

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 374

Chapter 374 A Trap (Part Six)

"Mias Salazar told me that if you don't come out ten minutes after going in, I should call this number." The woman took out a business card hidden in her sleeve and handed it to Rachel.

Rachel grabbed the card and checked it out under THE dim light.

She didn't recognize the name or number.

But it was stated on the card that the person

was a media reporter.

"Uh... Miss Bennet, I have something else to say. Miss Salazar offered me a huge sum of money and a promotion if I agreed to bring you here."

"Oh, how much is she willing to give you?" Rachel responded in a disinterested tone, making it impossible to tell whether she was mad or not.

After a bit of hesitation, the woman bit her lower lip, raised two fingers, and said, "Twenty thousand dollars!"

Seeing no change in Rachel's expression, she

was worried that her words weren't being taken seriously, so she added, "Please, Miss Bennet, I'm telling you the truth! I know what I did was wrong, but I really don't want to get into trouble. I'm begging you, could you please just let me go? The money... Heck, I don't even want it anymore! If you need proof that I'm telling the truth, I'll give all of it to you right now!"

She took out the check from her pocket and handed it over to Rachel. The poor girl's face was ghastly pale and filled with regret. It was clear that if she had known that things would end up this way, she would've never accepted Susan's money in the first place.

“Hmm, keep the money.” Once again, Rachel

gave a listless response, showing no concern for the woeful woman in front of her.

“Huh? Wait, what?” The woman couldn’t

believe what she heard, causing her to

stammer.

“I’ll even give you an extra twenty grand.” While waiting for a response, Rachel placed the business card between two fingers and focused her gaze on it. No matter how hard she tried, the woman

couldn’t figure out what was going on inside

of Rachel’s mind. But when she heard Rachel’s after she immediately sensed that something was wrong. Her body started trembling in fear, so much so that she needed to take a step back. “Miss Bennet, why are you giving me money?” Before Rachel could respond, an idea popped up in the woman’s mind. While waving her hands, she hurriedly exclaimed, “No! I won’t do favors for money anymore! I’ve already made that mistake with Miss Salazar! I don’t plan on doing it again!”

After her experience with Susan, the woman couldn’t help but think that Rachel was planning to use her for revenge.

For a lowly receptionist, the last thing she wanted was to incur the wrath of people like Susan or Rachel. Tears started streaming down her face. But just as she was about to bawl her eyes out, an idea popped up in her mind. ‘Will she let me go if she sees how miserable I am?’ She raised her hand and slapped herself twice in the face with all her might.

Immediately after the slap, her ears started ringing, and her cheeks felt like they were on fire. She even squealed in anguish to look more miserable. But when she opened her eyes, Rachel still had the same disinterested look on

her face. “Miss Bennet...”

“I have no problem letting you go, Rachel said. As soon as the woman heard those words, a wave of relief coursed through her entire body. But before making her long-awaited escape, she bowed down repeatedly to show her gratitude, regardless of the pain she felt in her face.

Just as she was about to step out, Rachel uttered, "But..."

The woman stopped dead in her tracks, and her heart sank to her stomach.

Slowly, Rachel walked forward, stood right behind her, and whispered in her ear, "The second you walk out of this place, I'll call the cops and tell them everything you've done. They're pretty fast, you know? I'm curious how long you'll last before they catch you."

"But, Miss Bennet, I... I didn't do anything illegal! Please, don't do this to me! I'm innocent!" The poor girl's body started shaking uncontrollably. But it wasn't because of the cold. She was just that afraid of what was to come.

"Well, it doesn't really matter whether you've broken the law or not. You're already a part of

thou mees, it's too late for you to back out now A look of despair appeared on the poor girl's

face She hadn't said a single word, and it seemed like it would stay like that for a while. That said, Rachel wasn't in any hurry. While the wind blew, causing her long hair to sweep across her face, she just stood still without batting an eye. It was clear that no matter how hard the woman tried to beg for her mercy, she wouldn't be swayed by it.

After coming to terms that she had no other

choice, the woman asked, "Fine, what do you

want me to do, Miss Bennet?"

Hearing this, Rachel handed over the business

card before replying with a grin, "Don't worry.

I won't ask you to do anything too difficult.

Here, take this."

Despite the reassurance, the poor girl couldn't shake off her unease.

With shaky fingers, she cautiously grabbed the

business card from Rachel.

“Stop being so nervous. Now listen up. I want you to follow your original plan, except you’re going to be calling someone else.” Rachel paused, not to create tension, but to tuck a strand of loose hair behind her ear.

A few seconds later, she continued, “I want you to call Susan and tell her that you can’t get through to the person on the card.”

“What? Why?”

Instead of explaining, Rachel glanced at her before leaving with the medicine in hand.

The woman looked at the business card while

trying to figure out what Rachel was planning. ‘If Miss Bennet doesn’t go inside the villa, then what’s the point of going through with Miss Salazar’s plan? Also, if I tell Miss Salazar that I can’t get in touch with the reporter, won’t she just get another one?’

She had some valid points. But she forgot

something very important.

The man inside the villa was now a beast.

After putting in so much effort to ensure that her plan would go smoothly, Susan wouldn’t just rely on another reporter if the one she

wanted wasn’t available.

This was finally her chance to tarnish Rachel’s

name. So if something didn’t go according to

plan, she wouldn’t hesitate to step in and do it

herself.

The man inside was drugged and barely conscious. So there was little to no chance that

he would be able to distinguish Rachel from

After walking a little ways down the road,
Rachel stopped and turned to look at the
brightly lit villa with a chilling glare. She had
never thought of herself as a kind person.
If anybody dared to mess with her, she
wouldn't hesitate to exact revenge. Forgiving
those who have wronged her was just
impossible for her.

Once she was done reflecting on life, she took out her phone and called someone. As soon as the person on the other end of the line answered, Rachel started speaking. "I attached a detecting chip somewhere just now. I need you to locate it and connect it to the nearest surveillance camera. After that, I want you to live stream an interesting footage."

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Chapter 375 A Trap (Part Seven).

While Quintin was hearing the order through the headset, he choked on a melon seed, which made him cough.

"What? An interesting footage?" Quintin was confused. While spitting the melon seeds into the trash can, he tracked down the location of the chip that Rachel had just put in.

Soon, the location flashed across the screen.

Quintin raised his eyebrows when he saw that there was a HD surveillance camera outside the villa, possibly installed for security reasons. He accessed the surveillance video, and saw a woman in uniform, holding a phone in her hand as she paced back and forth in panic.

"Eh?" Quintin clicked on the screen and

zoomed in. The business card in the woman's

hand was flickering a green light, but she did

not seem to notice it. "Boss, you put the chip on the business card? How will you take it back later?"

"I'm not going to take it back," Rachel said

indifferently before she walked to a corner, pulled up her dress, and sat down on a rock. She looked at the villa, which was still a little far away, but she was in the best place to watch the show.

The corner of Quintin's mouth twitched. Looking at the green light, he could only think of countless bills.

Though the chip was not very rare, it was expensive and difficult to obtain. It was a mini positioning chip, which had no distance limitations. As long as it was covered by a network, it could be easily located, no matter how far it was.

And it was worth ten million dollars..

Quintin felt that it was a shame to throw such a chip away. He could only afford to buy three such chips if he completed the task, but Rachel still said that she did not want to take it back.

"What a shame!"

"Boss, didn't you just say that there was an interesting footage? It was just a woman. Why do you think it was interesting?" Quintin remembered everything Rachel said to him. "Ten minutes later."

Quintin picked up the melon seeds from the

table and ate them "Boss, what happened? Did

someone offend you?"

Rachel fell silent. She quickly removed the phone from her ear and hung up.

Quintin was, waiting for her answer. After

being stunned for a moment, he called out

tentatively, "Boss?"

He could not hear anything except for the buzzing static from the other end.

Quintin was speechless. His mood to eat snacks faded away.

He threw the melon seeds into the trash can, sat straight, and stared at the screen.

He wanted to see who was it that dared to piss off his boss.

Ten minutes later, the woman stopped walking back and forth.

Gripping the business card in her hand, she took a deep breath and dialed a number.

Becky was standing not far away when Susan's assistant walked up to her and said, "Becky, don't blame Susan. In fact, I understand her well. She was sad and that's why lost control of her emotions.

Becky frowned, and asked, "Have you pacified the reporters

"We took care of them. I arranged rooms for their stay, and after hearing that it was on us, they calmed down. I think they tried to blackmail us," the assistant complained.

"Blackmail? N's okay if we just need to arrange rooms for them to stay. If they decide to post Susan's tantrum online, then we won't be able to take it," Becky said coldly.

The assistant immediately lowered her head

and said, "I was wrong, Becky. I'm so sorry." Becky was on tenterhooks that whole night because of Susan. Whenever something went wrong, she would feel very irritable. Hearing the assistant's apologies, she

became a little impatient. "Well, ask the makeup artist to come. There is still an interview left, and we have to fix Susan's makeup."

"Okay, I'll do it right now." The assistant did

not dare to oppose Becky, so she nodded, and

went to find the makeup artist.

Becky stood there, crossing her arms over her chest as she looked at Susan and the reporters. "I heard that you are going to join a crew tomorrow. This is your first time to work in a

crow after winning the prize. How do you feel

bow? What's the difference?" the reporter asked

Susan sat on the sofa with a graceful smile, and answered, "I am quite nervous." Why do you feel so?"

"This is my first time being an actress. I'm nervous, but I'm more curious about it. I've never been in a TV crew then, so I'm curious to find out what kind of a life that is like. I want to know about the TV dramas and shooting procedure, which leaves me feeling more intrigued than nervous. I love the script, and because I already won an award, I do not want to disappoint my audience, so I pressure myself to a great extent. I'm worried that I may not present the story well," Susan answered methodically, which left the reporter feeling admiration towards her.

"I want to ask you about your life. I heard that you have some good news to share, and that it will be made public on your birthday. May I ask what the good news is?"

That question was not on the interview draft. Susan's smile froze as she clenched her fists and inadvertently stared at the camera in

front of her

"Well You li find out later."

Noticing that, Becky walked up to him, and said, "Sorry, please don't ask about Susan's personal life. Ask more questions about the working arrangements."

Becky was a well-known agent in the

entertainment circle, so the reporter realized

that he asked something that he should not

have, and apologized to Susan.

Looking down, Susan was a little absent minded. That moment, a phone rang.

It was her phone.

The sudden ringtone startled her. Her expression changed, and she quickly took out

her phone from her handbag. Seeing that it was an unknown number, she subconsciously

pursed her lips.

“Who is it?” Becky glanced at the phone screen. “Is it a spam call? Hang up.”

However, Susan suddenly stood up, and said,

“Sorry, I have to take this. She then walked away to answer the call. Becky could not hear what they were talking

about, but she noticed Susan’s gloomy

expression. A while later, Susan returned, holding the hem of her dress.

“I’m sorry. Could we continue the interview somewhere else? It’s a little noisy here and I want to do it someplace quiet,” Susan said with a smile.

“Well...” The reporters exchanged glances,

surprised.

Looking at Susan, Becky frowned, walked quickly to her, gritted her teeth, and whispered, “Susan, what are you doing?”