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## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 416

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 416 In Her Room

Rachel didn't notice that she fell asleep as she leaned against the headboard. •

Her hand was placed on Joey's back, rubbing it gently even if she was asleep. The dim light fell on her face.

Standing at the door, Victor watched the serene moment in a daze. After a while, he entered the room and walked to the bed. Rachel hadn't changed her clothes yet since she didn't expect to fall asleep with Joey. The cold wind blew in through the slightly opened door of the balcony. Rachel's hair swayed a little, and some strands fell on her face.

Victor went to the other side of the bed and carefully picked up Joey. If he wouldn't shift their position, Rachel would fall off the bed sooner or later. While asleep, Joey felt a pair of hands touch him. Frowning, he pushed Victor away. The latter didn't move until Joey was comfortably sleeping again. Then he gently moved him to the other side of the bed.

Seeing Joey hug the quilt as he slept soundly, Victor sighed in relief. Then, he went back to Rachel.

Perhaps because of exhaustion, Rachel fell into a deep slumber.

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Looking at her sleeping face, the word “depression” suddenly appeared in Victor’s mind again and he felt heartbroken.

He had a lot of things to ask Rachel, but looking at her angelic face while she slept, he was lost for words.

Half an hour later, Rachel was done taking a shower and changing her clothes.

Today, she was going to the Bennet Group to get a document and meet someone.

W

While she had nothing to do, Rachel wanted to go through all the projects that the Bennet Group had. She wanted to know when and how they started to lose money and which project caused it, so she could address the issue from its

root.

Unexpectedly, when Rachel was going through the projects, she found one that had been halted for some reason. It was a public service project of a welfare house.

The reason why the project was halted was not a secret to Rachel.

It was because they didn’t have enough money.

The Bennet Group couldn’t support it. It would take a lot of money and connections to build a welfare house. If the Bennet Group failed to build and operate it, it would be the end of the whole company. However, the Bennet Group had no choice now. All the projects had been halted and there was no profit at all.

What Rachel was worried about was the fact that thousands of employees would be affected if they couldn’t find a

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way to solve this matter and let the public see their value again.

Right now, their best option was to carry out this charity project to attract the public's attention. But this project wouldn't be possible without help from other companies. So Rachel had to find a partner who was interested in this project as well. The person she was going to meet was the potential partner who was interested in this project. This person was introduced to her by the Public Service Association. Taking a deep breath, Rachel entered the dining room. There she found Joey sitting on a chair, swinging his legs. The little boy immediately smiled when he saw her. "Mommy!" Subconsciously, Rachel glanced around the dining room. There was no one else in the room except for Joey and the

servants.

"Mommy, don't worry. Dad went out early today," Joey seemed to have read Rachel's mind. "I... Okay." That was all Rachel could say.

"I don't think he slept well last night. I heard from Mr. Smith that he had dark bags under his eyes this morning when he went out for work." As he spoke, Joey secretly observed his mother's reaction. Hearing this, Rachel paused. A sudden memory flashed through her mind. It was Victor who took her back to her room. He carried her in his arms and gently put her on the bed. However, before she could think further, it disappeared. "Eat your porridge, or it will be cold." Rachel narrowed her eyes and changed the topic. She didn't want to talk about Victor.

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## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 417

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 417 The Paternity Test

Tvan stood in front of the desk with two documents in his hands. He then placed them on top of the desk and said, "Mr. Sullivan, the police claimed that the collision last night was an accident. A forensic expert analyzed the driver's body and discovered that he drove after drinking a lot of wine. Before the accident, the driver had already injured someone five hundred meters away from the traffic lights and quickly fled the area. So the police speculated that the driver panicked and was speeding after hurting someone. Eventually, he ended up crashing into the car where Dr. Turner was." Ivan rushed to the hospital last night as soon as he received the phone call. After checking on several injured bodyguards, he proceeded to the police station to learn more about the accident and asked to see the surveillance video.

The driver who caused the car accident died on the spot. The white vehicle he used appeared on the monitoring screen around 10:13 p.m. He was driving quite fast, and his route was erratic. It certainly matched the actions of a drunk driver who fled the scene right after injuring someone. Ivan could see from the video that the white vehicle on the monitoring screen was still seven hundred or eight hundred meters away from the car where Dr. Turner was. It would take at least two minutes for the two vehicles to collide at a normal speed. However, just at 10:14, the white car bumped into the car where Dr. Turner was due to the extremely high speed it was running. Dr. Turner's car was hit in the front, and the vehicle instantly overturned. The white car's hood was destroyed, and black smoke billowed from the impact. Although Ivan wasn't present at the scene of the accident, he could feel the tragedy to a great extent from the short footage, which lasted less than a minute. "Hurt someone and ran away?" Victor replied

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bluntly as he opened his eyes. He seemed to be dissatisfied with the results. Ivan also found it rather strange. However, the police conducted a thorough investigation of the surrounding area and checked the account of the person who caused the collision, but didn't find anything. It was all just an accident. "The first document is the police statement regarding the investigation," Ivan said. "I've also asked someone to do a background check on that driver. He is forty-seven years old, divorced, and working as a freelancer. He usually makes a living by being a taxi driver." Victor reached for one of the folders and looked down at the driver's personal information while listening to Ivan's report.

On these two pieces of paper, the driver's background and life experience ever since he graduated from high school were written in full detail. If people looked at it, they would assume there was nothing special about him. But they could tell that the man had lived a very poor life. The driver got married when he was twenty-five and got divorced when he was thirty-seven, and had no children throughout his entire marriage of twelve years. His wife divorced him because of his infidelity. Later, the company he was working for had poor operations, and he, a middle-aged man, was cruelly laid off. After that, he had to leave the house that he and his wife had bought and took nothing. He rented a tiny one-room apartment and worked as a cab driver to support his living expenses every day. The driver's life was very ordinary and mundane. Thousands of words were written on the two pieces of paper, but Ivan couldn't figure out why the driver would want to take the bribe and put his life in danger by crashing the car on purpose. Ivan stared at the document all night, asking himself the same question over and over. 'Did it really happen by

The driver's life was very ordinary and mundane.

Thousands of words were written on the two pieces of paper, but Ivan couldn't figure out why the driver would want to take the bribe and put his life in danger by crashing the car on purpose.

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Ivan stared at the document all night, asking himself the same question over and over. 'Did it really happen by

chance? Is everything purely coincidental?' The accident happened when their men found Dr. Turner and was about to bring him back. But if the car crash wasn't an accident, why did the driver do such a thing?

"Did the autopsy report come out already?" Asked Victor.

"Not yet. But with what I heard from the cops yesterday, the forensic expert said that the driver had consumed a significant amount of wine and could smell it without even starting the procedure. This is also why the authorities have stated that the car collision only happened because of drunk driving and concluded it as an accident." "It's not an accident," Victor remarked firmly. "Check this driver's whereabouts for the past fifteen days." "His whereabouts? Isn't that already shown in the document, Mr. Sullivan?" Ivan was surprised to hear Victor's words and asked in confusion. Investigating the driver was his priority. To make sure that he was getting all the necessary information, he went to a lot of places and interrogated the people the driver had met with recently. However, he didn't find anything out of the ordinary "Not enough." "Not enough?" Ivan checked his iPad right away and quickly found the softcopy version of the document, and carefully examined all the driver's records and history. "Hospital," Victor reminded.

The hospital?

Ivan raised his brows and zoomed into the part where the driver had gone to the hospital, which revealed that he had received an order from someone. When the client got out of the cab, he didn't leave the hospital until fifteen

minutes later.

A sudden thought flashed into Ivan's mind and he quickly looked at the duration of the driver staying put in the area where he dropped off his other clients. The interval between almost every order was no more than three minutes, but the

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driver had spent fifteen minutes at the hospital. What was the reason? He also turned off the signal and refused to accept orders at that time. He didn't turn it back on after the fifteen minutes passed. Ivan felt like he was starting to connect the dots. "Mr. Sullivan, do you mean to tell me that the driver went inside the hospital for fifteen minutes and took something?" Victor looked up at him but said nothing.

"I get it now! I'll head to the hospital right away." Ivan felt enlightened in an instant, and he assumed that something had occurred during the fifteen minutes the driver was inside the hospital. Maybe it had something to do with his motive. "You don't have to go. If there really are clues at the hospital, most of the evidence was probably cleaned up already. Send someone to wait for further updates at the police station. Report to me as soon as the autopsy results come out," Victor said in a low and deep voice.

Ivan didn't get it until now.

Victor was right. If there was a mastermind behind this car accident, that person had already prepared for

everything. If he went out to investigate now, he wouldn't be able to find anything "Mr. Sullivan, who do you think planned out this entire thing?" Ivan asked with a frown. After a brief pause, Victor replied, "I don't know." He reached for another folder after saying that.

Following Victor's sight, Ivan suddenly remembered something and said, "Mr. Sullivan, this is from the paternity

testing center. They said they found it when they were sorting out some documents a few days ago. I got it back this morning."

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## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 418

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 418 Rachel's  
Uneasiness

“Did you not get Joey’s paternity testing report a long time ago?” Victor asked with a frown. “Yes, I did. But the people from the testing center said that this result shows the blood relationship between Joey and you,” Ivan explained. “They must have made a mistake by carrying out this particular test. But, I don’t remember sending any blood sample of yours to the testing center. It isn’t something I would just forget, is it?” At this juncture, Ivan became lost in thoughts. ‘Perhaps, I mixed Odin’s and Victor’s blood samples accidentally and sent them to the testing center.’

After listening to what Ivan murmured, Victor looked at the dark blue folder.

He was about to open the folder when someone knocked at the door.

As a result, he stopped and put it in a drawer. “You can come in.”

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The door was pushed open from the outside. His secretary came in and spoke in a respectful manner. "Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Scott is here. "I see. Please show him the way to the meeting room." Victor's mind flashed back to Carson's words from the previous night. He said that his father would come today in order to discuss the cooperation with the Gordon family. The secretary nodded in response and left. Ivan also exited the office to prepare for things. Victor stood up and looked at the closed drawer. Then, he picked up his coat on the armrest of his office chair and walked out of the office.

In Sue Garden "Mommy, take me along. I want to go with you!" Joey held Rachel's arm and acted like a spoiled child. "I will be back in no time." Rachel pinched Joey's face tenderly. "My good boy, just wait for me here, alright?" Joey curled his lips and let go of Rachel's arm. "Okay," the boy said sulkily. "When I come back, I will prepare a very delicious meal for you, okay?" Of course, it was obvious to Rachel that Joey was unhappy. She touched his head gently and tried to pacify him. "Besides, don't you have an appointment with Quintin to play games together today?" "Yes, I do. But he is not good at playing games." Joey made no secret of his dislike for Quintin. This left Rachel at a loss for words. She stood up and picked up her bag. "If Quintin hears about this, he will definitely fight with you in the games over and over again!" "Perhaps he will. But it doesn't change the fact that he is not good at playing games, does it?" Now Joey smiled widely, revealing his canine teeth.

"Well, I have really got to go," Rachel said to him.

In response to that, Joey stood up from the sofa and stretched out his hands to let her hold him.

Rachel leaned over. Then the boy put his arms around her neck. He raised his head and kissed her on the cheek. "Very well then. But you must come back early." "Okay, I will."

At last, Joey let go of her and winked his big and bright eyes. He looked so childish and obedient.

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Rachel said goodbye to Lukas and was about to leave. But when she stepped out of the porch, it was as if her heart

began to beat faster than usual. She felt somewhat uneasy,

She turned around and took a glance at Joey. He was sitting on the sofa. Lukas was seen bending over in order to ask Joey if he wanted to drink some juice. And the little boy nodded when he heard what was said to him. He was busy playing games on the iPad. Nothing unusual seemed to be going on at that given instant,

Rachel pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes. Maybe she was just thinking too much. Besides, Joey was safe in Sue Garden. How could something possibly happen to him?

She suppressed the uneasiness in her heart and left Sue Garden, going to the Bennet Group. 2

The white Audi A6 ran steadily on the highway. After some time, it stopped at the traffic lights which was about fifteen minutes away from the Bennet Group. Suddenly, her phone began to ring. Rachel took a quick peek at the caller ID on the screen. "Andy, what's wrong?" she asked. "I'm almost at the company." "You do not have to come to the Bennet Group," Andy replied from the other end. "The client of my previous case heard about the Bennet Group's project. He said that one of his friends also wanted to sponsor a welfare house. This aforementioned person is very interested in the project. Hence, he wants to have a chat with you." At this time, the red light had turned off and the green light came back on. Rachel stepped on the gas and crossed the road. And Andy continued to speak to her. "This man in question just came back from a business trip yesterday. He has been very busy recently. Therefore, he only has a little time this morning. So my client has made an appointment with him for us." "Did you just say this morning?" she asked him. "Where exactly is the place?" "The Crown Club."

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## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 419

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 419 Surprise

“The Crown Club?” Rachel’s hands on the steering wheel froze for a moment.

She was startled to hear the name of the club.

She didn’t have a good impression of the Crown Club.

If she could help it, she wouldn’t go there.

But when she thought of the project of the Bennet Group, she had to overcome her feelings.

“I’m going there now,” she told Andy. she turned the car around.

The Crown Club was in the opposite direction to the Bennet Group.

Of course, Andy didn’t know what was on Rachel’s mind, nor did he sense the change in Rachel’s tone. “Okay.

I’ll go there too, but I may be a bit late. I have to deal with something right now.”  
“It’s okay.

Take your time,” Rachel said in a low voice and hung up the phone.

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In the Crown Club When the Audi A6 pulled up in front of the club, a parking assistant greeted Rachel.

He opened the car door and took the car keys from her so he could park the car.

Standing at the entrance, Rachel scanned the facade of the club.

Through the glass door, she could see the luxurious decoration of the hall on the first floor.

The Crown Club was as grand as it had been four years ago. Four years had passed in the blink of an eye.

Rachel took a deep breath and walked in.

“Good day, Miss Bennet!” The lobby manager was on the phone when he saw Rachel getting out of the car. He put away his phone in a hurry and walked up to Rachel.

“I’m sorry. May I know who you are?” Rachel looked at the manager who was smiling at her.

She searched his face for familiarity but she couldn’t remember him. Noticing Rachel’s confusion, the man apologized and introduced himself. “I’m Jerry, the lobby manager of the Crown Club.”

“Do you know me?” “Why, of course, Miss Bennet,” Jerry laughed in a flattering tone.

“All the employees in the Crown Club have a picture of you, so we can recognize you the moment you’re here. You deserve our best attention.”

Her picture? What picture? Why should they treat her like a VIP? “Miss Bennet, are you here alone?” Jerry asked as he looked past Rachel.

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“Yes,” Rachel answered, somehow confused by the question.

“Didn’t Mr. Sullivan come?” Mr. Sullivan. Of course, Jerry was referring to Victor.

Rachel suddenly remembered that Victor was the real boss of the Crown Club.

“No,” Rachel answered sternly, her looks turning sharp. Jerry had been working in the Crown Club for several years.

He was good at reading people’s expressions. Seeing Rachel’s face made him realize that he had said something wrong.

He quickly shifted to a different topic. “Miss Bennet, are you here for someone? Or...”

“I’m meeting someone,” Rachel answered and then looked at Andy’s message on her phone.

“The private room we’ve booked is called Morandi, which I believe is on the second floor,” “Come with me then.

“I’ll take you upstairs.” Jerry smiled graciously as he had been trained to do.

He then led the way to the room. “The Crown Club?” Rachel’s hands on the steering wheel froze for a moment.

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"It's okay. Take your time," Rachel said in a low voice and hung up the phone.

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Jerry smiled graciously as he had been trained to do. He then led the way to the room.

As she followed Jerry, Rachel looked at the time display on her phone.

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Andy had arranged the meeting with the investor and she was half an hour early. Jerry and Rachel got into the elevator.

They were the only ones in the elevator and they were standing side by side.

Jerry couldn't help but glance at Rachel. They were the only ones in the elevator and they were standing side by side.

Jerry couldn't help but glance at Rachel from time to time.

Even though Jerry tried to be discreet, Rachel could feel his eyes on her.

"Did you say that you all have a picture of me?" Rachel asked. "Yes, Miss Bennet."

"But why?" Jerry didn't expect Rachel to ask that question. He turned to his side and looked at Rachel.

"Miss Bennet, don't you know?" Rachel got even more confused.

"What is it that I should know?" "Oh, I thought you know." Jerry looked quizzically at Rachel.

"Didn't Mr. Sullivan tell you?" Ding! The elevator chimed to signify that they had reached the second floor.

The elevator stopped steadily and its doors slowly opened.

"Miss Bennet, if you want to know the answer, you can go to the seventh floor. I believe that you will be moved when you see it."

"The seventh floor?" Jerry nodded as he took out a key card from his vest's pocket. He tapped it against the reader on the door of the room called Morandi.

"Here you are," Miss Bennet." Rachel glanced around the room.

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It looked warm and cozy. It was precisely designed to make people feel comfortable “Miss Bennet, I wish you well with your meeting,” Jerry said before turning around to leave.

“You can call me anytime should you need anything.” Rachel nodded.

Jerry left the room, closing the door gently. Rachel walked to the sofa and as she sat down, her phone vibrated.

There was a message from Andy saying that he was on his way but was being held up by a traffic jam.

Rachel texted Andy back, informing him that she was already at the club. “Take care,” she added to her message.

She noticed a glass of cold orange juice on the small table by the side of the sofa.

It looked like it was brought there just before she got into the room.

Orange juice was her favorite drink. Raising her eyebrows, Rachel couldn't help but think of what Jerry had just said. She picked up the glass of orange juice and took a sip.

It had the sweet-tart taste that she liked. What could be on the seventh floor? Rachel was thinking about it when someone buzzed on the door. It brought her back from her musings.

Did Andy arrive so soon? Rachel put the glass down on the side table, stood up, and walked to the door, thinking that it was Andy on the other side.

Before she reached the door, it swung open. Rachel was stunned to see the man standing at the door.

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He was a tall man, wearing a light-grey windbreaker.

There was a gentle smile on his handsome face. Rachel's figure was reflected in his brown eyes.

The man exuded gentleness and modesty. He didn't seem to have changed so much.

He still gave people that warm feeling "Long time no see, Rachel."

While Rachel was surprised to see him, the man seemed to know that she would be at the Crown Club.

Four years had passed, and the man thought that he would never see Rachel again.

While he appeared calm and collected, his slightly stiff fingertips betrayed his nervousness. Rachel came to her senses. "Roger." 5

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 420

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 420 I Miss You

"Are you surprised to see me?" Roger moved closer to Rachel and eyed her. He pulled every strength he had to

restrain his urge to pull Rachel into his arms.

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Rachel looked past Roger and asked, "Are you the investor who's interested in the Bennet Group's welfare house project?"

Roger showed a gentle smile as he hung his coat on the coat rack standing on the nook of the private room. No words gushed from his lips, but his smile gave away his answer to Rachel's query.

On other hand, Rachel was genuinely surprised. She didn't expect that the investor would be Roger. Of all people, it

had to be him! ?

"Don't just stand there. Why don't we take our seats first? What do you want to eat?" Roger asked thoughtfully. Just as though time had not passed, he was as gentle as before. "I ate something before heading here." Rachel took a sip of the orange juice. She lifted her gaze from the beverage to Roger with mixed feelings. The harsh words she told him on the ship four years ago rose from their graves and rewound vivid scenes in her mind.

She had just come back, and the thought about whether she would meet Roger in Apliaria had just crossed her mind. How coincident was it to bump into him in such a circumstance?

or

She remembered Clara mentioning to her that Roger stayed in the subsidiary company abroad and spent most of his time working there in the past four years. Rachel had thought maybe Roger hadn't been back when she left Apliaria. "It was already late when I came back yesterday, not to mention I had a meeting this morning. I haven't eaten anything yet, so I'm quite famished." Roger's gaze fell on Rachel, which sent her a different feeling. She reminisced how Victor would look at her aggressively. Meanwhile, here was Roger, looking at her gently and mildly.

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"If there's something that whets your appetite, you can just eat with me." As soon as Roger finished speaking, he handed Rachel the iPad containing the menu to let her order.

Rachel parted her lips and mumbled, "Okay." Roger had been kind enough to encourage her to eat, so it was hard for Rachel to refuse him again. She took the iPad and scanned the dishes displayed on it. After choosing two desserts, she handed the iPad back.

Roger's smile didn't oscillate even for a second. He said, "I remember that you used to like mousse cake very much.

I heard from my friend that the Crown Club hired a very good dessert chef. Would you like to order one?" It had been years, yet Roger could still remember Rachel's preferences like the back of his hand. To be exact, he remembered the real Rachel's taste. 1 That small gesture seemed too alluring to most individuals, but it was not for a select few. Sometimes, a gentle and kind man might put more pressure on people than a domineering man. Roger was that kind of man that people always thought it was unforgivable to refuse him. Who would be so heartless as to crush a thoughtful soul?

"No, thanks. I'm not in the mood for it now," Rachel said indifferently. Only then did the smile on Roger's face freeze imperceptibly, but that only lasted for a short-lived moment. He straightened his back and said, "That's fine. People's taste changes. After all, it's been so long."

Rachel smiled and lowered her head.

Roger didn't have to be a genius to understand that she was somewhat avoiding her. His eyes darkened, but he

quickly recovered before she could steal a glance at him.

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“Rachel, I’m really happy to see you doing good now.” Roger sat opposite Rachel. He supported his chin with his elbow that rested against his thigh, propping himself forward slightly. He was staring at her intently. “Rachel, in the past four years... How have you been?” He wanted to ask where Rachel had been in the past four years. It was the kind of curiosity that had been eating him

alive by keeping him up all night, thinking where she could have been. But seeing that Rachel was fine from across the table, Roger didn’t think his eagerness to know mattered anymore. To him, nothing was more important than Rachel’s safety. “I’ve been fine.” Rachel smiled and looked up at Roger. “That’s good to know.” After a while, the waiter served their orders, interrupting their conversation. It was good timing.

Rachel looked at the desserts on the table. They were all the real Rachel’s favorite desserts.

Rachel was not that naive when it came to love. She could feel Roger’s affection for her from the way he was treating and boring his gazes at her, and it seemed to be more obvious than four years ago. Looking at the desserts on the table, Rachel didn’t know what to do.

“Rachel, have you gotten used to the life of Apliaria after coming back? A lot has changed during these years. Oh, wait! Do you remember our literature teacher back in high school?”

Their literature teacher in high school? Rachel recalled but only vaguely thought of someone standing on the platform, with his back facing them.

Although Rachel and Roger were not in the same class in high school, they had the same literature teacher. Moreover, this teacher had been the bridge to Rachel and Roger growing connected to each other. At that time, Rachel’s and Roger’s compositions were always taken as the model compositions by the literature teacher. The two of them were always called together by the teacher, either to ask them to prepare for competitions or preparing speeches for important events.

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In Rachel's memory, this teacher wore a pair of rigid and black-framed glasses. Perhaps it was because he was one of those traditional male teachers who taught literature, he always carried a straight face and was very strict with everyone. But no matter how strict he was, he was known for protecting and being on his students' side.

When he heard other teachers mention Rachel and Roger, he would always favor the two of them, partly because of how gifted they were.

However, these were the memories that belonged to the real Rachel that she shared with Roger. Although Rachel had the real Rachel's memories, she had never experienced them firsthand, so it was difficult for her to have the same feelings as or at least connect with Roger.

"Yes, I do."

"He retired some time ago. I and several classmates planned to invite him to dinner, but because I was busy, I sadly wasn't able to attend." It seemed that Roger finally found a topic to get close to Rachel once again. He smiled and offered, "How about we go see him today? He misses you so much..."

Roger suddenly paused, then he looked at Rachel seriously, and said every word with sincerity, "I also miss you very

much."

In the Sue Garden The red and flamboyant Ferrari entered smoothly and stopped at the open space in front of the villa. Carson got out of the car, wearing sunglasses.

"Mr. Scott, why are you here?" Hearing the servant's report, Lukas walked out to personally welcome Carson.

"I came here to catch up on some sleep," Carson said as he entered the room.

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'Catch up on sleep?' Lukas wondered. 'Why does he have to come here to catch up on his sleep?' "Mr. Scott, Mr. Sullivan went to the company early in the morning. If you want to see him—"

"I'm not here looking for him. Lukas, I'm seriously here to catch up on sleep." As Carson spoke, he took off his sunglasses, revealing the dark circles around his eyes.

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