

Chapter 10

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 10 by Adolf Dunne

Rachel was led into a room, where Eva asked her to take a seat and began applying makeup on her face and doing her hair.

When she was done, it was already six o' clock in the evening.

Rachel had no idea what Victor wanted from her. All she could do was sit and wait.

There was a knock on the door and Eva walked over to open it. Rachel was sitting with her back to the door, but through the mirror she could see the two men who brought her here standing on the doorway.

“It’ s time,” one of the men said curtly.

“She will be ready in a few minutes,” Eva nodded.

Rachel drummed her fingers on the table as Eva closed the door and came over.

“Miss Bennet, time to change into your outfit for the night.”

Rachel turned to Eva blinking in astonishment. “Who asked you to dress me up?”

“Mr. Sullivan, of course,” Eva said, her polite yet weirdly unsettling smile never leaving her lips.

“Do you know why?” Rachel was desperate for the slightest piece of information about what Victor had in store for her.

Eva averted her gaze and made sweeping gesture. “The staff here respects the customers’ privacy.”

Rachel looked at Eva searchingly for a while longer, then stood up and walked towards the fitting room.

A single dress was hanging inside. Rachel’s eyes hardened at the sight of it, her expression inscrutable.

She stayed there, staring at the dress for a few moments.

It was all clear now, what Victor wanted from her. This flimsy piece of clothing was all the proof she needed.

“Argh!”

With a muffled sound, that woman landed hard on the sofa.

Somehow, Victor managed to stand up in time and dodge her. He grabbed a wet wipe from Ivan and rubbed his fingertips against it.

“It seems that my date didn’t disappoint you, Mr. Guzman,” he said flatly.

“I didn’ t expect you’ d be in the company of such a beauty.” Trevor raised his head and took a sip of his wine. He reluctantly dragged his eyes away from Rachel and turned to Victor with an uncertain look on his face.

“Were you serious before? About the… game? You were surely just messing with me!”

“Not at all! As long as you can charm my date away from me, she is yours.” Victor’ s lips formed a cold smile, his eyes challenging the man before him.

Trevor couldn’ t hide his excitement. He couldn’ t wait to start the game, so he look at Victor and said slowly, “Well…”

Victor knew exactly what Trevor’ s look meant. He glanced at Ivan sideways, giving him a pointed look.

Ivan took the hint and opened his briefcase. He pulled out a document he had prepared in advance and handed it to Trevor.

“This is the contract drawn up by Mr. Sullivan himself.”

Trevor’ s good sense had already flown out the window the moment he learned he had a chance with Rachel. At that point, he was so obsessed with her that he took the pen and signed the contract without reading a single line.

“Let the game begin, Mr. Guzman,” Ivan said, returning the signed contract in his briefcase.

Victor grabbed his suit jacket from the armrest of the sofa, turned around and walked towards the door, Ivan on his trail. As he crossed the room, he finally got a good look at Rachel.

His mind went blank for a moment.

No wonder Trevor had lost his mind over her. She looked ravishing tonight.

She was wearing a close-fitting, strapless dress that fit her figure like a glove. She looked much different from the exhausted, drained woman Victor remembered.

Her makeup was different too. It was simple and elegant, giving her a fresh, natural look.

Victor's eyes lingered on Rachel for a while and he felt a surge of unease. He firmly believed he hated her so much that even a single glance could make him feel uncomfortable, disgusted even.

Victor put away his phone, stood up, and stated, "Fine. Let's go."

Ivan was stunned by Victor's response.

'Why doesn't he seem surprised that Mr. Guzman had gotten injured?'

What's more, Mr. Guzman and Miss Bennet were in the same room thirty minutes ago, and there's no one else around. It's easy to figure out that she's the one who injured him.'

"Are we going to the hospital?" asked Ivan.

"I've sent the new contract to your email. Print it out tomorrow, and review it before sending it to our partner." Victor left the room without even answering Ivan's question.

A new contract?

What new contract?

With a frown, he took out his phone and opened his inbox. And as expected, he received an email five minutes ago.

Upon opening the email, Ivan was dumbfounded.

This was...

The contents of this new contract was exactly the same as the one they had asked Trevor to sign tonight. However, one minor detail was changed: Party A. It was no longer Trevor's company, but it was now one of the biggest suppliers for foreign markets. This supplier had no lack of customers, and it mainly targeted foreign markets. Back when this project was launched, Ivan had once contacted this same supplier, but they rejected his proposal,

making it clear that they had no intention of entering the domestic market.

At the time, Ivan formulated several plans to convince the supplier, but he never succeeded.

But now, Victor managed to close a contract with the supplier for the next quarter unbeknownst to anyone.

At this moment, Ivan had an epiphany. Everything soon became clear to him.

Victor had never intended to cooperate with Trevor from the very beginning!

“You mean…” the manager asked nervously.

One look from Victor and Ivan immediately understood what he meant. Ivan took out a black and gold card and tossed it to the manager. “Do you recognize this card?”

The manager caught the card and took a closer look at it.

When the manager saw what it was, his legs grew weak. It was just a card, and yet it felt so heavy in his hands.

Everyone knew who Victor Sullivan was. The Sullivan Group’s business operations spanned across the entire country. It had a deep foundation and the company had been passed on for generations. Its position in Apliaria—let alone the whole

country—was unshakable. And as for Victor himself, he was the new CEO of the Sullivan Group. He had only been in this position for two years, but he had brought the company to unimaginable heights with no sign of slowing down.

That was why when the manager recognized him the moment he saw him, and he became very respectful. That respect was given in deference to Victor's title as the Sullivan Group's CEO.

But upon seeing the card, the manager believed that respect was not nearly enough for a man of Victor's standing.

This card was unique in the world, for there was only one such card.

Even if Victor wasn't the CEO of Sullivan Group, this card was powerful enough to make all the stuff of Crown Club listen to his command.

The manager swallowed hard, trying to suppress his agitation. He showed courtesy towards Victor by genuflecting before him.

“Boss, your wish is my command. I will do everything in my power to accomplish your order.”

All the bodyguards were surprised by what the manager said, and then they all knelt down in unison.

“The culprit should kneel down to apologize.” A sinister look appeared in Victor’s eyes when he smirked at Rachel.

Right after he finished talking, Rachel felt a pang in her heart.

She wasn’t surprised to hear him say that, but it still made it difficult for her to breathe.

However, the grief she was feeling at the moment was not her own.

Rachel pursed her lips, and heard the deafening shout of the manager and the bodyguards.

“Have a good day, Boss!”

Rachel blinked, “Of course it was Mr. Guzman who asked me to get up.”

Trevor nodded eagerly. “Yes, it really was me.”

“You…” the boxer frowned in disbelief and looked like he wanted to ask more questions, but Rachel didn’t give him the chance.

“Mr. Sullivan said that I am free to leave as long as Mr. Guzman forgives me, right?”

“Of course I forgive you! You may go now,” Trevor said hastily, before the boxer could respond. If he could, he would have jumped out of bed and open the door for Rachel himself.

If he had known how ruthless Rachel was, he would have never provoked her wrath from the very beginning. Her angelic beauty had thrown him off, though.

He now regretted ever crossing her.

“Alright then. Mr. Guzman, take good care of yourself. I hope we never see each other again,” Rachel said indifferently as she walked towards the door. Seeing that the boxers didn’t move to stop her, she left the room under the curious gazes of the doctors and nurses.

After she had put some distance between her and her former captors, she furrowed her eyebrows tightly and took three deep breaths. She looked around her to make sure no one was coming after her and then, she leaned against the wall and closed her eyes.

A nurse passed by and when she saw Rachel sitting on the ground, she stopped and asked kindly, “Miss, are you okay? Do you need help?”

Rachel opened her eyes and looked up at the nurse. “Can I borrow your phone, please? I need to make a call,” she asked in a low voice.

Once she was safely back home.

Rachel sat on the sofa with a warm towel thrown over her knees. She looked at the maid standing in the corner of the room, waiting for further instructions, her eyes downcast.

“Do you need me to change your hot towel, Miss Bennet?” The maid raised her eyes and looked at Rachel timidly as she asked the question.

“No, thanks.” Rachel threw the hot towel into a basin besides her feet. “Where are all the servants?”

Chapter 15 From A Rich Woman To A Woman In Debt

Abby looked at Rachel and said, “I can prepare most of the dishes. If you’ d like to eat something that I can’ t make, I’ m willing to learn.”

Rachel rested her chin on her hand while eating the last piece of bread. “I didn’ t expect you could cook so well,” she remarked.

It seemed that Abby wasn’ t as clumsy as she had claimed. She just didn’ t have enough confidence in herself.

“I like the bread,” Rachel said as she pointed at the plate of bread.

Upon hearing that remark, Abby’s eyes lit up. “If you like it, I can bake some more for you!”

“Sounds good.” Rachel nodded, tilted her head to the side, and smirked. “Abby, did you learn to cook from your family?”

Abby lowered her head. “I’m self-taught. I’m actually an orphan.” The sound of her voice portrayed her sadness.

Rachel was stunned.

The indifferent look in her eyes cracked a little, but it only last for a second and she collected herself before Abby could notice.

It wasn’t exactly sympathy, but she did feel sorry for the girl.

Rachel might be born in a rich family, but Shelia herself was actually an orphan, just like Abby. She grew up in an orphanage. For as long as she could remember, she didn’t even have any recollection of what her parents looked like. In all honesty, she didn’t care about knowing her biological parents that much. But sometimes, she would rehearse in her mind what she would do if they appeared before her and told her that she was their daughter.

She' d probably ask them why they had abandoned her for so many years.

The dean of the orphanage had once told Shelia that she was left at the gates of the orphanage when she was still a baby, which meant her parents weren' t forced to abandon her; they just didn' t want her anymore.

Now that she recalled that time of her life, she didn' t feel sad about it. Those days were long gone, and she must live in the moment, as Rachel of course.

“Abby, please teach me how to bake this kind of bread when I' m free,” she said while taking another piece of bread.