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Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 364

Chapter 364 Revenge

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

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

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

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

figure.

As a celebrity manager, Becky had already seen many good-looking people in the entertainment industry. And she could say that Susan was the most beautiful person she had ever seen. However, Rachel was superior in terms of class and poise. There was

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coldness and sharpness in Rachel's eyes, but people didn't feel intimidated when they saw her. No wonder Victor liked Rachel. If she could make Carson, who disdained to make friends with others, treat her as a friend, there must be something special in her. The very first time Becky laid her eyes on Rachel, she understood why Victor chose such a woman. "Nice to meet you, Miss Bennet. My name is Becky, Susan's manager." "Hello." Rachel held Becky's hand politely.

"It's about time. Let's go in." Looking at the time on her watch, Becky invited Rachel and Carson. She was a little worried that Susan had entered the hotel alone. Rachel nodded in agreement. "Alright, let's go." The melodious piano music surrounded the banquet hall of the hotel. Waiters were walking around the hall with trays of alcohol and food in their hands. Married women held the hands of their husbands as they chatted with their acquaintances, while the single ladies joked around with the young men. Everyone was well-dressed and they all looked very rich.

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

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

Suddenly, she heard footsteps coming from behind.

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

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

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

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

-catching person since he attended such a party.

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

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

first time she saw Carson after her rebirth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

his humor to test her.

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 365 Why Don't You Ask Yourself

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a sudden ache in her chest.

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

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Chapter 366 Explanation

Susan's cheeks were flushed with humiliation. She eased off fast and said, "I... I'm leaving now." Susan rushed out of the lounge as soon as she was done speaking. She passed by Carson, and on noticing her, he asked, "Miss Salazar, You weren't planning to stay for long, were you?" "Not really." Susan looked Carson in the eye after a little hesitation. It made her feel guilty in some way. She felt that Carson had seen through her thoughts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rachel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SY

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

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

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

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

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

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