

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 397

“It has come to our notice that the houses on the high floors of Building A of Gentlefolk have been engulfed in flames. Firefighters are trying their best to control the raging inferno which has already caused a heavy traffic jam. If you are going to the places around that axis, please try to make a detour and pay attention to traffic safety. Autumn has the highest incidence of fire outbreaks. Recently, there has been a steady rise as regards the number of properties being gutted by fire in many communities far and near.

It is very important to strengthen our safety consciousness. Please turn off electrical appliances when they are not in use. Remember to turn off the gas before leaving your house so as to ensure the safety of both you and the members of your family.” Joey was sitting obediently in the child seat while listening to the announcement on the radio. Then he muttered in a low tone, “Gentlefolk? Why does it sound so familiar?”

Meanwhile, Rachel was helping the boy fasten the seat belt when that particular community was mentioned. For a moment, she stopped what she was doing. The name also sounded somewhat familiar to her.

“Gentlefolk is a real estate project developed by the Sullivan Group.” When the driver looked through the rearview mirror, he noticed that Joey had a confused look on his face. So he tried to explain what he knew to the child.

A thought flashed through Joey’s mind. He seemed to have remembered something. This made him grab Rachel’s wrist. “Mommy, do you remember what Lukas said last night? Mr. Sullivan has been living in Gentlefolk.” When Rachel heard what Joey said, it dawned on her that Lukas made mention of the name of the community

Last night, Victor gave him a call. And while they were having a conversation, he told Lukas to send a document from the study to Gentlefolk as soon as possible. When the courier came to take the document, Joey happened to be there. The

child had just taken a shower. He was watching a movie on the sofa with an iPad. When he saw Lukas coming downstairs, he asked him a casual question.

And Lukas replied by saying that after leaving the hospital, Victor had been living in an apartment in Gentlefolk. According to his description, the community was not far from the building of the Sullivan Group. Out of the corner of his eye, Joey glanced at the receipt in the courier's hand. It showed the specific address of Victor's apartment. This was on the twenty-ninth floor of Building A.

And just now, the announcement they just heard on the radio was about the houses on the high floors of Building

A in the Gentlefolk. They were all on fire.

Rachel was in a daze and Joey tightened his grip on her hand. When she came to her senses, she saw the worried look in the child's eyes. "You are worried about him, aren't you?" When Rachel looked at the boy's frowning brows, she was at a loss for

words.

She always hoped that Victor could stay away from her and Joey. But for one reason or the other, things always went in the opposite direction from what she planned or expected.

This uncontrollable feeling made her feel so confused. She was very upset. It was as if Rachel couldn't calm herself

down.

“Is that even possible?” Joey denied immediately after Rachel finished talking. He lowered his eyes and touched the tip of his nose subconsciously. This was an action he would do when he lied.

He was evidently worried about Victor. But he knew very well that his mommy didn't like to mention his father. This was why Joey had to tell a lie. He didn't want her to be sad. There was no contesting the fact that his mother was the most important person to him. Putting this into consideration, he winked at Rachel as if nothing had happened. “Mommy, let's go back.” Rachel looked at him. Then she moved her lips and said, “Okay.”

Joey no longer mentioned anything pertaining to either the fire or Victor. With his head down, he held his mother's hand and played with her fingers as usual.

It appeared like he really didn't care or worry about his father.

The Cayenne had been driving for about twenty minutes. Suddenly, it began to slow down. More and more cars

gathered around it. At last, it stopped in the middle of the road.

The driver looked at the traffic jam in front of them. Thereafter, he glanced at the information on his phone. “Miss

Bennet, the road before Gentlefolk has been blocked.”