

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 368

Elegance defined the woman. Her long hair was combed back and styled into a chignon. A diamond hairpin held the hair knot in place. A pair of delicate pearl earrings underscored her gentle face and the matching necklace accentuated the royal blue cheongsam that wrapped her curvaceous figure. Rachel immediately recognized the woman. It had been four years since she last saw her, yet she hadn't changed. She looked gentler than she was in her white gown back then. "Dr. Jimenez, it's been a long time since we last saw each other," Rachel said. Clara had seen Rachel from a distance. She just wasn't sure it was her. And now, standing in front of her, Clara stood transfixed.

A few days ago, Clara had heard that Rachel was still alive. Still, it felt surreal seeing Rachel with her own eyes.

"Cousin," Ameer addressed her politely. Rachel raised her eyebrows, surprised. Clara was Ameer's cousin?

"Ameer's mother and my mother are sisters," Clara explained when she noticed Rachel's confused look. "Clara, do you know Miss Bennet?" Ameer threw an inquiring look at Clara and then turned his eyes to Rachel.

Clara nodded. "We are good friends." Rachel furrowed her eyebrows. She and Clara knew each other but not so much that they would be regarded as good friends. Actually, she and Clara were not even friends. They were just mere acquaintances.

Clara noticed Rachel's puzzled look. But when they caught each other's eyes, they smiled without explaining

anything For the second time that night, Rachel heard the word "friend." She pursed her lips and looked away. The first time that Rachel heard the word was from Carson. It didn't make her feel uncomfortable. Carson was a frivolous man. He was joking most of the time so nobody took him seriously. And now, Clara had just said that Rachel was her friend.

Rachel felt that she was transported back to a time when a man and a woman came to hurt her badly. That was four years ago. The scene had recurred to her many times over that she vowed not to trust anyone but herself. She

promised herself that she shouldn't repeat that mistake. Consequently, Rachel never took the word "friend" lightly. It made her feel queasy, thinking that she might get hurt again as she was hurt then. Moreover, Abby died at that time. Rachel had blamed herself for her death because she was not able to protect her. Since then, she had suppressed her feelings, bringing to naught any affection she would have for others. "Oh, I see," Ameer said as he touched the tip of his nose. Thinking of what he hadn't said to Rachel, he felt his face flush. And now that Clara was here, the more he couldn't say what he wanted to say. He had to find an excuse to hide his embarrassment. "Well... Clara, is Roger here with you? I think I'll go find him."

If Clara was Ameer's cousin, then Roger would be, too. "Oh, he's not here. He's in Baltimore for a month now. There's a project there that he needs to oversee," Clara explained as she unwittingly looked at Rachel.

"Oh..." Ameer felt embarrassed for asking about Roger. He glanced at Rachel but found her showing no interest in

what they were talking about. He felt somewhat disappointed.

"Your parents should be here, right? I'll go and see them since I haven't seen them for some time now."

Clara noticed that Ameer was observing every movement of Rachel and saw the disappointment in his eyes. Clara's

eyes darkened. She seemed to know something but she was careful enough not to show it on her face.

"Yes, they're here and so is Riley," Clara said. "It would be a good idea to have a good chat with them. They'd like that."

Ameer nodded, said goodbye to Rachel, and hurriedly left. He was a bit confounded. Clara followed Ameer with her eyes and then looked at Rachel "Ameer seems to like you very much," she said in a

casual tone

Rachel just shrugged her shoulders. It seemed that she had no intention to pursue the topic.

Clara was secretly relieved that Rachel was not interested in Ameer. She knew that look that Ameer had given Rachel. He was looking at Rachel the way Roger had at that time. Clara had no wish that there would be another one in the family who would like Rachel. Roger was already enough.

"So, how are you feeling now that you're back here?" Clara asked, changing the topic. "Four years have passed quickly and yet, much has changed." Rachel turned around so that she could rest an elbow on the railing. Looking down, she said, "Oh, I heard that you're now the vice director. Congratulations!" Clara replied with a perfunctory "Thank you!" A short silence followed as if Clara and Rachel were skirting the topic of them being friends. A waiter passed by them. Seeing that Clara didn't touch her glass of wine, the waiter accordingly asked, "Ma'am, would you like something else?" Clara looked up and told the waiter, "Yes, please give me a glass of orange juice." The waiter nodded, left, and came back with a glass of orange juice. "Here you go, ma'am. Enjoy your drink." Rachel noticed that Clara took the glass but didn't drink the juice at once.

"I'm pregnant so I can't drink wine. But let me propose a toast to you with this orange juice. Welcome back, Rachel. I hope you'll have a good stay here." : Rachel was surprised at this news. "How long have you been pregnant?" she asked as she looked at Clara's flat belly. "Oh, just two months," Clara answered as she gently placed her hand on her abdomen. Rachel frowned. "You should really take it easy in the first trimester." "I'm fine. And remember that I'm a doctor and I also know my body well enough," Clara said and smiled at Rachel. "I've been resting at home these days but sometimes I get bored so I go out." Rachel raised her glass of wine and clinked it against Clara's.

"Congratulations to you! And to Riley, too. She's now getting a companion." Clara took a sip of the orange juice. There was a gentle look on her face. Rachel sipped her wine and looked away. The open-air balcony had a good location. It had a beautiful view of the city lights of the central area of Apliaria Clara looked down at her belly. She shook her head, ever so slightly. She didn't think that the topic of children was appropriate at the moment. How could she be insensitive! Why did she mention it? She regretted what she had just said. "Rachel, I'm sorry. I think that I have upset you," Clara said dolefully.

Rachel looked confused. "About that child..."

Then it dawned on Rachel that they didn't know that her child was alive. "Oh, please, don't think too much about it. It's been a long time. And time has eased the pain," Rachel comforted Clara. But it seemed that it only made Clara feel worse. Rachel didn't expect this reaction.

Meanwhile, there was a knock on the door of the lounge on the second floor.

"Come in," Victor answered in a low voice.

The door opened and a waiter came in with a glass of warm water. "Good evening, Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Scott had asked me to bring you this."

Pressing his temples, Victor opened his eyes and said, "Well, put it on the table over there." ;