

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 366

Susan's cheeks were flushed with humiliation. She eased off fast and said, "I... I'm leaving now." Susan rushed out of the lounge as soon as she was done speaking. She passed by Carson, and on noticing her, he asked, "Miss Salazar, You weren't planning to stay for long, were you?" "Not really." Susan looked Carson in the eye after a little hesitation. It made her feel guilty in some way. She felt that Carson had seen through her thoughts.

After Susan left, Carson closed the door behind him and then gave Victor a very cursory look. He then proceeded to taunt him. "Ivan told me that you were planning on flying to Baltimore today." Victor's elbow rested on the armrest of the sofa as he leaned back slightly. With his bony hand resting on his temple, his skinny arm bent slightly. Upon hearing Carson's sarcastic response, Carson lifted his gaze and glared at him harshly.

"Could you be up to something at the moment?" "I was quite busy, but you texted saying that I should pick up Rachel. I deserve a recompense, Mr. Sullivan." Carson had no desire to attend a party where women competed to be the most attractive. Besides, Victor was going to announce to the public that his engagement to Susan was canceled. He would have left but he was very eager to get the recompense from Victor. Victor's temples were pounding severely as he looked at Carson, his head up. "Don't forget to check your email. I sent you the email you wanted so bad," he added, with a scowl. Carson just heard what his ears probably wanted to hear the most. He said, "Good! I really appreciate that! See you some other time."

"But..." Victor stopped him. Carson turned around to face him. "What else?" Carson asked. "Although this woman sounds a lot like the description in the email, she's accompanied by a little child. I think it should be hers. There's a good chance that she's already married," Victor explained.

Carson's face suddenly turned cold on hearing the word "child." He subconsciously clenched his fists in disappointment. "How certain are you that that's her baby?" Carson asked. Getting the response he was hoping for didn't take him long to get excited about it. He said those words in a whispered, quivering tone. "There's an almost a hundred percent possibility." Victor certainly knew exactly what Carson wanted to hear since he had been friends with him for so long, but he wasn't the liar type either, so there wasn't a way he'd lie to him. "Apparently, someone spotted her with this kid and a male in an Italian amusement park."

Two adults and a child showed up at an amusement park. Were they family? Carson smiled. His hand in his pockets clenched into a fist. "I can't tell what happened between you two then. But just in case she's married, perhaps you should consider burying the hatchet." "By that you mean forget about her?" Carson maintained his cynical demeanor as if he didn't give a damn. "What does it matter whether she's married and has a child? After flirting with me, she walked away without saying a thing. In other words, even if I have to scour the entire planet for her, I must find her somehow..."

Carson's gorgeous eyes always made him seem wayward, but today he was serious. "It would only be fair if it got an explanation from her."

"Then what? You should make peace with your heart about her or else you'll end up in agony." Victor gave him a sincere look. He was aware that Carson needed to decide such matters for himself, just like he never gave up on

Rachel.

He had known for the better part of the past month that Rachel was in the Sue Garden, but he couldn't bring himself to confront his want to visit her.

He felt he had everything under control, but in reality, he had grossly miscalculated the intensity of his want.

When Victor learned that Rachel was to attend Susan's birthday celebration, he instantly changed his mind and canceled his flight to Baltimore. He instructed his chauffeur to drive him back.

He was utterly zealous to see Rachel's face and know how she was doing.

People would really be surprised if they learned about his intentions. To put it another way, as CEO of Sullivan Group, Mr. Sullivan placed his job on the back burner and even stood so low for a woman.

Victor's attention was drawn back to the scenario in which Rachel stood on the balcony and gazed out at the view below. Due to an unexplained reason, his temples pounded fiercely. "Hey, are you good?" Carson also noted that Victor was looking a little paler than usual. "Aren't your wounds healing?"

Victor's eyes were closed as he tried to alleviate the agony in the temples. "I'm alright, thank you. After taking the prescription, I'm feeling a bit woozy. It's probably why I look so bad right now."

Clearly, Victor didn't look fine at all. "Ivan just told me that Dr. Turner gave you a new type of drug that will help you sleep." Carson recalled their informal conversation when Ivan sent him some documents a few days earlier.

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Victor's sleep quality had been exceedingly bad for the past four years, and he had a tremendous workload. In his capacity as Victor's doctor, Dr. Turner had been attempting to help Victor sleep more soundly, at least. Carson was unsurprised when he learned from Ivan that Victor had been given a new type of medication by Dr. Turner. However, when he heard that Victor had become dizzy after taking the drug, he instantly recalled and casually inquired about it.

"Yes, I've been on it a minute now. It's not that bad at all," said Victor in a low voice. "Are you sure? Is there a risk of dizziness with this medication?" Carson had a bad feeling about it, but he couldn't figure out anything. "I think it's because I didn't sleep well during the project in Baltimore these last two days." It didn't matter to Victor that much. It wasn't unexpected that he periodically felt dizzy and had headaches because he knew he was fatigued.

"I suggest that you rest here for a while. As for me, I'm leaving." Carson's mind hadn't put the email thing aside, so he left after that. Upon exiting the lounge and entering the first-floor banquet hall, Carson noticed Susan conversing with someone in a nearby corner shortly after he entered.

He cast his gaze upon them without even realizing it. While standing in a corner with his back to Carson, the individual conversing with Susan couldn't be seen well. When Carson saw the individual, he simply saw that the person's back seemed familiar, but he had no idea who they were. They had a short talk before it was over. Carson diverted his gaze. To him, it appeared to be an informal discussion between Susan and her friend.

Then, Carson caught a glimpse of Rachel. He approached a server, took out a few bank notes from his wallet, and presented them to the waiter, remembering the unfortunate CEO in the lounge. Afterward, he requested something in a whispered tone of voice