated following Victor more than anything else, but she had no other options.

She moved slowly, trying to lessen the excruciating pain in her ankle.

Victor frowned, watched her struggle.

But the fat man wasn't going to give up just yet. He raised his arm, intending to grab Rachel. In his all thirty-five years, he had been poor and ugly. No woman would give him the time of day and he grew resentful.

He finally had the shot at a kiss, more so from such a beautiful woman like Rachel. She was the most attractive woman he'd ever seen. How could he let her go so easily?

Even though this handsome was intimidating, the fat man didn't budge. After all, he had Alicia backing him up! She was the host of that grand party.

"You're not—Ah!"

There was a loud crack.

The sound of a bone breaking, accompanied by a piercing cry of anguish echoed in the parking lot.

The fat man's pallor turned deathly pale. He fell to the floor in pain and gasped for air. As soon as Victor released his hand, he rolled over instantly. He tightly held his broken wrist, squirming on the driveway.

"Get out. Don't let me see your disgusting face again!" Victor warned in an ice-cold voice.

Beads of sweat continued to fall from the man's brow. He tried to talk, but he couldn't. Darkness came over his eyes. Hearing Victor's stern warning, he didn't dare fight back. He struggled to his feet, stood up, and ran towards the exit.

Bang!

Just a few meters from his escape, the pervert fainted, crashing in front of fire exit.

Victor didn't care anymore. He slipped into the car and the Maybach made its way out of the underground parking area and sped away.

The driver came to a halt at the traffic light and looked at the rearview mirror.

Victor and Rachel hadn't spoken a single word after leaving the club. The atmosphere in the car was strangely silent, but there was a touch of awkwardness in the air, like the calm before a storm.

When the lights turned green, the Maybach slowly drove forward again.

Rachel's phone suddenly vibrated, jolting her back to reality.

She pulled it out to take a look at the message and saw Quintin's name on the screen.

"Jason arrived at in Apliaria this morning." The messaged told.

He just arrived this morning, but Wallace and Tara couldn't wait to meet with him.

Were they nervous? About what? Why?

Rachel seemed to think of something as she looked at the text and wrote back quickly.

"Check the recent account information of the other six in the committee, as well as the time and place of their meeting with Wallace and Tara."

"So you have any leads now?"

"No. Not yet."

Quintin frowned and replied, "Okay." After that, Rachel cut off the messenger. He wanted to talk to her more, but the messages weren't getting through.

After she blocked Quintin, Rachel quickly deleted the messages they exchanged. She leaned against the window, gazing out at the comforting view outside. A wave of drowsiness washed over her and she fell asleep.

"Rachel." Suddenly, Victor's voice rang in her ears.

Hearing this, Rachel shivered and turned to look at him in disdain. She was having such a nice dream.

Noticing the irritated look in her eyes, Victor asked, "Are you mad because I disturbed you?"

"Yes." Rachel nodded since she assumed he was talking about interrupting her dream. She wanted to keep her contact with Victor as short as possible.

"Don't forget that you're a pregnant woman, Rachel!" Victor looked at her sternly.

"And? What of it?" Rachel couldn't understand why he brought it up. "I know I'm pregnant, so what?"

It was natural for pregnant women to feel drowsy.

But apparently, they were not on the same page. Victor's frown deepened even more at her dismissive attitude.

"You are shameless."

Chapter 159 Maniac

Shameless. Victor just called her shameless. Rachel didn't even know where it came from. She just took a nap, but she was already called shameless. She found it quite unfathomable. Rachel looked at Victor's sullen face and took a deep breath. She could tell from his eyes that Victor felt he was wronged. It was as if she owed him big time.

Since she wasn't in the mood to argue with him, Rachel answered perfunctorily, "Yeah, fine. You're right."

She closed her eyes and leaned against the window to continue dozing off.

Victor's eyes became extremely cold. In fact, even Rachel could feel a chill down her spine. She felt the tremendous pressure from him, which instantly drove her sleepiness away.

She frowned, feeling a little annoyed. "What do you want, Victor?"

"I should be the one asking that," Victor snapped back.

"What? What on earth are you talking about?" Rachel asked, obviously confused.

"Are you really that lonely, huh?" There was disdain and mockery in Victor's eyes. "If you feel so lonely and empty, you can tell me upfront. I will be generous and satisfy your needs."

"What did you say? Satisfy my—"

Before Rachel could figure out what he really meant, Victor suddenly grabbed her arm and her upper body was pressed into his arms.

The next thing she knew, Victor's face was just an inch away from hers.

Then, she felt that his lips touched hers, instantly sending a strong sense of oppression around her whole being.

Without being ordered, the driver deemed to press the switch for the partition. It slowly rose and separated the front seat and the back seat.

Rachel eventually came back to her senses, realizing what Victor was trying to do. Therefore, she gathered her strength to push him away.

Seeing that she was trying to resist, Victor easily grabbed her wrists with his big palm. Then, he bit her lower lip as a punishment.

Rachel's eyes widened as she felt a shooting pain. Then, she took a deep breath in order to gradually ease the pain. 'Damn it! Is this guy some kind of a savage dog?!

Rachel was so angry mainly because she couldn't get rid of him. Enduring the pain, she lifted her foot and stepped her sole hard on the toe cap of his shoe.

Victor frowned, not expecting that Rachel was still eager to defy him. He momentarily let her go, but the next moment, he clasped her waist with his other hand and lifted her up, positioning her on his lap.

In this position, she wouldn't be able to step on his foot anymore.

On the other hand, Rachel continued to struggle. "Victor! Are you crazy?"

Victor held her head and sealed her lips with his. Then, he bit her lower lip again, but this time, he did it harder.

In the back seat, the atmosphere instantly turned very hot and steamy.

Their lips were tightly locked, and they could breathe each other's breaths in

Unable to get rid of him, Rachel became so flustered that she was about to lose her mind.

At the same time, Victor was occupied by such disturbing thoughts. He imagined that Rachel was being judged by those young men in the box, that she wanted her son to have a new father after he died, that she almost kissed another man, and that she blamed him for ruining her moment with another man.

Thinking of all of this, Victor was annoyed. He was furious that Rachel might be really desperate for another man.

Before tonight, he had never thought that Rachel might want to remarry or have any intimate relationship with a man other than him.

Of course, he also thought that no one would want to marry a woman like her.

However, he had to admit that even if Rachel was good-for-nothing, she still had a very beautiful face that could easily win those young men's hearts. Even though they might not propose to her, she could still get any man she wanted because of her alluring looks.

At the thought of her lying on another man's bed to please him, Victor felt vexatious. These feelings made him breathe heavily as if he was about to explode.

With a frown, Victor's eyes darkened, and he bit her hard on the lip. There was even blood dripping from Rachel's lip.

Rachel's face turned pale because of the pain. Taking this opportunity, Victor deepened the kiss further, and he also shoved his tongue down her throat, ignoring the taste and smell of blood that lingered.

After a while, Rachel felt so weak that she had no strength to struggle anymore. At this time, she suddenly felt a chill on her back. 1

Victor's hand slipped inside her clothes, and his fingertips went up along her spine bit by bit. In an instant, Rachel felt numb all over her body, as if she was electrocuted.

'This crazy bastard!' Adrenaline pumped in Rachel's veins again, wanting to struggle so hard. However, Victor's strength was too much for her. Hence, she remained tightly shackled.

"Hmm!" Rachel tried to bite his tongue, but Victor seemed to have guessed what she would do, so he immediately backed off and stared straight to her hateful eyes.

When their eyes met, Rachel saw that Victor's eyes were filled with vicious affection and desires.

"Victor, what do you think you're doing? Let me go!" From the look in his eyes, Rachel exactly knew what Victor was thinking. She struggled and shouted anxiously, trying to get away from him.

However, Victor interpreted her reaction differently again.

Why was she so afraid of him even though he was her ex-husband?

Would she really rather be with anyone else except him?

Victor's face darkened and he suddenly ordered, "Stop the car!"

Immediate after, the car drove to the side of the road and stopped.

There was a sudden break, and the car screeched on the asphalt road.

Since her hand was tightly clasped by his huge hand, Rachel couldn't move an inch. When the car braked abruptly, she couldn't help but fall back.

As a reflex, Victor held her waist and pulled her into his arms to prevent her from falling.

However, the force that Victor exerted was too much. Thus, her forehead bumped into his shoulder, and she felt a throbbing pain. It was as if she bumped her head into a wall.

At the same time, the driver quickly parked the car and got out.

Hearing the sound of the driver getting out of the car, Rachel became more nervous. She looked at Victor as if he was a criminal. She just wanted to get out of there, not caring how she could do it.

Looking at Rachel's vigilant eyes, Victor grew more dissatisfied. He pulled her back again into his arms and held her head to force her to look straight into him.

"Why are you trying to get away Rachel? What are you hiding from? Isn't this what you wanted? Don't you want a man to satisfy your urges?" Victor asked in a cold and disdainful tone.

"Screw you, Victor! Where the hell did you get that idea?" Rachel shouted, not really knowing what was going on in Victor's head.

"Ha! You know exactly what I am talking about. Or do you think I'm not good enough? Do you think those men are better than me?" Seeing that Rachel was still squirming to get away, Victor became even angrier.

All Rachel could do was shout in exasperation. "Stop this madness and let go of me! I swear I'm going to bite your face off!"

"Don't dodge the question! Answer it!"

"You can go to hell!" Rachel didn't know what on earth he wanted her to say. He had been very unreasonable and out of line, so she started cursing him. "You maniac! Pervert!"

"Good, very good! You really have the spirit, huh?" The veins on his neck and head bulged.

"I'll show you what real maniac is!"

Then, Victor exerted greater strength than before.

Almost at the same time, the sound of a cloth being torn was heard.

Before Rachel could react, she felt a chill permeate her skin while some of the buttons of her dress fell off.

Then, Victor grabbed her waist, pushed her down the seat, and lay on top of her. He then

bent his leg to press her thighs down. He also lowered his head to bite her collarbone, not able to suppress his animal instincts any longer.

At this moment, all he knew was that Rachel was his.

Even though he really didn't want her, he wouldn't let another man have her.

Right now, he was so eager to make Rachel realize that. He was ready to lose himself, thinking that it was all her fault anyway.

At the same time, while Rachel was being touched and pressed down against her will, she was still looking for a chance to get away.

However, she wasn't in a good position. Then, she heard the sound of a metal buckle. Apparently, Victor had just unfastened his belt.

Without any warning, Rachel was pushed down hard again. Nonetheless, she tried hard to focus and stay awake.

Victor's eyes oozed with cruelty. Ignoring her futile struggles, he grabbed Rachel's arms and tied her wrists with his belt.

At this point, Rachel could only wait for what was to come. Seeing him leaning closer and closer with his bloodshot eyes, she panicked from the bottom of his heart.

"Victor..." Her voice started trembling. "I'm sorry, Victor. Just please don't... Please don't do this." Rachel looked at him with tears welling up in her eyes.

Victor's heart ached when he saw her pleading eyes. But his anger still prevailed. Hence, he put on a cold face and sneered, "It's too late. You should know the consequence of provoking a maniac, Rachel! You can't turn back time and change what you said!"

With a condescending expression, he lifting up her dress.

Seeing this, Rachel was not able to take it anymore and shouted, "Victor, I'm pregnant!"

Victor was slightly startled, and his hand momentarily stopped moving.

Now that she saw an opportunity, Rachel didn't dare to relax. After all, she knew that Victor might just ignore her and continue his way towards her.

Then, with a deep breath, she tried to calm herself down. Her body was still shaking, but she had to overcome her fear if she wanted to stop Victor. "The doctor said that I am not as healthy as other pregnant women. I can't have sex in the first five months. Otherwise, there will be a chance of miscarriage. Don't you even care what may happen to your child?"

Actually, she didn't lie. The doctor really did tell her that this was her condition.

She just brushed it off that time, thinking that Victor wouldn't even touch her because he hated her so much. Nonetheless, she was a bit thankful, not expecting that the doctor's advice would save her.

"You don't believe me? Then call the doctor," she added.

At this time, Victor stopped his rough actions, but there was still no emotion in his eyes.

Rachel's heart was beating fast, not sure what was on his mind. She was still on guard, and

her whole body was tense.

But all of a sudden, a mobile phone rang. It turned out to be Victor's.

When he took a look at the name of the caller, he eventually got off of Rachel and answered the phone. "Yes?"

"Hello, this is Incare General Hospital. Do you know a woman named Alicia Schultz? She had a car accident and is undergoing an operation right now."

After the nurse's voice resounded inside the car, the atmosphere was filled with dead silence. Both of them weren't able to quickly process the fact that Alicia had a terrible car accident. After a moment, Victor hung up the phone and cast a cold glance at Rachel, as if insinuating something.

Noticing that he was looking fiercely at her, she suddenly came to her senses. She was quite taken aback. After all, Alicia's accident had nothing to do with her. In fact, she was in danger herself just now.

She quickly sat up and stepped back, with her back against the window.

Seeing that she dodged him like he was some kind of monster, Victor frowned slightly and ordered in a deep voice, "What are you doing? Come here!"

"Victor, you clearly heard that Alicia is in the hospital. Aren't you going to check on her?" Rachel pressed her lips, still leaning against the car window, as if holding on for her dear life.

"I'll count to three. One, two..."

Before Victor could finish, Rachel moved closer and reached out her hands.

With an expressionless face, Victor unbuttoned the belt on her wrists and saw red marks on her pale skin.

He shook his head, thinking why her skin was so delicate. It was as if she could break at any time.

Noticing that he was staring at her wrists with a frown, Rachel was afraid that he would tie her up again the next second. Hence, she withdrew her hands and quickly put them behind her back.

"Don't forget to apply some medicine on your wrists when you get back." After saying that, Victor fastened his belt on his pants, opened the door, and got out of the car.

Chapter 160 You Like Rachel

In the ward

"There's nothing to worry about, Mr. Sullivan. Miss Schultz was just frightened. She's fine now and can be discharged at any time." The doctor read over Alicia's examination report and informed Victor that there was no major issue. He then nodded and put away the stethoscope.

Alicia was dressed in an oversized blue and white striped medical gown. Listening to their conversation, she looked at Victor's face apprehensively.

"I see. You can leave now," Victor ordered, face devoid of any expression.

"Yes, sir." The doctor bowed politely and left the ward with the files in his hand. ①

They waited for the door to close and looked at each other.

Alicia carefully observed Victor. It made her uneasy to trying to figure out what he was thinking. She couldn't tell at all.

She had lied about this.

There was a car accident. That was true enough, but to be exact, it was just a rear-end collision. It wasn't as serious as she made it out to be on the phone, saying she needed an emergency operation.

She instructed the nurse to exaggerate her condition so Victor would come and see her.

What was he going to think of her now that he knew the truth? Would he call her out for being a liar?

Alice started to regret her actions, but when she was reminded of what she saw earlier, she tightened her grip on the comforter.

Everyone at the party saw what happened. It was undeniable that Victor rescued Rachel and took her away. It felt like a slap in Alicia's face, the jealousy inside her almost erupting. She knew the tiny accident opened an opportunity for her.

She had to do something. She couldn't let Rachel take what was hers like she did two years ago!

"Victor, I..." Alicia tried to explain. "I didn't mean to lie to you. I was just scared. "When the collision happened, I was horrified and I didn't know what to do. I was sent to the hospital. Being alone made me think of the worst. That's why I asked the nurse to call you. I didn't mean to lie, but I really don't have anyone else to call. I'm really sorry, Victor. Please don't be angry."

"I'll have someone else to arrange the admission procedure for you. Since there's nothing else to do here, I'm leaving." Victor ignored her plea, still indifferent after everything. He turned around and headed towards the door.

"Victor..." Seeing that Victor was slipping away from her again, Alice immediately stopped

him.

Victor came to a halt and turned to face her. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Alicia weakly got out of bed and walked up to him barefoot. "Don't go, please. Can't you stay with me for one night? I'm scared to stay alone in the hospital. Lori is drunk and won't be coming here. Would it be okay if I ask you to stay with me? Or can you wait until I fall asleep? Victor, please..."

"If you're scared, I can ask the staff to ask a caregiver to watch over you," Victor replied.

"I don't want a caregiver!" Clenching her fists, Alicia raised her head. "I just want you to stay, please? Didn't you promise my grandpa that you'll look after me? Now I... I really need you right now."

All at once, Alicia threw herself in his arms.

Victor squinted his eyes. "Let go of me."

"No!" Alicia buried her face in Victor's arms, tears streaming down her face. "Two days ago, my parents called me. They want me to go on blind dates. I don't want to rush, but my grandpa's health is getting worse and worse. His biggest wish is to see me get married and live a happy life. But I don't want to marry anyone else. I want you! Victor, will you marry me? If you don't like me enough, we'll have plenty of time to work on it after our marriage."

In the three times that Alicia swallowed her pride, this was the second time she proposed.

Love was more important to her than her pride and dignity.

The events of tonight were too much to bear. She witnessed how Victor rescued Rachel like a knight in shining armor and her jealousy multiplied tenfold.

"Alicia." Victor's deep and magnetic voice cut through the silence.

"No!" Alicia took two steps back and clasped the guardrail at the edge of her bed. She was afraid to hear what he had to say. "You don't need to answer now..."

"I won't marry you."

It only took one sentence for her heart to shatter. Her hopes were crushed and she forced a trembling smile. "What, what did you say? Victor..." She felt like her dignity and pride had been trampled on.

Victor stared at her in silence. He knew she heard him well enough. "Get some rest." Then, he turned around and walked to the door without hesitation.

"Why?" Alicia caught up to him and blocked the door. With bloodshot eyes, she looked up at him fiercely. "You're the CEO of Sullivan Group. You're divorced and single. The board members will ask you to marry someone with a strong background. You know that, don't you? You need a wife who can help you! And I'm the best choice, aren't I?"

"The best choice?" Victor took a deep breath.

"You know I am." Alicia fixed her posture, "Although the Schultz family isn't based in Apliaria, it has made a name for itself and my grandpa is highly respected. My family is made up of people excelling in the field of arts and literature. We may not have the same

financial standing, but we have strong connections. If you marry me, you'll be able to gain access to the connections we have built through generations. Sullivan Group could widen their influence in other fields and will help you gain stability in your position as CEO. Isn't that favorable?" Even through tears, Alicia smiled confidently.

It was her last resort. She believed Victor simply wouldn't overlook the benefits of marrying her. She offered him a deal she believed he couldn't refuse.

"So what?" Victor looked away.

"What?" Alicia was stunned at his reaction. ②

"Are you mocking me?" Victor asked. "I don't need your family's connections. If I want to, I can make another family with just the same value as the Schultz family."

Alicia's face turned pale.

Another family on par with the Schultz family?

The Schultz family was one of the oldest families in the city. They were founded more than a hundred years ago, and their connections were built by the efforts of members from different generations. It wasn't easy to acquire the same prestige they had reached.

If any other person dared to belittle their achievements, they would sound ridiculous.

But hearing it from Victor was different. It almost sounded like a threat. Alicia felt humiliated. Victor had turned the tables on her. ②

Her family's prestige was her greatest weapon. But all that meant nothing to him. Alicia thought she made a fool of herself.

Alicia bit her lower lip, unable to say anything else.

"I'm leaving now."

Victor walked around Alicia and opened the door. Just then, he heard a hysterical bout of laughter. "What am I to you, Victor?"

Frowning, Victor refused to face her.

Alicia's eyes were red with jealousy and sorrow. "You must think I'm stupid, don't you? It is so unbecoming of a lady from the Schultz family to be so obsessed with a man. But I just love you so much and I want to spend my life with you. Is it so wrong? Two years ago, you were supposed to marry me! Why? If it was another woman, I could've accepted it. But Rachel? Are you kidding me? Why would you choose her over me? You were supposed to hate her!"

"Alicia, enough is enough!" Victor turned around, raising his voice.

He had always been impatient with women. For Drake's sake, he tried to tolerate Alicia's behavior.

"Enough?" Alicia laughed sorrowfully. "But why am I not enough for you? Victor, did you realize that you treat me and Rachel differently? No matter what I do, you're always cold and indifferent. But when it's her, you lose control. You become concerned and emotional!

What does she have that I don't? Tell me!"

Alicia broke down on the floor. But Victor just looked at her in silence.

No physical pain could ever compare to the ache of her heart breaking to pieces.

What did she lack? She couldn't figure it out.

She was the Schultz family's princess and she grew up surrounded by people who loved her. Countless men from noble families admired her talents and asked for her hand in marriage. How could such a worthless woman like Rachel ever compare?

She told herself that Victor hated Rachel. But a woman's instinct never failed. She knew Victor saw Rachel in a special way. She couldn't ignore it anymore.

"I'll call the doctor over." Victor stepped outside.

"I know you like Rachel. Love her, even."

Victor stopped in his tracks for a moment. But after a few seconds, he disappeared behind the door.