

## Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 161

### Chapter 161

Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 161 by Adolf Dunne

In the CEO's office on the thirty-third floor The moon could be clearly seen up in the sky. It shone delicately through the French windows, thereby making the originally dark office slightly bright. Ivan knocked on the door before walking in. When he entered, a strong smell of smoke greeted him. His eyes caught the sight of Victor sitting behind the desk. "Mr. Sullivan?" "Hm." The voice that answered him was low and hoarse, perhaps because the speaker had smoked a few cigarettes.

Ivan stepped forward and took a better look at the ashtray on the table. There were at least five cigarette butts in it. This came as a surprise to him. This was definitely the first time that he had seen him smoke so many cigarettes. It wasn't in Victor's nature to have more than one or two sticks. But tonight, it seemed that he had been smoking for a long time.

"Ivan!"

"Is there something I have got to do for you, Mr. Sullivan?" Ivan suppressed his astonishment and gave a reply. Victor looked up at him and leaned back. He almost drifted into the darkness. His dark eyes were full of obscure emotions. After a moment of silence, he asked, "Are you in love with someone?" "What?" Ivan was really stunned by the

question. This made him to think that his ears misheard the words.

“Mr. Sullivan, did you just ask me if I have someone I like?” Victor didn’t say a word. But his silence only proved that Ivan heard right. He didn’t get it wrong. It was not a particularly strange question. But what shocked him was that it came from Victor, who had always been abstinent. There was never a time when he showed any interest in women. It was quite abnormal for him to ask such a question. ‘Wait! Maybe Mr. Sullivan suddenly finds out that he likes men!

And that is why he asked me that question. Does he have a kind of affection for me?’ The expression on Ivan’s face changed slightly albeit noticeably. He took a step back, swallowed and said, “Mr. Sullivan, I... I am into women.” Notwithstanding, it was clear that his answer didn’t sound very convincing to Victor. “I know you like women.” “I am not into men!” Ivan was quick to add.

Victor frowned. “What I asked is quite simple to answer, isn’t it? Just tell me if there’s someone you like. Do you think I was asking you about your sexual orientation?” “Weren’t you asking me about it?” Ivan appeared astounded. Victor fixed his gaze at him without saying anything. Ivan looked back at him before coming back to his senses. ‘Maybe I’m thinking too much. Mr. Sullivan doesn’t seem like someone who is interested in men.’

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“Those bastards! I will report this to the committee!”  
Quintin hit the table loudly. Huffing, he stood up abruptly, ready to talk to the committee. Although they weren’t decent people, selling secrets was still a huge issue. The secret leak that happened three years ago almost overturned the Red Hackers. If they knew what Wallace and Tara were doing, they would not let it go. Those guys wanted money to cultivate their own forces.

But if the alliance was once again in turmoil or even destroyed, everything would be meaningless. They would also be discovered being bribed if ever an investigation would take place. “Wait,” Rachel said, stopping Quintin. “What’s wrong?” Quintin asked in confusion. “You have no evidence that Wallace and Tara have been selling secrets. Do you think the committee will believe you? After all, you worked for me, who they think of as a traitor.

Do you think who they’ll trust, you or the two of them?” She knew that they would believe Wallace and Tara. That was for sure. If Quintin told the committee about this without evidence, no one would believe him. Even if they had doubts, they couldn’t do anything about Wallace and Tara just because Wallace and Tara met with Jason. Without evidence, they couldn’t be convicted. “You are not a traitor!” Quintin said word by word with seriousness.

“But you’re right. We have no evidence. What we should do?” “Since they have made great efforts to meet here in Apliaria, I’m sure there wouldn’t be only one meeting. Help me check Tara and Wallace’s schedule. Jason will

leave someday. Soon, they will definitely meet again.” “I understand,” Quintin said.

Jason was an important figure. The longer he stayed in Apliaria, the higher risk of being targeted he would be at. Therefore, he soon had the second meeting with Wallace and Tara.

In a cafe Rachel arrived at their meeting place before the agreed time. It was a workday, and there *were* few customers in the cafe. The waiters chatted at the front desk. Not long after she arrived, the door was pushed open. Ding! The wind chime that hung over the door rang. Rachel took a sip of the warm water and looked at Wallace and Tara, who walked in side by side carrying a computer.

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Rachel’s eyes appeared really unemotional. “I think you have got the wrong person, sir.” Wallace looked at her, his gaze firm and penetrating. He neither responded nor moved. Then, he grabbed her wrist with great strength. After struggling for a while, Rachel still couldn’t withdraw her hand. “Sir, please let go of me!” she said in a serious tone. A waiter came over in a hurry. “Sir, is there any misunderstanding?”

At this time, another customer pushed the door open, and the wind bell rang. The tintinnabulation made Wallace to his senses. His eyes ran a quick check on the waiter and

Rachel. After realizing what he had just done, he loosened his grip at once. "I... I'm sorry," he stuttered "It's okay," Rachel said indifferently before walking past him to her seat. Wallace looked down at his hand that held her wrist only a moment ago.

He could still feel the warmth of her skin. She had a faint but captivating fragrance, which was very familiar to him. Prior to perceiving it on her, he had smelled it from Shelia. His gaze remained fixed on Rachel's rear view. He was lost in thoughts again. Apart from the fact that both of them smelled exactly the same, she also liked to order coffee with two ice cubes and lemon juice, just like Shelia. Was it a mere coincidence?

Rachel sat down, propping her hands on the table while staring at something outside the window. Wallace felt his heart skip a beat. He was so drawn to her such that it proved difficult to restrain his legs from moving. Before fully understanding what had come over him, he was already standing next to Rachel. "You..." Wallace moved his lips and wanted to ask something, but he could not find the words to describe what he was feeling. Rachel had already seen his reflection through the window. She was not surprised by his existence.

On hearing his voice, she turned around and said unhappily, "Sir, you must be mistaking me for someone else. My name is not Shelia." "Sorry, it wasn't my intention to hurt you earlier. Hope I didn't? Wallace said to her in a bid to ease himself of the tension. "Not at all." As soon as Rachel finished speaking, the waiter brought her order.

Then, she poured the lemon juice on the ice cubes, broke them into pieces, and put some into her mouth.

Rachel was still doing exactly the same thing that Shelia used to do. This left Wallace stunned once more. "Excuse me, sir, what else can I do for you?" "Nothing!" Wallace's eyes fell on her drink again. "But if I may ask, why do you pour the lemon juice on the ice cubes?" "Is there any problem with that?"

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## Chapter 165

### **Chapter 165 Rachel With Shelia's Soul**

"Stop saying that. She's already dead. We saw her lifeless body with our own eyes. How can she still be alive?" Wallace frowned and said calmly, although some doubt lingered in his heart.

Tara pursed her lips and stared at the bell in silence, almost like the object entranced her. Noticing that the woman didn't look quite well, Wallace quickly threw the bell into the trash can and held her tightly in his arms. "It's okay now. Didn't you use each other's bags and clothes before? Maybe she left it in your bag by accident." It fell into her bag accidentally? What were the odds of that happening? Tara couldn't help but look at the trash can, seemingly lost in thought.

She hadn't uttered a single word. Wallace gently stroked her back and said, "I think you need to take some melatonin too. You haven't had a good rest these days. All this pressure must be getting to you." "Wallace, do you think that someone found out the actual cause of Shelia's death and used this bell to scare us?"

"Do you think someone wants to avenge her?" Tara asked in a low and shaky voice. It was clear that she was distraught. Her heart thumped wildly inside her chest as

beads of sweat trickled down her face. The response she was waiting for never came. Instead, deafening silence filled the air. Wallace didn't know what to say. His eyes darkened, and his thin lips curled into a frown. There was a chance that Tara's assumption wasn't far from the truth.

The bell here was too suspicious. Deep inside, he didn't believe his own explanation. Tara and Shelia used to be best friends. Indeed, they would use bags and clothes occasionally, but oftentimes, Tara borrowed things from Shelia. Moreover, during Shelia's three years of imprisonment, Tara had bought many new bags. So this bag had nothing to do with Shelia. "But not many people know about this. Who else do you think will avenge her?"

Hearing Wallace's haunting question, Tara couldn't think of an immediate answer. When Shelia was still alive, there were only a few individuals she trusted. That short list included Tara, Wallace, and... A familiar name suddenly popped into Tara's mind. Her wide eyes quickly turned to Wallace. Judging from the grim look on his face, it seemed Wallace knew exactly who Tara was thinking about.

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Three days later, the sky outside was a gloomy grey. It had rained the previous night and hadn't stopped until early that morning. The air was filled with a faint fragrance of green grass and soil. It was oddly refreshing. Rachel

leaned against the railing of the balcony. She placed her chin in her palms and looked down. "Boss, it's a pity that you weren't here to see it! The whole thing was just epic. If only that shameless could have seen their faces.

It was hilarious how they kept changing color." Quintin's excited voice came through her earpiece. "But that was just being too easy on them. I would have shot the two of them on the spot if it wasn't illegal. How dare they try to poison you? Even a thousand years in prison wouldn't be enough!"

On the day of the re-election, Quintin played a recording of the conversation the two had with Jason in front of everyone. At first, Wallace and Tara tried to deny it. They even had the guts to frame Quintin. But they hadn't expected that Jason had been caught, and he had already sold them out.

The international police took them away. The six old men in the committee were voted out, and all the affairs were temporarily taken over by the acting presidents. They were now preparing for the selection of the new committee. "Don't worry. I also know how to return the favor. They will pay for everything they've done. Five years in prison is just the beginning," said Rachel slowly, looking into the distance. She didn't want them to die.

That just would be too merciful. Death was just an escape. It was better to drag it out to the end. What would be truly terrifying was a life of endless darkness, dangling between hope and despair. "Do you have the chip?" Rachel closed her eyes as she suppressed her anger. Quintin fiddled with

the chip in his hand. Rachel had installed it on Wallace's laptop. That kind of chip wasn't rare. It was specially designed for stealing data, and they often used it when they were on missions.

If it had been in the past, Wallace would have found it easily. But they panicked when the bell appeared. In addition, they had underestimated Rachel. They hadn't expected her to attach the chip to Wallace's laptop. The data they wanted to sell to Teskesh would be disturbed and stolen by the chip's signal the moment it was sent out.

However, it would still show that it had been sent successfully. "Don't worry. I got it on the day of the re-election. Except for the data sold to Teskesh, I haven't found any clues related to the information leakage three years ago on Wallace's laptop," Quintin said in a disappointed tone.

## Chapter 167

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Another two days passed, but Victor still hadn't come back to Sue Garden. Lukas wondered whether he should tell Rachel. Rachel, on the other hand, was quite happy about not seeing Victor for days. After breakfast, Rachel went upstairs to change her clothes and was on her way out. Lukas walked up to her and asked curtly, "Miss Bennet, are you going out?" "Yes, I have an appointment with Andy." Andy had proved efficient. In less than two weeks,

except for the fifty-five percent of the shares Victor owned, they had bought the rest of the shares of Bennet Group.

Afraid that Victor would find out, Rachel had split up the shares and registered them under the names of three organizations. The reason why she was meeting Andy that day was to sign the commission contracts. It was the only way to have the shares registered under the agencies.

“Could you please bring some medicine to Mr. Sullivan on your way, Miss Bennet? The driver has just called to inform me that Mr. Sullivan has a stomach ache. This medicine was specifically imported for him, and can’t be found in any of the local drugstores here,” Lukas explained as he passed on the bottle of pills to her.

“Miss Bennet, with the change in weather, several servants have caught a severe cold and asked for leave. I can’t leave the house as it is. Could you please do this favor for me?” Lukas added, afraid that Rachel wouldn’t agree. 1 Rachel’s refusal was stuck in her throat. She knew the pressure he was under to keep the house in order. “Okay, I’ll take it to him later.” Rachel frowned as she took the medicine. “Thank you, Miss Bennet.”

Rachel curled her lips, put the bottle in her bag and turned around to leave. Seeing Rachel go, Lukas murmured under his breath, “I hope they get to talk it out.” He could tell that Victor loved Rachel even if he didn’t show it openly. When Rachel arrived at the cafe they had agreed on, she found Andy there waiting for her. It didn’t take a lot of time to get everything done.

After checking the contracts and handing them to the project director of the securities exchange agency, Andy

turned to Rachel. "Miss Bennet, how about we have lunch together? Now you have taken back all the shares, and you insist on selling them, we should discuss the requirements you have for a buyer." "About that, I already found a buyer." Rachel asked the waiter for a paper and a pen. "How come? So soon?"

## Chapter 168

### **Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 168 by Adolf Dunne**

"What are you doing?" Ivan coldly asked as he exited the elevator, catching a glimpse of the medicine bottle in the woman's hand. "Mr. Chavez!" The receptionist gasped and took a step back. Ivan quickly went to her and snatched the medicine bottle from her grasp. "Where did you get this? Who told you to throw it away? Answer me!" Victor had an international video conference earlier. During the meeting, he suffered a stomachache. He asked Ivan to bring the medicine he had kept in his office, but it was unexpectedly all used up.

Ivan called Lukas and asked him to bring some medicine. The latter never showed up, so Ivan decided to get the bottle himself. However, as soon as he stepped out of the elevator, he noticed that the receptionist was about to throw away the medicine Victor had usually taken.

The receptionist stuttered, "I...um... Rachel brought it here. I thought the drug may be poisonous, so I..." "So you decided to throw it away? What gives you the right to

decide throwing away Mr. Sullivan's things?" Ivan narrowed his eyes. "I... I..." The receptionist turned paler by the second, tears running down her cheeks.

Clenching the medicine bottle tightly in his hand, Ivan gritted his teeth and said, "I will inform Mr. Sullivan about this. And you... Prepare yourself for the worst. Surely you've got some explanation for this. Get out of here if you can't justify your actions!" After saying that, Ivan turned around and took the elevator, heading straight to the 33rd floor. The receptionist's face was grim, and she couldn't stand still. She took a few steps back and fell to the floor after colliding with the trash bin.

When Ivan arrived at the 33rd floor, the meeting had just ended. He knocked on the door first before coming in. He then proceeded to pour some water for Victor, and handed him two pills. Victor didn't get enough rest this week. He had to work overtime for two consecutive days after coming home from Switzerland. The stomachache seemed to worsen and his pallor wasn't any better. He took the pills and swallowed them without drinking water. "Mr. Sullivan, it was Miss Bennet who brought this medicine," Ivan said as he placed down the glass of water, glancing at his boss. "Rachel?"

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After parting ways with Roger, Rachel eventually went back to Sue Garden. As soon as she entered the living room, she noticed that something that looked like a snow white ball was running towards her. Then, it rubbed her ankle and called softly. "Meow. Meow." Seeing this, Rachel bent down and picked up the fluffy cat. At the same time, the servant appeared, catching her breath. When she saw that Rachel was already holding the cat, she looked worried.

"Miss Bennet, I'm so sorry. It escaped from the cage..."  
"It's okay. Anyway, have you taken it to the vet?" "Yes. It has already been vaccinated against rabies but still have one shot left. Miss Bennet, please give me the cat. It has one more shot to take before completing the dosage of the vaccination.

If it gets angry and managed to scratch you, Lukas won't spare me." "Meow..." The kitten suddenly nestled in Rachel's arms obediently. It was as if it understood what the servant said and tried to prove its meekness in front of her. Rachel raised an eyebrow and let out a faint smile. She realized that this cat was indeed smart.

However, even if it seemed that it didn't pose any danger, Rachel knew that the servant was right. Although the cat wouldn't scratch or bite her, she was still pregnant. It was better to be extra cautious in everything. Therefore, she gently handed the cat over to the servant. "Miss Bennet, you are back." As Lukas went downstairs, the servant gave him a brief report. Then, he just nodded and proceeded to ask Rachel, "Have you given the medicine to Mr. Sullivan?"

“Yes.” Looking at the little cat in the servant’s arms, Rachel felt a little warm in her heart. She didn’t know what kind of cat it was, but its white hair felt so soft. Once it curled up, it looked like a snowball. She couldn’t help herself, so she slightly reached out and pinched the cat’s cute little paw. “Lukas, I already ate before coming home. I want to go upstairs for now and rest. You don’t have to wake me up for lunch.” “I see. Please rest well.”

Lukas nodded, hesitated for a moment, and asked, “Miss Bennet, did Mr. Sullivan feel better after taking the medicine?” “Well, I suppose so.” “Suppose? What do you mean?” Lukas furrowed his brows. “Didn’t you give the medicine to him yourself?” “No. I didn’t have to. I gave the medicine to the receptionist and asked her to bring it up to him,” Rachel explained. “What’s wrong? Is something the matter? If you are worried about him, you can call Ivan and ask about it.”

## Chapter 170

### **Chapter 170 I Would Hate You So Much**

Before he could even swallow the wine, Carson spat it out. He then grabbed a napkin and pensively dabbed it on his mouth. When he finally came to his senses, he turned to Victor. “Are you serious?” he asked. Although Victor didn’t turn to look at him, Carson could see how cold and piercing his gaze was.

He even caught him pursing his lips as he stared deep into the wine in his glass. Of course, Carson was at a loss. He had already noticed some signs that Victor was telling the

truth, but he was quite surprised to actually hear him say it. 'Huh. Who would have thought that a cold and arrogant man like Victor would one day admit that he fell in love with a woman? And with Rachel, of all people?' After all this time, Carson had supposed that Victor would die alone, without ever loving somebody "I thought you hated her very much. Didn't you want her to just, I don't know, disappear whenever she was around you?"

Carson snorted and shook his head. "Seriously, man. You fell in love with her after you two got divorced? Do you know what that makes you?" Victor poured himself another glass of wine and drank it up. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down, but he still didn't utter a word. "Are you out of your mind?" Carson gawked at him as he spouted every word. Victor definitely didn't see that coming. Although he didn't show it, what Carson said hit his heart hard.

All of a sudden, he felt a spasm in his stomach. He could only frown because of the pain. Then, he heard Carson's voice again. <sup>1</sup> "You know what you've done to Rachel before? That's not something normal people just get over. Some would probably feel devastated until they give up on life. But damn, Rachel is much stronger than I thought she was." Victor clenched his jaw. 'Was I really that horrible to her?' Right then, he felt a chill down his spine.

"You're the one who wants me dead the most in the world, right?" For a split second, he thought he heard Rachel's voice. His heart skipped a beat. Carson knew what was going on in Victor's mind. He swirled his glass and smelled the wine. "Well, I really can't say. But, if I were Rachel..."

