

## Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 402

Rachel's face was pale and ashen at the nurse's words. Her eyes were dull and lifeless and she looked as if she was about to faint the next minute.

"Y" Rachel felt a wave of pain flow through her. The kind of pain that hit her like a flood and as much as she tried

she couldn't block it out. It died down and left her hollow before surging up in her heart once more making her

unable to breathe smoothly.

Rachel moved her lips as she tried to say something, but the words were stuck in her throat.

"I'm fine." Her voice was hoarse and trembling when she finally got control of it. She tried to calm herself down but it didn't work.

"But you don't look good, miss. How about I help you sit down?" The nurse was worried about Rachel and was afraid that she was about to faint, so she reached out and held on to her. Rachel moved away from the nurse's reach quietly, but then accidentally she saw the clipboard in her hand. The paper on the top was printed with the two words "Death Notice." And just like that the unbearable pain was back. Rachel opened her mouth slightly. Her eyes never left the two words and her mouth was dry once more. After a long pause, she asked with difficulty, "Did he die in pain?" "What?"

The nurse only heard Rachel's voice but her words were incomprehensible. Following her gaze, she looked at the death notice in her hands. Seeing how devastated Rachel was, the nurse assumed that she was a family member of the dead and comforted her. "Miss, please don't let your grief control you. The dead are already gone. You must cheer up and move on with your life. He would have wanted that." Rachel gripped her phone tightly and pinched the edges of the phone cover with her nails. She didn't reply. She didn't know how to. She didn't even have an idea of what was wrong with her. She felt like bawling her eyes out,

but at the same time, no tears came from them. Her mind had frozen over, and only the pain in her heart told her that everything was real.

“Miss Bennet, do you...” Ivan didn’t know that Rachel thought the man lying in the operating room was Victor. After catching some parts of the conversation between her and the nurse, Ivan thought Rachel knew the dead. Why else would she look so pale herself? As he was about to ask her more about how she knew the man, the elevator doors opened. Before Ivan could open his mouth and ask, he saw the person coming out of the elevator from the corner of his eye. “Mr. Sullivan.”

At the same time, a child’s voice came from the elevator. “Mommy!”

Rachel suddenly turned around and saw Joey in a man’s arms. Joey waved at Rachel with a smile, struggled trying to free himself from the man. The man had to put Joey down probably because he was afraid that the kid would fall down in his excitement.

As soon as his feet hit the floor, Joey couldn’t wait to rush to Rachel. He threw himself into Rachel’s arms and then placed his tiny hands on her thighs. Looking at the man who stopped just a few steps away from her, Rachel’s face became even paler as if she had seen a ghost

Her right hand was clenched into a fist, and her nails pressed against the palm of her hand almost hard enough to

draw blood. The pain in her palm told her that it wasn’t an illusion. The man in front of her was Victor.

But if Victor was standing there, who was the man who had died in the operating room? Who was he?

Before Rachel could fully regain her composure, Joey hit her suddenly and although it was light, she staggered a few steps back.

Noticing that Rachel wasn't steady on her feet, Victor moved toward her subconsciously and wanted to support her. "Mommy, what are you doing here? I couldn't find you when I came back just now." Joey, who didn't notice the expression on Rachel's face, asked sweetly. <sup>17</sup> \* Rachel opened her mouth, but couldn't get any words out. She wanted to look away from Victor, but just like her lips, her eyes weren't obeying her mind.

She felt pain as her fingernails pierced into her palm. But it still wasn't enough to get her out of the trance she was

"Is the operation over?" when Victor looked down, he saw Rachel's tightly clenched hand. His eyes darkened as he mistook it for a sign that Rachel didn't want to see him, so he looked away and kept reminding himself not to look at her. He looked at Ivan and asked him about the matter at hand. "Mr. Sullivan, I'm sorry. The doctors failed to rescue him." After a moment's silence, Ivan handed the death notice to Victor. "He only has a grandmother who is confined to her bed by sickness all year round. I'm afraid his grandmother can't handle this kind of news." Looking down at the death notice, Victor reached out his hand and said, "Cancel everything on tomorrow's schedule. I'll go to his home and pay a visit to his grandmother in person. Due to her health, just keep his death a secret from her for now."

Ivan nodded agreeing to Victor's strategy.

Joey released his hold on Rachel's thighs as he listened in on the conversation. He asked in confusion, "Who are you guys talking about?" "It's Mr. Sullivan's driver." Ivan sighed. "Before Gentlefolk caught fire, I had asked him to get some documents on a project from Mr. Sullivan's apartment. He said he was on his way back to the company, but later he called to say that he had left something there, so he went back to get it." A few hours before, when the driver went back,

Gentlefolk had already been burning. The driver had planned to drive away immediately, but before he could leave, an old woman grabbed his arm and begged him to save his little grandson.

The woman's grandson had fallen asleep in their apartment on the twelfth floor. With the disabled elevator and her painful legs, she couldn't climb up the stairs all the way to the twelfth floor. No matter how anxious she was, she couldn't reach her grandson in time. Her worry and fear only increased when she saw people coming out of the stairwell, but none of them was her grandson. She kept begging them to save her grandson, but no one paid attention to her as they ran to save their lives. The driver looked at the old woman and felt pity. Maybe it was because at that very moment he saw his own grandmother in her eyes begging someone to save him. Luckily, the fire hadn't spread completely.

However, no one expected that when the driver found the woman's grandson and was about to take him downstairs, the gas tank exploded. He protected the child subconsciously, but the back of his head took a hit on the corner of a wall, and then he tumbled down the stairs.

Dizzy and exhausted, the driver tried several times but failed to get up, and then the second explosion happened.

He lost his consciousness before he could make another move.

Looking at the death notice, Ivan felt a little guilty. If he hadn't asked the driver to go back for the documents, perhaps none of that would have happened. Then, the old woman who was confined to her bed, waiting for her grandson to come back wouldn't have to experience the pain of her grandson's death after her son had died early. "Santiago? is that his surname?"

Joey pointed at the name on the notice. "Mr. Santiago is a good man. If his grandmother knows about this, she will be proud of him. My mommy said good people go to heaven and become angels after they die. Am I right?" As Joey spoke, he turned his head to look at Rachel. He wanted her affirmation, but he

didn't expect to see his mother's eyes had turned red. He was stunned and asked,  
"Mommy, why are you crying?"