

Captivation Want Nothing But You

Chapter 376 by Adolf Dunne

/ [Captivation: Want Nothing But You](#)
Chapter 376 A Trap (Part Eight)

After seeing how confused and annoyed Becky was, Susan understood that she had asked the press to help her prepare for the big announcement. Susan also knew that once she led the reporters to the villa, Becky's hopes of spending a peaceful night would be shattered, but she could not help hating Rachel.

All she could think of was everything that had happened since Rachel returned, and even though she tried hard to push those thoughts away, it only made her more jealous.

"Becky, I'm sorry."

With that, Susan pulled away and smiled at the

reporters. "Please. Let's go."

Everyone else at the banquet heard the noise and couldn't help but look at Susan walking out of the

party. "If you don't mind, then you can come with me."

Not long after the woman called Susan, she saw a group of people approaching, while she led the way. She hurried forward, and tripped, not noticing a small stone that was on her way.

Susan stepped forward and helped the woman up. Seeing that, the assistant scolded, "Are you blind?

What if you hurt Susan?"

"Sorry. I'm sorry." The woman quickly stood up and bowed down to apologize.

Susan patted her on the shoulder and said in a gentle tone, "Never mind. Besides, you didn't bump

into me, did you?"

Everyone looked at her with admiration when they heard that.

Megan was at the end of the line, holding Ameer's arm. When she saw what happened, she could not help but say, "The Salazar family know how to educate their daughters well. Susan is good-looking,

and kind." However, Ameer did not seem to hear what his mother was saying and he seemed to be searching

for someone in the crowd.

"Alas." Megan sighed. "It's a pity that Susan is going to marry into the Sullivan family. If she was from another family, then maybe she could be my daughter-in-law."

All of a sudden, Ameer caught a glimpse of a beautiful woman.

With a sharp gaze, he walked towards her subconsciously. Noticing that he was absent minded, Megan frowned with dissatisfaction and said, "Ameer, are you listening to me or not?"

"What? Okay." Ameer came to his senses, but he

continued to look at the woman sitting on the rock. "Mom, forget it. Like you said, Susan is going to marry Victor. You want her to marry into our family? There are only three men in our family, Grandpa, Dad, and me. Do you want my father to take a mistress?"

Upon hearing that, Megan was so furious that she slapped Ameer on the arm and glared at him, "What are you talking about?"

Ameer took a deep breath and said in an aggrieved

voice, "Mom..."

"Don't call me that! I am not your mom." She did not know if she should be mad at him for being so stupid or if she should be mad at him for talking nonsense.

Ameer smiled and put his arm around her shoulder. "Well, don't be angry. I was just kidding."

"Is it amusing? How could you talk to your mother like that? I think you need to be disciplined." Although Megan was angry, there was still a hint of love in her tone. After all, he was her lovely son. How could she be angry with him?

"Sorry, Mom. But I did not say anything wrong. Susan just won't marry into our family. It would be inappropriate."

"Inappropriate? Why? She is an excellent girl!" Megan was unhappy with her son.

"Yes, you are right. She is excellent. In fact, she is the best!" Ameer did not have any feelings for Susan. Back then, the Salazar family was poorer than his own, and he and Susan went to the same junior high school. If he felt differently, then he would have chased Susan long ago.

Moreover, he didn't agree to his mother's opinion of Susan, because he didn't like her.

Lost in thought, he looked up at Susan, but he quickly withdrew his gaze. He vaguely remembered that on one afternoon in his first year of junior high, when he finished playing basketball and was about to go back to the classroom to pack up his things, he passed by the door of the ladies' room, and saw a girl kneeling in front of Susan, begging for mercy. Susan was in her third year of junior high at that time.

"Mom, have you ever thought about the age difference between us? Susan is two years older than me. Moreover, Grandpa hates actresses. Have you ever thought of how he might react if he finds out that you want me to marry her?"

"She is only two years older than you. What's the big deal?" Megan curled her lips. "However, she is an actress... And that could be a problem..."

"Yes." Ameer smiled, sensing that his mother was

not as stubborn as he thought.

Megan glanced at him and asked, "Why are you

smiling? You made me give up the idea of letting Susan marry into our family, and now you're happy? I know what you are thinking. If you won't bring a girlfriend home this year, I won't let you in."

"Mom, I'm still in my early 20s!"

"You're twenty-three! And you are not young. Think about your cousin. He is thirty, and he's still not married. Do you know how much your aunt worries about him?"

"I don't think that's a problem. In my opinion, you like to make a big deal out of it. A man is living his best life when he's thirty. Moreover, he is supported by the Jimenez family. If he really wants to get married, there will be many women who want to marry him!" Ameer didn't agree with his mother. "Whatever. Anyway, it's up to you."

Ameer smiled at Megan, let go of her hand, and walked away.

Megan wanted to stop him, but she could not.

"Where are you going?"

“Didn’t you want me to find a girlfriend? You won’t let me stay at home if don’t find someone by the end of the year, so shouldn’t I hurry?”

Megan was stunned for a moment before she smiled. “You have feelings for someone?”

Ameer didn’t explain. He waved to her before he walked towards the beautiful woman.

By then, the crowd arrived at the villa’s entrance, and Susan seemed to inadvertently look up at the second floor. Thinking that everyone would see the kind of woman Rachel really was, a devilish smile appeared on her lips.

“We’re here. Please come in.”

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 377 by Adolf Dunne

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You](#)

Chapter 377 A Trap (Part Nine) Susan signaled the woman to open the door for her

and walked in. There was no one in the living room. It was not what she expected. Susan looked around and found a shirt hanging from the handrail of the stairs. Narrowing her eyes, she said, “Can you please excuse me for a moment? I need to use the ladies’ room. Please enjoy yourselves.”

She then walked to the second floor.

She felt a bad feeling in her heart. Although it was very quiet there, it made her uneasy. When she noticed the woman trembling in a corner, she thought of something and walked up to her.

Feeling nervous, the woman was counting time in her mind. It had been seven to eight minutes since Susan walked upstairs.

All of a sudden, someone approached her.

“What did Susan ask you to do?” Becky questioned the woman.

The woman looked up at her in astonishment, but before she could answer, they heard a scream coming from upstairs. It was from Susan.

Becky rushed to the second floor and everyone else followed her.

They were all flustered.

Outside the villa

"Miss Bennet." Ameer stood a few steps away from Rachel, and tidied up his suit before he walked to her.

Rachel put her hands behind her back. She was

looking at the villa, so she did not notice him. Hearing him call her name, she turned around, and said, "Mr. Gordon."

"Why are you sitting here alone? It's cold out here. Would you like me to lend you my coat?" Ameer looked at Rachel with admiration in his eyes. He was young and passionate.

"No, thanks," Rachel said coldly.

Upon hearing that, a hint of disappointment flashed in his eyes. "I didn't mean it in a bad way, Miss Bennet. But do like you."

"I think have already told you that I am married. I don't think we're good for each other."

"Why not? We don't even know each other yet. Or is there something about me that you don't like? You can tell me, and can change," Ameer asked in an eager tone.

After checking the time on her phone, Rachel realized that it had been fifteen minutes since Susan entered the villa.

She stood up, patted the dust off her butt, and

grabbed the hem of her dress. Her mannerism was not like that of an elite woman, and she did not care how expensive her dress was. Standing in front of Ameer, she looked deep into his eyes.

Ameer felt a little uncomfortable by her fierce gaze. He blushed, gulped nervously, and said, 'Miss Bennet...'

"My name is Rachel Bennet, and I'm twenty-six years old. I'm divorced, I don't have a house, or a car, and I'm going to lose my job soon. I am bankrupt, and I might be heavily in debt. My mother died when I was young, and my father has lung cancer. I have a half-sister but don't know where she is," Rachel said flatly.

Hearing that, Ameer was dumbfounded.

"Well, now that have introduced myself, think that

you know me well enough," she added.

Although her self-introduction was simple, she was clearly trying to make Ameer give up on pursuing her.

Ameer pursed his lips. Seeing that, Rachel figured that he must have given up on pursuing her. "I have something to do, so will you excuse..."

"My name is Ameer Gordon." Before Rachel could

turn around, Ameer stopped her.

"I am twenty-three years old, I am unmarried, and I have a house and a car. I am the only son of my

parents. And as far as I know, my family isn't going bankrupt anytime soon. My parents love each other a lot, and my grandparents are very open-minded." Ameer took a deep breath and continued, "Miss Bennet, have you ever heard of this saying?"

Rachel looked at him in confusion.

"We date someone who is just like us, but we marry someone who isn't. And you're the woman I want to marry," Ameer said nervously.

"There is a three year age gap between us, and even if you don't mind it, I don't think that your family will agree." Rachel didn't expect him to be so stubborn, which made her feel a bit flustered, but she knew that she could not give him any hope, so she was cold.

"I have asked my mother already, and she doesn't mind. As long as she agrees, everyone else in my family will also agree."

Rachel frowned. "Miss Bennet, I don't need your

answer right now. We can be friends first."

"I'm sorry, we can't be friends."

"Miss..."

"Ameer, I don't like you, and I don't want to be friends with you," Rachel said indifferently, hurting him.

The smile on his lips faded. "But why?"

"You don't need a reason to dislike someone, do you?"

Rachel looked at him coldly and kept silent for a while. "Well, since you want a reason, I will give you one."

Ameer looked at her, quietly waiting for her answer. Looking at the disappointment in his eyes, Rachel couldn't help but wonder if she was being too cruel to him. But she knew that she had to make him give up so that he wouldn't pester her. She didn't want a relationship now.

Besides, he was a man in his early twenties.

"I can change anything that you don't like about me," Ameer said in a hurry after seeing her being quiet for a long time.

"You can't change it," she said. "You are tall, and I

hate tall men."

Ameer was rendered speechless. What kind of a reason was that?

"That's the reason I don't like you. Believe it or not, I don't care." Rachel turned around and was about to leave. It was time to see how Susan was doing.

Ameer stood still and did not come to his senses

until he heard his phone ring.

It was his mother.

"Mom, what's the matter?"

It was a bit noisy on the other end of the line. "Ameer, where are you now? Something bad happened here! Hey! That's my phone! My phone..." Her voice faded.

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 378 by Adolf Dunne

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You](#)
Chapter 378 A Trap (Part Ten)

Hearing this, Ameer turned to look in the direction of the villa and discovered there were several black cars parked by the gate. Security guards came out of the vehicles and surrounded the entire building, barring anyone from entering.

The realization of what had happened hit him like a ton of bricks.

He was amazed to find that he could see everything in the villa from this angle.

Was it all coincidence?

"Where are you going?" Ameer asked, his gaze falling on Rachel's back. She was only a few steps away.

"To watch the show." Rachel turned to him and asked, "Do you want to come with me? Seeing things up close will be fun."

Watch a show? What did she mean?

Ameer was puzzled. Why were there so many security guards stationed outside the villa? When he was on the phone, his mother had told him something had happened. What on earth was going on?

"You seem to know what's happening, Ameer remarked as he followed her.

"Probably

Ameer couldn't help but look down at Rachel's side profile as he thought of the way she was staring at the villa on the big stone. "Did you have anything to do with what happened in the villa?" he asked after a little pause.

"What do you think?" Rachel kept walking without looking back at him because she knew he was staring at her.

"You tell me," Ameer responded, his face serious. He had no idea what Rachel was thinking.

"Then just consider that it has something to do with me. Rachel wore a faint smile. She didn't care about making a bad impression on Ameer. On the contrary, it would be beneficial if it could truly change Ameer's perception of her. It would help her stay out of trouble in the future.

Ameer had no idea what happened inside, but he had a hunch that it was terrible. "What did you do?" "Nothing much, really. I was returning the favor." Rachel came to a halt not far from the villa's door. "Get in. Your mother must be worried about you."

"And what about you?"

"I'll stay here and watch the show. After that, I'll leave. Oh, by the way, do you have Clara's phone number?" Rachel asked and glanced down at the

pills in her hand.

Right now, Ameer was concerned about his mother's safety. Without thinking, he gave Clara's phone number to Rachel and walked into the villa. The security guards initially halted him and refused to let him in until his mother came out.

At the same time, Rachel placed her phone on the table and tapped on a link Quintin had sent her. It was a video of what happened in the villa ten minutes ago.

Quintin's voice could be heard in the background. He sighed and continued to tell the story.

Ten minutes ago, in the villa

Becky rushed to the second floor. As soon as she turned her head, she saw a girl standing at the door, her mouth covered. There was a faint scent spreading in the air.

The smell made Becky uncomfortable and she noticed that the smell was quite similar to the perfume Susan was wearing today. Becky's left eye twitched. She made her way to the door, heart beating like a drum. Then she noticed all the mess all over, which made her feel instantly sick to her stomach.

She recognized Susan's dress at a glance.

Becky's heart jolted, her face turning white. She

moved in a flash and immediately looked inside the room. Her eyes instantly fell on two half-naked bodies intertwined together on the bed.

A wave of terror washed over her.

Her mind was in shambles.

Out of nowhere, a deafening scream broke out, waking up the two people on the bed. Susan was startled awake, then she noticed the man on top of her. She screamed and shoved the man away, her eyes widening in fear.

The man's face was flushed, obviously intoxicated. He was unbothered by the commotion and rested his hand on Susan's body once more.

Susan angrily kicked the man as she covered her

arms over her chest. "Get out of here! Scram! Get

out! Go away!"

Becky, who was a seasoned agent, swiftly took off

her coat and draped it over Susan's shoulders.

Susan's lipstick was smudged all over her face. The marks on her collarbone revealed what had happened in the room just now.

"Becky, I... What happened? How is this possible?!" Susan panicked after realizing that she had no memory of what happened. She was unable to recall why she was on this bed and with this man.

Becky didn't want to know what was going on since

she was worried about the reporters downstairs

The most important thing now was to keep Susan hidden from more people. "Hurry up and go to the bathroom!"

Susan was at a loss.

She wrapped herself tightly and went to the bathroom with Becky's assistance. Just as they were about to enter the bathroom, a camera flashed in front of the two.

Someone was taking photos!

Susan hurriedly quickly grabbed Becky's arm.

"Becky, the photos... No, no photos."

Becky knew that things would go out of hand and they couldn't get out of here for the time being. But she had plans of turning things around.

"Go clean up first. I'll handle this." Susan was still worried and wanted to say something, but when she looked into Becky's eyes, she swallowed her words and obediently entered the bathroom.

Becky shut the bathroom door behind her. She could hear the noise outside, making her sigh deeply.

Becky made a call, and soon, bodyguards arrived and surrounded the entire villa. They confiscated everyone's cellphone as well as the memory cards from the journalists' cameras, ensuring that nothing would be exposed tonight.

Rachel's phone rang as soon as she finished

watching the video. It was Quintin.

"Boss, what do you think? Neat video, huh? didn't expect it to be so shocking!" Quintin was giddy with anticipation. His voice was a stark contrast to the villa's dull ambiance.

"Blur the images and release this video."

Rachel had looked into Becky and discovered that she had her own methods for becoming the top agent. Becky could easily cover up what happened in the villa tonight if she was given enough time to react. This was also a headache for Rachel.

The network was connected to the security cameras outside the villa, but there was no camera inside. So the live broadcast of what happened outside the villa would only pique internet users' curiosity. Becky would have no trouble coming up with an explanation for why a group of people entered the property and were surrounded by security guards in less than ten minutes.

She didn't invite the public to merely watch a show.

"What? Blur her images? Boss, aren't you too gentle to Susan?" Quintin didn't understand why Rachel had suddenly targeted Susan just until recently. The woman was really conceited. The last person Rachel denounced on the Internet was Alice. No one knew where she was now.

"But boss, how did you know the man in that room would set the camera secretly? I was worried that I couldn't record what was going on inside!" However, before Quintin could get an answer, Rachel abruptly ended the call again.

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 379 by Adolf Dunne

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You](#)
Chapter 379 A Trap (Part Eleven)

Beep. After hanging up on Quintin, Rachel looked at the villa once more, turned around, and dialed Clara's number.

In fact, she had no idea whether or not the man would set the camera inside. She only guessed based on the man's poor reputation.

And she was right.

Becky forced herself to calm down. She was still arranging a few things to make sure they would go the way she wanted. After all, except for reporters, there were no other powerful people here.

She could only rely on the Sullivan Group and Salazar Group to keep the mob in check and prevent them from leaving. However, it would only work for a short while.

The assistant came over in a hurry and whispered in Becky's ear, "Becky, Susan is all cleaned up now. But the man in the room..."

“What about him?”

“When Susan came out of the bathroom, she grabbed a vase and smashed the man’s head with

it. The assistant swallowed

answered.

then

Becky’s temple throbbed. “What?”

The assistant could only lower her head and didn’t dare to say anything.

“I asked you to look after her. How could you let her do that?” Becky was furious. She didn’t even have time to calm down before things got worse. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and asked, “How’s the man now?”

“Not so good...” The assistant almost trembled. “There’s blood everywhere. We may have to take him to the hospital.”

Becky scowled and covered her forehead. If they

took the man to the hospital at this time, it would

definitely ruin all her plans. There would be news

about it in the morning. ®

Becky blamed herself for not stopping Susan at the party. If she had, things wouldn’t have gone this far. According to the assistant, the man was seriously injured. Becky didn’t have much time to hesitate, so she made a quick decision. “I’ll go upstairs with you to have a look.”

Soon, the two of them marched their way upstairs and into the room.

The man was unconscious. He collapsed on the floor, with a big wound on his forehead bleeding

profusely.

Susan stood there with a disgusted look on her face,

and another assistant intervened to prevent her from doing anything awful. “Call an ambulance, Becky urged the assistant

after seeing the man’s injury.

Susan noticed the assistant reaching for her phone in her pocket. She struggled and rushed forward, knocking the assistant's phone off and it fell to the floor. "Don't call an ambulance! No way!"

Susan's furious tone and contorted expression startled the assistant.

"Susan, that's enough! If we don't send this man to the hospital, he'll die!" Becky didn't expect Susan would be so immature in this situation. She took out her own phone and was about to dial the emergency number.

"Didn't you hear what just said? said, don't call an ambulance! Nobody is allowed to help him! If he's dying, let him die. He deserves it!" Susan screamed hysterically and pounced on Becky, trying to grab her phone.

All of a sudden, there was a resounding slap. Becky gave Susan a sharp slap across the face.

Susan's eyes widened in surprise as she touched her reddened cheek.

Becky dialed 911 and handed the phone to the

befuddled assistant. "You talk to them and request that they arrive as quickly as possible."

"U-understood... The assistant took the phone from her and waited for the dispatchers to pick the call

up.

Susan covered her face and looked at Becky with teary eyes.

"Are you awake?" Becky asked firmly. That stinging slap was enough to make Susan's ears buzz.

Susan didn't respond.

"Stay here if you've calmed down. Don't go anywhere. If you still can't calm down, just beat him to death, Becky remarked with a straight face. "If you think the Salazar family is powerful and willing to protect you with all of its money, do whatever you want! So I don't have to be the one to clean up the mess for you!"

"I... Becky, it was a trap! Someone wanted me to look bad!"

'A trap? Becky only sneered.

Susan didn't understand what Becky meant by her smile, but she knew that she couldn't get support from anybody else right now other than her. "Becky, you believe me, don't you? I was really framed!"

"Okay. Then tell me, who set you up?" "It was Rachel," Susan said through gritted teeth.

"Rachel? Rachel again? Susan, you only think of

Rachel, don't you?" Becky remarked with a smile. "How could she set you up when she's not even here?" "Becky, I'm not lying! It's really Rachel."

"Then tell me, why do you smell like that?" Becky wasn't a fool. She knew something wasn't right when the scent of Susan's perfume hit her nose. And when she saw the scene in the realized what was going on. pom, she

At the same time, she remembered why she felt uneasy when she smelled the odor..

The aroma made people feel euphoric and would give them a strong desire to have sex. It was not uncommon in the entertainment industry. She hadn't considered it before because she had risen to the position as a top agent in the circle and no longer needed to attend those social events.

Naturally, she forgot about it over time. Judging from the man's appearance earlier, he had

been inhaling the scent for already quite some time.

Susan sprayed this fragrance on her body. However, because the scent on her body was light, she didn't take in much. She was still sober, even if it had a minor effect. But when she came into this room...

The fragrance suddenly became strong, and Susan, who was already a little affected by the aphrodisiac effect, immediately lost her mind, leading her to be cozy with the man,

Susan's face turned pale, but she still refused to admit it. "I... The perfume I wore is just an ordinary one."

"What? Ordinary? Susan, do you think I'm stupid?" Becky snorted. "You don't have to make excuses. You know what you've done. don't want to discuss it with you any longer. Just keep acting as you like." Becky then took the other assistant who had been

watching Susan and left her alone. Susan was filled with rage. She clenched her fists and bit her lower lip.

How could this be?

It was supposed to be Rachel and not her.

Susan smelled the perfume on her body and thought it was still very strong. Despite taking many baths, the perfume remained undiluted. With tears in her

eyes, she went back into the bathroom, turned on the water, and rubbed her arms vigorously.

Her thoughts were preoccupied with the fact that she had gotten into the bed with a strange man. She was certain she had not lost her virginity.

But who would believe it? Almost everyone saw her sleeping with a man... Susan shrieked as she cradled her head in her hands.

Becky watched the injured man being taken away in an ambulance. She then turned around and walked

into the room. Every single person in the living room was staring at her.

One of the women stood up and slammed the table. "What the hell are you trying to do? What do you want by locking us here and forbidding us from going out? Why did you take our phones? Even if the Salazar family and Sullivan family are working together, there is no reason for you to detain us. Let us leave!"

Hearing this, Becky looked at the woman.

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 380 by Adolf Dunne

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You](#)
Chapter 380 A Trap (Part Twelve)

The woman was wearing a dark purple cheongsam, which accentuated her graceful figure. There was brown mink shawl draped over her shoulders, making her look dignified and noble. Becky had asked Susan for the attendees for tonight's birthday party ahead of time. She had stayed up for several nights just to remember the people's names and identities on the list.

She scoured through her memory and soon remembered who this woman was. Her husband's family was the second-in-command of the political circle in Apliaria, and she was from a scholarly, well-mannered, and wealthy family.

"Exactly! The Salazar family has crossed the line!"

"We know why you won't let us leave. You're afraid that Susan's scandal will be exposed! If you have the ability, you can keep us all locked up forever. But if we manage to out, you'll all get in trouble!"

"Let us out!"

"My phone! Give me my phone back!" In the face of all the raging comments, Becky fell

silent. The others could no longer stand the injustice of being kept out here and began to stand up and yell at her.

The assistant stood behind Becky, looking at the angry crowd. Her face turned pale as she whispered, "Becky, what should we do?"

Compared to how panicked her assistant was,

Becky appeared to be calm, but it was only on the surface.

"Everyone, please calm damn! There's no need to worry. We won't detain you for no reason. Neither the Salazar family nor I will do something like that." Becky's curled her lips, forcing herself to calm down. "I hope you can trust me. Susan is just feeling a little uneasy and she's currently resting in her room. I hope you won't spread any rumors about Susan."

"Rumors? Are you fucking kidding us? Someone saw Susan on the bed with a man and they were making love!" a man retorted.

Becky glared at the man. Perhaps because of her sharp gaze, the man shivered and lowered his voice. "Am I not telling the truth? Why are you looking at me like that?"

His words clearly exuded arrogance, but the way he spoke was lacking in confidence.

"Just as I've said, I hope you don't spread any rumors. I believe that all of you are elites of Apliaria, and you are capable of distinguishing the truth. I'm going to go out on a limb and say that everyone should know the truth." As Becky spoke, she glanced at everyone present, visibly unfazed.

After a pause, she continued, "I've asked you not to leave and even took your phones. I know that some of you may not understand the situation, and it's perfectly understandable to believe rumors for a time. On behalf of Susan, I offer my sincerest apologies."

Having said that, Becky bowed her head before everyone.

Upon seeing this, the lady from the wealthy family who pounded on the table felt embarrassed, because Becky's speech made her look a little too aggressive.

"I don't want an apology. I want an explanation! Cut the crap and just let us out! Do you think we're all idiots? Do you seriously think that an apology can make us sit here quietly?" The lady snorted.

"It's my fault for not explaining it to you ahead of time." Becky apologized once more, making the lady seem more acerbic. "Just now, a thief has entered this establishment.

A thief?

The second floor area was restricted, and Susan had hidden herself in the bathroom. Thus, not many people saw what happened on the second floor at the time. The girl who first found Susan had been taken to another room, and Becky had already comforted her. At this moment, none of them knew what exactly was going on.

"Are you kidding? The security of Waterfront Hotel is tight and it's well-known in all of Apliaria. There's not a thief in existence who can come in here without being noticed!" someone remarked.

"Sorry, sir, but I really can't explain how the thief slipped in. Like you, I also want to know about that. But no matter how tight the security is, there will always be a weakness. In line with that fact, it's impossible for thieves to figure out the security's weakness and come in. No matter what anyone may think, the fact remains that Susan's favorite necklace had been stolen by this thief." "What necklace?"

"Blue Lovers." Becky said, her face expressionless. Upon hearing the necklace's name, someone exclaimed, "Blue Lovers? The one that's worth a hundred million dollars?"

Becky nodded, "Yes, and the thief is still at large, so we have no choice but to keep you all here for the time being. Of course, hope that you all can keep a closer look at your belongings, just in case the

thief strikes again." Upon hearing this, everyone was no longer interested in asking questions. They now shifted

their focus to guarding their valuables.

The crowd's attention had finally been diverted away from Susan. Becky breathed a sigh of relief. But then, someone said, "Hold on. You said that the thief hasn't been found yet, but what about the man who was taken away by the ambulance earlier? If that man isn't the thief, who else could it be? Oh, my God, is the thief among us?"

Suddenly, everyone felt restless.

"Who do you think the thief could be?"

"It could be you."

"No, it's you! You're the thief. How dare you slander me in front of all these people? It's just a stupid necklace. I don't care about that! Believe it or not, I will sue you for slander and defamation!"

"Fine, if you didn't steal the necklace, let someone frisk you so you can prove your innocence! It's just a necklace, huh? Blue Lovers is the only one of its

kind in the world. Who knows who could've stolen it? That person must've hidden it, and they are probably going to sell it later! After all, some of us here are in need of money!"

Becky was silenced once more, watching the crowd get thrown into disarray.

Everyone was now suspecting each other, and the situation was spiraling out of control.

She didn't expect that things would turn out this way. Seeing that several people were about to fight, she quickly motioned for the assistant to stop them. She wanted to say something to put the situation in control, but then, she was cut off.

"Mom, I'm here!" Just then, Ameer came in.

Megan got up from the sofa, walking towards him. Then, she asked the security to let him in..

"Mom, what's going on?" Ameer saw how messy the area was and noticed that his mother looked worried.

"There's a thief in here, and it might be one of the guests, Megan said.

"A thief?"

"Yes. A thief has stolen Susan's necklace, Blue Lovers. As of the moment, we still have no idea who the thief is." Megan didn't expect that something

this troubling would happen at his birthday party. She couldn't go out and her phone had been confiscated.

"Really? I thought..." Ameer pondered on what Rachel had said. She mentioned that she would reciprocate other people's animosity towards her. 'Did Rachel steal Susan's necklace?'

Captivation Want Nothing But You

Chapter 381 by Adolf Dunne

[/ Captivation: Want Nothing But You](#)
Chapter 381 An Affair

Megan remembered what Rachel had said at that moment. Despite Rachel's lack of expression, Ameer felt that it wasn't as simple as stealing the necklace.

"Do you have your phone with you?" Megan asked. Ameer nodded, took out his phone, and handed it to his mother without thinking too much.

"Call your father and ask him to come get me. I don't want to stay here." Megan frowned as she let Ameer unlock the phone. She was visibly upset and in a hurry to call her husband. When Ameer was done, she immediately took the phone and dialed his number. But before she could finish, something popped up.

Suddenly, a headline on the entertainment news flashed across the screen. "Susan Salazar's Sultry Night with a Mystery Man."

"What?" Megan was dumbfounded to see the news. She raised her head as she was scrolling through the website.

Ameer noticed his mother's pale expression. "Aren't

you calling Dad? Or do you think he's busy with some other woman?" he said while looking at his phone's screen.

Just then, his smile vanished as he clearly saw what was on the screen.

"Now I get why they kept us here. It's not because of theft, but because of an..." Megan sneered in anger, disgusted by the news. But before she could say the term "affair," Ameer abruptly covered her mouth.

"Maybe that's not true, Mom. Don't say things like that." Ameer understood the value of a woman's virginity, especially because Susan intended to marry Victor in the future. It wouldn't be right to assume things without any confirmation or hard evidence because it could easily destroy a person.

Megan, on the other hand, was not convinced. "Not true, huh? The video clearly shows it and Susan was wearing this dress tonight. How are my eyes wrong?" she said in a repulsed tone, pulling Ameer's hand down.

Megan's voice was neither loud nor soft, and the

rich ladies in the room couldn't help but look at her. One of them, who often played mahjong with Megan, came over and asked in confusion, "What's wrong? Does it have something to do with Susan? Or did I

just hear it wrong? Ameer, do you know Susan?"

"He doesn't know her!" Megan instantly denied it, fearing that her son would be involved with Susan. She had always thought Susan was fantastic and she wanted her to marry into the Gordon family. But now she changed her mind. "Susan has nothing to do with my son."

Ameer let out a small sigh. When he realized that his mother's remarks had drawn everyone's attention, he knew that he couldn't stop her any longer, so he remained silent. He stowed his phone in his pocket and turned to face the door where he and Rachel had parted ways.

He finally understood what Rachel meant when she said she would deal with Susan the same way she had planned on dealing with her.

There were mixed emotions in his heart. Sure enough, what Susan planned to do with her was truly horrible, but he didn't expect that Rachel would be so cruel. This video was enough to destroy Susan's showbiz career. Somehow, he felt a bit terrified of Rachel and found that he couldn't control such a woman.

"Didn't you just say it's a shame Susan is engaged because you'd let your son marry her if she wasn't?"

"Bah, bah, bah!" Megan became even more agitated

after hearing this. "Anyone who marries her will drown in bad luck! She even cheated on her fiancé before their marriage. If she got married and gave birth to a child in the future, people wouldn't know who her child's father is."

Megan raised her voice. Her words were heard by

everyone in the banquet hall.

"Mrs. Gordon, don't talk nonsense!" The rich lady

was shocked by her remarks and reminded her. Megan sneered while looking at the other guests and said, "I'm not talking nonsense. There is a video

posted online."

All of a sudden, everyone began to murmur.

Becky quickly took out her phone, but before she could unlock the screen, the assistant came to her in a hurry and handed her a phone. "Becky, bad news. There are videos of Susan on the Internet."

Becky's eyes widened in horror. She took the phone and tapped on the video.

The video lasted around fifteen seconds. It captured the moment when Susan and the man made out on the bed. The spicy scene was nearly at the end. Although the essential parts were deliberately left out, everyone could guess what would happen in the next moments.

Becky's expression changed dramatically. She held the phone tightly in her hand and couldn't believe what she was seeing. How was it possible? Where did this video come from?

The assistant became frantic. "What should we do? The news has already appeared on the top searches, Beck The internet ers are already having heated discussions."

Becky stared at the phone and heard the assistant's words clearly, but she didn't know what to do. The escalation of this matter was completely out of her control. She couldn't stop trembling at all.

"Have you found out who posted this video?" Becky

asked, trying to calm down.

"It's a new account. We're trying to find the person behind it through their IP address, but..." The assistant shook her head with a look of despair.

In the entertainment industry, it was very common for anti-fans to use new accounts or dummy accounts to upload hate content and rumors. The video was easily spread, which was obviously aimed to taint Susan's career. Becky took a deep breath, and suddenly, her phone rang.

It was a call from a reporter. And of course, he called to ask about the footage.

While Becky was busy thinking about how to clean this mess up, Susan's entire staff was bombarded by calls.

The villa was in shambles and people were arguing on social media. The person who started all of this was standing in front of a villa, verifying the number on it.

Rachel dialed Clara's number, but there was no answer. She had no choice but to go look for Clara instead. After that, she eventually found the villa. This villa had a unique design that set it apart from other villas. In comparison, this one had a more luxurious design.

However, this villa was so remote that even if it appeared to be different, Rachel couldn't find it right away.

She looked down and examined the allergy medicine in her hand, hoping she hadn't come too late.

Rachel walked up the steps and was about to ring the doorbell, only to find that the door was unlocked. The surrounding area was a little dark, with only the dim light illuminating the whole entrance. She rang the doorbell again, but no one answered.

Rachel frowned and clicked her tongue, contemplating whether or not to call Clara again.

If she went inside, there could be another trap. After all, she became more cautious after what happened to Susan just now, but Riley needed her medicine as soon as possible. Now that Susan was busy enough with her own scandal, she shouldn't have any more time to set Rachel up again.

Rachel felt it was okay to go, so she pushed the door open and walked right in.

“Clara? Riley?” As Rachel stepped in, she turned all the lights in the hallway on. The interior decoration of the living room could be seen plainly under the light of the hallway. Noticing that the light on the second floor was on, she guessed that Clara and Riley might be in there.

After thinking for a while, Rachel lowered her guard and climbed upstairs.

Bang!

Something fell on the carpet with a dull sound.