

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 375

While Quintin was hearing the order through the headset, he choked on a melon seed, which made him cough.

"What? An interesting footage?" Quintin was confused. While spitting the melon seeds into the trash can, he tracked down the location of the chip that Rachel had just put in.

Soon, the location flashed across the screen.

Quintin raised his eyebrows when he saw that there was a HD surveillance camera outside the villa, possibly installed for security reasons. He accessed the surveillance video, and saw a woman in uniform, holding a phone in her hand as she paced back and forth in panic.

"Eh?" Quintin clicked on the screen and

zoomed in. The business card in the woman's

hand was flickering a green light, but she did

not seem to notice it. "Boss, you put the chip on the business card? How will you take it back later?"

"I'm not going to take it back," Rachel said

indifferently before she walked to a corner, pulled up her dress, and sat down on a rock. She looked at the villa, which was still a little far away, but she was in the best place to watch the show.

The corner of Quintin's mouth twitched. Looking at the green light, he could only think of countless bills.

Though the chip was not very rare, it was expensive and difficult to obtain. It was a mini positioning chip, which had no distance limitations. As long as it was covered by a network, it could be easily located, no matter how far it was.

And it was worth ten million dollars..

Quintin felt that it was a shame to throw such a chip away. He could only afford to buy three such chips if he completed the task, but Rachel still said that she did not want to take it back.

"What a shame!"

"Boss, didn't you just say that there was an interesting footage? It was just a woman. Why do you think it was interesting?" Quintin remembered everything Rachel said to him. "Ten minutes later."

Quintin picked up the melon seeds from the table and ate them "Boss, what happened? Did someone offend you?"

Rachel fell silent. She quickly removed the phone from her ear and hung up.

Quintin was, waiting for her answer. After being stunned for a moment, he called out tentatively, "Boss?".

He could not hear anything except for the buzzing static from the other end.

Quintin was speechless. His mood to eat snacks faded away.

He threw the melon seeds into the trash can, sat straight, and stared at the screen.

He wanted to see who was it that dared to piss

off his boss.

Ten minutes later, the woman stopped walking

back and forth.

Gripping the business card in her hand, she

took a deep breath and dialed a number.

Becky was standing not far away when Susan's assistant walked up to her and said, "Becky, don't blame Susan. In fact, I understand her well. She was sad and that's why lost control of her emotions.

Becky frowned, and asked, "Have you pacified the reporters

"We took care of them. I arranged rooms for their stay, and after hearing that it was on us, they calmed down. I think they tried to blackmail us," the assistant complained.

"Blackmail? N's okay if we just need to arrange rooms for them to stay. If they decide to post Susan's tantrum online, then we won't be able to take it," Becky said coldly.

The assistant immediately lowered her head

and said, "I was wrong, Becky. I'm so sorry." Becky was on tenterhooks that whole night because of Susan. Whenever something went wrong, she would feel very irritable. Hearing the assistant's apologies, she became a little impatient. "Well, ask the makeup artist to come. There is still an interview left, and we have to fix Susan's makeup."

"Okay, I'll do it right now." The assistant did

not dare to oppose Becky, so she nodded, and

went to find the makeup artist.

Becky stood there, crossing her arms over her chest as she looked at Susan and the reporters. "I heard that you are going to join a crew tomorrow. This is your first time to work in a

crow after winning the prize. How do you feel

bow? What's the difference?" the reporter asked

Susan sat on the sofa with a graceful smile, and answered, "I am quite nervous." Why do you feel so?"

"This is my first time being an actress. I'm nervous, but I'm more curious about it. I've never been in a TV crew then, so I'm curious to find out what kind of a life that is like. I want to know about the TV dramas and shooting procedure, which leaves me feeling more intrigued than nervous. I love the script, and because I already won an award, I do not want to disappoint my audience, so I pressure myself to a great extent. I'm worried that I may not present the story well," Susan answered methodically, which left the reporter feeling admiration towards her.

"I want to ask you about your life. I heard that you have some good news to share, and that it will be made public on your birthday. May I ask what the good news is?"

That question was not on the interview draft. Susan's smile froze as she clenched her fists and inadvertently stared at the camera in

front of her

"Well You li find out later."

Noticing that, Becky walked up to him, and said, "Sorry, please don't ask about Susan's personal life. Ask more questions about the working arrangements."

Becky was a well-known agent in the

entertainment circle, so the reporter realized

that he asked something that he should not

have, and apologized to Susan.

Looking down, Susan was a little absent minded. That moment, a phone rang.

It was her phone.

The sudden ringtone startled her. Her expression changed, and she quickly took out her phone from her handbag. Seeing that it was an unknown number, she subconsciously pursed her lips.

"Who is it?" Becky glanced at the phone screen. "Is it a spam call? Hang up."

However, Susan suddenly stood up, and said,

"Sorry, I have to take this. She then walked away to answer the call. Becky could not hear what they were talking

about, but she noticed Susan's gloomy

expression. A while later, Susan returned, holding the hem of her dress.

"I'm sorry. Could we continue the interview somewhere else? It's a little noisy here and I want to do it someplace quiet," Susan said with a smile.

"Well..." The reporters exchanged glances,

surprised.

Looking at Susan, Becky frowned, walked quickly to her, gritted her teeth, and whispered, "Susan, what are you doing?"