

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 136

/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You by Rouwantang

Chapter 136 Rachel's Vigilance And Distrust

In the Sue Garden, Lukas heard a car pull over at the entrance, and he immediately walked out of the house. Rachel's face was laden with agitation, and her eyes were still a bit red.

When she got out of the car and saw Lukas, she just greeted him with a nod, and went on

her way upstairs. Upon realizing that she came home alone, Lukas was confused. „Didn't Mr.

Sullivan come home with Miss Bennet?" "Miss Bennet, did you come back alone?" Only

when he finished talking did he realize how disheveled she looked, and her wrist was

bruised. He was surprised to see her this way. „Did something happen between them?"

"Lukas, I'm going back to my room." Rachel didn't answer his question directly. Right now,

she'd rather not mention or hear anything about Victor. Worry was written all over Lukas'

face when he saw the bruises on her wrist. "But, ma'am, your hand! I'll call the doctor to

have him check on it for you," he said. "No, it's okay."

"But it looks serious, ma'am!"

The bruise was very noticeable. With one glance, anyone could tell that someone had

gripped her wrist with great strength. Her wrist was quite slender, and if her assailant had

applied more strength, her wrist could've been broken already. Shocked by the gravity of

her injury, Lukas examined her face. Aside from her slightly red eyes and pale face, there was

no noticeable sign that she was in pain.

Rachel lowered her head and stared at her bruises. On her way back, she used a lot of

tissues to wipe her lips. Most of the ointment on her wrist had been rubbed off during the process.

Had she not applied any more ointment, those bruises could become worse in the morning.

“Lukas, it’s already so late in the evening. You need not call a doctor. I’ll just apply some

ointment on my bruises. It’s not a big deal, okay? Just bring me a first aid kit later, please. I

can handle this myself,” she said. “Yes, ma’am.” Since Rachel was adamant on her decision,

Lukas had to nod in agreement. Rachel entered the house, and went up the stairs at once.

Meanwhile, he stood there, sighing to himself as he watched her walk away. Afterwards, he

turned around and stared at the dark sky. “Mrs. Sullivan, if you were still alive right now, I’m

afraid you’d feel sorry and regretful because of Miss Bennet and Mr. Sullivan’s relationship,”

Lukas murmured.

At the break of dawn, Victor finally returned to the Sue Garden. All this time, Lukas had been

keeping the kitchen staff on standby. The second he saw Victor, he immediately told the

servant to bring the hangover soup. “Mr. Sullivan, how are you feeling?” Lukas asked with

concern. “Better,” Victor responded concisely. At last, Lukas could breathe with relief. All

night long, he had been worrying about Victor. He grabbed the bowl from the servant and

said, “Sir, you should have some of this soup, and then go upstairs for some rest.”

Throughout the night, Victor couldn’t sleep. His stomach pains prevented him from doing

so. There were bags under his eyes, and he was visibly exhausted. Victor nodded in

response, and went upstairs. Suddenly, he stopped in front of a closed door and locked his

eyes on it. Instead of going back to his room to get some rest, he planned to go to his

study. Obviously, he needed a day off and rest; yet still there was something he thought he needed to take care of first. Thus, his only option was to work from home today. But for some reason, his feet did not lead him to the study when he got to the third floor. Instead, he walked in the opposite direction. And by the time he got ahold of himself, he was standing in front of Rachel's bedroom. During this time, Rachel woke up early. Since her scheduled appointment with Andy was tomorrow, and she wasn't allowed to leave the Sue Garden's premises, she decided to scope out her escape route for tomorrow. She glanced at her tablet; its screen was divided into twelve separate images. Each screen was a location being monitored by surveillance cameras all over Sue Garden. Rachel had hacked into the monitoring system of the mansion in secret, and copied the data code into her tablet. Next, she needed to make sure that the cameras could capture her today, so that she could use those footages of her and insert them into the monitoring system for tomorrow. Through this arduous method, even if she snuck out tomorrow, they wouldn't even know that she had left since they could see her in the surveillance cameras of Sue Garden. Although she couldn't guarantee that everything would go according to her plan, at the very least, it would be less likely for her to be caught while she was escaping. Rachel hid her tablet under the pillow, changed into a comfortable set of clothes she found in the cloakroom, and opened the door. The second she opened the door, she saw someone standing in her way. When she realized who it was, her face turned cold, and she immediately wanted to close the door. Victor didn't expect her to wake up this early. „Didn't they say that pregnant

women are always sleepy?" His heart ached when he noticed the hostility in her eyes. Upon noticing that she had gotten dressed, he suppressed the strange emotion he was feeling. The sound of voice still remained cold when he said, "Rachel, if I remember correctly, I've already told you that you can't leave the Sue Garden without my permission." Once she heard him say that, she knew that he had misunderstood her once again. "Don't worry, Mr. Sullivan, I remember every word you said," she answered. For fear that he couldn't hear her properly, she made sure to say every word clearly. Displeasure was written on his face when he heard her speak. "Do you really have to speak in that tone with me?" Rachel forced a smile. "Then how should I speak to you, sir? Perhaps you should teach me how to properly talk to you, so that I wouldn't be scared every day, fearing that I would somehow annoy you again. Frankly, it terrifies me that you'll really break my limbs, and that I might die if I do or say something that offends you without me even realizing it." She spoke in a monotonous voice, but it was particularly harsh to hear. Victor did not respond. His eyes dimmed when he saw her pale face. He looked down, and subconsciously glanced at her right hand. It had been wrapped in a gauze. Yesterday, she had applied some ointment on it. She was afraid that the ointment would be rubbed off again, so she wrapped it up. After a long and winded silence, Victor looked at her and said, "I'm sorry." Rachel was taken aback. „What did he say?" Her eyes widened in shock to hear him say those words. It surprised her so much that she even thought her ears were deceiving her. "I misjudged you yesterday," he said in a lowered

voice. Upon hearing that, Rachel was now certain that she didn't mishear him. „He really apologized to me!“ A slight frown appeared on her face. She should be happy to hear this condescending man apologize to her. Although it delighted her to know that Victor finally admitted to his mistakes, she didn't trust that he would just apologize sincerely to her like that.

Rachel locked her eyes on his face. Her vigilance made her wonder if he had any ulterior motives behind this behavior, so she scanned his face, hoping to figure him out. But unfortunately, he didn't seem to have any ulterior motives this time. When he saw the vigilance in her eyes, Victor felt a pang in his heart. “I'll ask the doctor to treat your injury later,” he said. Rachel fell silent for a moment. “No, thanks. I can handle it myself,” she declined immediately. Again and again, he got rejected, and she was always on guard with him. Even though he did feel guilty for misunderstanding her, it still didn't stop him from being irritated. “Whatever.” Having said that, he was just about to leave. When Rachel noticed that he was about to leave, she felt relieved. But before she could close the door on him, Victor suddenly stopped and turned around. “Rachel.” It appeared as though he was pondering about something. Seconds later, he looked into her eyes, and said, “Next time, explain to me before I snap.”

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 137

/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You by Rouwantang

Chapter 137 Choose What to Believe

When Rachel heard what he said, she couldn't help but snort and laugh. “Explain? Victor, I can still distinctly remember how much you harped on about not trusting me. You even told

me that you were never going to believe a word that would come out of my mouth. You've already made your point. Why then should I waste my time explaining to you? Or..." Rachel paused for two seconds and narrowed her eyes at Victor before she spoke again. "Or... do you think you can just toy with everyone? You probably even enjoy the feeling of trampling on their dignity like it's nothing. Well then, if you find that more fun, then I will play your game. I'll gladly explain everything and tell you whatever you want to hear. What do you think?"

1 She had been suppressing her anger the entire night. At this moment, however, she finally snapped. After all, this conversation only made her see how ironic it was. Back then, this man had already made up his mind that he would no longer give credence to her words. Now, all of a sudden, he was asking her to explain. It felt like a tactic. In this way, he could turn it around and blame her instead for what he had said and done. He could make it appear that what happened was all her fault because she never explained herself to him, which caused her to injure her wrist and end up getting threatened repeatedly. At the end of the day, she basically asked for it. After everything she said, Victor remained silent. He simply frowned after hearing her blatant sarcasm. All this time, Rachel thought that he would be pissed off so much that he would just leave. However, a deep, serious voice suddenly came out of his mouth. "I guess it won't hurt to believe some of the things you say from now on."

Just some?

Rachel had been through so much her entire life, yet not once did she meet anyone who deliberately chose what they wanted to believe. She smiled, but there was no emotion in her

eyes. "Wow, Mr. Sullivan. That's so gracious of you. I really appreciate that you're willing to acknowledge my voice even just a little bit." The next afternoon, all the baby stuff that Victor shopped for yesterday got delivered to the Sue Garden Rachel stayed under the last surveillance camera for half an hour. When she came back to the house, she stumbled upon several bags and boxes that were piled up in the living room. There were so many that the boxes stood about twice her height. When Lukas caught sight of Rachel, he quickly walked over to greet her. "Welcome back, Miss Bennet. I was about to send someone to look for you." "Oh? Did something happen?" Victor had been working in the study all morning. Following their unpleasant conversation the night before, Rachel opted to give up her initial plan and change it to the afternoon. With a gentle smile, Lukas nodded at her. "These boxes hold the gear and other baby essentials, but there are too many to be put in the baby's room right away. I wanted to ask you about the first things you want to put in there before we move the other stuff in the storage room." Only then did Rachel remember that she went shopping with Victor yesterday for all these baby things. Looking at the boxes towering over them, she felt a little overwhelmed. They grabbed everything they thought they liked and needed, but they had no idea that they ended up buying so much. Meanwhile, a servant who had started unpacking one of the boxes found a tiny onesie. As soon as she held it up, she couldn't help exclaiming, "This is so cute!" Both Rachel and Lukas turned to look in her direction and saw the adorable babywear. It was a yellow one-piece pajama with Pikachu's face on the hood.

Unlike any other onesies, it had the character's ears drooping from the head and a lightning bolt-shaped tail hanging on the back. Rachel stared at the onesie that the servant held in her hands. She recalled that it was one of her impulse purchases from the store. Rachel looked at it once and quickly pictured how her baby would look in it, then bought it without thinking twice. When she felt her eyes glimmering at the sight of the adorable jumpsuit, Rachel immediately breathed in deep and centered herself. She then walked over to the servant and asked for the Pikachu onesie. After holding on to it, she turned to Lukas and informed Lukas, "I'll keep this. You can go ahead and decide what to put in the baby's room." "But Miss Bennet, it's the baby's room. Don't you want to decorate it yourself?" When Rachel returned to Sue Garden, Lukas arranged for contractors to remodel the nursery. Thankfully, they already finished it a few days ago. Looking down at the onesie in her hand, Rachel wanted to refuse deep in her mind. However, after some rethinking, she reckoned that decisively declining him now would make her appear uninterested. Of course, that could arouse unwanted suspicion in Lukas. Lukas noticed the slightest change in her expression, so he tried to alleviate her hesitation by reassuring and encouraging her. "Miss Bennet, I'm sure you're worried that you cannot be around the baby later on. But when he grows up, I know that the baby will be happy to learn that you personally decorated this room for him." As though a reflex, Rachel's lips twitched when she heard his advice. "Okay." A smile appeared on Lukas's wrinkled face. Without further ado, he instructed the servants to move the baby stuff to the nursery upstairs. Rachel went ahead and checked the baby's

room while they unpacked the boxes. Apparently, this was the first time she saw the nursery after it was remodeled. She stood by the door and looked around the room. The walls looked so warm yet really cozy, and it was spacious and bright. It even had its own bathroom and a cloakroom. Since the room had just been fixed, it was still completely empty. After a short while, the servant brought in several boxes, opened them one by one, and started decorating the room with Rachel. Once they touched it up with organization, the nursery began to look a lot less empty. "I see you've made swift progress here. Why don't you take a rest, Miss Bennet?" Lukas appeared at the door and suggested. In fact, it had been more than an hour but they were not halfway done. For a pretty spacious room, Lukas supposed that it would definitely take a while before they finished decorating and organizing the nursery, so they weren't in a rush. Plus, Rachel was pregnant. She would probably feel exhausted after all the work. "It's okay. I'm not tired." Rachel was choosing which items to display and line up on the shelves. Back at the store, she grabbed every piece and bought them without actually considering where it would go. Now, with the help of the servants, she could take a closer look at the stuff with fresh eyes. Seeing the sparkle in her eyes and a subtle smile on her face, Lukas felt glad to see her so interested in something for the first time. "Alright. I'll ask the kitchen to prepare some refreshments for you." Of course, he didn't want to interrupt her, so he didn't say anything more. Lukas then turned around and told a servant to fix Rachel up some snacks. Then he went back inside the nursery and continued to help her open the last box, only to find wooden boards with different lengths

and thicknesses scattering all over the floor. After the last piece of wood fell to the floor, a pamphlet dropped at Rachel's feet. It was an instruction manual. Apparently, the last box contained the wooden frames for assembling a crib. Rachel looked at the picture of the finished crib in the pamphlet and discovered that there was a cartoon character on each strip of wood. When the crib was completed, the figures would show different expressions. Rachel was too enthralled to see it finished that she wanted to try and assemble the crib herself. When Lukas checked the pamphlet in her hand, his eyes widened. "Miss Bennet, is this going to be the baby's crib?" "Yeah." Rachel nodded and hurriedly handed the manual to Lukas. "Let's assemble this one first." Stunned by her request, Lukas skimmed the manual and recognized how complicated the assembling process was. It would even require the use of a hammer, so he felt a bit worried. "Miss Bennet, how about letting one of our helpers do it? You might get hurt." "Lukas, didn't you just say that the baby would be happy if I fixed this room for him myself? Don't worry. I'm not frail. Besides, this shouldn't be too difficult. I'll be okay. It's just a crib." Although Rachel tried to reassure him, Lukas could only frown and look at her injury with utter concern. "But your wrist hasn't fully recovered." "It's fine. I can use my left hand." It seemed that he couldn't do anything to stop her, so Lukas had no choice but to acquiesce. "Very well, then. I'll go get the tools." Since Rachel insisted, he simply nodded and left. When he walked to the door, he suddenly remembered something. With furrowed brows, he wondered how Rachel could work with her left hand when she was right-handed.

Nonetheless, he thought nothing of it and brushed it off. He briskly left the nursery and went downstairs to fetch the tools needed for assembling the crib. In her excitement, Rachel studied the manual and organized the planks that went together. She was deeply immersed in the thought of putting the crib together that she didn't notice the sound of a car pulling up downstairs.

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 138

/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You by Rouwantang

Chapter 138 Is He Assembling The Crib

Downstairs in the living room, Lukas had found the toolbox and was on his way to take it upstairs to Rachel when he saw Victor walking in. "Mr. Sullivan?" He was a little shocked. He had thought that Victor had gone to the company a while ago. Why was he back so soon? "I left a document in the study. I came back to get it," Victor said when he saw the look on Lukas's face. His eyes were on the toolbox in the other man's hand. Fetching a document? It had to be extremely important then, or else Victor wouldn't need to come back in person to get it. Lukas was confused. "Do you need me to go upstairs and get it for you, Mr. Sullivan?" "No, it's okay. I will get it myself," Victor answered casually before he asked, "What are those tools for?" "Miss Bennet asked for them." After thinking for a while, Lukas added, "After you left today, a delivery man from the baby products store brought the things you and Miss Bennet bought yesterday. Miss Bennet is decorating the baby's room as we speak." Victor kept the surprise he felt at the words to himself. His eyes seemed to darken instead, but he said nothing. "Mr. Sullivan, if that is all, I'll go bring this toolbox to Miss Bennet then," Lukas said respectfully. "Give it to me." Victor held out his hand suddenly. Lukas paused for a

moment, not sure what was happening. Before he could react, he heard Victor say, "I will pass by the room anyway." Meanwhile, in the baby's room, Rachel was waiting for Lukas to bring the toolbox. She didn't know what was happening downstairs. After placing all the parts in order, she sat on the floor and carefully read the steps of assembling the crib in the manual that came with it. Suddenly, footsteps came from behind her. With all her attention directed to the manual, Rachel didn't notice that the footsteps weren't Lukas's. She picked up the planks she had put in the wrong positions and placed them right. "That should be it." She took another look at the manual. Without turning her head, Rachel reached out to the person behind her and said, "Lukas, give me the hammer." Victor's hand clenched around the toolbox handle as his dark eyes reflected her figure. She wore a low ponytail. A few strands of hair had escaped and were blocking her eyes. There was sweat on her forehead. Probably because of more than an hour's work of decoration. Her skin was fair, and there was a faint flush on her cheeks, making her look like a peach. When his eyes fell on her lips, the scene of him kissing her the previous night flashed in his mind. It made him feel a bit hot and bothered. This kind of feeling stirred up an urge in him. He wanted to kiss her. Just like the day before, he wanted to pull her into his arms and kiss her to oblivion. "Lukas?" Rachel had waited for a while but still didn't get the hammer she wanted. It felt strange. Her voice brought him back to his senses. He had almost lost control in front of her again, and this time he had almost given in to what his impulse was driving him to. Victor's eyes quickly moved from her lips to her slender wrist, as panic set in. On her wrist was a thin

layer of gauze, the red mark on the skin under it could be faintly seen. Could she really use a hammer with her injured hand? "Is this what you meant by you can handle it yourself?" His eyes stared at her the gauze before they moved to her eyes. Rachel was stunned. She turned around and was caught off guard as her eyes met his. What was going on? Where had Lukas gone to? And most importantly, why was Victor there? He had already gone to the company, hadn't he? Subconsciously, Rachel took a step back to keep a safe distance from him. She didn't try to hide it. When he saw this, Victor was even more irritated. "Rachel, if you were planning on losing your right hand for good, you could have just said so. I would have helped you." Rachel couldn't find a good reply to his snarky words. 3 What was his problem this time? Her good mood had been unfortunately interrupted by him, again. Rachel was about to blurt out a sarcastic comment of her own, but when she remembered her plan to sneak out the next day, she couldn't make any trouble now. "I'll be careful. And I'm left-handed. I can just use my left hand." It was rare for her to speak in a gentle tone to him. It even felt strange. "Even if I get hurt, it will be my own problems. I won't blame you or anything." Victor frowned. Did she think that he said that because he was afraid she would blame him? Was that the kind of person she thought he was? "What are you doing?" Somehow, Victor was confused, and he didn't want to continue that topic. "....." Seeing that he wasn't about to give her the toolbox anytime soon and she really wanted to build this crib for the baby, Rachel swallowed her frustrations and answered him patiently, "It's a crib. See? This is the manual." As she spoke, she handed over the pamphlet

to him, thinking that he wouldn't read it anyway. She was about to take it back. However, he took it from her. Victor read it, "Did we buy this yesterday?" Rachel was speechless. Was that supposed to be a question? "Yeah." Rachel lowered her eyes to hide her eye roll before she explained, "I planned to assemble the crib first and then do the decorations. Besides, it's not that difficult and I don't have anything else to do anyway. It's just to kill time." Victor looked at her as she was explaining to him. "Now, can you give me the toolbox?" Rachel couldn't figure out what he was thinking, nor did she know whether he believed her or not. So she asked tentatively. Anyway, she had explained it as he told her to. Whether he believed it or not, it was not her business. She had gotten used to him not believing in her anyway. If he believed her, then she could make the crib and be done with the conversation. Though she didn't think he would make it that easy for her. "No," he said. Rachel was shocked at his bluntness. She knew it. "Fine, then I'll do it after my hand recovers." Taking a deep breath, Rachel forced on a smile and was about to leave. "Where are you going?" Seeing her turn around, Victor stopped her. With her back to him, Rachel stopped and curled her lips. How was she supposed to deal with him? "I'm going back to my room to wait for my hand to recover, of course. "Did I say that you can go back to your room?" "What? I can't go anywhere else, and I don't have anything to do here. What am I supposed to do?" Rachel looked down at her wrist and said crossly. If she looked at the man before her, her well-cultivated composure would be lost. Victor's eyes almost turned to slits. He put down the toolbox, unbuttoned his cuffs, and rolled up his sleeves. "Come and help me." Help him? With what exactly?

Rachel was stunned when she heard some noise behind her. Could it be... She turned around and found him on one knee a few steps away, fiddling with the planks on the ground. The manual was thrown on the edge of the toolbox Rachel stared at the scene in front of her. Maybe it was the sunshine from outside that was making her see things, or maybe she was just exhausted.

„Is he...

Is he assembling the crib?“

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 139

/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You by Rouwantang

Chapter 139 Left Handed

“What are you doing standing there? Hand me the hammer.” His cold voice pulled her back from her moment of shock.

“You...” Rachel blinked once more. She looked into Victor’s eyes and asked, “You want to

build the crib?“ Victor didn’t even make an effort to answer her question. Instead, he said,

“Rachel, before you give birth to the baby, you have to stay healthy.

After that, I don’t care if

you want to be a cripple. That’s your business.” His words caught Rachel off guard. She

didn’t even know what to say to that man anymore. The slight warmth she had felt when

she saw him take the initiative to build the crib vanished to nothingness.

To him, she was

just an object. One that was bearing his child. She shouldn’t have held any hope for the

scum. Nor should she have ever considered him to be human.

He stretched out his hand, and reminded her icily, “Hammer.” With the corners of her mouth

forced into a smile, Rachel suppressed every single complaint she wanted to throw at him

and obediently took out the hammer from the toolbox before handing it to him. 1 Then he

started working on the crib, and from time to time, Victor would ask her to hand him the

tools he needed. "Spanner." Rachel handed it to him. "Three large-size nails." Rachel picked three nails from the box and gave them to him. Looking at the nails, Victor frowned and said, "I said large size, not the medium ones." Rachel was confused. She glanced at the three nails and then at him. "They are the largest ones here." Victor stared at her saying nothing. Rachel curled her lips, not afraid of his chilling eyes. "If you don't believe me, then come and see for yourself. You think I would lie about nails?" As soon as she finished speaking, Victor stood up, walked over, and rummaged through the box. Rachel stood beside him. After watching him search for a while, she murmured, "See? I told you they are..." Before she could finish her words, he held three nails in his hands, clearly larger than the ones she found. Looking at her choked expression, the urge to kiss her began to stir again. He quickly looked away. "You'd better pray that my child doesn't inherit your IQ, Rachel." With a blank face he strode back to the crib. „Huh?" Rachel was stunned for the millionth time that day. Did he just imply that she was stupid? That she had a low IQ not fit for his child? Rachel gritted her teeth. She had searched the toolbox carefully but hadn't seen nails as large as the ones he held. Where had they come from? 1 She or her alias „King of Hearts" had been the most outstanding talent to be seen since the establishment of the Red Hackers. And now her IQ was being questioned? Rachel's competitiveness couldn't allow it. She lowered her head and looked once more for the large nails in the tool kit. But what she didn't know was that they hadn't been in the kit, to begin with. Victor had had them with him before he stood up to search the toolbox. From the corner of his eye, he saw Rachel looking for them.

He moved the bag of nails at his feet to a place where she couldn't see it. An small smile appeared on his face. Even he didn't realize how childish the prank was. After searching for a long time, Rachel still couldn't find even one large nail. She frowned and started doubting herself. Could she have really missed them just now? People said that being pregnant made a woman stupid for three whole years. Had her IQ really dropped because of the pregnancy? Soon, the crib was almost done, leaving only the last small plank to be attached. Looking at the baby crib already in shape, Rachel couldn't help but smile proudly. The finished product was cuter and more beautiful than how it looked in the pictures. Looking at the last small plank in Victor's hand, Rachel wanted to have a try herself. She was always interested in hand-crafted things. And it was a crib. Rachel had never made such a thing before. Although the child wouldn't use that one... Noticing how she looked at the crib, Victor looked into her eyes and asked, "Do you want to give it a try?" Rachel didn't answer. But when she looked at him, the expression in her eyes told him that she did. "You can have a try if you want, but be careful with your wrist," said Victor in a low voice while looking at her wrist. Hearing this, Rachel's eyes lit up. "No problem." As she spoke, she took the hammer from Victor before he could change his mind. She held the nail with her right hand and the hammer in her left hand. Her strength was just right, and she hit the nail in the right place. Standing aside, Victor's eyes were fixed on her. Before long, she finished putting the last plank. Although she hadn't done most of the work she had finished it, which somewhat made up for the unpleasantness she had experienced. She looked at the crib with a faint

smile. Looking sideways at her shining eyes, Victor was slightly distracted. "All right." Rachel put the hammer back in the box as she returned the other tools as well. Only then did he notice that she had been using her left hand the whole time. He asked, "When did you learn to use your left hand?" The smile on Rachel's face froze. She had been born left-handed, but when she joined the Red Hackers, she would occasionally go out on missions. To avoid her identity being exposed, she forced herself to exercise using her right hand for a long time and even wrote with her right hand anytime she was on missions. Now that her right wrist was injured, she had subconsciously used her left hand. She had forgotten that the woman she was impersonating was right-handed. Rachel thought quickly and the panic disappeared in an instant, as she came up with a story. She said calmly, "My right hand was injured before. I had to train my left hand during the recovery. But I didn't train it for long. I can only do simple things with my left hand, but not the harder one like writing." Squinting his eyes, Victor obviously doubted her words. "Your right hand was injured before? Why didn't I know of this?" Rachel thought for a moment. Her lie needed a back-up fast. Then she raised her eyes and looked at him. With a faint smile on her face, she said it plainly as if it was the most obvious thing on earth. "It happened when I was a child. Grandma...no, I should call her Mrs. Sullivan now. Didn't you throw all my documents into the shredder when Mrs. Sullivan showed them to you? You didn't read any of them, so it's not surprising that you don't know plenty about me." Hearing Rachel's blade-like words, Victor wanted to defend himself but he couldn't. He had

done just as she said At that time, he hadn't cared who his future wife would be. For him, the marriage was just to fulfill his grandma's wish. So he didn't care who Rachel was, what she looked like, or even her life story In fact, if Rachel hadn't done so many stupid things that always challenged his patience, maybe he wouldn't hate her as much as he did. His eyes reflected her face, as well as the complex emotions surging in his heart. Rachel didn't know what was on Victor's mind. She wondered if he had bought her story. Although her right hand had really been injured before, she hadn't received any training to use her left hand at all. If Victor really doubted her story and decided to investigate it, he would find out the truth. At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

As the two of them were lost in their thoughts, Lukas's voice came from outside, "Mr.

Sullivan, Miss Schultz is here."

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 140

/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You by Rouwantang

Chapter 140 Ridiculous

"Why is she here?" Victor turned around and asked Lukas in a frigid tone.

"Miss Schultz

didn't say. She just insisted that she had something important to tell you," Lukas replied

quickly. His eyes full of blame, Victor turned to look at Rachel. Under the intensity of his

gaze, she forced a smile and said, "Don't look at me like that. I've been locked up in here for

days. There's no way I could have done anything." Victor remained quiet like always. His

serious look said everything for him. Lukas recalled the grudge between Alicia and Rachel.

He couldn't help but worry that Victor actually suspected Rachel. He chose to stand up for

her before things got out of hand. "Mr. Sullivan, Miss Bennet really hasn't gone out. Except

for last night." At the mention of the previous night, something flashed in Victor's eyes, but it faded away just as quickly as it had appeared. Rachel, too busy cursing him silently, didn't notice the warning there. "If you don't believe me, you can check the surveillance..." "Lukas, call the doctor," Victor said before she could finish her words. Rachel thought she had gotten to the point where she couldn't be affected by what Victor did. She was wrong. The rest of her retort got stuck in her throat. "The doctor?" "Yes," Victor said curtly. He glanced at the gauze on Rachel's right wrist as he addressed Lukas, "Tell the doctor to do something about her wound." "No, it's fine. I can deal with it myself." "Like you are dealing with it right now?" Victor sneered at her, "If you don't need your right hand anymore, I can help you get rid of it. You don't have to go through all this. It's too slow." At his words, Rachel looked down at her wrist. She had wrapped the white gauze on it the previous night. She had been afraid that the ointment she had applied would rub off, so she hadn't wrap it tightly. After working on decorating the room all afternoon. The gauze had loosened and was barely hanging on her wrist. Lukas thought he had heard wrong. He wasn't a good judge of other people, but this was Victor. Lukas had watched him grow up to the man he was. Except for his grandmother, Victor had never cared about anyone else. He carefully analyzed the expression on Victor's face and wondered if he had started changing his mind about Miss Bennet. "Is she downstairs right now?" Victor asked, interrupting his thoughts. Lukas composed himself, shaking away his wandering thoughts. He nodded and said, "I was afraid that she would disturb you here, so I asked her to wait in the living room downstairs."

“Okay.” Victor then walked out, with Lukas following closely behind. Rachel was left alone in the baby’s room again. She stood there and looked at the crib. It was hard to tell what was going through her mind. After a while, she turned around, ready to go back to her room to rest. As soon as she walked out of the room, she saw Lukas, who had just left with Victor, walking towards her. “What’s wrong?” Rachel asked. “Miss Bennet, Mr. Sullivan asked me to tell you that you are free to go out from today onwards.” Lukas smiled. “But you aren’t to stay out for more than three hours, and you must always take bodyguards with you.” Rachel didn’t believe it. “He just decided he is not going to lock me in here?” That didn’t sound right. The Victor she knew had to have other motives in mind. Seeing the suspicion in Rachel’s eyes, Lukas couldn’t help but sigh silently. It was hard to rebuild broken trust. Not to mention it was Victor and Rachel he was dealing with. Calling them rivals didn’t even cover it. It was normal for Rachel to doubt Victor’s intention. He then remembered how Mrs. Sullivan used to smile, looking at Rachel’s photos. “Lukas, Victor has been so lonely since he was a child. Rachel is a lovely and considerate girl, and they will definitely make a perfect match together. When she marries Victor, he will get to have his own family. I need to see him live happily with someone before I can leave this world in peace.” A weird feeling surged in Lukas’s heart. “Miss Bennet, actually... He really cares about you.” As soon as he finished speaking, Rachel yawned and said in a hoarse voice, “Lukas, what did you say?” Lukas paused for a moment. “Nothing, Miss Bennet, Don’t worry. You can come and go now as freely as you want.” Looking at Rachel, he wanted to repeat what he had said. But as her

bright eyes stared at him in anticipation, he somehow just couldn't. :
"Okay, I'll go back to
my room and rest then." Rachel then walked past Lukas and headed for
her bedroom.
As she closed the door to her room, the smile on her face disappeared.
She had heard what
Lukas said clearly. The reason why she pretended not to hear it was that
even the thought of
it was just too ridiculous.
He cared about her? That was just impossible. If he did, then he
wouldn't be Victor. If only
the two of them remained in the world, and one had to sacrifice the
other to save
themselves, he would do it gladly.
Rachel looked down at her wrist and pulled off the gauze. The red marks
were still there.
Meanwhile, a woman downstairs turned towards the stairs as soon as
she heard the
footsteps. As soon as Alicia saw Victor walking down, her heartbeat
became erratic. "Victor, I
was at the company looking for you, but Ivan said you weren't there, so
I came here just in
case." With her eyebrows arched and her eyes shining, she fiddled with
the corner of her
dress. The dress she had on was the latest style in town. Everyone had
commented on how
radiant she looked in it, so she couldn't wait to see Victor's reaction
when he saw her in it.
However, with an indifferent expression on his face, Victor's eyes only
rested on her face for
a second before he sat on the sofa opposite where she was. "What do
you need to see me
for?" Seeing his cold attitude, the small smile on Alicia's lips froze
slightly. That day, she had
been pushed down by Rachel and rescued. Not long after, she was sent
to the hospital.
Alicia couldn't remember what had happened later, or what Rachel had
said afterward. She
wanted to ask if Rachel had said anything after she was gone, but she
didn't dare. She was

afraid that if she asked about it, people would be suspicious and Victor would find out that she had lied. So she hadn't dared to go near him. Even that day, she had still hesitated for a long time in her dormitory. She had finally decided to come because of her roommates' encouragement. Out of the corner of her eye, she focused on the stairs subconsciously. She hadn't seen Rachel since she entered. Wasn't she in Sue Garden? "Nothing really." Afraid that her answer would make him suspicious of her reason of being there, she suppressed her nervousness and said, "I came here to thank you." Victor stared on, waiting for her to continue. Alicia looked at his face carefully. He looked normal. Her anxious heart was finally relieved. It seemed that Rachel hadn't said anything, or maybe she had, but Victor didn't believe her. "I thought about it carefully in the hospital. She didn't push me. I fell by accident." Alicia took a deep breath and pursed her pink lips. She plucked up courage and added tentatively, "Victor, don't blame Rachel. It was not her fault." As soon as she said the words, a chuckle came from the staircase.