

# Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 364

Everyone thought that a fight was about to break out. But unexpectedly, Susan left the scene calmly.

All the reporters had expected to witness a fight between Rachel and Susan and make some juicy news. However, nothing happened. Disappointment was written all over their faces. What a waste! Not long after, Becky came over to Carson and said, "Mr. Scott, thank you." She feared that Susan would act rashly when Rachel appeared, so she asked Carson to mediate. After all, everyone in Apliaria respected the Scott family like how they respected the Sullivan family. Therefore, when Susan saw Carson, she stopped before she could even do something stupid. "You're welcome. But I actually didn't come here because of your request. I was ordered to pick up one of my friends." With one hand in his pocket, Carson glanced at Rachel and smiled. Someone ordered him to pick up one of his friends? The smile on Becky's face froze for a moment. Following Carson's gaze, her eyes fell on Rachel.

Today was the first time she saw Rachel in person. Becky had seen her in photos, but it still hit different when she stood in front of her.

Compared with Susan's high-end customized dress, Rachel's dress was relatively simpler yet elegant. The dress didn't have any unique design, but it seemed to be tailor-made for her. It accentuated her fair skin and slender

figure.

As a celebrity manager, Becky had already seen many good-looking people in the entertainment industry. And she could say that Susan was the most beautiful person she had ever seen. However, Rachel was superior in terms of class and poise. There was coldness and sharpness in Rachel's eyes, but people didn't feel intimidated when they saw her. No wonder Victor liked Rachel. If she could make Carson, who disdained to make friends with others, treat her as a friend, there must be something special in her. The very first time Becky laid her eyes on Rachel, she understood why Victor chose such a woman. "Nice to meet you, Miss Bennet. My name is Becky, Susan's manager." "Hello." Rachel held Becky's hand politely.

"It's about time. Let's go in." Looking at the time on her watch, Becky invited Rachel and Carson. She was a little worried that Susan had entered the hotel alone. Rachel nodded in agreement. "Alright, let's go." The melodious piano music surrounded the banquet hall of the hotel. Waiters were walking around the hall with trays of alcohol and food in their

hands. Married women held the hands of their husbands as they chatted with their acquaintances, while the single ladies joked around with the young men. Everyone was well-dressed and they all looked very rich.

Since Rachel entered the hall, people all talked about her. The whole Apliaria knew about how she jumped into the sea four years ago, so everyone thought she was dead. To everyone's surprise, Rachel came back alive. And she even came to attend the birthday party of her ex-husband's current fiancée. People had different guesses about why Rachel came to Susan's birthday party. And her presence made them remember the absurd thing she did four years ago. Did Rachel come to make trouble? This was the question the guests had at this moment.

They all had different speculations, but Rachel remained unfazed. After taking a glass of champagne from the waiter that passed by her, she walked to the wide balcony to be alone. She leaned against the railing and felt the coldness of the wind, shaking the glass in her hand. She looked so solemn, contrary to the lively atmosphere in the hall.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps coming from behind.

Rachel paused when she felt someone's presence not far away from where she was standing

When she looked sideways and recognized the man's face, she took a sip of champagne and said, "Mr. Scott there

are so many rich ladies who want to chat with you. Why are you here?"

Although the status of the Scott family in the Apliaria was not as high as that of the Sullivan family, its position was still out of reach for others. As the only unmarried person in the Scott family, Carson naturally became the most eye

-catching person since he attended such a party.

Within thirty minutes, Rachel had saw five or more ladies approaching Carson to have a toast. "Really?" Carson smiled and leaned against the railing. "What about you? Do you also want to marry me as they do?" Without saying anything, Rachel rolled her eyes at him.

This man didn't change at all. It had been four years, but he was still narcissistic. Rachel suddenly remembered the

first time she saw Carson after her rebirth.

At that time, he told her she was his mistress.

"I'm just kidding." Seeing Rachel roll her eyes made Carson grin. Somehow, it felt a little familiar.

It reminded him of the way Joey rolled his eyes at him. But he didn't open up the topic and asked instead, "What are you doing here? Why don't you go inside? Besides the birthday girl, you're the most eye-catching person tonight. Don't you want to hear what they say about you?" As Carson walked his way to the balcony a while ago, he heard people talking about Rachel. "They are all guessing if you are a human or a ghost." Rachel, who came back from the dead, was not surprised to hear such speculation. "Since you cared enough to eavesdrop, why didn't you answer their question?" "In fact, I'm also curious. Are you a ghost or a human?" Carson raised his eyebrows in a joking manner.

Hearing this, Rachel turned to look at him but didn't respond.

"If you are real, how could we not find you in the past four years?" There was a hint of accusation in his tone.

Rachel's eyes darkened. "What? I'm waiting for your answer. Where have you been in the past four years? Are you... Are you really a ghost now?"

To be honest, Carson had already done an investigation. But the investigation result did not satisfy him, so he used

his humor to test her.

Finally, after being silent for a while, Rachel answered with a faint smile, "If I were a ghost, I would definitely be a

ferocious one who takes revenge on people that hurt me in the past. You must be careful then."

As if looking for a hidden clue, Carson stared at Rachel's face. The latter finished the remaining champagne in her glass and leaned back against the railing. With her eyes glued to the lively hall, she changed the topic. "Earlier you said you were ordered to pick me up at the entrance. Since I answered your question, you have to answer mine." "Huh?" Still

processing what Rachel had said a while ago, Carson didn't understand her question right away. "Who ordered you to pick up me? Tell me, is it Victor?".

As soon as Rachel finished speaking, the phone in Carson's pocket vibrated.

The text message was from Victor. "I have arrived."