

Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 371

After watching Rachel call the elevator and leave after it arrived, the waiter took his phone out and sent a message. There was a red Ferrari parked at the entrance of the club's parking lot. A cellphone on the passenger seat of the supercar suddenly vibrated. Carson, who was in the driver's seat, looked over at the phone in surprise. He put the picture back in his pocket, picked the phone up, and unlocked it. "Mr. Scott, I made Miss Bennet leave the banquet hall for the villa, as you ordered me to." The message was from

the waiter.

Carson tapped the steering wheel rhythmically with his slender fingers as he read the message a few times. Then, he dialed a number

After a few rings, the person Carson called answered the phone. "What?" demanded the man on the other end of the line. He sounded irritable.

Carson raised his eyebrows slightly and joked, "Ah? Mr. Sullivan, what happened? Why are you so agitated?" The joke didn't amuse Victor; it only made him frown. He walked to the small refrigerator, took out a bottle of cold water, and drank half of it in one sitting. The chilling rush helped calm his nerves.

"Say what you want to say quickly!" Victor growled.

The unpleasant tone made Carson suspect something was wrong. "What's wrong? What happened?" Victor sighed as his thirst 'returned. "I'm fine," he replied, unwilling to continue the pointless conversation with Carson

"Really?"

"Carson, if you have this much time on your hands, I don't mind recommending you to Ivan, who has been searching far and wide for someone to manage a project in Syria," Victor said, his patience wearing thin. The unyielding heat and discomfort he felt, which he suspected was a side-effect of the drug in his body, made him turn on the air conditioner and set it to the lowest temperature.

'Syria... Carson's eyes widened in alarm. He didn't doubt the authenticity of Victor's words.

The unrest there was so great that even a careful person could lose their life in the blink of an eye. If merely surviving was a tall task, then undertaking a project was suicide, and no one was ready to risk their lives. However, Victor was different, and Carson, who knew him better than many, was certain he could travel there to develop projects.

Laughing rather nervously, Carson replied, "My goodness, Mr. Sullivan, I have yet to make a woman mine, so how could I risk my life by going there? Okay, okay. You're just mistaking my goodwill for ill intent." Victor didn't reply; he was at his wit's end. But before he could hang up the call, Carson spoke again. "Well, don't blame me for not reminding you. I just saw Rachel."

Victor's thumb stopped an inch away from the red "end call" button on the phone's screen. "What do you mean?" Seeing that Victor's interest was piqued, Carson smiled complacently. He placed one hand behind his head and said, "You should understand that you aren't the only guest the Salazar family invited to the party they held, right? After all, the Sullivan family isn't the only big shot in Apliaria; there's also the Jimenez family."

Victor was starting to understand where Carson was going with this.

"Is Roger here too?" Victor asked after a brief silence. His tone indicated he was stating a fact, not asking a question.

After Rachel jumped into the sea four years ago, Victor had sent people to look for her, and they searched unsuccessfully for three days and three nights. They eventually found a bloated and disfigured corpse that they couldn't identify.

The search had gone on for so long that Victor collapsed from exhaustion afterward. When Roger got the autopsy

result from the hospital, he flew into a rage and drove his car into Victor's vehicle. The crash was severe. Still, Roger was unharmed. He stormed out of his car, pulled Victor out of his wrecked car, and punched him hard. Victor was exhausted because he had jumped into the stormy sea to search for Rachel, and finding the bloated corpse had drained him emotionally. So, how could he, in that state, take Roger's punch? The force made Victor's head strike the rear of his car. Roger grabbed Victor's collar and screamed, "Where is she, Victor? Where is she? What was that you said? You said you'd remarry her, right? Then, why did she jump off the ship? Say something! Damn it!" Blood dribbled from Victor's lips, but he remained quiet. Infuriated, Roger punched Victor repeatedly, but Victor didn't resist. He seemed to have lost his soul after Rachel jumped off the ship. When Ivan noticed the scuffle, he quickly asked people to pull the two apart.

Clara bolted out of the hospital to stop Roger's rage-fueled assault. Ivan called for another car to take Victor, and Clara held Roger's arm with all her strength to prevent him from hitting Victor again. . The Jimenez family and the Sullivan family were powerful and influential, yet their two heirs were fighting on the street. What would outsiders think? What would they say? Roger's eyes were red as he watched Ivan's people help Victor into the car. "You killed her, Victor! You killed her!" Victor and Roger hadn't seen each other since that unpleasant incident, despite being in Apliaria.

Even if they were trying their hardest to avoid each other, as heirs to the two most powerful families, they should have bumped into each other at least once. Neither man knew that fate was preventing them from running into each other. "If I'm not mistaken, Roger should be here," Carson replied mysteriously. Victor's grip on the water bottle tightened unconsciously. He didn't notice the panic that gripped his heart after learning that Roger was also at the birthday party. When there was no response from the other end of the call, Carson decided to say something.

"They... They met?" Victor asked. Carson smiled. It seemed Victor believed him. In a good mood, Carson sat up straight and replied, "Maybe. Moments after I came out, I saw Rachel come out, too, and there was a man beside her. I could only see his back, but I think he might be Roger." Victor's eyes darkened. He squeezed the bottle so hard that the cap popped off, and water spilled everywhere, drenching his hand. "Hey, don't take it out on me. The Jimenez family have introduced many women to Roger in the past four years, but Roger didn't like any of them and remained single. He fought you for Rachel many times four years ago, but now that Rachel has returned, I don't think he'll do that again," Carson said.

Victor didn't reply, though. It was so quiet on the other end of the call that Carson thought he had lost the connection. He checked the phone's signal in surprise. However, the phone signal was still good. "Victor!"

"Is that all?" Victor asked in a low voice.

When Carson heard the tone, he was stunned. "Why have you reacted like this?"

Victor tossed the crumpled bottle into the trash can and returned to the sofa. His expression turned as cold as

before, and he acted as though he hadn't heard Carson's question.

The only evidence of the panic-fueled rage he had briefly flown into was the wet spot on the carpet where water from the bottle had spilled.

Victor was restraining himself. .