

Captivation: Want Nothing But You

Chapter 4 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 4 Will And Testament

Alice's fingernails were digging into her palms, and her chest was heaving up and down due to the anger she was feeling.

All of a sudden, she pulled Rachel up and slapped her face.

The slap left a palm print on Rachel's face.

Blood oozed from the corner of her mouth. Obviously, Alice didn't hold back when she slapped Rachel.

Gnashing her teeth, Alice said to the servants, "You two, hold her up!"

Rachel's vision was fading because of how hard she had gotten hit. The servants didn't dawdle, and they immediately followed Alice's command. Each of them held one of Rachel's arms to restrict her.

With a murderous gaze, Alice clasped Rachel's chin, forcing her to raise her head.

The imprint of an open hand was evident on the right side of her face; it was red and swollen. Once more, Alice raised her hand and snarled, "You're quite glib, aren't you? Say something again, I dare you!"

"Alice, do you know what my life motto is?" Rachel spat out a mouthful of blood, trying her best to keep her eyes open. Her almond-shaped eyes looked as cold as ice. Her steely gaze was enough to intimidate people.

"Ten eyes for an eye, and ten teeth for a single tooth," Rachel sneered. "As long as I live and breathe, I will hunt you down to the ends of the earth, and I will make you suffer for what you've done to me today!"

For a moment, Alice was startled by her gaze, but she soon came to her senses.

"Don't try to frighten me with that threat! Do you think a loser like you could scare me?" she said through gritted teeth.

Right after she said that, Alice hit Rachel's face until it swelled up.

Her anger was finally quenched when she got tired. She looked at Rachel dead in the eyes and said to the servants, "Didn't you hear Mr. Sullivan earlier?"

"Yes, ma'am. He ordered us to remove her clothes and throw her out," a servant said, lowering her gaze.

Alice massaged her sore wrist, smiling with satisfaction before she decided to strut away.

Before long, the servants stripped Rachel down to her pelt, leaving only a set of silk underwear to cover her naked body.

Unable to resist, Rachel closed her eyes and gave up struggling. She just let them do whatever they wanted to her.

She knew very well that her survival was now the most important thing.

The servants supported her on each side as they walked towards the door.

After all, Rachel was once Victor's wife. Even though the servants loathed her, they still didn't want to bear witness to her embarrassment. Along the way, she didn't see anyone else besides the maids who were escorting her.

Meanwhile, the butler knocked on the door of the study.

"Come in," said Victor.

The butler entered the room and said to him, "Mr. Sullivan, Mrs-Ms. Bennet had been thrown out as you've commanded."

Victor was currently reading a contract, so he didn't raise his head when he replied, "Did she say anything?"

"No," said the butler.

With a snort, Victor thought of what Rachel had said earlier. His eyes brimmed with cruelty as he shut the folder and ordered, "Tell them to throw that bitch as far as they can. Don't let that woman disgrace my doorstep."

The butler was shocked to hear that. "Yes, sir," he answered reluctantly.

Inside a cramped basement somewhere south of the city...

"No!" Rachel suddenly woke up, sitting upright and screaming. She was breathing heavily and looking ahead in horror.

Just then, someone pushed the door open from outside. Seeing that she was awake, the man set aside the medicine he had prepared and walked to the bed.

"Miss Bennet, you're finally awake," he said with concern.

Rachel looked at him vigilantly, calming down at once. She tried to recall the man's name, because he looked familiar. However, she couldn't remember who he was at the moment

She looked down at her body and remembered that she had been thrown out of Victor's house; half-naked and almost dying. But now, she was still alive, sitting here in a tacky yet neat floral shirt with matching pants.

"Who are you?" Rachel's voice was hoarse, and it seemed like she was wary of him.

"We've met before, but you were still a child back then. It's normal that you don't remember me. I'm Andy Torres, your mother's private lawyer." The man smiled at her.

'Andy? Mom's lawyer?'

Rachel remembered that her mother did have a lawyer. "Did you save me?"

"I did. When I called you, a passerby answered the phone and said that you had fainted. But don't worry, I didn't see anything. The man who found you covered you with a coat, and then I carried you to my car and drove you back here," Andy explained.

"Then, why am I wearing these clothes?"

"Oh, I asked an old lady who lives next door to change it for you."

Rachel breathed a sigh of relief, but she still frowned. "You mentioned that you called me. What for?"

Her mother died when she was 13. Andy said that he was her mother's lawyer, but Rachel hadn't seen him for so many years. It was suspicious that he suddenly showed up this time.

Andy got up and walked out of the room. Moments later, he returned with a document, and gave it to Rachel.

"This is your mother's last will and testament," he said.

"My mother's will?" Doubt filled Rachel's eyes. If she remembered correctly, her mother departed this world so suddenly that she didn't have the time to make a will.

Otherwise, Rachel's useless father and his mistress wouldn't have been so reckless and high-profile.

"Yes, she entrusted me to be the witness of her will when she was still alive. She told me to make this will public, and give it to you on your 24th birthday."

Now that Andy had mentioned that, Rachel remembered that her birthday was the same day of her divorce with Victor.

"It's clearly stated in this will that you will inherit all of your mother's assets, including fifteen percent of the Bennet Group's shares, and the villa she lived in before she died," Andy continued.

Rachel turned to the last page and she saw the name "Elisa Bennet" on the bottom right corner of the paper.

"Mr. Torres, how many days have I been unconscious?" asked Rachel.

"Three days."

She then put away the document and got out of bed. "In that case, they've been living comfortably for three more days. That's enough for them."

After saying that, Rachel walked towards the door.

"Miss Bennet, where are you going?" asked Andy.

Rachel stopped at the door, glancing at the will in her hand. She raised her eyebrows and smiled.

"Where else? I'm going back home and kick out my father, his bitch of a mistress, and their daughter!" With that, Rachel opened the door and strode out.

Andy was taken aback by what she said for a moment. Somehow, he saw a glimpse of Elisa during her youth.

As he watched Rachel walk away, Andy put on his suit jacket and followed her quickly.

In the Bennet family's house, in the Riverside Villa District north of the city...

Rachel and Andy stood in front of the door. They had been ringing the doorbell dozens of times, and yet nobody was answering.

Annoyed by the constant ringing, finally the housekeeper trotted outside and shouted, "Stop it! Who is there? A debt collector or something? Stop ringing it! You're driving me crazy!"

Right after she stopped talking, the housekeeper opened the side door and looked at the visitors with a frown. She was stunned to see who they were.

Rachel put on a sardonic smile. "Well, we do have a debt to collect."

“You... it’s you!” The housekeeper’s face turned pale, and a chill ran down her spine because of how intimidating Rachel looked.