

Captivation Want Nothing But You by Adolf Dunne Chapter 419

Chapter 419 Surprise

“The Crown Club?” Rachel’s hands on the steering wheel froze for a moment. She was startled to hear the name of the club. She didn’t have a good impression of the Crown Club. If she could help it, she wouldn’t go there. But when she thought of the project of the Bennet Group, she had to overcome her feelings.

“I’m going there now,” she told Andy.

she turned the car around. The Crown Club was in the opposite direction to the Bennet Group.

Of course, Andy didn’t know what was on Rachel’s mind, nor did he sense the change in Rachel’s tone. “Okay. I’ll go there too, but I may be a bit late. I have to deal with something right now.”

“It’s okay. Take your time,” Rachel said in a low voice and hung up the phone. In the Crown Club When the Audi A6 pulled up in front of the club, a parking assistant greeted Rachel. He opened the car door and took the car keys from her so he could park the car.

Standing at the entrance, Rachel scanned the facade of the club. Through the glass door, she could see the luxurious decoration of the hall on the first floor. The Crown Club was as grand as it had been four years ago. Four years had passed in the blink of an eye.

Rachel took a deep breath and walked in.

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

“I’m sorry. May I know who you are?” Rachel looked at the manager who was smiling at her. She searched his face for familiarity but she couldn’t remember him. Noticing Rachel’s confusion, the man apologized and introduced himself. “I’m Jerry, the lobby manager of the Crown

Club.”

“Do you know me?” “Why, of course, Miss Bennet,” Jerry laughed in a flattering tone. “All the employees in the Crown Club have a picture of you, so we can recognize you the moment you’re here. You deserve our best attention.” Her picture?

What picture?

Why should they treat her like a VIP?

“Miss Bennet, are you here alone?” Jerry asked as he looked past Rachel.

“Yes,” Rachel answered, somehow confused by the question. “Didn’t Mr. Sullivan come?” Mr. Sullivan. Of course, Jerry was referring to Victor. Rachel suddenly remembered that Victor was the real boss of the Crown Club.

“No,” Rachel answered sternly, her looks turning sharp. Jerry had been working in the Crown Club for several years. He was good at reading people’s expressions. Seeing Rachel’s face made

him realize that he had said something wrong. He quickly shifted to a different topic. “Miss Bennet, are you here for someone? Or...”

“I’m meeting someone,” Rachel answered and then looked at Andy’s message on her phone. “The private room we’ve booked is called Morandi, which I believe is on the second floor,”

“Come with me then. I’ll take you upstairs.” Jerry smiled graciously as he had been trained to do. He then led the way to the room.

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She turned the car around. The Crown Club was in the opposite direction to the Bennet Group. Of course, Andy didn’t know what was on Rachel’s mind, nor did he sense the change in Rachel’s tone. “Okay. I’ll go there too, but I may be a bit late. I have to deal with something right now.” “It’s okay. Take your time,” Rachel said in a low voice and hung up the phone. In the Crown Club When the Audi A6 pulled up in front of the club, a parking assistant greeted Rachel. He opened the car door and took the car keys from her so he could park the car. Standing at the entrance, Rachel scanned the facade of the club. Through the glass door,

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answered and then looked at Andy's message on her phone. "The private room we've booked is called Morandi, which I believe is on the second floor," "Come with me then. I'll take you upstairs." Jerry smiled graciously as he had been trained to do. He then led the way to the room. As she followed Jerry, Rachel looked at the time display on her phone. Andy had arranged the meeting with the investor and she was half an hour early. Jerry and Rachel got into the elevator. They were the only ones in the elevator and they were standing side by side. Jerry couldn't help but glance at Rachel

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They were the only ones in the elevator and they were standing side by side. Jerry couldn't help but glance at Rachel from time to time. Even though Jerry tried to be discreet, Rachel could feel his eyes on her. "Did you say that you all have a picture of me?" Rachel asked. "Yes, Miss Bennet." "But why?"

Jerry didn't expect Rachel to ask that question. He turned to his side and looked at Rachel. "Miss Bennet, don't you know?"

Rachel got even more confused. "What is it that I should know?"

"Oh, I thought you know." Jerry looked quizzically at Rachel. "Didn't Mr. Sullivan tell you?"

Ding! The elevator chimed to signify that they had reached the second floor. The elevator stopped steadily and its doors slowly

opened. “Miss Bennet, if you want to know the answer, you can go to the seventh floor. I believe that you will be moved when you see it.” “The seventh floor?” Jerry nodded as he took out a key card from his vest’s pocket. He tapped it against the reader on the door of the room called Morandi. “Here you are,” Miss Bennet.” Rachel glanced around the room. It looked warm and cozy. It was precisely designed to make people feel comfortable “Miss Bennet, I wish you well with your meeting,” Jerry said before turning around to leave. “You can call me anytime should you need anything.” Rachel nodded. Jerry left the room, closing the door gently. Rachel walked to the sofa and as she sat down, her phone vibrated. There was a message from Andy saying that he was on his way but was being held up by a traffic jam. Rachel texted Andy back, informing him that she was already at the club. “Take care,” she added to her message. She noticed a glass of cold orange juice on the small table by the side of the sofa. It looked like it was brought there just before she got into the room. Orange juice was her favorite drink. Raising her eyebrows, Rachel couldn’t help but think of what Jerry had just said. She picked up the glass of orange juice and took a sip. It had the sweet-tart taste that she liked. What could be on the seventh floor? Rachel was thinking about it when someone buzzed on the door. It brought her back from her musings. Did Andy arrive so soon? Rachel put the glass down on the side table, stood up, and walked to the door, thinking that it was Andy on the other side.

Before she reached the door, it swung open. Rachel was stunned to see the man standing at the door. He was a tall man, wearing a light-grey windbreaker. There was a gentle smile on his handsome face. Rachel’s figure was reflected in his brown eyes.

The man exuded gentleness and modesty. He didn't seem to have changed so much. He still gave people that warm feeling

“Long time no see, Rachel.” While Rachel was surprised to see him, the man seemed to know that she would be at the Crown Club.

Four years had passed, and the man thought that he would never see Rachel again. While he appeared calm and collected, his slightly stiff fingertips betrayed his nervousness.

Rachel came to her senses. “Roger.”

Chapter 420 I Miss You

“Are you surprised to see me?” Roger moved closer to Rachel and eyed her. He pulled every strength he had to restrain his urge to pull Rachel into his arms.

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

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

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

had to be him! ?

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

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

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She remembered Clara mentioning to her that Roger stayed in the subsidiary company abroad and spent most of his time working there in the past four years. Rachel had thought maybe Roger hadn’t been back when she left Apliaria. “It was already late when I came back yesterday, not to mention I had a meeting this morning. I haven’t eaten anything yet, so I’m quite famished.” Roger’s gaze fell on Rachel, which sent her a different feeling. She reminisced how Victor would look at her aggressively. Meanwhile, here was Roger, looking at her gently and mildly. “If there’s something that whets your appetite, you can just eat with me.” As soon as Roger finished speaking, he handed Rachel the iPad containing the menu to let her order.

Rachel parted her lips and mumbled, “Okay.” Roger had been kind enough to encourage her to eat, so it was hard for Rachel to refuse him again. She took the iPad and scanned the dishes

displayed on it. After choosing two desserts, she handed the iPad back.

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

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

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

Rachel smiled and lowered her head.

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

quickly recovered before she could steal a glance at him.

"Rachel, I'm really happy to see you doing good now." Roger sat opposite Rachel. He supported his chin with his elbow that rested against his thigh, propping himself forward slightly. He was

staring at her intently. “Rachel, in the past four years... How have you been?” He wanted to ask where Rachel had been in the past four years. It was the kind of curiosity that had been eating him

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

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

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

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

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

Although Rachel and Roger were not in the same class in high school, they had the same literature teacher. Moreover, this teacher had been the bridge to Rachel and Roger growing

connected to each other. At that time, Rachel's and Roger's compositions were always taken as the model compositions by the literature teacher. The two of them were always called together by the teacher, either to ask them to prepare for competitions or preparing speeches for important events.

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

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

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

“Yes, I do.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 420 I Miss You

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Captivation Want Nothing But You by Adolf Dunne Chapter 421

Chapter 421 Why Are You Here

Lukas swallowed as he noticed the dark circles around Carson’s eyes. He took a deep breath and said, “Mr. Scott, what happened last night?” “I don’t want to talk about it. I didn’t get a wink of sleep last night.” After saying that, Carson let out a loud yawn. “Victor and my father want to invest in the Gordon family’s project, so I was forced to put out a plan.” He pulled an all-nighter in front of the computer. Despite being completely exhausted, he didn’t stop until the sun was almost up. When he was done, he sent the plan to his father via email.

“Since you’ve already finished, why don’t you go home and rest?” Lukas was clearly an amateur when it came to investing. He instructed the servant to bring him an ice pack after seeing Carson’s dark circles.

“It’s too noisy at home,” Carson said as he waved his hand and strode to the living room. Lukas followed behind him with a confused look. Carson lay down and made himself comfortable on the sofa, clutching a pillow in one hand. He then stared at him with half-opened eyes and complained, “Lukas, it’s peaceful here. Now I understand why Vic insisted on leaving. Having a woman at home is pretty bothersome.”

The servant came and handed the ice pack to Lukas. “Mr. Scott, maybe this could help with your dark circles. You’ll feel better,” Lukas said after checking the temperature. Carson nodded and closed his eyes, and soon, he felt the chill along his eyelids. He was already stressed, but he couldn’t get a good night’s sleep unless he finished grumbling. “There are two women at home!” he continued, raising two fingers. “Mr. Scott, what’s going on?” Lukas was surprised by his remark. If Carson’s mother heard that, she would definitely pinch and pull his ears upward. “I’ve never seen my mom and grandmother getting along so well!” Carson became increasingly excited as he spoke. “They are always at each other’s throats when talking about things. But this time on the wife stuff, they were on the same page. As soon as I walked out of the study, the two of them gave me a dozen of photos, saying that I can choose from them.” Carson specially made a gesture of how thick the photos were in order to make the description more precise. And for whatever reason, the two ladies were particularly keen about his blind dates recently.

Lukas could only smile at him.

Carson groaned and closed his eyes as he placed the ice pack back on his face. Now that he was done complaining, he felt drowsy. But before he could fall asleep, he heard Lukas say something. “Joey.” Lukas turned around when he heard some noise on the stairs and saw Joey coming out of his room. Not long after Rachel had left, the little boy went to his room to sleep. Perhaps he heard someone and thought it was Rachel, so he rushed downstairs to greet her, but it turned out that it wasn’t the person he was expecting. It was an uninvited visitor instead. Carson instantly sat up when he heard the name. The ice pack fell straight to the floor.

“I thought you weren’t at home, Joe.” Carson smiled after seeing Joey’s tender face. He really wanted to rub his cheeks.

As soon as Joey saw Carson, he frowned and said, “Hey, why are you here?”

“Aren’t you happy to see me?” Joey pursed his lips and crossed his arms. “Yeah. I am happy.” “You don’t look happy at all.”

Carson raised a brow. Joey cleared his throat and smiled appropriately, but with a phony grin. “Why would you think

so? Of course I’m happy to see you here. But what’s wrong with your eyes? Did you get punched? Have you seen a doctor yet?”

The corners of Carson’s mouth twitched as he touched his eyes. “How observant, but these dark circles are proof of

my hard work.”

“Well...” Joey shrugged. “Sorry. I thought you got smacked.” Carson was rendered speechless. . “Good night and rest well then. I’m going back upstairs,” Joey uttered while blinking his eyes. He turned around and was about to leave, but Carson stopped him. “Wait a minute.” “Huh?” Joey came to a halt and turned to face him with a confused look. Carson took out his phone with a huge grin, opened the game interface, and said, “I’ve managed to advance my gaming experience in the past few days.”

Since he kept losing to Joey the last time, Carson had been practicing diligently. Now that he was here, he was even

more eager to win.

How could he lose to a little kid? He had to settle the score with him this time no matter what!

Carson had entirely forgotten about his sleep now. The only thing that was running on his mind right now was to

win.

“I won’t...” Joey opened his mouth to speak, but before he could finish, a thought crossed his mind. His eyes immediately lit up and he said, “You want to play with me, right? But you have to exchange something for it.” 3