

## Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 388

Victor didn't seem to be leaving, though, which surprised her.

Rachel was engrossed in the Bennet Group's most recent quarterly financial report as she sat cross-legged in the living room.

While the situation remained bleak, she had become the largest stakeholder in the Bennet Group, despite everything.

Whatever the case, she had to be aware of the company's financial situation in case the board of directors exploited it against her.

Her iPad memory was clogged with all sorts of statistics and data, which disturbed her.

In addition, she discovered that she was unable to concentrate at all.

Rachel figured out what was causing her anxiety.

Victor was the cause of her lack of peace.

The thought of still him being there made her unable to stop herself from looking at the second floor out of the corner of her eye as if she was scared Victor might suddenly emerge from the study at any point.

Rachel squinted as she contemplated this.

"Miss Bennet."

Lukas showed up as usual.

In possession of a pen.

Rachel was using her iPad to write things down.

As Lukas got closer, he could make out "Vic" on her iPad.

While Rachel eagerly waited for Victor to leave, she suddenly sensed someone's presence nearby.

Her muscles tense up subliminally.

In her eyes, there came a heightened sense of alertness.

"Miss Bennet?"

Lukas was astounded for a split second when he saw the icy glance.

Rachel, on the other hand, reverted to her normal demeanor in the blink of an eye.

"Lukas, everything okay?" Relieved, Rachel laid her iPad down and exhaled a deep breath of relief.

She thought it was Victor.

With a smile, Lukas told her, "It's half-past five, Miss Bennet. Do you have any preferences about what to eat for supper tonight? I'll see to it that the chef prepares it as you want." "I'm not a fussy eater, and I'll eat anything." Rachel was still reeling from the horror she had experienced earlier. She sipped her tea from her cup on the table. She felt considerably more at ease after sipping on the cup of iced tea.

"All well, then, I'll ask the chief to make some light meal," Lukas remarked, looking down at Rachel's iPad on the couch. Lukas was ready to depart when Rachel looked at the study and called out to him.

"Miss Bennet, how can I be of assistance to you?" Lukas inquired. "Victor..." "Oh, I see Mr. Sullivan has plans for the evening.) don't think he'll remain for dinner," Lukas said right away. He knew what Rachel was worried about. 'So Victor won't be around, then?' Rachel was relieved when she heard what Lukas had to say. She

was supposed to be cheerful, but somehow, she wasn't. In her chest, she felt a little suffocated, but she couldn't put her finger on it. Rachel's headache intensified as she ruminated on the subject. She made the conscious decision to no longer dwell on it.

After three hours, she figured Joey needed to get out of bed, or he would have a hard time sleeping at night. When she climbed the stairs, she carried her iPad with her to rouse him. The study and Joey's room were also adjacent. Rachel had to pass through the study if she wanted to get there. When she walked by the study door, she made a subconscious effort to quiet herself. However, nothing probably ever went as planned for her. Her path to Joey's room was abruptly cut short when the study door was unlocked from the inside. Rachel and Victor met. She paused, torn between walking on and pausing. He held a suit on his arm and was dressed in a shirt. He was preparing to leave the house at the moment.

"Victor...Are you leaving the house?" Rachel asked dryly.

Victor could feel that she was remorseful and sought to separate herself from him.

"Yes," he said in a quiet voice.

Rachel stepped aside and added, "Drive carefully."

Rachel was going to walk on as soon as she concluded her remarks.

Victor's voice came from behind her and she couldn't make out what was on his mind because of the low tone of his voice.

Victor said, "I won't be returning tonight for supper."

Rachel hesitated and said, almost imperceptible, "I got that from Lukas. I'll be sure to tell Joe."

Then, without a second thought, she entered Joey's room.

By doing that, she left Victor with no chance to say more.

His eyes clouded as he saw Joey's bedroom door locked. His phone rang at the same moment.

"I'll be there in a few minutes," Victor said and ended the call.

Rachel mustered up and leaned against the door.

"Mommy?"

Joey was up. He got up from his lying position and rubbed his still sleepy eyes.

On opening his eyes, he was startled to see Rachel leaning up against the door.

Regaining her composure, Rachel inquired, "Yes? You woke up already?"

Joey sprang out of bed, barefoot on the covers, and hurled himself into Rachel's arms with a wave of his hand. He had only just gotten out of bed and wasn't really awake.

"I had another nightmare, Mommy." Rachel was well aware that Joey had been suffering from nightmares lately. Despite Joey's outward appearance of maturity, he was still a youngster. As a result of everything he had been through, it was only natural for him to feel shaken. Rachel's attempts at resolving the issue had been ineffective. Joey was also more connected to her after suffering from two high fevers. "What happened in your nightmare?" Rachel stroked his back as she inquired, her voice soft and soothing. "I dreamt that someone was pointing a pistol at me."

Joey clutched Rachel's neck firmly. "I was covered in blood and kept weeping, but no matter how hard I wept, no one came to help me..." Rachel cradled him close to her chest.

"I bet you can recall what Mommy told you. The polarity of reality is constantly flipped in dreams. There's nothing to be terrified of, honey. Now you may rest easy. You will not be harmed in any way."

"Mommy, how about you sleep with me this evening?" "Okay." Rachel made up her mind and decided to schedule an appointment with a psychologist. "Joey, do you want a new pal?" Joey's eyes darted to her. "Who is this new pal, Mommy?"

“A friend of Mommy’s,” remarked Rachel, pinching his nose. “I see, a man or a woman?” “Is that supposed to count?” His question baffled Rachel. “Just wanted to know.” Joey pulled his tongue out and said the words. He did, however, feel a sense of crisis for Victor. Perhaps, if it were a guy, he might challenge Victor for his affections.

In such a case, it would be far more difficult for Victor and Rachel to reconcile. Joey sighed quietly to himself. Victor looked to have a long way to go before he could fix things with Rachel. Rachel had no idea what was going through his head. Because she didn’t want Joey to refuse to consult a psychologist, she lied to cover her tracks. At the hospital When the elevator finally came to a halt, the doors gently opened.