

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 357

The cab circled Southeast Avenue twice before heading straight for the Bennet family's house. Quintin sat in front of the computer, staring at the red dot that moved in actual time on the screen. When he heard Rachel indicate she was being trailed, he immediately locked the traveling direction of the cab which Rachel was in and came across all of the Surveillance cameras on Southeast Avenue. "Boss, the car in the rear is fast approaching." Quintin observed the shifting statistics on the screen. Rachel looked through the rearview mirror again and mentally estimated the time.

After fifteen minutes, the individual in the car should have been agitated. Furthermore, she purposefully asked the driver to drive around Southeast Avenue twice without concealing her thoughts. No matter how oblivious the individual was, they should have understood they had been duped. As Rachel approached the Bennet family's gate, the car behind her abruptly accelerated and came to a complete halt in front of her, blocking her path. The cab driver hadn't anticipated the car stopping in front of them. He responded by stepping hard on the brakes. Squeak!

The asphalt was left with two long marks due to the hard braking. The driver almost slammed his head on the steering wheel. "You maniac! Are you blind? If you are tired of breathing, please go die alone!" The driver could only be so profane. When she overheard the driver cursing, Rachel unbuckled her seat belt and told him, "I'm off here." Following that, she took out her wallet to make payment for the ride. "Thank you," she said and gave the driver some bucks. The driver cheerfully counted the money. The money summed to five hundred dollars! The driver was in awe.

That was his daily income as a cab driver! While the driver didn't anticipate having such a good night, he made five hundred dollars in just two trips along Southeast Avenue! His anger that he almost got his car hit dissipated unknowingly due to the excitement. He told her happily, "Miss, your ride was meant to end a short distance ahead. Should I drop you off there?" "No, please. You just said that it's just ahead. I'll get there myself." Rachel rejected his offer and got out of the car. Since she insisted, there was nothing else the driver could do. On top of that, Rachel had made his night.

There was no way he could insist further. "Watch yourself, miss," he said as he turned around and drove off. Not far away, the driver happened to pass the car that had just braked in front of him. The car came to a complete stop, and the passenger did not exit the vehicle. Because the windows were closed, it was impossible to see what was going on

inside the car. The driver tilted his head and stared at the car instinctively. He grimaced in distaste and said in a murmur, "What a freak!"

He then sped away

There were fewer automobiles on the road after half-past ten. Furthermore, the Bennet family's property was among the villa cluster on Riverside Avenue, and there were fewer cars.

The silence here could relate to a graveyard.

Rachel remained motionless, her hands in her pockets, staring at the license plate of the black car not far away.

Shortly, the front door opened. The driver then got out and approached Rachel.

She was a woman, and not a stranger one to her.

Quintin discovered who owned the car when he locked Rachel's position. That was why Rachel decided to play with her.

The street lighting on both sides of the road was bright, and Rachel could plainly see the woman's dissatisfied expression.

It went without saying that the woman was irritated when she realized that she had been duped. "Rachel Bennet." The woman got to her and discourteously called out her full name. The woman appeared to be really irritated. She had previously been quite courteous and addressed Rachel as Miss Bennet.

"Miss Salazar, I could hardly be wrong, right? You don't live around here. What business brings you here this late?" Rachel said matter-of-factly with a smile. What she said appeared to be usual, but when anyone heard it, they'd feel pressured Susan was taken aback by Rachel's great personality.

"I... I came for my friend." Rachel raised her brows slightly and replied, "Oh, it's so late already. Miss Salazar, you must be on your way back, correct? Then I'm not going to waste a second of your time. I'll leave. Take care on the road." Rachel, who had no emotion on her face, was preparing to walk away from Susan, her hands in her pockets. Susan was dumbfounded by those words. Her anger even made her look uglier, if not ugly. She snatched Rachel's arm and clenched her teeth before saying, "Wait." In response, Rachel bowed her head and fixed her gaze on Susan's arm. Her eyes looked exceedingly unfriendly that instant. Susan simply felt a chill down her spine as she looked into Rachel's eyes.

She let go of Rachel's arm with an unfathomable bad feeling. "Miss Salazar, do you require anything from me?" Rachel asked. "I..." Susan regained her composure and said, "I'm honestly here looking for you, not a friend." "I'm quite aware," Rachel said. Susan looked at Rachel, aware that she had been tricked once more, and replied, "You were already aware of this, weren't you? You were quite informed that I had been following you at all times." "You

could say that." Rachel nodded. "After all, it's not merely a fluke that someone followed the cab I took and drove about at this late hour."

The fact that Rachel had figured her out made Susan feel humiliated. "Now that you're aware of it, why did you instruct the driver to purposefully drive around? You did it deliberately to laugh at me!" Susan couldn't get more irritated. Rachel didn't deny it. Susan pulled a long face. Rachel glanced at her phone's screen to see what time it was. She had to pack her clothes and return to the hospital. Joe had fallen asleep early, and it was difficult to predict when he would awaken. If he woke up and didn't see her, he might create a scene. She didn't have time to waste on Susan. "Miss Salazar, I apologize if you followed me all the way here only to question me about this. I have something else to do, so I'll depart pretty first"

"You..." Susan got quite agitated. When Rachel was about to go, she sighed heavily and said, "I came here to congratulate you." That really puzzled Rachel. Susan became furious as she observed Rachel's perplexed expression, Rachel, in her opinion, was simply playing dumb. But in the real sense, Rachel was totally not familiar with what Susan was talking about. Congratulate? Why would she come to congratulate me?' Susan scoffed and said, "Miss Bennet, have had enough now? You can go ahead and laugh if you want to." "I honestly don't know what you're referring to, Miss Salazar," Rachel said plainly. "Is it that you don't know what am talking about? Or are you just pretending?"

Victor didn't tell you?" Perhaps Susan was truly unhappy these days as a result of her prolonged depression. Her tone deteriorated, and her eyes turned red. Faced with the incomprehensible animosity directed at her, Rachel cast a chilly glance at Susan. Rachel was able to ignore Susan's innate antagonism towards her for the first two occasions since Susan was Victor's fiancée and she was Victor's ex-wife. However, the third time that she'd tried that, Susan would fail terribly. Rachel was neither a pushover nor was she easily swayed. "Susan, the business between you and Victor has nothing to do with me.

If you came to me about Victor, you might as well be troubling yourself." Susan puckered her lips so tightly that they turned pale. "I've been estranged from Victor for a long time. We split four years ago, and everyone knows it. Miss Salazar, you can't just come to me because I'm his ex-wife. Don't waste your time on me if you genuinely want to win him over." Rachel's face was expressionless. She then began walking ahead.

She had spoken everything she needed to. Susan would then decide whether to listen or not. Rachel was under no responsibility to console her or make any promises. "Our engagement is off," Susan said all of a sudden. "Could that be essential enough for me to come to you?"

