

## Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 403

Rachel raised her hand and gently touched her cheek when she heard this. Only then did she realize she was crying.

Warm tears ran down the back of her hand.

Dazed and confused, she gazed down at the tears on the back of her palm. She didn't even know when she began to cry.

Why was she crying? She didn't understand at all.

"Mommy..." Joey looked at Rachel with a worried face.

Rachel regained her composure almost immediately and gazed into Joey's eyes. She was able to calm herself down and placed her hand on Joey's head. "I'm okay. Sand got in my eye just now."

"Sand?"

"Yes," Rachel replied casually. She sensed that someone was staring at her. It made her feel very conscious and she couldn't ignore it at all.

Rachel knew that the man who fixed his gaze on her was none other than Victor.

She gently placed her hand on Joey's shoulder and bent her fingertips unconsciously. Her lashes slightly drooped, casting a faint shadow over her eyelids, and the outer corners of her eyes were still a mix of red and pink.

"Let me blow on it for you, Mommy." Joey easily bought it and offered to help Rachel. He grabbed her hand and raised his head.

With a nod, Rachel pressed her lips together and squatted down.

"Mommy, close your eyes first," Joey instructed. As Joey said, Rachel closed her eyes. After a few seconds, Joey slowly lifted her eyelids with his warm fingers and

leaned closer, and softly blew on her eyes. Even if he wasn't very good at it. He was pure and gentle. Victor was a few steps away. His eyes darkened as he stared at Rachel, his gaze fixed on her red eyes. Victor felt very upset as the events of that night at Waterfront Hotel went through his head again..

Since that night, Victor hadn't seen Rachel in two days. The past two days felt like an eternity. He almost locked himself in the company's office by drowning himself with work. That night, he knew he couldn't let Rachel go, but he also knew she would resist him, so he was afraid of frightening her. He kept himself busy by doing all sorts of work, thinking it would calm him down.

He was worried about losing control, and that he might hurt Rachel. But even though he was focused on his work, he couldn't stop thinking about Rachel, the night at Waterfront Hotel, and the scene the next morning when Rachel fell asleep in the corner.

Victor was lascivious as he looked at Rachel, who had her eyes lowered and a tiny smile on her face. His black eyes were as dark as the deep ocean, and they glowed with danger. If Rachel looked up at Victor right now, she would notice that his demeanor was precisely the same as it had been the night when they were all alone in the villa.

Victor's lustful look indicated that he wanted to have sex with Rachel.

Did Rachel know that the tears in her eyes were a fatal temptation to Victor?

Victor gulped and came to his senses. He unbuttoned his shirt cuff and rolled it up. It seemed like the only way to

let himself breathe and divert his attention away from Rachel. | “All done.” Joey put his hands down. “Mommy, are you feeling better?”

Rachel smiled as she gently opened her eyes and said, “I feel much better.” “Let’s go home!” Joey took the initiative to take Rachel’s hand as he cheered. In the next moment, Rachel found herself being led to Victor when she came to her senses.

Unexpectedly, Rachel and Victor glanced at each other at the same time. But soon, Rachel held Joey’s hand tightly and tore her gaze away. “Ivan, it’s getting late. I’ll take my leave and bring Joey with me,”

Ivan, who was suddenly mentioned, felt surprised. What was going on?

Ivan was not a fool. He could easily tell the standoff between Rachel and Victor, but he had already been used to it.

After all, the two of them used to go against each other all the time four years ago. However, Ivan certainly didn’t expect that he would be in a pickle because of them one day. Although Victor was standing in front of Rachel, she simply ignored him and only talked to Ivan. Ivan was in a bind. Victor was looking at him with cold eyes, which made him shiver. He couldn’t decide whether or not to respond

to Rachel. He had no idea where to look. To look at Rachel? Then he might be given the cold shoulder and die tonight alongside the driver. To look at Victor?

Ivan would rather die than look at Victor.

It was the end of autumn, yet Ivan was breaking out in cold sweat because of the matter between Victor and Rachel. He swallowed hard as he looked at Victor from the corner of his eye and asked, "Miss Bennet, how about we send you back?"

"No, thanks. Joey and I went out with the driver." "But..." Ivan sensed Victor's cold stare shift away from him as soon as he said that. However, with Rachel's refusal, the feeling reappeared not long after it had faded.