

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 385

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

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

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

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

Victor's fingers were still warm to the touch.

It was the heat emanating from Rachel's body.

Victor's temples throbbed even more.

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

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

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

Moments later, he said, "Forgive me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

All of her energy appeared to have vanished.

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

She had no choice but to remain there.

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

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

When Rachel woke up, it was almost daylight.

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

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

It was cold inside.

Rachel knelt and buried her face between her knees.

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

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

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

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

have had a lot of stitches because he could feel how deep the scar was when he touched it.

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

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

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

No matter how many times she pleaded, Victor acted deaf in the dream. He snatched her neck and declared coldly and viciously that she was approaching

death, all the while disregarding her right and tearing off her clothes. When Rachel woke up, she couldn't shake the feeling that the dream was genuine. Rachel's vision began to improve. The softness of the object next to her was only apparent after that. She looked down and saw a cozy blanket draped over her, keeping her warm and cozy. Rachel's pupils dilated rapidly.

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

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

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

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

The door swung open just then.

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

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

“Mommy!”

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

Joey’s appearance stunned Rachel.

Joey never saw Rachel’s countenance shift.

In his excitement, “Mommy, surprise!”

He launched himself into her arms.

“Who brought you here?”

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

Joey raised his head and looked at his mom.

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

It was Victor.

Rachel's brow furrowed once again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Mommy, we should go now.No need to be concerned.) solicited feedback from others.Waterfront Hotel has the best chefs in the venture.The cuisine they provide is superb.” “Joey...” When Rachel saw Joey’s beautiful eyes and grin, she couldn’t declare she didn’t want to eat.So she brushed that off. “Is everything okay?” Joey asked, puzzled. “It’s...Nothing.We should be on our way,” Rachel said as she squeezed Joey’s cheek. Joey’s dimples were clearly visible in his broad smile.His two exposed canine teeth demonstrated his purity and simplicity. Because of this, Rachel couldn’t bring herself to let him down. They headed downstairs hand in hand. Their first sight upon getting downstairs was of a cleaning woman at work, Joey was friendly in his greetings to the cleaning woman.

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

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

Rachel’s emotions were conflicted when she realized this.She couldn’t figure out why. Victor was already seated at the table when they entered the dining room.

Rachel was welcomed to have a seat by Joey, who kindly pulled out a chair for her and invited her to do so as a little gentleman. In the end, they appeared like a family sitting together. The chef served the food after the three had settled. Rachel spooned soup into her mouth.

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