

# Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 370

Riley's forehead was drenched in perspiration as a result of the excruciating discomfort. Clara's expression changed. She sank to her knees and reached out to stroke Riley's head.

"Riley, what have you had?"

Riley's forehead felt refreshingly chilly. Clara also took note of Riley's red blotches on his neck.

Riley cupped her hands over her stomach. She answered in a hushed voice, "L.. I had some mango mousse."

Clara couldn't think of anything else.

Rachel also took note of Riley's neck's red patches. She had a good idea of what was going on right away.

Riley couldn't eat mangoes since she had a mango allergy. No one could possibly blame Riley for the amount of agony she was in. Clara didn't know how much she had eaten. She picked Riley up and was about to enter the hall.

After taking a glance around the banquet hall, Rachel grasped Clara's arm. "There are a tremendous number of people here. If we rush inside the building, we'll be sure to annoy the people inside. Over there is a stairwell. From here, we'll go to the upper section." Clara scanned the room before turning to face Rachel and nodding. "Surely Riley has tried mango before? Which anti-allergic medication has she previously taken? I'll go out and get it for her." Rachel showed concern. "Loratadine." Clara's scowl deepened as she continued to study Riley's pale face. Rachel took note of it and rushed out without thinking twice. Clara went on to carry Riley to the second floor.

In the lounge on the second floor

Victor squinted his eyes and moved his lips slightly as he looked at the woman standing at the door. "How did you end up here?" He was nothing less than aloof and threatening. Pretending not to notice his indifference, Susan shut the door. She approached him in her high heels and said, "You don't seem well, Victor. I'll help you get to a villa so that you can

have some rest." At Waterfront Hotel, parties were held in the large hall of the main building. Guests who didn't want to go home after a banquet could stay in the villas.

With her gorgeous eyes, Susan stepped up to Victor and looked him in the eye. Victor was immediately greeted by the lovely scent from her. He began to sweat profusely and the blood in his veins

seemed to be boiling. Susan clung to his arm and teased him, "Victor..."

Her sweet voice could easily enchant a man. She also had his arm in hers. They were cool as if they might momentarily calm a man's worries. Victor wasn't a simpleton in the least. He quickly discovered that Susan's fragrance had a reeking quality to it. He unfastened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt's top buttons, and pushed her away. He appeared not to be able to exhale solely in this manner.

When she was shoved by Victor, Susan stumbled back a few paces.

"Get the fuck out of here!" There was a tinge of malice in Victor's shadowed gaze. Victor scared the living daylight out of Susan. She clenched her teeth and held back the butterflies in her stomach. "I want to care about you, Victor. Do not attempt to fling yourself off of me." Victor's eyes became colder as he gazed at her beautiful face. He was more certain that Susan's fragrance was off. However, she had only just entered the lounge. Unless he was allergic to the scent, it wouldn't have taken action any

soon.

To put it another way, the smell was only a catalyst. Apparently, he had already been doped. He reflected on the events of the last few hours. "Victor, how are you feeling at the moment? Let's get out of here. You need rest." Susan wasn't going to give up. She came back to Victor and tried to touch his arm again. Nevertheless, before she could even get close to him, a large hand wrapped around her neck and dragged her into the corner. "How dare you, Susan?" When Victor swung at her, Susan didn't expect him to strike her. It didn't matter how cold and callous he was to her, she didn't think he would harm her. Victor, on the other hand, suffocated her and was ready to murder her. Susan's heart began to race. She unconsciously extended her hand to fend off Victor's grasp. "Victor..." The rage in Victor's eyes colored them a fiery crimson. In the midst of Susan's pleading, he did not loosen his grasp at all.

Susan's eyes welled up with tears, and she could barely breathe.

Victor's temples began to hurt as he saw her pallid face, and memories began to pour back into his mind. Rachel nearly died four years ago when he grabbed her by the neck. "Don't. Please..." Susan pleaded for her life. Victor regained consciousness when he saw Susan sobbing and looking sad. It dawned on him that Rachel's face went red as he grabbed her. He had the sensation that a zillion needles had been inserted into his temples. He let go of her and stepped back. Susan's legs gave out and she collapsed to the floor. She put her hands over her neck and started to gasp for air. Victor sank his gaze to the floor. Back of his hand, his veins were bursting out of his body. His heart ached as he recalled the incident, and he felt as if he had lost all his power. He repressed his wrath and restlessness, clinched his hands and stared down at Susan coldly.

"Go to hell!" Victor was so mean to her. Susan's face flushed as she fixed her gaze on Victor, her lips pursed. How was it possible that this happened? The drug was supposed to be working by now.

"I'm not about to repeat that," Victor scolded frostily. "Else, you and your maker will be meeting soon."

Susan's cheeks became a shade of pale. Seeing Victor's icy demeanor, she didn't believe he was joking around. She would die there if she didn't listen.

People all said Victor was ruthless. Susan used to think it was because he never gave others a way out in the business world and he was just indifferent to worldly affairs. But now... She had a new appreciation of his severity and ruthlessness, yet she still felt weird.

Knock! Knock! Someone knocked on the door. "Miss Salazar, are you inside?" To hide her embarrassment, Susan hurriedly rose up and fixed her clothing. "Yes." "A number of reporters want you to go downstairs for an interview," the man outside said. "Okay, I'll be there in a few minutes." Susan accepted the interview without hesitation. She was aware that Becky had asked many well-known media outlets to interview her. This was in order to undermine the negative public perception that had been created by her announcement of the rupture of her engagement. The guy standing there moved away. Susan brushed her hair at her temples and smiled. "Then I... I'm going now, Victor."

There was a nearby drugstore. Alcoholics were prone to losing their cool and exchanging punches. They could get

hurt. Rachel promptly purchased the medication suggested by Clara.

Clara and Riley were waiting for her on the second floor when a waiter unexpectedly halted Rachel.

"You must be Miss Bennet, I'm I correct?" Rachel paused in her tracks and squinted at him suspiciously. "Yes. Is there a problem?" "Not at all. Miss Jimenez instructed that I keep an eye out for you here," the waiter hastily answered. 'Clara?' Rachel, recalling Riley's allergic responses, questioned, "What's the matter? What's up with Riley?" "Not exactly, Miss Bennet, all is good. Riley has been brought to a villa by Miss Jimenez, and she wanted to let you know. You'll find them there."

Rachel exhaled a sigh of relief as she heard this. "That's a fantastic thing, thank you. I'll set out to track them down."

"You mind me showing you the way?" "No, please. You could just tell me how to get there and I'll take myself." Rachel graciously refused. She glanced at her wristwatch and decided she didn't want to remain any longer since the present had been sent. She should remain with Clara and Riley for the duration of the celebration, and then leave when it was done. The waiter told her the villa number.

Rachel had the villa number in her head and the medication in her hand as she walked out the