

Captivation: Want Nothing But You

Chapter 3 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 3 I Will Haunt You Forever

As much as he worried about Rachel, Ivan didn't dare to talk back to Victor again.

She didn't want to die.

She used the last of her strength to push Victor's hand away. Once she was able to catch her breath a little, she stared at him; her eyes turning red.

"If I die here and now, then I will die as your wife; still a member of the Sullivans. Someday, when you die, you will be buried next to me, and I will haunt you beyond the afterlife!"

Rachel said those words with difficulty; her face had turned red due to the suffocation. Gradually, Rachel had no strength to struggle. Little by little, she could feel her consciousness slipping.

"Who do you think you are? You don't deserve to be buried in my family's mausoleum." Victor sounded indifferent. "If you die, I'll cremate your body and throw the ashes into a bin. A woman like you deserves to rest with the rubbish!"

Rachel burst into laughter.

"Why are you laughing?" Victor asked.

"Even if you throw my ashes into a bin, it won't change the fact that I'm your legal wife, and I'm part of your family tree. You loathe me, don't you? Sorry, but you'll never get rid of me, even if I die!"

Victor stared daggers at her as he strengthened his grip, lifting her in midair. Consequently, Rachel yelped in pain, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Just when she was hallucinating of the shameless couple in her previous life, Victor suddenly let go of her.

Rachel fell to the ground. She felt like every bone in her body had been broken, and even the slightest movement made her groan in pain.

"Ahem! Ahem!" She coughed violently and gasped for air, breathing with so much difficulty.

Ivan glanced at Rachel indifferently and lowered his head. "Mr. Sullivan, it's all my fault. I didn't urge her to leave in time. I'm willing to suffer the consequences."

Alice turned pale with fear as she watched Victor beat up Rachel. She got down on her knees and begged, "Victor, I... This is my fault! I didn't check Rachel's suitcase faster. That's why she had the opportunity to lie and buy time for herself."

Rachel could feel her chest tightening as she coughed over and over.

"I didn't take anything that belongs to you," she said in a hoarse voice.

Victor took out some wet wipes to clean his hand that had touched Rachel's neck. Disgust was evident on his face.

"You didn't take anything? You bought all your clothes using my money. How dare you say that you didn't take my stuff?"

Rachel pursed her lips, unable to refute his logic. On her wedding day, Alice had burned all the clothes that Rachel had bought herself. Alice said that her clothes were too vulgar, and Victor probably wouldn't want to see her wearing them.

"Take off her clothes and throw her out!" After saying that, Victor left along with Ivan without hesitation.

Only when those two had left did Alice get up and walk towards Rachel. Her previous ostensibly tenderness had now disappeared.

"Rachel, you married Victor and slept with him, but so what? In the end, he kicked you out! You wanted to make him fall in love with you, didn't you? That's never going to happen! Do you really think I asked you to wear heavy makeup and put on weight because Victor likes it? This is hilarious. I can't believe you actually fell for that. No man will ever like a fat and idiotic woman like you! I was messing with you. I just wanted to make him hate you even more!"

Rachel's face turned ghastly pale. When she heard what Alice said, she didn't even look at her. She was indifferent to Alice's words and did not seem to hear her provocation.

Seeing that Rachel wasn't responding, Alice gritted her teeth in anger. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Huh! You're so pathetic." Rachel chuckled, trying to endu

re the pain.

She was sure that she had suffered an internal injury. Just the act of talking was painful enough to make her feel like her organs were being twisted together.

But she couldn't afford to show any sign of weakness. Otherwise, Alice would revel in torturing her. Evil was in that woman's nature.

"What did you say?" Alice's eyes widened in surprise. When Rachel sneered at her, she was goaded.

"I said," Rachel took a deep breath to alleviate the pain in her chest. "You are living a miserable, ridiculous life. You're the most pathetic person I've ever met! Being called a bastard must make you feel inferior, doesn't it? You've been trying your best to steal everything I had since we were kids, because I'm the Bennet family's legitimate daughter, and you're just a dirty little bastard. You are always unpresentable!"

"Bitch! Shut the fuck up!" Alice screamed. It seemed that Rachel had struck a sore spot.

Rachel grinned and continued, "These past two years, I trusted you, and yet you deceived me by taking advantage of my desire to draw Victor's attention. You fooled me into doing stupid things in front of him, so that he would loathe me. At first, he didn't feel anything for me, and then he began to hate me. And now, he's too disgusted to even lay eyes on me. You must be proud of this accomplishment, aren't you?"

Alice clenched her fists, looking at Rachel with hatred. "Well, you should blame yourself for being so stupid!"

"You're right. I was stupid," Rachel admitted. Right now, she felt ashamed for what she had done in the past two years.

Despite being the daughter of a rich and powerful family, she had lived a pathetic life. How did she end up this way?

"You have a clear estimation of yourself." The look on Alice's face made it seem like she was the winner between them.

"I almost died, and that's enough to wake me up. I'm not stupid like you after all." Rachel wanted to make sure that she didn't have any broken bones, so she propped herself up using her hands. However, the pain was far too much for her to bear, so she fell down once more.

Sweat dripped down her forehead as she groaned in pain; her hands, pressing against the hard floor. The veins on the back of her hands were bulging because she was exerting every ounce of strength she could muster.

Alice's face turned grim.

"Your end is near, Rachel. How dare you talk to me like that? Remember, you are no longer Victor's wife, and are therefore no longer part of the Sullivan family! His grandmother is dead now, so there's no one left to protect you! If you have a brain in that empty head of yours, you should kneel down and beg me to persuade our father to allow you to go home!"

When Alice mentioned Victor's grandmother, a faraway look appeared on Rachel's face.

Victor's grandmother was the one who chose Rachel to be his wife. Not long after she married into the Sullivan family, the old lady died of illness. His grandmother used to be Rachel's protector when she was still alive. During that time, Rachel lived a dignified life within the Sullivan family's residence.

"Do you think you'll be able to marry Victor and share the Sullivan Group with him after I divorce him?"

Upon hearing that, Alice stood proudly. "You were able to do it, so I probably can as well."

"You can't," Rachel said in a weak, yet firm tone. "Why are you so confident that Victor will agree to marry you? Just because he's also an illegitimate child, you think you're good enough to be his wife?"

Your mother is a mistress; a home-wrecker! Unlike you, Victor was born before his father even got married. And his mother never destroyed the man's marriage later!

With that being said, you will never deserve to be Victor's wife," said Rachel.