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# Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 369 by Adolf Dunne

## Chapter 369 A Trap (Part One)

The waiter looked down, gently put the glass on the table, and left the lounge without looking back. Victor felt a like his temples would explode. He rubbed his temples with his thumb, but the drumming didn't cease. When he heard the door of the lounge closing, he sat up and tried taking the glass the waiter had left. That was when he realized that the side effect of the drug seemed to be getting more severe. He felt dizzy and weak the moment he touched the glass.

Unable to keep his hand steady, the glass slipped from his hand, falling to the floor with a crisp sound.

Brows furrowed in concentration, Victor held the handrail instinctively for support. At the same time, the door was opened from the outside.

Clara stood and watched Rachel. She couldn't stop wondering what had happened to Rachel, and where she had been for the past four years. Clara had a lot of questions for Rachel, but she recognized that she had no right, and was in no position to ask her anything. So, she had to contend herself with small talk.

"Mommy!" A figure in light yellow ran out of the banquet hall and coming straight at Clara. Clara caught her just in time and pinched her face dotingly. "Shouldn't you be with your grandparents? What are you doing here?" With her hair tied in a bun, the little girl looked like Clara.

When Rachel looked at the girl, she immediately recognized her—Riley. "Grandpa and Grandma are chatting with Uncle, and no one wants play with me." Riley puffed out her rosy

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cheeks to her mother. Slowly, her smile died down and she looked puzzled as she spotted Rachel out of the corner of her

eye. Clara followed her little girl's eyes and smiled softly. "Oh! This is your aunt Rachel." Clara gently put her hand gently on Riley's shoulder, encouraging her to be open with Rachel. Riley tilted her head and observed Rachel attentively. "Auntie, you are so beautiful." Everyone liked to be praised, and of course, Rachel was no exception. A smile naturally made its way to her face. Seeing her smile brought a smile to Clara's face. This was the first time Rachel was actually smiling genuinely since the birthday party started. Rachel's earlier smile was faint and somehow not real. It made Clara worry about her emotional problems. Clara didn't know how Rachel had managed in the past four years. As a woman, she knew fully well that it was difficult to live in a land you weren't used to, and having to conceal your identity at that was worse. She felt sorry for Rachel, especially when she saw how faint her smile was. Rachel was ridiculous four years ago, but her bright eyes sparkled. She still had some light in them. Clara narrowed her eyes at Riley's comment. Rubbing her nose, she said, "I'm so sweet to you, but you're not calling me beautiful."

Riley blinked her eyes rapidly, put her arms around Clara's waist and said in a singsong voice, "Mommy, you are, and will remain the most beautiful woman in my eyes. I'm meeting Aunt Rachel for the first time. I want to leave a good impression on her."

Clara chuckled at the little girl's words. Rachel raised her eyebrows when she heard what she said. "Riley, this is not the first time we're meeting." Riley widened her eyes and looked at Rachel in dismay. Indeed Rachel looked familiar, but she couldn't remember how she knew her. "I also think you look familiar," she said, then looked up at Clara for help.

Clara touched her head and said, "You do know her, sweetheart. She saved your life. You got lost once when you

were a little kid. Aunt Rachel searched for you everywhere and even almost had a car accident." These words triggered Riley's memory, and she began to remember Four years wasn't a very long time, but it wasn't a short time either. Riley was still very young at the time, and her memories of that period were vague. However, she could remember that she got lost. She also vaguely remembered Roger crying when she was in his arms.

Naturally, Riley didn't understand why her uncle was crying at that time. But as she thought of it now, the reason was obvious

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He had been crying because of Rachel. "I remember!" Riley smiled. "I remember I saw your picture in Uncle Roger's room before! No wonder I find you to be so beautiful! It was the same reaction I had when I saw your picture." 'Roger has my picture in his room?' it had been four years already. Rachel thought that Roger must have forgotten her by now. So it was really shocking hearing that he still had her picture on display in his room. This discovery stunned Rachel a little. Clara, too, was beside herself because, Riley had innocently evoked a topic she had deliberately been avoiding. She pinched Riley's face and said with a smile, "Riley, what are you talking about?" "I'm saying what I saw and can remember, Mommy."

The little girl was so innocent and absorbed in what she was saying that she didn't notice the slight change on Clara's face. "Mommy, I'm not a kid anymore. I'm going to primary school this year, you know?" "Yes, you're right." Afraid that Riley would say something else she shouldn't, Clara answered her hastily so that she wouldn't go back to it. Unfortunately for Clara, Riley had plans that were different from hers. The little girl walked up to Rachel and greeted, "Aunt Rachel?" "Yes?" Rachel left her thoughts when she heard her name and looked down at the little angel in front of her. Riley reached out and held Rachel's hand. "Aunt Rachel, my uncle doesn't have a girlfriend yet. Would you like to be his girlfriend? It disturbs my grandma that he isn't married yet. If you can be my uncle's wife, he will be very happy, and eventually, my grandma will be happy too."

2 Clara's eyelids twitched. "Riley..." Rachel was also surprised. That was the last thing she was expecting to hear from Riley. For a moment, it was silent everywhere. Clara pulled Riley's hand from Rachel's and said, "I don't know where you got this from, Riley. But you shouldn't talk nonsense, my dear." Riley pouted and muttered, "No, Mommy, it is not nonsense. Don't say that," "Rachel, you..." Clara started and trailed, not knowing exactly what to say. She knew it wasn't Riley's fault. After all, Riley was only a child. For her, nature had to take its course.

She was neither for or against Roger and Rachel being together. She just believed things couldn't be forced. "Don't worry, Clara. I'm not taking it seriously," Rachel said with a soft smile. Clara wasn't very convinced Rachel was okay with what Riley said. But since she said so, she decided to let it go and asked, "So, what's your next plan? I heard that you went back to work at the Bennet Group?" "That's right." Rachel smiled lightly. "You know my mother and grandparents left the Bennet Group to me. I have to take good care of it." Everyone looked at that group like it was a wastage of time and an error. So, they thought it was rather stupid of Rachel to go back. 3

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Clara also felt the same way. To her, there was no need keeping the Bennet Group, but she just nodded in understanding. "If you need help in any way, just let me know." Rachel just smiled and said, "I will, thank you."

"You don't have to be so polite to me. I really don't mind doing it. Rachel, I have always regarded you as a true

friend. You should know that..."

...you are the toughest girl I've ever met, and I admire you so much.'

Before Clara could speak her thoughts out loud, Riley, who was still standing next to her, suddenly held her belly. Her face turning pale, she said in a voice that trembled, "Mommy, my tummy aches."

## Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 370 by Adolf Dunne

### Chapter 370 A Trap (Part Two)

Riley's forehead was drenched in perspiration as a result of the excruciating discomfort. Clara's expression changed. She sank to her knees and reached out to stroke Riley's head.

"Riley, what have you had?"

Riley's forehead felt refreshingly chilly. Clara also took note of Riley's red blotches on his neck.

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Riley cupped her hands over her stomach. She answered in a hushed voice, "L.. I had some mango mousse."

Clara couldn't think of anything else.

Rachel also took note of Riley's neck's red patches. She had a good idea of what was going on right away.

Riley couldn't eat mangoes since she had a mango allergy. No one could possibly blame Riley for the amount of agony she was in. Clara didn't know how much she had eaten. She picked Riley up and was about to enter the hall.

After taking a glance around the banquet hall, Rachel grasped Clara's arm. "There are a tremendous number of people here. If we rush inside the building, we'll be sure to annoy the people inside. Over there is a stairwell. From here, we'll go to the upper section." Clara scanned the room before turning to face Rachel and nodding. "Surely Riley has tried mango before? Which anti-allergic medication has she previously taken? I'll go out and get it for her." Rachel showed concern. "Loratadine." Clara's scowl deepened as she continued to study Riley's pale face. Rachel took note of it and rushed out without thinking twice. Clara went on to carry Riley to the second floor.

In the lounge on the second floor

Victor squinted his eyes and moved his lips slightly as he looked at the woman standing at the door. "How did you end up here?" He was nothing less than aloof and threatening. Pretending not to notice his indifference, Susan shut the door. She approached him in her high heels and said, "You don't seem well, Victor. I'll help you get to a villa so that you can have some rest." At Waterfront Hotel, parties were held in the large hall of the main building. Guests who didn't want to go home after a banquet could stay in the villas.

With her gorgeous eyes, Susan stepped up to Victor and looked him in the eye. Victor was immediately greeted by the lovely scent from her. He began to sweat profusely and the blood in his veins

seemed to be boiling. Susan clung to his arm and teased him, "Victor..."

Her sweet voice could easily enchant a man. She also had his arm in hers. They were cool as if they might momentarily calm a man's worries. Victor wasn't a simpleton in the least.

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He quickly discovered that Susan's fragrance had a reeking quality to it. He unfastened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt's top buttons, and pushed her away. He appeared not to be able to exhale solely in this manner.

When she was shoved by Victor, Susan stumbled back a few paces.

"Get the fuck out of here!" There was a tinge of malice in Victor's shadowed gaze. Victor scared the living daylights out of Susan. She clenched her teeth and held back the butterflies in her stomach. "I want to care about you, Victor. Do not attempt to fling yourself off of me." Victor's eyes became colder as he gazed at her beautiful face. He was more certain that Susan's fragrance was off. However, she had only just entered the lounge. Unless he was allergic to the scent, it wouldn't have taken action any

soon.

To put it another way, the smell was only a catalyst. Apparently, he had already been doped. He reflected on the events of the last few hours. "Victor, how are you feeling at the moment? Let's get out of here. You need rest." Susan wasn't going to give up. She came back to Victor and tried to touch his arm again. Nevertheless, before she could even get close to him, a large hand wrapped around her neck and dragged her into the corner. "How dare you, Susan?" When Victor swung at her, Susan didn't expect him to strike her. It didn't matter how cold and callous he was to her, she didn't think he would harm her. Victor, on the other hand, suffocated her and was ready to murder her. Susan's heart began to race. She unconsciously extended her hand to fend off Victor's grasp. "Victor..." The rage in Victor's eyes colored them a fiery crimson. In the midst of Susan's pleading, he did not loosen his grasp at all.

Susan's eyes welled up with tears, and she could barely breathe.

Victor's temples began to hurt as he saw her pallid face, and memories began to pour back into his mind. Rachel nearly died four years ago when he grabbed her by the neck. "Don't. Please..." Susan pleaded for her life. Victor regained consciousness when he saw Susan sobbing and looking sad. It dawned on him that Rachel's face went red as he grabbed her. He had the sensation that a zillion needles had been inserted into his temples. He let go of her and stepped back. Susan's legs gave out and she collapsed to the floor. She put her hands over her neck and started to gasp for air. Victor sank his gaze to the floor. Back of his hand, his veins were bursting out of his body. His heart ached as he recalled the incident,

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and he felt as if he had lost all his power. He repressed his wrath and restlessness, clinched his hands and stared down at Susan coldly.

“Go to hell!” Victor was so mean to her. Susan’s face flushed as she fixed her gaze on Victor, her lips pursed. How was it possible that this happened? The drug was supposed to be working by now.

“I’m not about to repeat that,” Victor scolded frostily. “Else, you and your maker will be meeting soon.”

Susan’s cheeks became a shade of pale. Seeing Victor’s icy demeanor, she didn’t believe he was joking around. She would die there if she didn’t listen.

People all said Victor was ruthless. Susan used to think it was because he never gave others a way out in the business world and he was just indifferent to worldly affairs. But now... She had a new appreciation of his severity and ruthlessness, yet she still felt weird.

Knock! Knock! Someone knocked on the door. “Miss Salazar, are you inside?” To hide her embarrassment, Susan hurriedly rose up and fixed her clothing. “Yes.” “A number of reporters want you to go downstairs for an interview,” the man outside said. “Okay, I’ll be there in a few minutes.” Susan accepted the interview without hesitation. She was aware that Becky had asked many well-known media outlets to interview her. This was in order to undermine the negative public perception that had been created by her announcement of the rupture of her engagement. The guy standing there moved away. Susan brushed her hair at her temples and smiled. “Then I... I’m going now, Victor.”

There was a nearby drugstore. Alcoholics were prone to losing their cool and exchanging punches. They could get

hurt. Rachel promptly purchased the medication suggested by Clara.

Clara and Riley were waiting for her on the second floor when a waiter unexpectedly halted Rachel.

“You must be Miss Bennet, I’m I correct?” Rachel paused in her tracks and squinted at him suspiciously. “Yes. Is there a problem?” “Not at all. Miss Jimenez instructed that I keep an eye out for you here,” the waiter hastily answered. ‘Clara?’ Rachel, recalling Riley’s allergic responses, questioned, “What’s the matter? What’s up with Riley?” “Not exactly, Miss Bennet,

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all is good. Riley has been brought to a villa by Miss Jimenez, and she wanted to let you know. You'll find them there."

Rachel exhaled a sigh of relief as she heard this. "That's a fantastic thing, thank you. I'll set out to track them down."

"You mind me showing you the way?" "No, please. You could just tell me how to get there and I'll take myself." Rachel graciously refused. She glanced at her wristwatch and decided she didn't want to remain any longer since the present had been sent. She should remain with Clara and Riley for the duration of the celebration, and then leave when it was done. The waiter told her the villa number.

Rachel had the villa number in her head and the medication in her hand as she walked out the door.

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