

## Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 396

In the last days of fall, the twilight hours were shorter. It was shortly after half past five o'clock. The evening light came in through the car window. Late fall brought a nice chill to the air. Joey had a good dream this time. Quintin followed his father and mother about in his dream as they

assisting them with carrying items and running after them. He had a big grin on his face as he slept. He was

adamant about not waking up. Finally, Rachel woke him up.

"Mommy, what's this place?" Joey slowly got up and wiped his eye. He had a low tone to his voice. He glanced at Rachel and realized he was in the vehicle. She stepped out of the car and bent down to hold his hand.

He stepped out of the vehicle, placing his hand on Rachel's palm. Taking a look around, he was greeted with an abundance of vegetation. Even though it was fall, it seemed that this location had not been impacted by it. They were surrounded by trees that seemed to be in full bloom. Joey spotted a large iron gate in the distance before Rachel had spoken a word. The large iron gate, on the other hand, was securely shut, leaving just a side entrance open. It could only be used by one person at a time. The phrase "cemetery" was engraved onto a sign beside the entrance. "Didn't I promise you I'd take you to visit Aunt Abby?" Rachel said, stroking his head. Joey had no idea where he was till then. He lifted his head and fixed his gaze on Rachel, looking for any changes in her expression. He was worried that his mom would feel sad. After all, they were at a cemetery. It wasn't a pleasant

setting

"Let's get moving, honey, Getting about in the dark is dangerous. I believe Abby might also be badly wanting to see you," Rachel told him as she grasped his hand. Joey concurred and followed her to the entrance. It was impossible for Joey to

avoid looking at the word “cemetery” on the sign as his shoulder brushed up against it. “What made you choose this location for Aunt Abby, Mommy?”

The cemetery seemed to be a modest and rustic place to bury one’s dead. The massive iron-gate was rusty. The gate was littered with leaves and debris. Clearly, no one had taken the time to tidy this area. There was no one to keep an eye on the mountain’s trees, which grew wild and thriving. “It’s a peaceful place to be. She won’t be bothered by anybody.” Rachel’s eyes became dark as she talked. Her grip on Joey’s hand tightened unconsciously.

Joey was able to sense her remorse. “I believe it’s a good place, too,” he remarked childishly to Rachel.

As soon as she heard this, Rachel’s face softened and she smiled down at him. Joey had said it because he was worried she would be sad, and she understood that. He wanted to be there for her and help her feel better. There was no stop for almost five minutes as they made their way up the stone stairs together. It wasn’t long before Joey glanced back and saw that they had already reached the hillside. The mountain wasn’t very tall or particularly steep. They could still see the Cayenne sitting outside the gate from their vantage point “It’s here, honey.” Rachel paused in front of a marble gravestone, her hand clasped around his, and glanced at the portrait on it.

Joey followed her eyes to the gravestone and remained there, staring at it. The marble had the word “Abby Black”

etched onto it, and it was a deep shade of black.

The top right corner of Abby’s gravestone had a picture of her embedded in it. During the picture shoot, Abby said she wanted to learn how to drive. After taking the shot, Rachel wanted to include it on the application form, but Abby was taken away after the photo was processed .

The photograph had been stored in the studio. The personnel at the picture studio did not contact the Bennet family or send the photo to Rachel until three days after the tragedy. Abby didn't even get the chance to see the picture herself. Squatting down and placing her hand lightly on the photo's right side, Rachel felt a rushing sensation like she was touching something priceless. "Abby, I'm here. I came to see you," Rachel whispered. A little breeze picked up her hair and sent it flapping about. Looking at the picture, she went into a state of trance, as if she heard Abby call out to her.

"Aunt Abby." Joey's voice got Rachel back on her bearings. Joey stood before the gravestone, carefully placing a flower he had just picked. "Aunt Abby, my name is Joey. I'm here with my mom. We came to see you." Rachel returned his gaze with a grin and a kiss on the back of his head. "Mommy haven't come to see you during the past years. Please don't get mad at my mommy. In fact, she must be missing you a lot. When I was a little kid, she told me a lot about you. Before I came to see you, I already liked you a lot." Joey's voice sounded innocent and lovely as he said that.

"Simply vent your frustrations at me if you're still not pleased. Mommy would have visited you sooner if I hadn't been too little to come." He reached into his pocket and pulled out yet another blossom. Rachel was taken aback and puzzled as to when Joey picked the flowers. He placed the two flowers next to the grave. "Auntie, Mommy and I came in a hurry, and we didn't get a lot of flowers for you. I simply plucked two flowers on the way and presented them to you.

"I'll bring you a magnificent bouquet of flowers the next time I visit, so don't get so upset with me, please." His solemn tone amused Rachel. She stroked the tip of his nose with her finger and muttered, "Aunt Abby treasures you the most. She'll never be mad at you for anything." Abby used to peek at Rachel's tummy and make educated guesses about the gender of the unborn child. Even the baby's

birth present was on Abby's list of things to prepare. Abby was even more concerned about Rachel's unborn child than Rachel herself.

Abby really liked the kid. If she were still living, she might have pampered this tiny kid to the point of obsession.

It was beginning to grow dark. Rachel and Joey didn't spend much time at the cemetery. They left, probably due to the growing darkness. The driver exited the vehicle early and waited for them. He opened the rear door as soon as he spotted them exiting, so they could get inside.

They heard the vehicle radio as soon as they got inside the automobile.