

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 411

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 411 A Call From A Stranger

Rachel took a step back and held the cat food in her hand tightly. She paused a while before she said in a composed tone, “We have nothing to talk about. I want to rest now so please go out.” He avoided eye contact with him. Yet, she was alert and on guard against Victor’s approaching. “Rachel-”

“If you won’t go out, I will,” Rachel cut in. She put the cat food on the table, went around Victor, and started walking to the door

Victor moved toward Rachel and attempted to grasp her wrist to stop her from going out. But he stopped himself. “I’m sorry.”

Rachel held the doorknob and pressed it down. The door was partly opened when she heard Victor’s voice, which was low and deep. Hearing his apology had stirred her feelings. “I’m sorry for what happened that night.” Victor said, his eyes on Rachel’s back. Rachel tightened her grip on the doorknob, acting like she didn’t hear a thing. Victor’s apology reminded her of what happened that night in the Waterfront Hotel. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Feeling calmed down, she told Victor, “I accept your apology. And I hope you won’t forget what you have promised.” Rachel then turned around and looked at Victor. “You have told me that you wouldn’t have to lay eyes on me. Please keep your word, Mr. Sullivan.” She was not stupid. She knew she had complicated emotions towards Victor and this was not a good sign. Moreover, Joey

was getting closer and closer to Victor. She knew that there would be times that she would somehow run into Victor

This was not the only thing she was worried about. With Joey and Victor getting closer, Rachel was afraid that Victor would know about Joey's identity. If that would happen, he might take Joey away from her. So this time, she put on an inscrutable countenance toward Victor.

"I'll go downstairs to drink water. When I come back, I will be glad to see that you have left." Rachel didn't wait for Victor's reply. She simply opened the door and walked out of the room. Victor was left standing in the middle of the room. He watched the back of Rachel disappear from his sight. He was deeply hurt by what Rachel did. It was like a blunt knife cut through his heart. Victor put his hand into the trouser pocket. When his fingertips touched the cold thing, the pain was alleviated. He took the thing out of his pocket. He unclasped his clenched hand. He was holding an exquisite dark blue diamond that emitted faint light in the light. It was the Beloved. If anyone cared to look at the Beloved, he would see a blush of red in the blue diamond. It was Victor's blood. His blood had stained the Beloved one night four years ago in the cemetery. At that time, he held the Beloved as tightly as he could.

Although the diamond's surface was smooth after being cut, there were rough edges that cut Victor's palm.

But Victor didn't seem to feel the pain at all. He didn't loosen his grip, and blood continued to flow down his palm.

Carson and Ivan found out about Victor's hand being injured. The Beloved, which used to be dark blue, was stained with Victor's blood. The stain eventually became a faint blush of red on the dark blue diamond.

A phone rang.

Victor took out his phone instinctively, but it was not his phone that was ringing. He looked around and saw Rachel's phone on the table.

Someone was calling Rachel

An unknown number flashed on the phone's screen. Rachel had just come back. Who would call her at this time?

The phone rang for about one and a half minutes before it stopped. The caller seemed insistent. The phone rang again when Victor was about to leave the room.

Victor looked at the phone number on the screen and then answered the phone.

"Hello? Miss Bennet?" It was a man's voice. Victor could tell that he was a little nervous. "Miss Bennet, this is Ameer. Have you gone to bed? Did I bother you when I called you so late?" Victor didn't answer. He just pressed his lips together. But he was breathing heavily. "I'm really sorry to bother you." Ameer said, sounding anxious. "I just heard from my cousin that she accompanied you to see a doctor today. Is something the matter with you? I felt I needed to know so I'm calling you."

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Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 412 She Is Asleep

"Hello... Miss Bennet?" Ameer paused realizing that there had been no response from the other end of the line after speaking a lot so quickly. "She is asleep," Victor replied after a while. Ameer was quite shocked on hearing the guy's voice.

He examined the caller ID on his phone as he unconsciously removed it from his ear. The number

was Rachel's.

He couldn't figure out who the man that just spoke was.

When he said that Rachel had fallen asleep, what did he mean by that? Could he have possibly been with Rachel?

Ameer's grip on the phone tightened and he asked, "I'm lost. Who might you be? How is Miss Bennet's phone in your possession? Where is she?"

Beep!

Victor hung up before Ameer completed his words. Ameer was astonished and irritated when the beep came through. His gaze remained fixed on the screen, which indicated that the call was over. He could hear the man's voice in his head. In the silence, the man's speech reverberated in his ears, and he remained still.

The call record appeared on the phone screen as Victor was ready to put the phone down after hanging up, and his eyes became dim. He then erased Ameer's call history and banned his phone number. After that, he returned the phone and acted like he had done nothing.

Using his best judgment, he guessed that Rachel would be coming up any moment. He knew that it was not the best moment to try to push her to accept him. Victor stepped out of the room and down the stairs whilst he contemplated that.

Downstairs, Rachel drank from a glass of water and sat calmly.

In anticipation of Victor's departure, she waited. The servants were once again being ordered to clean the kitchen by Lukas. Then, he caught sight of Victor. "Mr. Sullivan..."

"Lukas, if you need anything, please don't hesitate to contact me."

Following his conclusion, Victor locked his gaze on Rachel. Rachel, who was in the dining room, had picked up on what Victor had said and turned to face him. The two happened to be looking at each other at the time. Then, she quickly averted her gaze. In the midst of the weird environment that Rachel was in with Victor, Lukas' lips moved in an attempt to speak, but he had to nod and say, "Then I'll tell the driver to start the car."

Victor nodded his head in approval.

At the same moment, his phone vibrated in his pocket. Carson had sent him a message. It read, "Ameer? What gives you the sudden want to inquire about him? He has recently returned from a trip abroad. Are you interested in him? Do you want him to join the Sullivan Group?"

Carson then sent another message. "Forget about trying to Swoop in and get him. It's impossible for

you to do so. Are you familiar with the Gordon family? Roger is his cousin. Ameer is the lone kid of

the Gordon family. He is going to take over his family business." Carson called Victor as soon as Victor finished reading the two messages.

Victor answered it.

On the other end of the telephone, Carson said curiously, “I’m having an odd feeling. Never before have you brought up Ameer. He did well overseas, but he isn’t a top talent by any stretch. The Sullivan Group isn’t a good fit for him.”

Employees of Sullivan Group might easily be considered among the best in their field. Ameer couldn’t stand out when compared to those individuals.

With the help of the Gordon and Jimenez families, as well as the resources Ameer’s parents had worked so hard to accumulate for him, Ameer was able to gain some notoriety among Apliaria’s top crust.

The highest echelons of the Apliaria had been engaged in open and covert brawls. As time passed, the esteem in which upper-class young men and women were held fluctuated. The exceptions to this rule were Victor, Carson, and Roger. There was no one who dared to insult them since they had great sway in the upper class. Victor was uninterested in the things of the upper class. When Carson read Victor’s message asking him who Ameer was only moments earlier, he felt a surge of curiosity.

“Are you that bored?” Victor inquired in a stern tone. “Not really, Victor. I’ve answered all the questions you’ve asked. Why don’t you at the very least gratify my enquiring mind? Tossing me out after having abused my services would be disrespectful to our bond. You’re much too cold blooded.” Carson covered his chest with his hand, as if he were hurt, despite the fact that Victor couldn’t see him.

“Is Ameer managing the Gordon Group?” Even with Carson’s antics, Victor pressed on. “I suppose, yes. He has taken over the Gordon Group for a month and a half at this point. I’ve heard that his mother has lately been pressuring him to get hitched.” Despite his lack of interest in other pursuits, Carson was a big fan of gossip and watching the fun. Those in

the higher echelons of society were limited in number. Carson could tell within two hours whether someone had been asked to go on a blind date by his family. Even Victor had his doubts about Carson's gender at times. How could Carson be so enthusiastic about getting involved? Victor didn't realize that Carson's father was pressuring him to get married, not because Carson wanted to participate in the fun. Carson had no option but to look out for others who were in the same shoes as him in order to feel better for a short period of time. Carson was having a good time

at the cost of others. "Did your father lately express an interest in developing an alternative source of energy?" asked Victor. "That's what he said." "The Gordon family has been working with new energy for a long time. They may work together with your father. Ameer, who just took over the organization, should be eager to complete the job," Victor said softly. Nobody had any idea what was going through his mind. "Work with the Gordon family?" "As long as your father cooperates with the Gordon family, the Sullivan Group may help him financially." This made Victor turn all Greek to Carson. Was Victor just handing out cash to the Gordon family, with no strings attached? "This is a complete mystery to me. Are you thinking of helping Ameer sour greater heights?" Carson lifted his eyebrows slightly. "What's with you?" "Nothing. Just tell your father what I've said."

Then, Victor ended the call.

Carson sent Victor a file not long after. It included Ameer's confidential facts. There was a picture of Ameer at the top left of the paper. The snapshot revealed Victor's age to be twenty-four, making him two years younger than Rachel. Some ladies had a preference for attractive young males. Carson sent Victor a message after Victor closed the file. "I told my father," Carson said. "Is tomorrow free for you? He'll meet with you at the Sullivan Group to talk about it." Victor said, "Yes. Can I ask you a

question?” Carson texted Victor a meme to signal him to ask. “Are there chances that I look older than Ameer?”

As soon as Carson received the message, his eyes widened and water spilled out of his lips.

A youngster descended from the second floor at this point. In a stupor, he rubbed his eyes. He unconsciously called Victor when he noticed him downstairs. From his voice, one could tell that he was still drowsy. “Daddy.”

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Read Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 413 – Poor Joey spoke softly that Victor could barely hear what he said. Yet, Victor was stunned for a moment and loob

Joey “What did you call me?” Joey came to his senses and his heart jolted. He had called Victor his dad.

When Rachel came out of the dining room, she heard Joey’s voice. She thought that the boy was not completely awake. But she also heard what Joey called Victor. Her face fell and she didn’t even notice that her grip on the water glass tightened. She breathed deeply to calm herself before she spoke to Joey.

“Joey, you’re already awake!”

Joey shifted his attention to Rachel. Blinking his eyes, he said, “Mommy.”

Rachel instinctively turned her eyes to Victor. She let out a sigh of relief when Victor didn’t have any reaction. She walked up to Joey and tousled his hair.

“Did you have a nightmare?” she asked.

Joey had seen a psychologist that afternoon. If he was having nightmares, that might be the effect of the psychotherapy. This worried Rachel.

Joey looked at Rachel, smiled at her, and then shook his head. He didn’t have a nightmare. Conversely, he had a good sleep. But he was awakened by Katie who had jumped on his bed and rubbed herself against him, waking him up. Now that Joey had woken up, he wanted to stay with his mother. He spread out his arms to hug Rachel. 1

Rachel was relieved that Joey wasn’t awakened by a nightmare.

All this time, Victor was watching the two of them. His eyes darkened. No one knew what he was thinking about. The phone in Victor’s hand vibrated. He looked at it and saw more than a dozen message notifications from Carson. It seemed that Carson was worried about Victor.

“What’s up?” It was the first message.

Since Victor didn’t promptly reply, Carson sent another message. “Are you okay? What happened to you?”

“Hey, why aren’t you replying? Are you still my good friend? Your phone has been stolen?” 1

“Why did you ask me to look into Ameer? Has Rachel fallen in love with another man? Is the man Ameer?”

Carson’s questions got to be more probing. “If my memory serves me right, Rachel is two years older than Ameer, right? Is she now a cradle-snatcher?” 1

Carson became annoying. “Ameer is indeed young. Twenty-four years old. Young, handsome, talented, gentle. Women like a man of his kind.”

Carson then shifted to being anxious. “Why aren’t you saying anything? Victor?”

The tone of Carson’s messages became pensive. “Look, I know you are older than Ameer, but don’t be sad. Young men and older men have their advantages! At thirty years old, you are more mature and steady. This alone makes you better than those young men, okay? And you are the CEO of the Sullivan Group. Many women want to marry you.”

Tired of typing, Carson took a sip of water as looked at the messages he sent that still awaited response from Victor. Carson could only shake his head. It was the first time that he had seen the arrogant Victor, whom he had known

for so long, feel inferior because of a man six years younger than him. For Carson, this was so bizarre!

After drinking the water, Carson continued to type on the mobile phone keyboard enthusiastically. After he had sent his message, a red exclamation mark appeared on the screen.

A prompt then popped up and below it was written, "Sorry, you are not friends."

Carson was aghast! In the Sue Garden Lukas entered the room and informed Victor, "Mr. Sullivan, the driver is waiting outside." "Okay" As Victor turned around to leave, his phone vibrated again. It was a call from Carson. He didn't want to accept the call so he blacklisted Carson's phone number.

He put the phone in his pocket and started to walk away.

Holding Rachel's hand, Joey looked at Victor's back. A memory came back to Joey. It was of Victor holding him and

they were looking around the snack street. Before Joey knew it, he had already called Victor. "Mr. Sullivan." Victor stopped in his tracks, turned around, and looked at Joey. "Are you going out?" Joey asked, raising his eyes to meet Victor's gaze. "Yes."

Joey pursed his lips. After a moment's hesitation, he asked in a soft voice, "Will you come back tonight?" When they came back, Joey could feel that Victor was carrying him in his arms, which gave him a different feeling. He didn't feel comfortable with Victor's bad posture. Yet, he felt relaxed, more like reassured, as he felt protected in Victor's arms.

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It was because of this feeling that he slept well. Now that Victor was leaving, Joey was somehow reluctant to let him go. Victor glanced at Rachel, but he didn't say anything. Rachel could not look at Victor. She was holding Joey's hand tightly, knowing more or less what was on her son's mind. "Joey, it's very late. Mr. Sullivan needs to go back and have a rest." With those words, Rachel had drawn a clear line between her and Victor. "But his apartment was burned. Where is he going to have a

rest?" Joey interjected. Rachel was stumped by her son's question. She didn't know how to answer Joey.

How could she have forgotten that Victor's apartment was burned? Joey was thinking differently. He raised his head and winked at his mother. "Mommy, let Mr. Sullivan sleep here tonight, okay? The Gentlefolk caught fire, and Mr. Sullivan is homeless now. He is a little poor." "Poor?" How could Victor be poor? But Rachel couldn't find her voice to say what she wanted to say. Joey continued with his incessant talk. "Two days ago, I saw the news that an old man's house collapsed because of a mudflow. The old man had no place to go so he slept with a quilt on the roadside. Mr. Sullivan's place was burned. He had nowhere to go. He will have to sleep on the road tonight." 2 The more Joey talked, the more ridiculous his words became.

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"Joey, where did you see the news?" True, Victor's apartment was destroyed by fire. But that was just one of his apartments. As the CEO of the Sullivan Group, he had several apartments. How could he be homeless? 1 "Mommy, can you let Mr. Sullivan stay here tonight? And as you said, it's late now," Joey said, acting like a spoiled child. Instead of answering Rachel's question, he threw himself into her arms.

Rachel looked at Joey and pursed her lips. She didn't want to give in to his request. But she also knew why Joey was begging her to acquiesce to his request. "Let's go upstairs. I'll help you take a shower," Rachel said instead and then picked Joey up. 1 She tried to skirt around Joey's plea.

But the little boy was persistent. He wrapped his arms around Rachel's neck and said, "Mommy, please. "Okay, okay." Rachel's voice was

barely audible but Joey heard her answer all right. His eyes immediately lit up,

Looking at Joey's smiling face, Rachel didn't know how she would feel.

"Just for one night," Rachel pointed out.

Joey nodded. With his arms around Rachel's neck, he rested his chin on her shoulder. Looking at Victor, Joey blinked his eyes and stuck out his tongue at him.