

# Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 364

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**Chapter 364 Revenge**

Everyone thought that a fight was about to break out. But unexpectedly, Susan left the scene calmly.

All the reporters had expected to witness a fight between Rachel and Susan and make some juicy news. However, nothing happened. Disappointment was written all over their faces. What a waste! Not long after, Becky came over to Carson and said, "Mr. Scott, thank you." She feared that Susan would act rashly when Rachel appeared, so she asked Carson to mediate. After all, everyone in Apliaria respected the Scott family like how they respected the Sullivan family. Therefore, when Susan saw Carson, she stopped before she could even do something stupid. "You're welcome. But I actually didn't come here because of your request. I was ordered to pick up one of my friends." With one hand in his pocket, Carson glanced at Rachel and smiled. Someone ordered him to pick up one of his friends? The smile on Becky's face froze for a moment. Following Carson's gaze, her eyes fell on Rachel.

Today was the first time she saw Rachel in person. Becky had seen her in photos, but it still hit different when she stood in front of her.

Compared with Susan's high-end customized dress, Rachel's dress was relatively simpler yet elegant. The dress didn't have any unique design, but it seemed to be tailor-made for her. It accentuated her fair skin and slender

figure.

As a celebrity manager, Becky had already seen many good-looking people in the entertainment industry. And she could say that Susan was the most beautiful person she had ever seen. However, Rachel was superior in terms of class and poise. There was coldness and sharpness in Rachel's eyes, but people didn't feel intimidated when they saw her. No wonder Victor liked Rachel. If she could make Carson, who disdained to make friends with others, treat her as a friend, there must be something special in her. The very first time Becky laid her eyes on Rachel, she understood why Victor chose such a woman. "Nice to meet you, Miss Bennet. My name is Becky, Susan's manager." "Hello." Rachel held Becky's hand politely.

"It's about time. Let's go in." Looking at the time on her watch, Becky invited Rachel and Carson. She was a little worried that Susan had entered the hotel alone. Rachel nodded in agreement. "Alright, let's go." The melodious piano music surrounded the banquet hall of the hotel. Waiters were walking around the hall with trays of alcohol and food in their hands. Married women held the hands

of their husbands as they chatted with their acquaintances, while the single ladies joked around with the young men. Everyone was well-dressed and they all looked very rich.

Since Rachel entered the hall, people all talked about her. The whole Apliaria knew about how she jumped into the sea four years ago, so everyone thought she was dead. To everyone's surprise, Rachel came back alive. And she even came to attend the birthday party of her ex-husband's current fiancée. People had different guesses about why Rachel came to Susan's birthday party. And her presence made them remember the absurd thing she did four years ago. Did Rachel come to make trouble? This was the question the guests had at this moment.

They all had different speculations, but Rachel remained unfazed. After taking a glass of champagne from the waiter that passed by her, she walked to the wide balcony to be alone. She leaned against the railing and felt the coldness of the wind, shaking the glass in her hand. She looked so solemn, contrary to the lively atmosphere in the hall.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps coming from behind.

Rachel paused when she felt someone's presence not far away from where she was standing

When she looked sideways and recognized the man's face, she took a sip of champagne and said, "Mr. Scott there

are so many rich ladies who want to chat with you. Why are you here?"

Although the status of the Scott family in the Apliaria was not as high as that of the Sullivan family, its position was still out of reach for others. As the only unmarried person in the Scott family, Carson naturally became the most eye

-catching person since he attended such a party.

Within thirty minutes, Rachel had saw five or more ladies approaching Carson to have a toast. "Really?" Carson smiled and leaned against the railing. "What about you? Do you also want to marry me as they do?" Without saying anything, Rachel rolled her eyes at him.

This man didn't change at all. It had been four years, but he was still narcissistic. Rachel suddenly remembered the

first time she saw Carson after her rebirth.

At that time, he told her she was his mistress.

"I'm just kidding." Seeing Rachel roll her eyes made Carson grin. Somehow, it felt a little familiar.

It reminded him of the way Joey rolled his eyes at him. But he didn't open up the topic and asked instead, "What are you doing here? Why don't you go inside? Besides the birthday girl, you're the most eye-catching person tonight. Don't you want to hear what they say about you?" As Carson walked his way to the balcony a while ago, he heard people talking about Rachel. "They are all guessing if you are a human or a ghost." Rachel, who came back from the dead, was not surprised to hear such speculation. "Since you cared enough to eavesdrop, why didn't you answer their question?" "In fact, I'm also curious. Are you a ghost or a human?" Carson raised his eyebrows in a joking manner.

Hearing this, Rachel turned to look at him but didn't respond.

"If you are real, how could we not find you in the past four years?" There was a hint of accusation in his tone.

Rachel's eyes darkened. "What? I'm waiting for your answer. Where have you been in the past four years? Are you... Are you really a ghost now?"

To be honest, Carson had already done an investigation. But the investigation result did not satisfy him, so he used

his humor to test her.

Finally, after being silent for a while, Rachel answered with a faint smile, "If I were a ghost, I would definitely be a

ferocious one who takes revenge on people that hurt me in the past. You must be careful then."

As if looking for a hidden clue, Carson stared at Rachel's face. The latter finished the remaining champagne in her glass and leaned back against the railing. With her eyes glued to the lively hall, she changed the topic. "Earlier you said you were ordered to pick me up at the entrance. Since I answered your question, you have to answer mine." "Huh?" Still processing what Rachel had said a while ago, Carson didn't understand her question right away. "Who ordered you to pick up me? Tell me, is it Victor?"

As soon as Rachel finished speaking, the phone in Carson's pocket vibrated.

The text message was from Victor. "I have arrived."

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Carson spun the tip of his phone between his two fingers and turned around. He gazed down as he rested his arm against the railing, noticing a Porsche parked near the entrance. It was Victor's car, to be precise.

"If you want to know who ordered me to do this, why don't you just ask him?"

Rachel followed Carson's gaze and looked down. She happened to catch Victor's eyes as he exited the vehicle.

Carson gently smiled as his glass touched the empty one in Rachel's hand. "I'll go in first. The air outside may make you feel comfortable, but it's a little chilly. You should be careful not to catch a cold." Without waiting for Rachel's reaction, Carson turned around and headed into the hall. Rachel quickly looked away and pressed her lips together. She wasn't sure why she felt nervous when she and Victor exchanged glances just now.

"Becky, don't worry. I know what I'm doing. You don't have to follow me." Meanwhile, Susan, who had just separated from her mother, found Becky waiting for her on the stairwell of the banquet hall's second floor. "I'm glad you know. I did it for your own good," Becky said earnestly.

Susan lowered her gaze and didn't say anything. The scenario when Rachel got out of Victor's car lingered in her mind. For her own good? Everyone consoled and wished her well as if they all believed she wasn't deserving of being Victor's wife. They urged her to sensibly let go of Victor.

But... Rachel wasn't any better than her! Susan was adamant about not giving up and she was jealous, but she never showed it. "I know," she responded and nodded politely. Hearing this, Becky felt a little relieved. She had been so worried about Susan. Susan noticed Carson come in from the balcony as soon as she raised her head to look at the hall. Rachel was standing behind him.

Carson seemed to be the type to get along with everyone, but those who truly got to know him learned that he was a ruthless man with murderous intent behind his playful smiles. He was a sly fellow. Susan had been with Victor for the past three years. She knew Carson and Victor had a strong bond, so she made an effort to get close to Carson in the few occasions they would meet. However, he hadn't been so nice to her. He would treat her as if she were a stranger. But now, Carson, whom Susan had worked so hard to please, had a very different attitude towards Rachel. Susan's eyes narrowed and she couldn't help but bite her lower lip. Her thoughts were filled with questions. Why?

Why did Victor and Carson treat her like this while they acted nicely toward Rachel? All of a sudden, Carson keenly sensed that someone was looking at him. Following his gut, he cocked his head slightly and saw Susan standing by the stairwell. Carson fixed his gaze on Susan and gave her a playful smirk. He then raised the Susan in his hand and proposed a toast to her. Seeing that Carson noticed her looking at him, Susan was startled for a moment before swiftly turning away. Becky was observing Susan's emotional state closely as she stood

next to her. When she noticed her sudden jerk, she followed Susan's sight and saw Carson and Rachel together. "Becky, I need to go to the bathroom." After saying that, Susan lifted the hemline of her dress, turned around, and walked away.

Becky's eyes darkened when she looked at Susan who was in a hurry to leave. She only knew about the invitation recently and couldn't understand why Susan had invited Rachel to her birthday celebration tonight. In fact, Becky had always wanted to ask Susan why she did it, but she was well aware that Susan wouldn't tell her anything. Becky let out a sigh and sensed that something could go wrong later. "Let's hope that the celebration ends

successfully tonight," she muttered to herself. After Susan came out of the bathroom, a random waitress approached her. The waitress suddenly reached for her hand and placed a keycard on top of her palm, murmuring something only the two of them could hear "Dr. Turner requested I give it to you."

After saying that, the waitress quickly left, leaving Susan perplexed and unable to ask any further questions.

Looking down at the keycard in her hand, Susan's eyes turned cold. She then clenched the keycard and inhaled deeply. After she calmed herself down, she stepped out in a much better mood. When she came out, Victor just arrived in the hall. The crowd fell silent and everyone's gaze was focused on Victor. Susan's parents rushed to welcome him, but anyone could notice the expressions they wore on their faces. James had a pleasant smile on his face while Tammy walked alongside him, their arms linked together. She didn't seem to be feeling great.

At first glance, they didn't look like they were meeting their daughter's future husband. It appeared like they were meeting their boss. "Dad, Mom." Susan walked up to her parents and greeted them sweetly. Then, she lifted her chin up. "Victor." Seeing this, Tammy felt bitter. She was so worried about her daughter being heartbroken. When she remembered how Victor had hurt her daughter, she looked absolutely displeased. "Think about where you are and control yourself!" James said in a hushed but aggressive tone, noticing his wife's attitude.

Hearing this, Tammy felt even more aggrieved. As Susan's father, all James could do was watch his precious daughter being wronged. But when Tammy came to her senses, she thought of the Sullivan family and Victor standing in front of her. Her husband was right. "Mom, since Victor's here, it's time to start the party. Kindly ask them to take the cake out." Susan was aware of how much her mother cared for her and she was scared that her mother would make a mistake, so she made an excuse to ask her to leave. "Okay, I'll handle it." Tammy nodded. The four of them were standing in the middle, looking like a real family. The others didn't dare to approach them at all. They were envied by everyone because of their glamorous auras.

Tammy then excused herself and left. James breathed a sigh of relief, seeing that Victor didn't notice anything at all. –

displeased, not only would they not be able to celebrate Susan's birthday tonight, but the Salazar family as a whole would be ruined. "Mr. Sullivan, thank you for coming. It's a bit crowded here. There's still little time left before the celebration starts. How about going to the second floor first to rest?" On the second floor of the banquet hall, there was a luxurious lounge where guests from wealthy families could relax and unwind. Victor would rarely attend these banquets in the last four years, and when he did, he just stayed in the lounge for a short period of time before leaving. James personally requested someone to vacate the lounge for Victor because he knew about his habits. "Alright."

Victor gazed around the hall but couldn't find the person he was looking for. His eyes were deep and no one knew what he was thinking. In his mind, there was only one person he wanted to see. "Then..." James was delighted to hear that Victor agreed, so he looked at Susan and pushed her to Victor's side. "Susan, accompany Mr. Sullivan upstairs and make sure he's comfortable." "Yes dad," Susan answered in a calm tone. The people around them seemed to be amused by this. Their gazes follow the couple walking side by side. When they reached upstairs and shut the door close, Susan looked at Victor and spoke gently. "Victor... I'm really happy that you came." During the past few days, Susan was stressing about it and had been unsure whether Victor would come to her birthday party or not.

"Happy birthday," Victor said in a flat, emotionless tone, "Thank you very much. I appreciate the birthday gift you prepared for me. Ivan sent it yesterday." Susan raised her hand as she spoke, touching the necklace around her neck that she received the day before. "It's beautiful, Victor. I like it so much." "Really? Good thing Ivan has an eye for these things and he chose well. I'm glad you like it." Susan's smile faltered as she heard this, then she let go of the necklace pendant.

There was a sudden ache in her chest.

Susan had assumed that Victor personally picked the necklace himself. She clenched the pendant again unconsciously. She felt a tiny discomfort in her hand as the edges of the pendant brushed into her palm, but it was nothing compared to the pain that was spreading through her heart. Victor even admitted it so honestly "Really?" Susan grumbled bitterly as she forced a smile. Knock, knock, knock. All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door. Susan cleared her throat and quickly regained her composure. She was ready to turn around to open the door when the person on the other side pushed it open first. "Oh. Did I disturb you two?" Carson stepped in with a smile.

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[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 366 Explanation](#)

Susan's cheeks were flushed with humiliation. She eased off fast and said, "I... I'm leaving now." Susan rushed out of the lounge as soon as she was done speaking. She passed by Carson, and on noticing her, he asked, "Miss Salazar, You weren't

planning to stay for long, were you?" "Not really." Susan looked Carson in the eye after a little hesitation. It made her feel guilty in some way. She felt that Carson had seen through her thoughts.

After Susan left, Carson closed the door behind him and then gave Victor a very cursory look. He then proceeded to taunt him. "Ivan told me that you were planning on flying to Baltimore today." Victor's elbow rested on the armrest of the sofa as he leaned back slightly. With his bony hand resting on his temple, his skinny arm bent slightly. Upon hearing Carson's sarcastic response, Carson lifted his gaze and glared at him harshly.

"Could you be up to something at the moment?" "I was quite busy, but you texted saying that I should pick up Rachel. I deserve a recompense, Mr. Sullivan." Carson had no desire to attend a party where women competed to be the most attractive. Besides, Victor was going to announce to the public that his engagement to Susan was canceled. He would have left but he was very eager to get the recompense from Victor. Victor's temples were pounding severely as he looked at Carson, his head up. "Don't forget to check your email. I sent you the email you wanted so bad," he added, with a scowl. Carson just heard what his ears probably wanted to hear the most. He said, "Good! I really appreciate that! See you some other time."

"But..." Victor stopped him. Carson turned around to face him. "What else?" Carson asked. "Although this woman sounds a lot like the description in the email, she's accompanied by a little child. I think it should be hers. There's a good chance that she's already married," Victor explained.

Carson's face suddenly turned cold on hearing the word "child." He subconsciously clenched his fists in disappointment. "How certain are you that that's her baby?" Carson asked. Getting the response he was hoping for didn't take him long to get excited about it. He said those words in a whispered, quivering tone. "There's an almost a hundred percent possibility." Victor certainly knew exactly what Carson wanted to hear since he had been friends with him for so long, but he wasn't the liar type either, so there wasn't a way he'd lie to him. "Apparently, someone spotted her with this kid and a male in an Italian amusement park."

Two adults and a child showed up at an amusement park. Were they family? Carson smiled. His hand in his pockets clenched into a fist. "I can't tell what happened between you two then. But just in case she's married, perhaps you should consider burying the hatchet." "By that you mean forget about her?" Carson maintained his cynical demeanor as if he didn't give a damn. "What does it matter whether she's married and has a child? After flirting with me, she walked away without saying a thing. In other words, even if I have to scour the entire planet for her, I must find her somehow..."

Carson's gorgeous eyes always made him seem wayward, but today he was serious. "It would only be fair its got an explanation from her."

"Then what? You should make peace with your heart about her or else you'll end up in agony." Victor gave him a sincere look. He was aware that Carson needed to decide such matters for himself, just like he never gave up on

Rachel.

He had known for the better part of the past month that Rachel was in the Sue Garden, but he couldn't bring himself to confront his want to visit her.

He felt he had everything under control, but in reality, he had grossly miscalculated the intensity of his want.

When Victor learned that Rachel was to attend Susan's birthday celebration, he instantly changed his mind and canceled his flight to Baltimore. He instructed his chauffeur to drive him back.

He was utterly zealous to see Rachel's face and know how she was doing.

People would really be surprised if they learned about his intentions. To put it another way, as CEO of Sullivan Group, Mr. Sullivan placed his job on the back burner and even stood so low for a woman.

Victor's attention was drawn back to the scenario in which Rachel stood on the balcony and gazed out at the view below. Due to an unexplained reason, his temples pounded fiercely. "Hey, are you good?" Carson also noted that Victor was looking a little paler than usual. "Aren't your wounds healing?"

Victor's eyes were closed as he tried to alleviate the agony in the temples. "I'm alright, thank you. After taking the prescription, I'm feeling a bit woozy. It's probably why I look so bad right now."

Clearly, Victor didn't look fine at all. "Ivan just told me that Dr. Turner gave you a new type of drug that will help you sleep." Carson recalled their informal conversation when Ivan sent him some documents a few days earlier.

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Victor's sleep quality had been exceedingly bad for the past four years, and he had a tremendous workload. In his capacity as Victor's doctor, Dr. Turner had been attempting to help Victor sleep more soundly, at least. Carson was unsurprised when he learned from Ivan that Victor had been given a new type of medication by Dr. Turner. However, when he heard that Victor had become dizzy after taking the drug, he instantly recalled and casually inquired about it.

"Yes, I've been on it a minute now. It's not that bad at all," said Victor in a low voice. "Are you sure? Is there a risk of dizziness with this medication?" Carson had a bad feeling about it, but he couldn't figure out anything. "I think it's because I didn't sleep well during the project in Baltimore these last two days." It didn't matter to Victor that much. It wasn't unexpected that he periodically felt dizzy and had headaches because he knew he was fatigued.



"I suggest that you rest here for a while. As for me, I'm leaving." Carson's mind hadn't put the email thing aside, so he left after that. Upon exiting the lounge and entering the first-floor banquet hall, Carson noticed Susan conversing with someone in a nearby corner shortly after he entered.

He cast his gaze upon them without even realizing it. While standing in a corner with his back to Carson, the individual conversing with Susan couldn't be seen well. When Carson saw the individual, he simply saw that the person's back seemed familiar, but he had no idea who they were. They had a short talk before it was over. Carson diverted his gaze. To him, it appeared to be an informal discussion between Susan and her friend.

Then, Carson caught a glimpse of Rachel. He approached a server, took out a few bank notes from his wallet, and presented them to the waiter, remembering the unfortunate CEO in the lounge. Afterward, he requested something in a whispered tone of voice

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### Chapter 367 Married

The birthday party got underway a short while after Carson had left. With her father at her side, Susan made her way to the center of the hall. The hall was dim, and Susan seemed like a gorgeous goddess thanks to a white beam of light that dropped on her from above. "It means a lot that you came to my daughter's birthday celebration, so thank you. Today is my daughter's twenty-sixth birthday," James remarked calmly with a microphone in his hand. "Her presence in my life sums up to the twenty-six years. When she was a baby, I could just about hold her in one arm. Look at her now. She has transformed into a stunning young lady now."

James shifted his gaze to Susan and continued, "I want to tell about my actual emotions, which might sound funny to you. She used to follow me about asking for candy. That is still a part of my memory, even now as an adult. I

I was afraid she would acquire a cold today. She told me not to treat her like a child."

"Dad..." Susan called out, James' humorous and lighthearted connection with her made the environment pleasant and also made the people laugh. "Needless to say, I disagreed with her when I heard what she said. It doesn't count how old kids get, they

1. However, despite my best efforts, I have to concede that my once-crying daughter has matured and is now capable of taking care of herself. We've made it our mission to give her whatever she wants since the day she was born. Her happiness is paramount to us. Her mother and I were not on the same page with her when we learned that she wanted to work in the entertainment industry. Being in the entertainment industry, she would have to put in a lot of effort on her own to succeed. We couldn't do anything for her being her parents. Fortunately, she is very competitive. She has gained a lot of fans who like her, and she really has the ability to do things on her own."

All the wealthy ladies and gentlemen were moved by James' words, which were ingrained in the hearts of the people. They were enamored with Susan as a result of her father's words. "Dad, I don't what I'd be doing now if you didn't agree. Thanks," said Susan, moved. "Susan, congratulations on your professional success. I'm not sure what else I can do for you." James took Susan's hand and turned to face her with a fatherly gesture. "It's your birthday today. I'd like to use this opportunity to make my feelings known to you in front of the entire audience."

That got Susan puzzled. "You have been up and about on your own for all these years! I understand that's exhausting t times. When your mother returned from visiting you, she would constantly cry in private because she felt terrible for you, claiming that you frequently fell asleep in the car due to fatigue. When I heard it, I felt a mixture of remorse and joy. I felt bad for you since you had to give up your steady life and go out to find a new one.

I was also pleased that you found a job that you truly enjoyed. Happy birthday, my lovely daughter!" James' eyes became crimson when he talked about this. Susan was, after all, his daughter. Surely, he must have felt terrible for her. He took Susan's hand and said, "Remember that I and your mother will always be there for you, come what may! Go ahead and do whatever makes you happy!"

James' arms were open as Susan flung herself in their embrace with a tear dropping and told him, "I love you!"

Everyone was moved by this heartwarming display. Several people with cameras were positioned nearby to capture the event on film.

"Hey! Have you recorded it?" Becky approached and asked them.

Becky personally requested these individuals to document Susan's warm bond with her father through photographs. Becky specifically requested that Susan and her father work together in response to what transpired just now. A

heated subject on the Internet would be trending due to Susan's engagement cancellation being made public. Susan had just won an award and was chosen to be the face of numerous commercial items not too long ago. These collaborations would be affected by the cancellation of her engagement, Becky prepared this section in order to draw emphasis on James' profound affection for Susan and to reduce the impact of her engagement being canceled.. "Becky, don't worry. The photographs are ready. After receiving your order, we'll put them online. I have to admit that Susan's father truly loves her," one of them murmured as she glanced at the images. Becky gave a satisfied nod after taking a closer look at the images.

"Post them online once the birthday party is almost ended. And don't forget to conceal the faces of the other guests." "Becky, try to worry less. We've worked together a lot throughout the years. We've done this before." The prospect that he may create the subject of an Internet sensation tonight made him giddy with excitement. In order to indicate that he wouldn't, he waved his hand about in a threatening manner. When Susan and her father were done talking, they began dancing together. More people began to dance in the banquet hall, igniting the mood once more. The open-air balcony provided a dramatic contrast to the vibrant mood in the dining hall, as if they were two separate universes.

"Miss Bennet." There was an unexplained voice. An unfamiliar man's face caught Rachel's eye as she turned to face him. It was a man in a suit, who seemed to be in his early twenties. "What's the deal?" "It's just... Actually, it's merely a great deal" Rachel's face was a captivating one. The man's face tarnished due to that pretty face that made him shy. His hand, which was holding a glass, trembled slightly. Her eyebrows lifted slightly as she noticed the man's uneasiness. The man gulped and retrieved a business card from his pocket. "Please have this, it's my business card, Miss Bennet." "Ameer Gordon." The wording on the business card caught Rachel's eye. At the same time, she tried to recall the identity of this individual, but she was unable to do so.

"Yes, but you may refer to me as Ameer." Ameer gave a bashful smile. Ameer was one of the definitely wealthy guests at Rachel's birthday celebration, even though she had no idea who he was. Apliaria wasn't particularly large. It was home to only a few well-to-do households. There must only be one Gordon in the Apliaria, given his surname and his affluent background. "You are Mr. Gordon's...?" Confusion was written all over Rachel's face. "Yes. Mr. Gordon is my dad," Ameer answered her promptly. It was through the development and sale of new energy vehicles that the Gordon family became wealthy.

In recent years, this was one of the wealthiest families in the Apliaria. Andy noted that a son of the Gordon family's head had recently returned from a trip overseas. He had to be the one standing in front of Rachel. Everybody else at the party maintained some distance from her except this young man. He must have had a lot of guts approaching her. "Well, then I guess I'll take the card and leave if you have nothing else to say to me," Rachel said, holding a corner of the card with two fingers and waving it, indicating her departure. "Miss Bennet, are there any chances that I could leave the party with your number?" Seeing her leaving, Ameer quickly came up with something, at least to stop her from leaving. Rachel stopped at this.

Ameer's earlobes grew redder, then he continued, "I recently returned to the country. I heard a lot of things about you when I came. That got me so fascinated. Until I met you tonight, my God! I had no idea you were more gorgeous than my imaginations showed me."

At that, Rachel could tell what he was probably going to say next. Ameer stood a head higher than Rachel, despite his youth. She smiled, "Mr. Gordon."

"Yes?"

"I've been married before. We can't be a match." Rachel made no more comments. She was adamant in her refusal of Ameer. Ameer had not anticipated being rejected by Rachel so quickly before he could even express his intentions. It was quite humiliating for him. "That's fine..." "Rachel." A stunning lady approached Rachel.

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Chapter 368 Meeting Again

Elegance defined the woman. Her long hair was combed back and styled into a chignon. A diamond hairpin held the hair knot in place. A pair of delicate pearl earrings underscored her gentle face and the matching necklace accentuated the royal blue cheongsam that wrapped her curvaceous figure. Rachel immediately recognized the woman. It had been four years since she last saw her, yet she hadn't changed. She looked gentler than she was in her white gown back then. "Dr. Jimenez, it's been a long time since we last saw each other," Rachel said. Clara had seen Rachel from a distance. She just wasn't sure it was her. And now, standing in front of her, Clara stood transfixed.

A few days ago, Clara had heard that Rachel was still alive. Still, it felt surreal seeing Rachel with her own eyes.

"Cousin," Ameer addressed her politely. Rachel raised her eyebrows, surprised. Clara was Ameer's cousin?

"Ameer's mother and my mother are sisters," Clara explained when she noticed Rachel's confused look. "Clara, do you know Miss Bennet?" Ameer threw an inquiring look at Clara and then turned his eyes to Rachel.

Clara nodded. "We are good friends." Rachel furrowed her eyebrows. She and Clara knew each other but not so much that they would be regarded as good friends. Actually, she and Clara were not even friends. They were just mere acquaintances.

Clara noticed Rachel's puzzled look. But when they caught each other's eyes, they smiled without explaining

anything. For the second time that night, Rachel heard the word "friend." She pursed her lips and looked away. The first time that Rachel heard the word was from Carson. It didn't make her feel uncomfortable. Carson was a frivolous man. He was joking most of the time so nobody took him seriously. And now, Clara had just said that Rachel was her friend.

Rachel felt that she was transported back to a time when a man and a woman came to hurt her badly. That was four years ago. The scene had recurred to her many times over that she vowed not to trust anyone but herself. She

promised herself that she shouldn't repeat that mistake. Consequently, Rachel never took the word "friend" lightly. It made her feel queasy, thinking that she might get hurt again as she was hurt then. Moreover, Abby died at that time. Rachel had blamed herself for her death because she was not able to protect her. Since then, she had suppressed her feelings, bringing to naught any affection she would have for others. "Oh, I see," Ameer said as he touched the tip of his nose. Thinking of what he hadn't said to Rachel, he felt his face flush. And now that Clara was here, the more he couldn't say what he wanted to say. He had to find an excuse to hide his embarrassment. "Well... Clara, is Roger here with you? I think I'll go find him."

If Clara was Ameer's cousin, then Roger would be, too. "Oh, he's not here. He's in Baltimore for a month now. There's a project there that he needs to oversee," Clara explained as she unwittingly looked at Rachel.

"Oh..." Ameer felt embarrassed for asking about Roger. He glanced at Rachel but found her showing no interest in

what they were talking about. He felt somewhat disappointed.

"Your parents should be here, right? I'll go and see them since I haven't seen them for some time now."

Clara noticed that Ameer was observing every movement of Rachel and saw the disappointment in his eyes. Clara's

eyes darkened. She seemed to know something but she was careful enough not to show it on her face.

"Yes, they're here and so is Riley," Clara said. "It would be a good idea to have a good chat with them. They'd like that."

Ameer nodded, said goodbye to Rachel, and hurriedly left. He was a bit confounded. Clara followed Ameer with her eyes and then looked at Rachel "Ameer seems to like you very much," she said in a

casual tone

Rachel just shrugged her shoulders. It seemed that she had no intention to pursue the topic.

Clara was secretly relieved that Rachel was not interested in Ameer. She knew that look that Ameer had given Rachel. He was looking at Rachel the way Roger had at that time. Clara had no wish that there would be another one in the family who would like Rachel. Roger was already enough.

"So, how are you feeling now that you're back here?" Clara asked, changing the topic. "Four years have passed quickly and yet, much has changed." Rachel turned around so that she could rest an elbow on the railing. Looking down, she said, "Oh, I heard that you're now the vice director. Congratulations!" Clara replied with a perfunctory "Thank you!" A short silence followed as if Clara and Rachel were skirting the topic of them being friends. A waiter passed by them. Seeing that Clara didn't touch her glass of wine, the waiter accordingly asked, "Ma'am, would you like something else?" Clara looked up and told the waiter, "Yes, please give me a glass of orange juice." The waiter nodded, left, and came back with a glass of orange juice. "Here you go, ma'am. Enjoy your drink." Rachel noticed that Clara took the glass but didn't drink the juice at once.

"I'm pregnant so I can't drink wine. But let me propose a toast to you with this orange juice. Welcome back, Rachel. I hope you'll have a good stay here." : Rachel was surprised at this news. "How long have you been pregnant?" she asked as she looked at Clara's flat belly. "Oh, just two months," Clara answered as she gently placed her hand on her abdomen. Rachel frowned. "You should really take it easy in the first trimester." "I'm fine. And remember that I'm a doctor and I also know my body well enough," Clara said and smiled at Rachel. "I've been resting at home these days but sometimes I get bored so I go out." Rachel raised her glass of wine and clinked it against Clara's.

"Congratulations to you! And to Riley, too. She's now getting a companion." Clara took a sip of the orange juice. There was a gentle look on her face. Rachel sipped her wine and looked away. The open-air balcony had a good location. It had a beautiful view of the city lights of the central area of Apliaria Clara looked down at her belly. She shook her head, ever so slightly. She didn't think that the topic of children was appropriate at the moment. How could she be insensitive! Why did she mention it? She regretted what she had just said. "Rachel, I'm sorry. I think that I have upset you," Clara said dolefully.

Rachel looked confused. "About that child..."

Then it dawned on Rachel that they didn't know that her child was alive. "Oh, please, don't think too much about it. It's been a long time. And time has eased the pain," Rachel comforted Clara. But it seemed that it only made Clara feel worse. Rachel didn't expect this reaction.

Meanwhile, there was a knock on the door of the lounge on the second floor.

"Come in," Victor answered in a low voice.

The door opened and a waiter came in with a glass of warm water. "Good evening, Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Scott had asked me to bring you this."

Pressing his temples, Victor opened his eyes and said, "Well, put it on the table over there." ;

# Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 369

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 369 A Trap \(Part One\)](#)

The waiter looked down, gently put the glass on the table, and left the lounge without looking back. Victor felt a like his temples would explode. He rubbed his temples with his thumb, but the drumming didn't cease. When he heard the door of the lounge closing, he sat up and tried taking the glass the waiter had left. That was when he realized that the side effect of the drug seemed to be getting more severe. He felt dizzy and weak the moment he touched the glass.

Unable to keep his hand steady, the glass slipped from his hand, falling to the floor with a crisp sound.

Brows furrowed in concentration, Victor held the handrail instinctively for support. At the same time, the door was opened from the outside.

Clara stood and watched Rachel. She couldn't stop wondering what had happened to Rachel, and where she had been for the past four years. Clara had a lot of questions for Rachel, but she recognized that she had no right, and was in no position to ask her anything. So, she had to contend herself with small talk.

"Mommy!" A figure in light yellow ran out of the banquet hall and coming straight at Clara. Clara caught her just in time and pinched her face dotingly. "Shouldn't you be with your grandparents? What are you doing here?" With her hair tied in a bun, the little girl looked like Clara.

When Rachel looked at the girl, she immediately recognized her—Riley. "Grandpa and Grandma are chatting with Uncle, and no one wants play with me." Riley puffed out her rosy cheeks to her mother. Slowly, her smile died down and she looked puzzled as she spotted Rachel out of the corner of her

eye. Clara followed her little girl's eyes and smiled softly. "Oh! This is your aunt Rachel." Clara gently put her hand gently on Riley's shoulder, encouraging her to be open with Rachel. Riley tilted her head and observed Rachel attentively. "Auntie, you are so beautiful." Everyone liked to be praised, and of course, Rachel was no exception. A smile naturally made its way to her face. Seeing her smile brought a smile to Clara's face. This was the first time Rachel was actually smiling genuinely since the birthday party started. Rachel's earlier smile was faint and somehow not real. It made Clara worry about her emotional problems. Clara didn't know how Rachel had managed in the past four years. As a woman, she knew fully well that it was difficult to live in a land you weren't used to, and having to conceal your identity at that was worse. She felt sorry for Rachel, especially when she saw how faint her smile was. Rachel was ridiculous four years ago, but her bright eyes sparkled. She still had some light in them. Clara

narrowed her eyes at Riley's comment. Rubbing her nose, she said, "I'm so sweet to you, but you're not calling me beautiful."

Riley blinked her eyes rapidly, put her arms around Clara's waist and said in a singsong voice, "Mommy, you are, and will remain the most beautiful woman in my eyes. I'm meeting Aunt Rachel for the first time. I want to leave a good impression on her."

Clara chuckled at the little girl's words. Rachel raised her eyebrows when she heard what she said. "Riley, this is not the first time we're meeting." Riley widened her eyes and looked at Rachel in dismay. Indeed Rachel looked familiar, but she couldn't remember how she knew her. "I also think you look familiar," she said, then looked up at Clara for help.

Clara touched her head and said, "You do know her, sweetheart. She saved your life. You got lost once when you

were a little kid. Aunt Rachel searched for you everywhere and even almost had a car accident." These words triggered Riley's memory, and she began to remember. Four years wasn't a very long time, but it wasn't a short time either. Riley was still very young at the time, and her memories of that period were vague. However, she could remember that she got lost. She also vaguely remembered Roger crying when she was in his arms.

Naturally, Riley didn't understand why her uncle was crying at that time. But as she thought of it now, the reason was obvious

He had been crying because of Rachel. "I remember!" Riley smiled. "I remember I saw your picture in Uncle Roger's room before! No wonder I find you to be so beautiful! It was the same reaction I had when I saw your picture." "Roger has my picture in his room?" it had been four years already. Rachel thought that Roger must have forgotten her by now. So it was really shocking hearing that he still had her picture on display in his room. This discovery stunned Rachel a little. Clara, too, was beside herself because, Riley had innocently evoked a topic she had deliberately been avoiding. She pinched Riley's face and said with a smile, "Riley, what are you talking about?" "I'm saying what I saw and can remember, Mommy."

The little girl was so innocent and absorbed in what she was saying that she didn't notice the slight change on Clara's face. "Mommy, I'm not a kid anymore. I'm going to primary school this year, you know?" "Yes, you're right." Afraid that Riley would say something else she shouldn't, Clara answered her hastily so that she wouldn't go back to it. Unfortunately for Clara, Riley had plans that were different from hers. The little girl walked up to Rachel and greeted, "Aunt Rachel?" "Yes?" Rachel left her thoughts when she heard her name and looked down at the little angel in front of her. Riley reached out and held Rachel's hand. "Aunt Rachel, my uncle doesn't have a girlfriend yet. Would you like to be his girlfriend? It disturbs my grandma that he isn't married yet. If you can be my uncle's wife, he will be very happy, and eventually, my grandma will be happy too."



2 Clara's eyelids twitched. "Riley..." Rachel was also surprised. That was the last thing she was expecting to hear from Riley. For a moment, it was silent everywhere. Clara pulled Riley's hand from Rachel's and said, "I don't know where you got this from, Riley. But you shouldn't talk nonsense, my dear." Riley pouted and muttered, "No, Mommy, it is not nonsense. Don't say that," "Rachel, you..." Clara started and trailed, not knowing exactly what to say. She knew it wasn't Riley's fault. After all, Riley was only a child. For her, nature had to take its course.

She was neither for or against Roger and Rachel being together. She just believed things couldn't be forced. "Don't worry, Clara. I'm not taking it seriously," Rachel said with a soft smile. Clara wasn't very convinced Rachel was okay with what Riley said. But since she said so, she decided to let it go and asked, "So, what's your next plan? I heard that you went back to work at the Bennet Group?" "That's right." Rachel smiled lightly. "You know my mother and grandparents left the Bennet Group to me. I have to take good care of it." Everyone looked at that group like it was a wastage of time and an error. So, they thought it was rather stupid of Rachel to go back. 3

Clara also felt the same way. To her, there was no need keeping the Bennet Group, but she just nodded in understanding. "If you need help in any way, just let me know." Rachel just smiled and said, "I will, thank you."

"You don't have to be so polite to me. I really don't mind doing it. Rachel, I have always regarded you as a true

friend. You should know that..."

...you are the toughest girl I've ever met, and I admire you so much.'

Before Clara could speak her thoughts out loud, Riley, who was still standing next to her, suddenly held her belly. Her face turning pale, she said in a voice that trembled, "Mommy, my tummy aches."

## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 370

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 370 A Trap \(Part Two\)](#)

Riley's forehead was drenched in perspiration as a result of the excruciating discomfort. Clara's expression changed. She sank to her knees and reached out to stroke Riley's head.

"Riley, what have you had?"

Riley's forehead felt refreshingly chilly. Clara also took note of Riley's red blotches on his neck.

Riley cupped her hands over her stomach. She answered in a hushed voice, "L.. I had some mango mousse."

Clara couldn't think of anything else.

Rachel also took note of Riley's neck's red patches. She had a good idea of what was going on right away.

Riley couldn't eat mangoes since she had a mango allergy. No one could possibly blame Riley for the amount of agony she was in. Clara didn't know how much she had eaten. She picked Riley up and was about to enter the hall.

After taking a glance around the banquet hall, Rachel grasped Clara's arm. "There are a tremendous number of people here. If we rush inside the building, we'll be sure to annoy the people inside. Over there is a stairwell. From here, we'll go to the upper section." Clara scanned the room before turning to face Rachel and nodding. "Surely Riley has tried mango before? Which anti-allergic medication has she previously taken? I'll go out and get it for her." Rachel showed concern. "Loratadine." Clara's scowl deepened as she continued to study Riley's pale face. Rachel took note of it and rushed out without thinking twice. Clara went on to carry Riley to the second floor.

In the lounge on the second floor

Victor squinted his eyes and moved his lips slightly as he looked at the woman standing at the door. "How did you end up here?" He was nothing less than aloof and threatening. Pretending not to notice his indifference, Susan shut the door. She approached him in her high heels and said, "You don't seem well, Victor. I'll help you get to a villa so that you can have some rest." At Waterfront Hotel, parties were held in the large hall of the main building. Guests who didn't want to go home after a banquet could stay in the villas.

With her gorgeous eyes, Susan stepped up to Victor and looked him in the eye. Victor was immediately greeted by the lovely scent from her. He began to sweat profusely and the blood in his veins

seemed to be boiling. Susan clung to his arm and teased him, "Victor..."

Her sweet voice could easily enchant a man. She also had his arm in hers. They were cool as if they might momentarily calm a man's worries. Victor wasn't a simpleton in the least. He quickly discovered that Susan's fragrance had a reeking quality to it. He unfastened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt's top buttons, and pushed her away. He appeared not to be able to exhale solely in this manner.

When she was shoved by Victor, Susan stumbled back a few paces.

"Get the fuck out of here!" There was a tinge of malice in Victor's shadowed gaze. Victor scared the living daylights out of Susan. She clenched her teeth and held

back the butterflies in her stomach. "I want to care about you, Victor. Do not attempt to fling yourself off of me." Victor's eyes became colder as he gazed at her beautiful face. He was more certain that Susan's fragrance was off. However, she had only just entered the lounge. Unless he was allergic to the scent, it wouldn't have taken action any

soon.

To put it another way, the smell was only a catalyst. Apparently, he had already been doped. He reflected on the events of the last few hours. "Victor, how are you feeling at the moment? Let's get out of here. You need rest." Susan wasn't going to give up. She came back to Victor and tried to touch his arm again. Nevertheless, before she could even get close to him, a large hand wrapped around her neck and dragged her into the corner. "How dare you, Susan?" When Victor swung at her, Susan didn't expect him to strike her. It didn't matter how cold and callous he was to her, she didn't think he would harm her. Victor, on the other hand, suffocated her and was ready to murder her. Susan's heart began to race. She unconsciously extended her hand to fend off Victor's grasp. "Victor..." The rage in Victor's eyes colored them a fiery crimson. In the midst of Susan's pleading, he did not loosen his grasp at all.

Susan's eyes welled up with tears, and she could barely breathe.

Victor's temples began to hurt as he saw her pallid face, and memories began to pour back into his mind. Rachel nearly died four years ago when he grabbed her by the neck. "Don't. Please..." Susan pleaded for her life. Victor regained consciousness when he saw Susan sobbing and looking sad. It dawned on him that Rachel's face went red as he grabbed her. He had the sensation that a zillion needles had been inserted into his temples. He let go of her and stepped back. Susan's legs gave out and she collapsed to the floor. She put her hands over her neck and started to gasp for air. Victor sank his gaze to the floor. Back of his hand, his veins were bursting out of his body. His heart ached as he recalled the incident, and he felt as if he had lost all his power. He repressed his wrath and restlessness, clinched his hands and stared down at Susan coldly.

"Go to hell!" Victor was so mean to her. Susan's face flushed as she fixed her gaze on Victor, her lips pursed. How was it possible that this happened? The drug was supposed to be working by now.

"I'm not about to repeat that," Victor scolded frostily. "Else, you and your maker will be meeting soon."

Susan's cheeks became a shade of pale. Seeing Victor's icy demeanor, she didn't believe he was joking around. She would die there if she didn't listen.

People all said Victor was ruthless. Susan used to think it was because he never gave others a way out in the business world and he was just indifferent to worldly affairs. But now... She had a new appreciation of his severity and ruthlessness, yet she still felt weird.

Knock! Knock! Someone knocked on the door. "Miss Salazar, are you inside?" To hide her embarrassment, Susan hurriedly rose up and fixed her clothing. "Yes." "A

number of reporters want you to go downstairs for an interview," the man outside said. "Okay, I'll be there in a few minutes." Susan accepted the interview without hesitation. She was aware that Becky had asked many well-known media outlets to interview her. This was in order to undermine the negative public perception that had been created by her announcement of the rupture of her engagement. The guy standing there moved away. Susan brushed her hair at her temples and smiled. "Then I... I'm going now, Victor."

There was a nearby drugstore. Alcoholics were prone to losing their cool and exchanging punches. They could get

hurt. Rachel promptly purchased the medication suggested by Clara.

Clara and Riley were waiting for her on the second floor when a waiter unexpectedly halted Rachel.

"You must be Miss Bennet, I'm I correct?" Rachel paused in her tracks and squinted at him suspiciously. "Yes. Is there a problem?" "Not at all. Miss Jimenez instructed that I keep an eye out for you here," the waiter hastily answered. 'Clara?' Rachel, recalling Riley's allergic responses, questioned, "What's the matter? What's up with Riley?" "Not exactly, Miss Bennet, all is good. Riley has been brought to a villa by Miss Jimenez, and she wanted to let you know. You'll find them there."

Rachel exhaled a sigh of relief as she heard this. "That's a fantastic thing, thank you. I'll set out to track them down."

"You mind me showing you the way?" "No, please. You could just tell me how to get there and I'll take myself." Rachel graciously refused. She glanced at her wristwatch and decided she didn't want to remain any longer since the present had been sent. She should remain with Clara and Riley for the duration of the celebration, and then leave when it was done. The waiter told her the villa number.

Rachel had the villa number in her head and the medication in her hand as she walked out the door.