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Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 371 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 371 A Trap (Part Three)

After watching Rachel call the elevator and leave after it arrived, the waiter took his phone out and sent a message. There was a red Ferrari parked at the entrance of the club's parking lot. A cellphone on the passenger seat of the supercar suddenly vibrated. Carson, who was in the driver's seat, looked over at the phone in surprise. He put the picture back in his pocket, picked the phone up, and unlocked it. "Mr. Scott, I made Miss Bennet leave the banquet hall for the villa, as you ordered me to." The message was from

the waiter.

Carson tapped the steering wheel rhythmically with his slender fingers as he read the message a few times. Then, he dialed a number

After a few rings, the person Carson called answered the phone. "What?" demanded the man on the other end of the line. He sounded irritable.

Carson raised his eyebrows slightly and joked, "Ah? Mr. Sullivan, what happened? Why are you so agitated?" The joke didn't amuse Victor; it only made him frown. He walked to the small refrigerator, took out a bottle of cold water, and drank half of it in one sitting. The chilling rush helped calm his nerves.

"Say what you want to say quickly!" Victor growled.

The unpleasant tone made Carson suspect something was wrong. "What's wrong? What happened?" Victor sighed as his thirst returned. "I'm fine," he replied, unwilling to continue the pointless conversation with Carson

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“Really?”

“Carson, if you have this much time on your hands, I don’t mind recommending you to Ivan, who has been searching far and wide for someone to manage a project in Syria,” Victor said, his patience wearing thin. The unyielding heat and discomfort he felt, which he suspected was a side-effect of the drug in his body, made him turn on the air conditioner and set it to the lowest temperature.

‘Syria... Carson’s eyes widened in alarm. He didn’t doubt the authenticity of Victor’s words.

The unrest there was so great that even a careful person could lose their life in the blink of an eye. If merely surviving was a tall task, then undertaking a project was suicide, and no one was ready to risk their lives. However, Victor was different, and Carson, who knew him better than many, was certain he could travel there to develop projects.

Laughing rather nervously, Carson replied, “My goodness, Mr. Sullivan, I have yet to make a woman mine, so how could I risk my life by going there? Okay, okay. You’re just mistaking my goodwill for ill intent.” Victor didn’t reply; he was at his wit’s end. But before he could hang up the call, Carson spoke again. “Well, don’t blame me for not reminding you. I just saw Rachel.”

Victor’s thumb stopped an inch away from the red “end call” button on the phone’s screen. “What do you mean?” Seeing that Victor’s interest was piqued, Carson smiled complacently. He placed one hand behind his head and said, “You should understand that you aren’t the only guest the Salazar family invited to the party they held, right? After all, the Sullivan family isn’t the only big shot in Apliaria; there’s also the Jimenez family.”

Victor was starting to understand where Carson was going with this.

“Is Roger here too?” Victor asked after a brief silence. His tone indicated he was stating a fact, not asking a question.

After Rachel jumped into the sea four years ago, Victor had sent people to look for her, and they searched unsuccessfully for three days and three nights. They eventually found a bloated and disfigured corpse that they couldn’t identify.

The search had gone on for so long that Victor collapsed from exhaustion afterward. When Roger got the autopsy

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result from the hospital, he flew into a rage and drove his car into Victor's vehicle. The crash was severe. Still, Roger was unharmed. He stormed out of his car, pulled Victor out of his wrecked car, and punched him hard. Victor was exhausted because he had jumped into the stormy sea to search for Rachel, and finding the bloated corpse had drained him emotionally. So, how could he, in that state, take Roger's punch? The force made Victor's head strike the rear of his car. Roger grabbed Victor's collar and screamed, "Where is she, Victor? Where is she? What was that you said? You said you'd remarry her, right? Then, why did she jump off the ship? Say something! Damn it!" Blood dribbled from Victor's lips, but he remained quiet. Infuriated, Roger punched Victor repeatedly, but Victor didn't resist. He seemed to have lost his soul after Rachel jumped off the ship. When Ivan noticed the scuffle, he quickly asked people to pull the two apart. Clara bolted out of the hospital to stop Roger's rage-fueled assault. Ivan called for another car to take Victor, and Clara held Roger's arm with all her strength to prevent him from hitting Victor again. . The Jimenez family and the Sullivan family were powerful and influential, yet their two heirs were fighting on the street. What would outsiders think? What would they say? Roger's eyes were red as he watched Ivan's people help Victor into the car. "You killed her, Victor! You killed her!" Victor and Roger hadn't seen each other since that unpleasant incident, despite being in Apliaria. Even if they were trying their hardest to avoid each other, as heirs to the two most powerful families, they should have bumped into each other at least once. Neither man knew that fate was preventing them from running into each other. "If I'm not mistaken, Roger should be here," Carson replied mysteriously. Victor's grip on the water bottle tightened unconsciously. He didn't notice the panic that gripped his heart after learning that Roger was also at the birthday party. When there was no response from the other end of the call, Carson decided to say something.

"They... They met?" Victor asked. Carson smiled. It seemed Victor believed him. In a good mood, Carson sat up straight and replied, "Maybe. Moments after I came out, I saw Rachel come out, too, and there was a man beside her. I could only see his back, but I think he might be Roger." Victor's eyes darkened. He squeezed the bottle so hard that the cap popped off, and water spilled everywhere, drenching his hand. "Hey, don't take it out on me. The Jimenez family have introduced many women to Roger in the past four years, but Roger didn't like any of them and remained single. He fought you for Rachel many times four years ago, but now that Rachel has returned, I don't think he'll do that again," Carson said.

Victor didn't reply, though. It was so quiet on the other end of the call that Carson thought he had lost the connection. He checked the phone's signal in surprise. However, the phone signal was still good. "Victor!"

"Is that all?" Victor asked in a low voice.

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When Carson heard the tone, he was stunned. “Why have you reacted like this?”

Victor tossed the crumpled bottle into the trash can and returned to the sofa. His expression turned as cold as

before, and he acted as though he hadn’t heard Carson’s question.

The only evidence of the panic-fueled rage he had briefly flown into was the wet spot on the carpet where water from the bottle had spilled.

Victor was restraining himself. .

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Chapter 372 A Trap (Part Four)

There was a brief silence in the other line. Then, Victor said, “Bye.” He ended the call without giving Carson the

opportunity to respond.

Carson’s eyes narrowed and the corner of his mouth twitched, it seemed that things have gone quite different from what he planned. He had thought that once Victor learned that Rachel was with Roger, he would ask him where they were and then go look for her. However, Victor was surprisingly calm. Carson even believed that seeing the depressed and regretful man in the past four years was an illusion. Nonetheless, he had already led Rachel to the villa.

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Carson shrugged it off and still sent Victor the villa number, muted the phone, and tossed it on the passenger seat. A smile formed on his lips. "As a friend, this is all i can do." He stepped on the accelerator. The Ferrari pulled out of the parking lot and drove away from the Waterfront Hotel.

Ding! A message popped out.

Victor's eyes narrowed as he examined Carson's text message on his phone. When he was done reading, he deleted everything in a swipe. .

He tightened his fists unconsciously as he closed his eyes. Just when he had calmed down, Rachel's face appeared in his mind again. He missed her so much and his heart longed for her. He couldn't help but murmur her name in a hushed voice. There was a garden between the hotel's main hall and the villas for the guests. In the garden, there were various crisscrossed trails. The air was refreshing and it was also incredibly quiet. Many customers who dined at the hotel's restaurant enjoyed taking a stroll through the garden.

There were dimmed road lamps on both sides of the cobblestone path, allowing people to see the way while giving them an aesthetic feel. Rachel looked at the sign and proceeded to the villa the waiter had just mentioned. However, despite walking for more than ten minutes, she was unable to find the villa. She grimaced as she checked the time on her phone. She changed her SIM card after coming back and she wasn't able to save Clara's phone number yet. Because of that, it was impossible to contact her and it might take forever to find her at this rate. Luckily, a woman who appeared to be working at this place was passing by and Rachel quickly walked up and called out to her. "Hello, what can I do for you?" the staff asked respectfully as she looked at Rachel. "I'm sorry to bother you, but where can I find this villa?" Rachel told the woman the villa number. "It's still a long way from here. How did you get here? You took the wrong way. The villa is in the opposite direction."

The woman was obviously surprised. 'In the opposite direction?' "But I followed the sign here..." Rachel murmured. "Oh! Yes, ma'am. We're very sorry. A drunk guest broke the sign yesterday. We haven't repaired it yet. It's our honest mistake."

The corner of Rachel's mouth twitched. She had walked such a long way but she was actually getting farther and farther from where she was supposed to go. "I see. So I should take that way?" Rachel pointed in the direction the staff had told her just now. She needed to give the medicine to Riley and she didn't have time to care about the sign.

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"Yes. Let me take you there. It's the least I could do." "Thank you."

"Please, follow me." The woman turned around and led the way. Rachel walked closely behind her.

Some people were chatting on the garden bench, while others strolled across the garden. But as Rachel walked further, the garden became deafeningly quiet. Except for her and the woman, there was no one else.

"We're almost there. The villa is in front of us," the woman said with a smile as she turned to Rachel. Rachel nodded and looked up, noticing a villa with lights turned on not far away. The woman evidently quickened her pace when they were about to arrive as if she couldn't wait. She appeared to be a little jittery. Rachel had her movements in sight.

Soon, they arrived at the door of the villa.

"This is our stop. You can go in now, ma'am." The woman stood at the entrance, smiling at Rachel as if she wasn't the one who had just walked in a haste. Rachel cast a cautious glance at the closed door and her eyes darkened as she looked back at the woman. "Who's inside?"

"What?" The woman was taken aback by the question, and her smile froze. "I wasn't walking in the wrong way, and the sign wasn't broken, right? This isn't the villa I want to go to, is it?" Rachel had a slight grin on her face. Her eyes, on the other hand, were cold and penetrating. Her deep stare jolted the woman, making her face turn pale. "Miss Bennet, I... I don't understand what you mean." The displeasure on Rachel's face made the woman nervous. "How do you know my last name is Bennet?" Rachel's eyes grew sharper.

The woman's complexion turned paler. "I... I..." "Tell me, who sent you here? Why did you bring me here?" Rachel remained still in her place, but she seemed to have everything under control. A bead of sweat on the woman's brow rolled down from the corner of her forehead and eventually fell to the ground. "No one sent me here." Her hands were clenched tightly. "Since you don't want to tell me, I'll take a guess."

The woman gulped in response when she heard Rachel's remark. "Is it Susan? Did she ask you to take me here?" Rachel raised her eyes and gave her a firm look. The woman's legs almost gave out as she heard Susan's name, nearly falling to the ground. It was already obvious because of her body language, but she refused to admit it by shaking her head. "No,

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not at all!" "Why did Susan give you the order?" Rachel crossed her arms and started to take a few steps forward. Her tone was calm, but the aura she was giving off intimidated the woman in front of her.

The woman bit her lower lip and shook her head continuously. "Even if you don't admit it, do you think Susan will let you go once she learns that you haven't completed your task?" Rachel said with a faint smile.

"No, that won't happen. She isn't going to make things difficult for me," the woman mumbled. Then she noticed Rachel's smug face. She quickly realized she had betrayed Susan and covered her mouth in shock. Rachel continued to stare her down, then she glanced at the villa's door once more with dark eyes. With a guilty huff, the woman lowered her head in disbelief. She didn't dare to talk and tightly clenched her clothes. "Since you're so stubborn, then come in with me," Rachel coldly said. "No, no!" When the woman heard Rachel was going to drag her in, she abruptly raised her head, turned back, and attempted to flee. However, Rachel swiftly grabbed her arm. "Miss Bennet, please don't..." The woman begged with teary eyes, knowing that she couldn't get rid of Rachel. "I can't go in."

You can't? Why? I thought you said no one sent you? Aren't you going to escort me inside?" Rachel looked at her

coldly.

There is a man inside..." the worker remarked in a trembling voice after a little pause.

The trembling woman was afraid to continue, but Rachel was well aware of the situation. Miss Bennet, Miss Salazar asked me to do this... I had no other choice. If I didn't do this, I would lose my job. I have to take care of my grandma, so I can't risk losing it."

And then?" Rachel raised a brow. "Pardon me?" The woman didn't understand what she meant. "I don't think Susan just wants me to spend a night with a man. What will happen if I go inside?"

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The woman swallowed nervously and looked at Rachel with uneasiness. Finally, she began to speak.

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Chapter 373 A Trap (Part Five)

Half an hour ago, Susan awkwardly walked out of the lounge. As soon as she arrived at the first floor, she saw Rachel leave after talking to a waiter. Clenching her fists, Susan glared at her back.

After the waiter sent a message to Carson, he turned around, and was startled to see Susan standing behind him. "Miss Salazar." His expression changed as he subconsciously put his hands behind his back and retreated.

His nervousness caused Susan to grow suspicious of him and she suddenly noticed his hands behind his back. "What were you doing just now?" "Nothing..." "Really? Then what are you hiding behind?"

His face paled as he gripped his phone tightly behind his back. "I am not hiding anything."

"If you're not hiding anything, then why do you seem so nervous? Did you steal something?" Squinting her eyes at him, she stepped closer and reached out her hand. "Hand it over now, and I'll pretend like I did not see it, but if you refuse, then don't blame me later when I ask the guards to frisk you." "No, I didn't steal anything. Miss Salazar, please trust me. I really didn't steal anything. How could I do such a thing?" he said in a fit of panic. "Since you don't seem to want to admit it, I have no choice but to ask the guards to come over." Taking a glance at the waiter, Susan took out her phone and pretended to make a call. Seeing that, the waiter immediately knelt down before her.

Susan did not expect him to do that, and was startled, so she quickly stepped back. "What's that supposed to mean? Is this your way of threatening me?" "I..." The waiter was so anxious that his eyes turned red. Although he was wronged, he didn't know how to justify himself.

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“Miss Salazar, I really didn’t steal anything.” “We’ll know that after the guards check you. You were just trying to cover up your act. Who knows if you were trying to make me go so that you can hide what you stole?” With that, Susan turned away and called someone. “Hello, I’m Susan. There is a thief here. You...” All of a sudden, the phone fell to the floor and the call ended abruptly.

Looking at the phone that he threw to the floor in a fit of panic, the waiter said, “I... I didn’t mean to do that. I just want you to listen to my explanation. I...” Seeing that, Susan smiled imperceptibly and crossed her arms over her chest. “Okay, I’ll give you a chance. I’d like to hear what you want to say!” Gulping, the waiter told her that Carson had asked him to lead Rachel to a villa. “Miss Salazar, what I said is true. I would never dare to lie to you. I really didn’t steal anything...” He kept repeating his words over and over again. “Did he tell you why he wanted Rachel to go to the villa?” Susan asked, gritting her teeth. The waiter shook his head.

Susan frowned. Understanding that he was not lying to her, she motioned for him to leave. “Alright, you may leave.”

“Miss Salazar, do you believe me?” “What? Don’t you want to leave? Are you really going to wait for the guards to come? I can ask them to investigate you now, you know?” Susan said coldly.

Upon hearing that, the waiter did not dare to stand there for even a moment. He immediately stepped back, bowed to her, thanked her, and walked away.

Susan picked up the phone from the floor and looked at the time on the screen. The waiter’s words echoed in her ears.

Carson would not have asked Rachel to go to the villa for no reason, but why did he do it? Thinking of Carson’s attitude towards Rachel and the way she lost face in front of Victor, hatred for Rachel brewed in her heart, causing

her a lot of pain. And she blamed Rachel for everything.

If it had not been for that woman, she would have married Victor. “What? I heard that Rachel used to be crazy. She would do anything. I was expecting her to be ugly, and not beautiful. She is nothing like what people described her to be.”

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"I feel the same way, and when it comes to wealthy families, anything could happen. Perhaps, someone was jealous of her beauty and slandered her on purpose. Didn't you see Clara talking to Rachel in a friendly way? I heard that Clara is the kind of woman who doesn't like the women from wealthy families in Apliaria. She likes to make friends with people with good character, and I believe that she has a good relationship with Rachel."

Susan heard the reporters' whispers as they walked into the party. 'Rachel! It's always about her!'

Susan clenched her teeth, unable to stand it anymore. "Why are you so talkative? I invited you here to take pictures of me. If you like Rachel, then you can go and interview her instead! Get out!"

The reporters were stunned by Susan's words.

"Miss Salazar, you..."

"Fuck off! Didn't you hear what I just said?"

The reporters were at a loss for words. At the same time, Becky, who was looking for Susan, noticed the noise. She saw Susan and heard what she said to the reporters. So her face turned pale as she walked to them. "I'm sorry, Miss Salazar. We didn't mean to do that. We didn't know you were here." One of the reporters bowed to her apologetically. Even after hearing that, Susan was still irritable. "Don't try to fool me. You did it on purpose. Were you trying to mock me by mentioning Rachel? Well, you are not a good reporter. You just want to attract people's attention by using such dirty tactics." Furious, Susan lost her mind. The reporters did not think before they spoke, and now, they felt bad when she was degrading their work.

After all, they were invited to come there, and they were not obliged to stay.

"Susan!" Becky grabbed Susan's arm, turned around, and signaled her assistant to deal with the reporters before she

dragged her away. Susan shook off her hand. With a fierce look, Becky asked, "Susan, do you know what you just did? Do you know what will happen if they

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record everything you said to them and posted it online?” “Let them do it! I’ll let people know what kind of a person Rachel is!” Becky placed her hand on her forehead, annoyed. “Let people see what kind of person Rachel is? Susan, do you really think that your words are enough to make people believe that Rachel is bad? Do you even know what you are doing? You are slandering Rachel!”

‘Slandering...’ Susan heard it clearly. Something suddenly occurred to her, so she turned around, intending to leave.

Seeing that, Becky stopped her, and asked, “What are you going to do now? Susan, calm down.”

“I’m very calm. Becky, don’t worry about me. I’m sober,” Susan replied. ‘Didn’t you just say that I was slandering Rachel? I’ll prove it to people if I am slandering her or if I am telling the truth!’

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